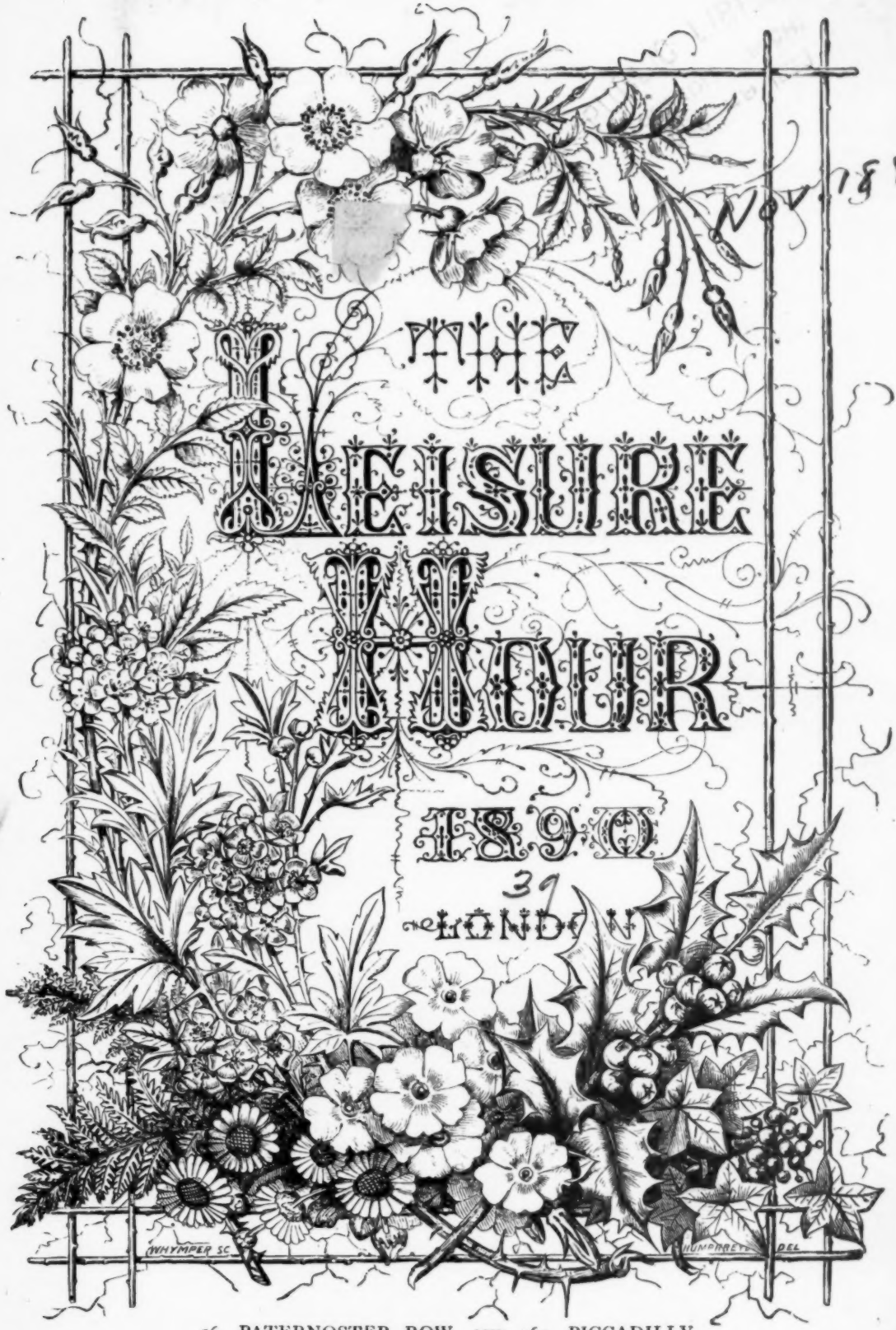



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ALF COOKE, LEEDS

A CRETAN MAIDEN.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

# SENIOR AND JUNIOR:

## A COUNTRY TOWN CHRONICLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "GREAT GRANDMAMMA SEVERN," "THE CHILCOTES," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.—IN AN OLD GARDEN.



"YOU MUST DRIVE OVER THERE TO-MORROW, MARY."

MR. ANDREW HALLETT was undoubtedly the most important person in Melchisford, not even excepting Dr. Smee and the rector of St. Peter's, the Reverend Septimus King.

He did not take any particular pains to hide that this was his own opinion, and that was perhaps how it chanced that in time it came to be the general opinion also. And this is not so wonderful a thing as it may seem, because that body corporate, the general public, is not very clever, and is besides mentally lazy, and it is very apt to take a man at his own valuation. So that when Dr. Rose, by his conduct, as good as said he was a poor creature, everybody agreed with him; and when Mr. Hallett, by his, practically announced that he was an important person, everybody agreed with that too. Perhaps the bishop, when he came on visitation, and Mr. Justice Buller, when he presided at the assizes, were entitled to more deference than Mr. Hallett; but the bishop and the judge were casual visitors, mere accidents, as it were, in the social life of Melchisford, and Mr. Hallett was there always. That was possibly his chief claim, after all; he

was there, and had been there in the persons of his forefathers as good as always; that is to say, for three generations, which is a long time in a little country town.

Mr. Hallett had, however, several distinct claims to local notice. He was a Melchisford man by birth, as we have seen, and he had been faithful to his native town, even when his business had so prospered that he might without disloyalty have migrated to London, where his talents would have secured him a wider recognition.

Somehow, in course of time, Melchisford came to congratulate itself on this singular disinterestedness on the part of its chief citizen, and vaguely to feel that he had sacrificed himself on the altar of duty when he married Miss Mary Mellish, the banker's daughter, instead of sharing his fortune with one of the London ladies, who were popularly understood to be quite ready to listen to him. For the lawyer was a travelled man and went often to town, sometimes on private business, and occasionally on one of those semi-official deputations in which affairs are usually very pleasantly tempered with pleasure. He had one or two friends, professional and otherwise, whom he had taken care not to lose, and whom he took by the way on one of those trips to the capital. He dined at Fulham or Clapham, at Hampstead or Highgate, and sometimes in genteeler quarters too; and he made a point of taking a glance at the galleries and seeing the last new pieces at the theatres. His opinions on Art, indeed, were received with a good deal of respect in Melchisford, and if he were silent about the merits of the latest tragedy or comedy, that was in deference to the older-fashioned of his townsfolk, who had an inherited prejudice against play-actors and play-houses. It behoves a lawyer to be all things to all men.

Mrs. Hallett missed her husband when he went on one of these little expeditions, and welcomed him back very tenderly; but she never proposed to go with him. She had not that imperative need of consulting the doctor which takes so many ladies to town, and she found herself able to supply all the deficiencies of her own and her daughter's wardrobe in Melchisford. She was a pleasant-faced woman who had carried her early comeliness unimpaired into middle life, and she had very correct if old-fashioned views of wifely submission. She had held it, indeed, to be great promotion when, a quarter of a century before, young, tall, broad-shouldered, black-haired Mr. Hallett had stepped across George Street and carried her over the way to preside in the red-brick house that faced the bank, where three generations of Halletts had lived in succession; and twenty-five years of companionship had not in any way lessened her sense of his condescension.

For a woman who had none of the modern restlessness, who suffered no vague discontent, no grudge against Nature for the accident of sex that limited and curbed her aspirations, it was a very pleasant home. At the risk of condemning her in the eyes of some of her sisters I will say that Mary Hallett had not a wish that was not bounded by its walls, and that she found in its ordering a task that filled both hands and heart.

If you happened to alight at Melchisford you would have no difficulty in finding the lawyer's house. Passing under the railway viaduct, and proceeding by the meaner thoroughfare that leads to the glories of George Street, you speedily reach the Corn Exchange and the fountain erected by a patriotic citizen for the benefit of distressed horses and cattle. Skirting the base of the latter, two roads branch off for your choice; the wider and better of these is George Street. Here the more flourishing drapers, grocers, and bakers are to be found, and here is Mellish's bank, while opposite it, its tall Queen Anne windows flush with the walls, stands the Red House, as it is locally called, by reason of the fine old brick of which it is built. If you cross the street you will notice a brass plate with "Hallett and Sons, Solicitors," engraved on it, and on the wire blinds of the lower windows to the right of the door the word "Office" is placed for your guidance.

It is a large house with five windows in a row on the second floor, but though it stands out from the shops on either hand as if it had elbowed them aside, desiring more breathing space—much as the lawyer swelled his chest when he wished to be impressive—its crowning charm remains unrevealed.

You only discover this, indeed, by entering the house to quit it immediately and pass out to the old garden beyond; a garden such as you can find nowhere except in a sleepy country town, where progress is slow-footed, and where as yet the jerry-builder and the bijou semi-detached villa have refrained from troubling; a garden which a mellow brick wall—in itself a delight to the eye—hides from the curious; a garden which has ripened in the slow course of years, while one master after another has passed from his tenancy of the old house to the churchyard of St. Peter's; a garden which is an emblem of life in its autumnal decay, its winter's sleep, its new birth in the spring, its "bridal of sap and shoot;" a garden goodly with spreading cedars, with mossy turf, with yew-tree walks where young love has been crowned, where sorrow has gone by heavy-footed; where some hopes have been born and some have been quietly laid to sleep; where a great many commonplace thoughts and plans, and some unworthy ones, perhaps, have been entertained; for these, which make so large a part of all our lives, do but help their tragedy. Perhaps the trees whisper of these things when they bend together in the twilight. Even of the unromantic provincial Halletts, what could they not have told if one had but the key to their language?

But this old garden, with its long memories and its secrets known only to the birds, does not betray itself by even a hint from the street. Not so much as a stray petal is there to whisper of its treasures, not a bird-note to sing of its glories. It is all shut away, a possession apart, reserved for the master's use, and shared only by those whom he chooses to honour.

In his way the lawyer was proud of his garden as he was proud of his house, chiefly because

both had belonged to the Halletts little short of a century. We are apt, rather irrationally, to think this a less vulgar variety of pride than the pride of the man who builds his own smart villa and carefully matches the complexion of the flowers in his ribbon borders; and yet the lawyer was not a whit better than he, and inasmuch as he prized his garden only because he was the owner of it, he scarce deserved to claim it.

Mary Hallett loved it in a simpler way; perhaps since she was only a Hallett by marriage she could not be expected to feel about it quite as her husband did. Here she had come as a bride, here for twenty-five years she had watched the fruit ripen on the south wall with an eye to the preserving season, had plucked the flowers with a sort of kinship in their old-fashionedness, had played with her baby girl and had seen her grow to maidenhood as the flowers grow, herself fairer than any flower.

Perhaps it was Hester Hallett who loved the ancestral garden best, after all—loved it with a kind of personal affection as if all the toil and patient labour of generations had humanised it and taught it to respond to her thoughts. It was a world of inspiration to this young girl whom her father and mother, dearly as she loved them, often failed to understand. She dreamed her dreams here, and here, in the leisure of her thoughts, she entertained her maiden fancies about that strange thing called life. Already, though she was not twenty, it was a garden of memories. Here, where the trees grew close and the lawn narrowed to a glade, she had stolen, as a little girl, on a moonlight night, to see the fairies dance; by the deciduous cypress that pointed a tapering green spire to the sky her birthday feasts had been spread; under the lime with its melodious hum of bees in her ears she had tasted the delights of her first story-book, and had straightway been made possessor of a new world; in the yew-tree walk it seemed to her that she had one day lost her childhood, and had come into her woman's inheritance at the other end.

So far, all her recollections were untinged with regret. Whatever might be in store for her, as yet no serpent had entered her Eden, no angel barred the way with forbidding sword of flame. Hester had lived in it and studied it till she knew every modest green thing that made its home there. She shared her mother's simple tastes, and found the green garden a world wide enough for her young fancies; her own room looked out on it, and even in winter she preferred the vision of its leafless sleep to the livelier prospect offered by the windows at the other side of the house.

Mrs. Hallett sometimes wondered, with a mild undernote of vexation, at Hester's love of solitude. She herself found in the panorama of the street an interest that made life almost brilliant; that she knew every actor in the drama took nothing from its charm. She looked across at her early home, as in her girlish days she had peeped from behind the curtains of the bank drawing-room at the Hallett's tall red house, and the complexion of her thoughts had scarcely changed in all these years.

It would seem to most of us but a narrow world that the width of a street could measure—not an epic life, not a life of robust realism or of strong emotion; and yet through it all one woman had kept her simple sweetness and her wholesome, kindly interest in her fellow men and women. It is only in quiet country places that one finds those placid, untroubled natures whom the hurry of our age has left behind

On a spring afternoon Mrs. Hallett descended from the sitting-room that looked upon the street and went into the garden to find lost Hester.

It had become an almost unconscious habit with her to sit in the dusk at that window and watch for the head of her brother, John Mellish, to appear above the wire blind of his private room in the bank. A habit soon grows into a custom in such a place as Melchisford, where there is time for everything. There was time and to spare for John Mellish to stand and yawn and stretch himself, and take a survey of the street before pocketing the keys of the safe and going upstairs to dinner; and when once or twice he had glanced up at the tall windows opposite and had seen the kind and smiling face looking down on him, it very soon became easy for him to watch for it and to exchange a dumb greeting with it across the separating street.

That nod and wave of the hand used to warm Mrs. Hallett's heart, and comfort her for a little ache that had taken lodgment there. Perhaps the one shadow, and that not a very sombre one, that tempered the sunshine of her life, was the fact that her brother, John Mellish, and her husband, were not the firm friends she had once believed them to be. There was no open hostility; Mr. Hallett still kept his account at the bank, and John Mellish came now and then to dine at the Red House, and sip his glass of port with the lawyer; but the old cordiality of their relations was gone.

John Mellish was somehow understood to have disappointed his brother-in-law's expectations; for one thing, he had married the wrong person, and that, as we know, is an offence we none of us forgive in a man, even if he happens to be the chief sufferer from his rashness. Mrs. Hallett, with that curious incomprehensible logic of a woman, was sorry for her brother, and perhaps even more sorry for her husband, whose dignity had been somewhat impaired by John's rash matrimonial venture.

"It was enough for him to marry me," she thought, in her humility. "John needn't have made it worse."

But her repentance towards John and her love for him went out in that mute greeting which it would have seemed to her a sort of disloyalty to omit. On this April day, when she had waited for his appearing and had seen him go, she went downstairs, as has been said, to seek Hester. On her way to the garden she looked into the dining-room, and saw that the table was duly set for dinner; her practised glance swiftly took in all

the details; she moved forward to alter the arrangement of a flower in one of the tall glasses, and finding everything else perfect, from the spotless linen to the shining silver and crystal, she opened the French window, and stepped on to the lawn.

With her fair, fresh, pleasant face, delicately framed in lavender ribbons, she was fittingly enough in harmony with the green spring world; but it was Hester who was its true incarnation.

She stood in the middle of the lawn, idle, with hanging hands and lifted head, drinking in great draughts of delight. She was tall, as every Hallett had a claim to be, and slim, even in her white dress; but she was like neither father nor mother. By some strange freak Nature seemed to have reverted to an earlier type when it fashioned Hester Hallett. Hers was perhaps a beauty that required a cultured eye to measure at its true worth. Melchisford might not know how to value the oval of her face and the pale olive of her complexion, though it could not deny the beauty of her eyes—wonderful grey eyes, with a clear light in the iris, and with a black fringe of lashes that fell straight on the cheek. Somehow she gave an impression of fragility, of apartness, of a faint hold on life. And yet Hester was not at all delicate; she could ride and walk untiringly; and though her eyes and mouth were mostly grave, and the latter pathetic in its curves, there was no happier girl in Melchisford.

She turned when she heard her mother's step, and her lips relaxed into a smile. She drew her mother's arm within her own with a gesture that anyone knowing both would have found significant.

"Mother," she said, "the daffodils by the pond are in flower; I think they must have opened in the night. Come and see them."

"Yes, dear, yes," said Mrs. Hallett, resisting faintly. "It is time for papa and Andrew to come up from the office. Papa has a meeting to-night, you remember, Hester—an important meeting. We mustn't keep them waiting."

"Then it is the daffodils who must wait," said Hester, serenely. She put up her unoccupied hand and arranged the lace on her mother's head with a deft touch.

"Mother," she said, "you are like a bit of the spring, with your soft pink cheeks and your lavender ribbons. You must always wear lavender."

### CHAPTER II.—NO RELATION.

"HERE is Andrew."

It was his mother who was the first to hear his step and to turn to meet him. While he was still at a little distance she was struck anew, as she had often been of late, with his growing likeness to his father. It might almost have been the other vanquishing Andrew of a quarter of a century back who, like the Laird of Cockpen, went forth to woo, and succeeded in his enterprise, as the hero of the ballad did not.

Andrew junior was an excellent copy—a trifle exaggerated as copies are apt to be—of what Andrew senior had been at twenty-four: his eyes and his hair were black; his nose, of the conquering type, according to Lavater, was large and shapely, and, taken in conjunction with his firm mouth and well-cut chin, gave you the impression of a tolerably inflexible will. The clear pallor of Hester's complexion was replaced in his case by a healthy reddish brown that was very becoming, on the whole, with his air of good-natured masterfulness and abundant youth and strength; and, even with his swagger and that approach towards loudness in his dress, to which his big frame and bold colouring seemed to give a sanction, Andrew junior was not unpleasant to see.

His manners had the easy confidence that comes of feeling your acknowledged superiority over your associates. It is not the ease of good breeding, but it is sometimes a fair imitation of it. Andrew had been to Cambridge and had seen something of other countries than his own. In the course of these experiences he had picked up a good deal of superficial knowledge that served him excellently in Melchisford, though possibly had this local hero been weighed in the balances of Belgravia he might have been found wanting.

In his mother's eyes, needless to say, he was perfect. He came across the lawn with a preoccupied look that did not escape her. It was not often Andrew looked so serious.

"Where is your father?" she asked, with a faint pulse of alarm.

"Been sent for," said Andrew; "we needn't wait for him. He took a glass of wine and went off at once."

Mrs. Hallett's comely face paled with a sudden anxiety. A moment is enough for the assault of so many crowding fears.

"Not—not your Uncle John?" she questioned, laying her hand on her boy's sleeve.

"Uncle John!" Andrew echoed, lifting his brows and speaking with the slightly contemptuous accent he always reserved for the banker; "what do you suppose could have happened to him? He's all right, I saw him five minutes ago at his own door."

Mrs. Hallett blushed with a meek suspicion of having been rather foolish. She, too, had seen John Mellish within the last ten minutes. Her fears set at rest, she said, with returning briskness, "Then where is your father?"

Andrew did not answer for a moment; then he said, "Old Mr. Hallett is dead."

Hester, who had taken no part in the talk, looked up with dilated eyes. Dead! Could anyone die in this beautiful young world where everything spoke of rushing, palpitating, jubilant life?

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Hallett, "what a long ride for your father; setting off without his dinner, too."

"The old boy might have been considerate enough to put off his dying for an hour or two," said Andrew, with levity, "especially as we don't benefit by it to the extent of a brass farthing."

"Oh, poor old man," said Mrs. Hallett, with gentle rebukefulness; "I am very sorry he is dead, though he is no relation."

"I'm not so sure about that." Andrew spoke

with conviction. "I could prove the relationship fast enough if it paid to go into the thing; but, unfortunately, it isn't close enough to do us any good."

"Andrew," said Hester, speaking for the first time, "you don't want his money."

"Don't I, just!" he retorted, in lively denial. "I can tell you I do. You show me a chance of pocketing it, and you don't find me turning up my nose at it or at Hallett Place either. Fancy any man having a chance of a property like that and not wanting it!"

"But you have no chance."

"Who can tell? I'm a Hallett too."

During dinner Andrew returned more than once to this strain. He succeeded in convincing himself, if not his hearers, that he had been singularly ill-used in being defrauded of the dead man's wealth. The Halletts were not legion, as are the Smiths and the Browns. There were only the two families of them in the county, and to suggest that they were not related was both ridiculous and absurd. Possibly had old Mr. Hallett been poor and obscure, Andrew might not have been so eager to prove the tie of blood, but Hallett of Hallett Place was a name to swear by. Andrew knew that at Cambridge and elsewhere he had more than once benefited by the accident of a surname shared in common with the county magnate—it was hard, surely, that he was forbidden to claim a more substantial good.

Mrs. Hallett's anxiety was still hovering round her husband, his empty seat and half-filled glass keeping her thoughts fixed on him.

"I wish I had known papa was going," she said; "cook would have made him some sandwiches in five minutes. And his flask—did you notice if he took his flask in his pocket, Andrew?"

Andrew laughed. "One would think he was going to cross the desert!" he said. "Why, he'll be at Hallett's by nine at latest, and Mrs. Skinner will look after him. Bess is as fresh as a daisy, and will do it in three hours easily. The groom who brought the message started at two o'clock, and was here shortly after five."

"Then he died to-day?" asked Hester.

Andrew nodded. "Twelve o'clock. The man said Miss Kelynge was half distracted or he would have come off sooner. Looked as if she was by her writing; you never saw such a wriggling scrawl in your life, we could scarcely make head or tail of it at first."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Hallett, her compassion immediately stirred. "It must have been a great shock to her. Was the old gentleman long ill, Andrew?"

"He wasn't ill at all, so far as I can make out," said Andrew, dipping his grapes in the finger-basin. "He went out as usual after breakfast, saying he was going to look at some young trees in the plantation, and she found him there, I believe, where he had fallen. He must have died in a moment. Heart, I suppose."

Hester did not hear her mother's ready outflow of sympathy. She stared out into the garden, where the bright day was rapidly fading into a grey twilight. Dead in the full flush and glory of the morning and of the world—dead among the young trees that would live and flourish for years and years after he was dust and ashes! She had scarcely seen the old man, though she had heard of him often, and of the grand-niece who kept house for him; but his tragic end made that curious impression—half awe, half repulsion or revolt—with which the young first hear of death. By-and-by the feelings get blunted—they had need to be so in this world of dying men and women—but before the first sharp anguish of a personal loss has pierced the heart, death has always a strange unfamiliarity.

Hester thought of it when she wandered on to the dusky lawn after dinner. To make one's last surrender in a garden in the springtime, when everything else was beginning to live. Suppose it had happened here in her own green world? She glanced with a vague pang of fear at the underwood where the shadows lay deep—deep enough to hide any tragedy, to cover it close till the morning sun should pierce the green gloom and discover it. Suppose it had been someone she loved? Hester's tenderness would not allow her to shape this thought more definitely, but it woke her pity for that other girl to whom the bright day had brought sudden calamity.

"Tell me about Miss Kelynge," she said to Andrew when he joined her on the lawn, guided to her side by her white dress. "Is she quite alone?"

"There is the housekeeper, of course—she is a very good sort—and the other servants."

"But no friend of her own?"

"I don't suppose she had any friends; the old fellow lived like a hermit, and he doesn't seem to have any relations—unless you count us."

Andrew paused to light his cigar, and to nurse the little spark tenderly till it glowed.

"How sad it is for her," said Hester, softly.

"You need scarcely waste your pity, Hetty; she wouldn't thank you for it. I dare say she'll be one of the richest girls in the county. A lucky young woman, I call her."

"But there is the grandson—"

"Is there? I'd be glad to know it."

"He may be found."

"I'll lay you anything he never turns up. Why, we don't even know the name his mother went by, and our advertisements haven't brought us a single clue worth following up. As like as not he's dead. I'll back Miss Kelynge any day to win."

"I hope he will be found," said Hester, with youthful severity; "he is the right heir. Miss Kelynge could never feel happy unless she knew for certain he was not living. He would haunt her. I should think she would refuse the money."

"Well, you women are queer creatures, but that would be a pitch of disinterestedness even you could hardly reach, Hetty. And what sense would there be in refusing the money if there was nobody to claim it? I'll be bound Miss Kelynge won't be such a fool as to refuse her chance. If it hadn't been for her we might have had a try for it."

"Don't say that, Andrew"—her voice was constrained—"you make me feel—"

"Well, what do I make you feel?" he asked, with tolerant good-nature.

"I don't like to think of his money, and he just dead."

"Afraid his ghost will reproach you? It is rather ghostly out here. If I'm not to talk you must come in and sing, that's a fair bargain."

Hester yielded. For the first time there seemed to be a haunting inscrutable presence in the old garden which she did not care to face.

When Hester and Andrew had gone to bed, Mrs. Hallett carried the lamp into that front room where she was used to intercept her brother's daily greeting. All the lively bustle of the day was hushed, it was almost as quiet here as on the garden-side of the house. She put the lamp on a distant table and lifted the blind, glancing first half unconsciously across at the bank. The lights were extinguished there, and in all the neighbouring houses so far as she could see them. Melchisford adhered to a primitive simplicity of life, and was mostly abed and asleep at eleven o'clock. Probably there was scarcely another watcher in George Street but the sleepy groom who waited for his master and the policeman, whose measured step she could hear on the pavement beneath.

Being a thoughtful housekeeper, she had sent the servants to bed, and had smiled away Hester's offer of companionship. Andrew had not proposed to share his mother's watch, but he had given it as his opinion that his father would return that night.

"He'll borrow a mount over there, and leave Bess behind," he said. "Davies has orders to wait for him."

Mary Hallett had no such orders, but her service was of love. She took care to have the fire bright and a little brass kettle ready on the trivet, and she went down to the larder herself and made a selection of eatables there with a careful discrimination, remembering her husband's tastes and fancies.

When all was done that affection could devise—the slippers warming on the fender, the dressing-gown hung near the glow—she sat down to keep her vigil. No untranquil thoughts came to disturb it. She was a woman who had found life very good and sweet, whose little sheltered corner of the world had blossomed securely, who was happy in her husband and her children, whose prayers were all thanksgivings. Perhaps she lifted up her heart for them in the stillness, confiding them to a love that was even greater than her own, the children upstairs sleeping tranquilly, the husband whom every passing moment was bringing nearer home.

When she heard the triplet of his horse's hoofs on the road she ran downstairs almost with the lightness of a girl, the colour in her cheeks and a mile on her lips. She had the door wide open before the tired traveller had time to throw himself from the horse. She carried a hand-lamp, and its rays fell on her pleasant, pleased face. Surely never man had a kinder welcome!

The lawyer marked his sense of content by stooping and kissing her lifted face when he came stiffly up the steps, though he did not express any wonder at finding her there.

"Late, yes," he said, "or early, if you like. That brute of Hallett's has taken four hours to do the job. Hallett always keeps a miserable stable. I expected to find the dawn overtaking me. Well, it's a comfort to be out of the saddle."

He dropped into a chair before the fire and let her wait on him. She had begun her ministrations so long ago in their joint life that he had perhaps forgotten to be grateful for them, but she did not want his gratitude, she only wanted him to eat and drink and be comfortable. It is the best wives who make the most selfish husbands, and who in their zeal for service never know it.

She refrained from asking him any questions while he satisfied his hunger, but when he had turned round once more to the fire she said,

"It must have been a great shock for the poor young lady."

"H'm, yes," he said, absently. Then he looked up and said, decidedly,

"You must drive over there to-morrow, Mary; I told her you would come."

Mrs. Hallett flushed a little uneasily with the shrinking of a shy woman, but her habit of acquiescence in all his wishes held her from saying anything beyond—

"Do you think she will like seeing a stranger so soon?"

"Like it? why of course she will," he answered, brusquely, "the girl's alone there, without a soul to speak to and frightened to death. I called at Shepherd's on my way and found him in by good chance. He says it was a clear case of heart disease, but there must be an inquest, and Miss Kelynge must give evidence. You'd better take Hester with you when you go," he added, as if by an afterthought.

At the mention of her daughter, Mrs. Hallett found the courage to make a timid protest.

"Do you think I ought to take Hester? She is so young, and she has seen nothing of trouble—"

The lawyer looked up and drew his brows together in a little frown. It was clear he did not relish having his dictates called in question, but at sight of her anxious, troubled face his own softened and he smiled.

"You can't keep the child wrapped in cotton-wool all her life," he said; "besides, there's nothing to frighten her, and as we shall be likely to see a good deal of Miss Kelynge, Hetty and she may as well get to know each other and be friends. Shepherd and I are left sole trustees," he added, significantly.

Mrs. Hallett looked a little disturbed over this news. Her thoughts, too, flew as Hester's had done to the unknown young man who was understood to be old Mr. Hallett's heir.

"Has nothing been heard of the grandson?" she asked.

"Nothing," said the lawyer, rising, with a yawn, "and nothing ever will be heard," he added, with decision. "If he were alive he mus' have made some sign. Just as well too; one

doesn't want a fine old place to pass into the hands of a vagabond player's brat, so you may as well make yourself useful to Miss Kelynge, for this time next year she will be the owner of Hallett Place and the biggest heiress in the county."

"Still I hope the young man will appear in time—"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Hallett quite sharply annoyed, "you don't know what you are talking about. You will go to-morrow?"

"Yes, dear, of course, if you wish it," she answered, with resignation.

"Well," he dismissed the matter as settled, "I must turn in now. I have a meeting to-morrow at ten, worse luck, or you wouldn't have seen me back to-night."

### CHAPTER III.—THE NEWS TRAVELS TO TOWN.

THE spring which visits London is, as everybody knows, but a poor imitation of the same season in the country. London, which boasts that it commands the best of everything the world can supply, has for its sins to put up with the second best when it comes to be a question of the young year's bounties; but though she lavishes with a less plentiful hand, and paints her colours less freshly, Spring is generous to grey grim London too, and for a little while transforms her hoary age into a semblance of youth and liveliness and enthusiasm that cheers the hearts of the toilers there and helps them to forget the winter of their discontent.

It had this effect upon a young man who sat in an office in the heart of the City. The dull thunder of the streets was in his ears, the room where he sat vibrated at the passage of an underground train, the creak of a crane ceaselessly busy all day long hoisting bales to the upper storeys of an immense warehouse made itself heard in the momentary lull of traffic; and yet when he looked up from his desk his eyes rested on a garden where the grass was green, and the trees, nurtured in London smoke and heat, were bursting into premature leafage. And beyond the garden rose the noble bulk of the Tower massed against the sky, so that, for London, and that, too, the very core of it, the prospect was as splendid as a man could desire, and when the trees were clothed with green a little compulsion of the imagination helped one to cherish the pleasing delusion that it was the real country, not the poor semblance with which City folk have to be content.

The young man at the desk did not encourage this foolish fancy, he knew better; but it made him think of the country, which came to much the same thing, and of a garden he knew there, and of a young girl who was, no doubt, walking at that moment in its dewy freshness.

"We'll go down on Saturday," he said to himself, "Will and I, and Dot, too, if I can persuade her;" and the resolve only made his pen travel faster.

The room he sat in was very small. In the days of Queen Anne, when some sober citizen family occupied the house, it may have been used as the closet where my lady retired to meditate and do her devotions; it was still wainscoted, and the window had a wide sill where one might sit and look out upon the tranquil garden and moralise on the vicissitudes of history written for all readers on the grey walls beyond its green spaces.

The present occupier, however, had no leisure for such reflections; he wrote steadily and with diligence until the church clocks struck one, then he threw down his pen and, taking his hat from a peg behind him, left the little room and crossed a larger one which opened from it, where there were several desks, each with a busy scribe bending over it, and so made his way down the shallow staircase to the street. As senior clerk he had the privilege of going out first to dinner. He was an active young fellow, not very tall, and broader-chested than the London youth is apt to be; there was a sort of country wholesomeness and freshness about him, and his clear blue eyes were very kindly. He whistled as he went, and he took note of the bursting buds, and of the sooty sparrows, and of the look of the sky, as only a country-bred lad would do, stopping a minute to take a quick comprehensive glance of the world made suddenly young by one day of warm south wind and sunshine. He turned immediately from the square, however, and, crossing a quiet court still enclosed by ancient gates of wrought ironwork, he went upon his cheerful way dinnerwards.

As he dived downstairs to the eating-house he favoured, he jostled against another youth bent upon the same errand.

"You're before your time to-day, Tom," said the new comer, laying a hand on our acquaintance's shoulder, "five minutes."

"I should say you are after yours," answered Tom, brightly, pulling out his watch; "I didn't slack off till the clock struck; and don't I always find you at our special table, keeping my corner for me?"

"Well, come along, or we'll find ourselves elbowed out. This is pudding day."

The eating-house they patronised is famous for its beefsteak pudding, served as part of the *menu* on certain days of the week, and the clerking world flocks to it in vast numbers when the turn of this favourite dish comes round. Beefsteak pudding is savoury and it is satisfying, two qualities that are of importance where the appetite is large and the purse small, as both are apt to be in the region where the lesser clerk abounds. Our pair of friends, by long established usage and the employment of a judiciously administered tip, had secured a tacit right to a table that only held two people, and was conveniently hidden in a corner where you had room to stretch your legs and spread your arms without inconveniencing anyone else; and here they held a daily tryst, he who arrived first guarding the vacant seat for his comrade. As they shared lodgings, and spent their evenings, their Saturday afternoons, their Sundays, as well as all bank holidays, in each other's company, one would have thought they would have had enough

of each other's society without this middle-day meeting as well; but in the twenties friendship is a generous thing; it can stand a tolerable strain when it is of the right sort, as it was in the case of our Damon and Pythias, who were both very good fellows; indeed, there is no such thing as real friendship possible where a man isn't a good fellow. Mean men and knaves never make friends.

"Will," said Tom, when they were seated at their own particular corner, and each had silently worked his way through his slab of pudding, "what do you say to a week's end in the country —Saturday to Monday?"

"Can't be done," said the young man addressed as Will, and who signed himself Wilfred Somers. He was dark and tall, a contrast to his friend, and his mode of speech was swift and abrupt.

"Why not?" Tom leaned an elbow on the table and spoke eagerly, his blue eyes shining—he was always an eager fellow. "The doctor can put us both up at a pinch, and you know how awfully glad he always is to see us."

"I know how sarcastic he can be."

"Oh, that's his way, it means nothing; there is no better man breathing, as I should know. Think of it, a whole peaceful Sunday in the clear air: St. Peter's in the morning, Hester's garden in the afternoon, or a spin to Chalk End if you like that better." He smiled as if there were some reason to doubt this preference.

"And where is the tin to come from? That river trip cleaned me out."

"I can manage the funds, if that's all," said Tom, cheerfully. "It's only a question of bread and cheese minus beef for a day or two; and, by the way, if we're to go we'd better pull up now—" He stopped short suddenly. The obliging waiter who made these two young men his particular care had brought a copy of the morning's paper with the knives and forks, the bread and the ale, as a delicate additional attention on his part, and Tom, glancing carelessly at it as he spoke, had had his attention arrested by a name he saw there.

"What is it?" asked Somers, stirred to curiosity by this pause. "Anybody dead?"

"Old Hallett, of Hallett Place." Tom was still staring at the announcement. "It must have been unexpected, it says suddenly"—he glanced at the date on the top of the sheet—"it only happened yesterday."

"You country people have immoderate expectations, it seems to me," said Somers; "the old man must have been eighty if he was a day; that's a tolerable lease of life, and yet you talk as if his death was a thing to resent."

"It is a thing to deplore, Will. Remember the heir is not found yet."

"Then somebody or something will benefit. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"I should like to find that fellow," said Tom, meditatively, "for the justice of the thing; also, it would be queer to see how he took the change of fortune, and how he turned out under it. It's an experiment one would like to watch."

"It's an experiment that would very likely end in a big failure. Set a beggar on horseback and you know what road he'll take."

Somers liked to strengthen his argument with proverbial philosophy.

"You don't know that he is a beggar."

"You don't know that he's anything else. Besides, if he has been decently brought up where would your experiment be? You don't know, for the matter of that, that he exists. It's all a toss up; it seems to me that any impostor who chose to set up a claim would have a fair chance of success. I wonder nobody has tried it, I wonder you don't try it on, Tom. Couldn't you work it? You're a Melchisford man, or as good as—"

"But that doesn't make me an impostor, I hope," said Tom, with his pleasant laugh. "It is true that I don't know much about my people, but that scarcely gives me a claim—"

"You are sure, Tom," said his friend, leaning across the table and speaking earnestly—"you're sure Rose has told you the truth? You bear his name and he calls you cousin; but when a man has a hobby, a fad, call it what you will, he is apt to twist circumstances to fit it. Rose had a theory to work out when he adopted you—you've told me that, and he makes no secret of it."

"No," said Tom, simply, "he believes in education being strong enough to counteract hereditary influences. My father was not all that a man might wish his unknown father to be—the doctor has never concealed this from me, though he hasn't entered into particulars and—and I haven't pressed him." Tom hung his head a moment, but he raised it the next. "If I've escaped similar temptations, I owe it all to one man's generosity. You know what he has done for me, Will, and what I might have been and must have been without him, but he has never shirked the truth. If I had a right to old Hallett's money, or to anyone else's money, he would very likely have advised me to waive my claim—he is no believer in inherited wealth, as you know—but he wouldn't have kept me in the dark; he would have told me the truth as you would have told it me, Will."

"Well, I shouldn't have advised you to let the fortune slide; on the contrary, I should have bid you stick to it, and helped you to spend it; you would have had to choose between Rose the social democrat, and Will the man of common-sense."

"I'll never be called on to make the decision." Tom laughed. "But you see there's a sort of likeness in our circumstances that makes me take a kind of brotherly interest in this son of Avisia Hallett for whom everybody is searching. I've half a mind to join in the hunt too."

"Much better let him be. Lost people should never turn up again, nor should people who emigrate ever come back to their native shores; their places are filled up, there's no such thing in this crowded world as keeping a man's old niche empty for him. The same thing would hold good with the dead if they could revisit their old haunts, only fortunately they can't or don't."

"I should like to think that I left some kind of memory behind me in one or two people's likings," said Tom, modestly; "in yours, for instance—"

"Oh, we'd miss you, Dot and I; we'd wear sackcloth and ashes for you, and Dot would cry her eyes blind and go widowed all her days; but if we survived you long enough I suppose the time would come when we felt that we could still live and eat, and even laugh without you. But this lost man has made no place for himself; nobody in Melchisford misses him or mourns him, or cares a hang for him—he is only interesting while he remains a mystery, and my serious advice to him is to continue lost."

But Tom's thoughts had taken a new turn at the mention of Dot—not the Dot of Will's tragic picture, all crape and tears, but the real Dot—the little, round, soft bright-eyed Dot. Tom's face cleared into sunshine.

"Will," he said, "Dot must go with us; we must manage it somehow. She can stop at the Red House. It won't be half a holiday without Dot."

Will shook his head.

"If you can screw another outing out of the flinty-hearted lady principal you are a cleverer fellow than I take you to be, Tom."

"It's no use my attempting it," said Tom, with dejection; "they draw the line at brothers. If I had your chances—"

"Well, I don't suppose you exactly want to be Dot's brother?" said Somers, with a faint inflection of sarcasm.

Tom laughed. "Well, old man, you'll do your best for us; use all your arts and blandishments on the old lady, and get her on our side. Why, if we had Dot with us it would be—"

He apparently found no metaphor sufficiently worthy the occasion, and time being now up, and the other clerks very likely growling at his absence and hungrily scenting the beefsteak pudding from afar, he had to leave the sentence incomplete. When a young fellow falls to thinking of the girl whom he hopes to make his wife, for whom he is working and saving, with that vision of a home in the future to keep him at his highest and his best, he may be excused if he forgets for a moment the claims of his neighbour. With Tom remembrance and remorse were never long delayed, and he set off now at a pace that spoke equally well for his heart, his lungs, and his digestion. At twenty-five many things may be done with impunity, even to running at the top of one's speed immediately after dinner.

Dot was Will's only sister, and she was resident governess at a boarding-school in Bayswater. The position sounds important and imposing, especially if you speak of the school, as the Principal of it always did, as a Seminary for the Daughters of Gentlemen; but it has its drawbacks. It means a good deal of hard work for very little pay and a great many snubs, and it calls for a quite angelic amount of patience, tact, and temper to fulfil its duties properly. Dot was not an angel, perhaps, but she was a bright and brave girl, and a very sensible little woman as well. Her good sense led her to see the impracticability of Will's proposal at once, for Will honestly did his best to be Tom's ambassador.

"What, two holidays in a month?" she said, raising her pretty brows. "Will, you are an unreasonable man."

"It's Tom," said Will, basely.

"Then Tom is unreasonable too," said Dot, with a smile creeping into her brown eyes; "why there would be a revolution, a mutiny in the bedroom; the girls would smuggle in novels and read in bed—I know that Jemima Cubitt has a store of candle-ends hidden among her clothes; they might even get up and eat buns and make chocolate over the gas."

"I don't see much fun in that."

"The fun would lie in its being forbidden. You see I'm much too important to be spared. I represent discipline, and order, and rule, and regulation—it sounds grand, doesn't it?"

"It sounds absurd; you couldn't frighten a mouse."

"Ah, but you don't know what the governess in me is capable of. That bell is for me; it means that I must go downstairs and cut bread-and-butter, and pour out cups of tea, and I can't ask you to go with me, my poor Will; other people's brothers are forbidden, you know, or else—or else Tom might come with you sometimes. But I'll see you both on Sunday week—my day out, and you must take me to Westminster Abbey. There, Will, dear, I must send you away, I really must."

But before this there was time to tell Dot of the old man's death down at Melchisford, and she, too, was full of wonder over the lost heir.

"Tom wants to find him," said Will, with a grin.

"That would be splendid," cried Dot, seeing no absurdity in the proposal. "Oh, you must both of you do your best; you have a whole year for the search, and that is a long, long time. And he ought to be found, he is the right man. Hester would like it, she has always wanted him to be found."

Will had humour enough to laugh as he kissed her and went his way.

"Tom is in a corn-merchant's office, and I'm a stockbroker's clerk; we're six-hundred-dollar clerks, and our joint screw does little more than keep us, and yet we've to find the clue that has baffled the whole machinery of the law."

He laughed aloud when he had got safely out of reach of the principal's ears, and yet Dot's last words lingered in his thoughts and coloured them. "Hester would like it." Viewed in the light of Hester's likings the scheme did not seem quite so preposterous, it even seemed the sort of enterprise that a young man who wished to please somebody very much might undertake.

### CHAPTER IV.—SISTERS-IN-LAW.

IF Mary Hallett liked to refresh herself in the midst of her many home duties with an occasional peep at the mild bustle of George Street, Hannah Mellish at the bank-house opposite devoted a large part of her leisure to the same spectacle.

She brought to the town the same habits of early rising she had practised on her brother's farm. Before a single blind was drawn up at the Red House opposite she had her morning's task well in hand, and was able to give some of her superfluous energy to the observation of her neighbours. Any day, wet or dry, you might have seen her spare figure outlined in the centre window of the three that lit the bank drawing-room, the lace curtain carefully tucked aside that no detail might be lost, her elbow resting on the sill, her sharp chin supported by a thin brown hand, her eyes fixed on the panorama without.

So she would remain for hours, scarcely varying her position. Of what did she think? Probably she did not think at all; she noted, observed, compared, chronicled, but she did not reason. At best, she fed a curiosity that had been starved in the country—the country wide, lonely, untenanted, barren of event, as it is only to be found round Melchisford. For an unstored mind there is no duller county in England than Eastshire.

There are people to whom life is mainly processional—who live by the senses, and who find sufficient entertainment in the exercise of their eyes, while such thinking faculties as they possess lie dormant. Hannah Mellish was one of these. Nothing escaped the unwinking gaze of her black eyes. Her field of observation was limited, it is true, by the drapery business that flanked one side of the lawyer's house, and by the grocer's on the other beyond the stable entrance; but this narrow range, this *genre* picture, seemed to satisfy her. It afforded her a continually varying entertainment that to her rusticity seemed rich in incident.

She saw the customers who came in and out of Barker's—those of them who paused to take a preliminary survey of the attractions displayed in the windows, and those who went in at once, emboldened by the consciousness of a commission for a yard of ribbon at twopence-halfpenny. She could have told almost to an ounce what groceries Mr. Cheeseman supplied to his various clients, and which of them bought the tea at three-and-sixpence and which was content with an inferior brand.

It may be said in excuse for this unflagging scrutiny that the bustle of the little country town was a comparatively new experience to her; it was not home as it was to Mary Hallett, where every face was that of a friend. It was only on market days that Mrs. John Mellish could claim a large acquaintance in Melchisford, for she had lived upon her brother's farm until, a year or two before this chronicle opens, John Mellish had transplanted her to the bank-house.

It was this marriage that had so offended the lawyer's susceptibility, and had even made gentle Mary blush for her brother.

"A bankrupt farmer's daughter and sister—a woman without an idea in her head beyond the milking of a cow and the scrubbing of a floor, when he might have had a Carter for the asking!"

"She is pretty, and that is what you can't call Bethia Carter," said Mrs. Hallett, in instinctive defence of her brother.

"Pretty!" cried the lawyer, in accents of disdain, as if beauty counted for nothing in a man's choice of a wife; "it would have been more to the purpose if she had had a little money, John could do with a little ready cash or I'm mistaken. He put a millstone round his neck when he married a Moss!"

Mary Hallett was silenced. Hannah's small-featured, red-cheeked beauty, though it was vivid enough in its way, was not of sufficient importance to counterbalance her many disadvantages. She was not a lady even according to the Melchisford standard, which was indulgently unexacting, and society there was scarcely cordial to the little woman. She was dowerless, and, what was much more serious, she had a whole troop of impecunious relations, to whom she clung with a loyalty that Mary Hallett would have found admirable had anyone but her brother been the victim who had to suffer for it.

It was, however, precisely towards the Red House and its doings that Hannah's glances were oftenest turned; it was in this direction that her curiosity became vital. They were near relations over there, though she asked or expected nothing of them. She looked to see who came and went up the steps and in and out of the office; she took pleasure in knowing what the Halletts were having for dinner, and in observing in what direction her sister-in-law and niece took their walks when they went abroad. She was not a gossip, she did not retail her information, she acquired it simply for her own satisfaction. If it had been her lot to live in London she would have bought a directory and made it her business to know the names of all the occupants of the street, in the same way that she made a duty of mastering the advertisements in the "Melchisford Chronicle." The kind of intelligence that goes out in such exercises is not of the highest order perhaps, but it has its uses.

"If the parish registers happened to get burned she could supply the dates of the births, marriages, and deaths for a quarter of a century at least," John Mellish would say, half laughing, half admiring this gift in his little companion.

John Mellish was satisfied, whoever might object; he did not covet a clever woman who would want to be managing the bank for him, nor a fine lady to be spending his money in fashions and folly.

Hannah, indeed, had no expensive tastes, unless that passion for helping her relations might be classed as extravagance, and she was aware, without Melchisford requiring to impress it on her, that she was not a lady. On the whole the banker might have done less wisely, even if he had aspired to a Carter.

On the morning after the lawyer's return from Hallett Place, Mrs. Mellish was seated at her usual post. The house was scrupulously clean, the dinner determined on, Mr. Mellish's stockings darned, the Moss contingent from the farm not due till twelve o'clock. It was with a conscience void of power to offend that she took her accustomed place and prepared to enjoy herself in her own way. She had not been seated many minutes, however, when, with unusual precipitation, she

rose, crossed the room, and ran downstairs. Her resolution seemed to falter at the outer door, but she gave herself a little shake, and, picking up an umbrella from the stand in the hall, opened it, and crossed the street.

The brougham, which Mr. Hallett held necessary to his wife's state, had been pulled out into the yard, where it stood with empty shafts while Davies, the old groom, went about certain leisurely preparations before yoking. In the midst of these recollection occurred to her that gave her fancy a spur.

"When do you start?" she asked.

Davies scratched his head and looked at her consideringly. In his opinion there was a point beyond which feminine curiosity ought not to be encouraged.

"You'd better ask the missus," he said; "hinder she b'is." He pointed with a backward thumb to the garden beyond the yard.



'YOU'D BETTER ASK THE MISSUS," HE SAID.

he was startled by hearing a voice at his elbow, and turning clumsily round he encountered the questioning glance of Mrs. John Mellish.

"Where are you going to-day, Davies?" she asked.

"We be going Brumf'l way—the missus and Miss Hester," he answered, after a moment given to consideration of the question. "The old gentleman over there be dead."

Mrs. John Mellish nodded. She had heard that item of news at breakfast-time, when her husband had been full of it. She had scarcely seen old Mr. Hallett; indeed, he was almost as removed from her sphere as a prince of the blood, and the fact of his death had but faintly interested her. Her imagination required the stimulus of sight before it could work. Suddenly, however, a

Hannah turned away, not at all abashed by the rebuke of this rejoinder. The manners of Chalk End had not made her supersensitive.

"I will go in by the kitchen-garden door," she said, having, indeed, the fear of her brother-in-law to withhold her from returning on her steps to seek the legitimate entrance, since to do so she must pass the window of his private room.

A little door in the high red-brick wall led to the kitchen garden. An almond-tree headed the procession of the spring with the bravery of its pink blossom, which it flung across the path, but Hannah did not notice it. She plucked a leaf of the flowering currant, however, and crushed it in her hand. The strong pungent scent woke an association in her mind, as odours so often do, and she quickened her pace.

Her sister-in-law was nowhere visible. She passed from the kitchen garden to the yew-tree walk, and so across the lawn to the open window of a room that seemed to her first glance untenanted.

Mary Hallett was there, however; she had dressed herself so early for her drive that she had left herself without occupation except to forecast all the details of the coming interview. She shrank from it with the sensitiveness of a shy woman who feels that she may be possibly unwelcome. Miss Kelynge might resent her offered condolence, she might even think she had come to press that claim of kinship on which Andrew had based so many jests. At the mere supposition the colour rose warm in her cheeks—she had the self-respecting pride of the middle-class, as inflexible in its way as that of the old man who had died a day ago.

When she heard a step on the gravel without, she looked up.

"Hester," she said, "Hester, do you think—"

Then she saw that it was not Hester, but Hannah Mellish. Mrs. Hallett, who was tall and gracefully proportioned, looked down with half-startled surprise at the little figure, smaller, skimpier than ever in her plain morning dress, her hair tightly braided and drawn from the temples without a thought of becomingness. Mrs. Hallett took in all these details in the same breath with which she exclaimed—

"Hannah! I hope nothing is the matter?"

"No," said Hannah, abruptly. "Davies told me"—she gave a backward wave of the cotton umbrella which she had closed—"you were going over to Hallett Place, and I thought if you wasn't in a great hurry to set off, you would take Lavy Moss. She'll be here by twelve."

"Lavy Moss?" said Mrs. Hallett, who found this a most bewildering request. "But it would scarcely help her at all. We are not going by Broomfield, the road is so bad, and Chalk End is four miles from Hallett Place."

"I mean will you take her to Hallett's?"

The amendment scarcely helped Mrs. Hallett's bewilderment.

"You know of course that old Mr. Hallett is dead?"

Hannah nodded.

"We are going to call—Hester and I—because my husband wishes it. He is the family lawyer, and everything is left in his hands, and he thinks we might perhaps be of use to Miss Kelynge; but it will be a very painful visit—I don't know the young lady—neither Hester nor I have ever met her—"

"Lavy knows her—she's a friend of hers. She'll be wild to go to her when she hears the old man is dead. She has been at Burgess's all night, and she won't know till she comes into Melchisford with the second milk cart."

This explanation traversing Mary Hallett's halting phrases gave her something of a shock. Lavy Moss—one of those dreadful girls with the rough heads and the loud tongues, who were always rushing in and out of the bank-house—a friend of Miss Kelynge's? It was incredible, inconceivable; the mother who had feared affront for her own gentle Hester refused to give credence to this wild story.

She looked at her sister-in-law, and Hannah returned the look with the unwinking gaze of her bright black eyes.

"It's true," she said, not at all resenting the doubt written so plainly on the other's face, "and if you would give her a lift—"

"I must ask my husband," said Mary, shrinking back a little. "We have only one horse to-day, and I am afraid he will say we are too many for the long distance."

She faltered and flushed over the words. She knew that her husband would not couch his refusal in terms that were nearly so polite, and she was certain he would refuse. Perhaps Hannah knew it too; she stood in dumb acquiescence outside the window waiting her sister-in-law's return; she leaned her slight weight on her umbrella, but she remained quite immovable, except for the quick, bright glances of her eyes.

Mary Hallett came back presently with a heightened colour and something of a shame-faced air. She felt she had been rather cowardly. It would have been braver to tell Hannah herself that she could not comply with this request than to hide behind her husband's authority. She did so now without further ado.

"I am sorry, Hannah," she said, "but I cannot take your niece to-day."

The lawyer's message was indeed quite untranslatable. He had been angry with his wife for supposing for a moment that he could permit such a grace to a Moss.

"What business has that woman to come here with her white stockings and her cotton umbrella and nothing on her head, poking about the stables and gossiping with Davies? It's not respectable—and to walk into my house by the garden! I won't have it; you must put a stop to it, Mary. As to Moss's girl, I daresay she does go to Hallett Place, to sell milk and eggs. If you don't know better than to decline her company I must do it for you."

"I told her I didn't think there would be room," said Mary, with anxious haste repudiating this offered help.

"Well, if she needs to be told again, send her to me," said the lawyer, grimly; "and look here, Mary"—he took advantage of her humiliation to impose a new condition—"you may as well try to persuade Miss Kelynge to come back with you. Tell her that Andrew or I will be over there every day, and that she shall be sent or taken over as often as she likes, but she ought not to sleep there alone. If my wife and daughter"—he drew himself up and puffed out his chest—"show a proper spirit of kindness to the poor young lady, I don't doubt she will prefer their society to that of Miss Moss."

"I will do all you wish, Andrew," said Mary, going away meekly, but she had a stronger distaste than ever for the mission.

"I don't like it at all," she said to her daughter, as they rolled away together in the brougham,

"the having to refuse your Aunt Mellish. Not that she said anything; if she had been angry it would have been easier; she just went away saying nothing."

"I don't think Aunt Mellish is very readily made angry," said Hester.

"Uncle John may think it unkind," she sighed, "but I couldn't help it. Think of Lavy Moss here beside us—" She gave a little shudder. "Why, we couldn't have talked comfortably at all. Oh, Hetty!"—she unrolled the last of her burdens—"suppose it should be true after all that she is a friend of Miss Kelynge's?"

Hester looked round and smiled. She wore a cool grey dress, and she looked calm, and serene, and beautiful as the day. She put her hand on her mother's.

"Perhaps it is true. Miss Kelynge must have been often very lonely in that big house, and with a sort of Bluebeard for an uncle, and I daresay she was glad of another girl to speak to. And don't you think, mother, if she's like that—frank, and not formidable or stuck-up—it will make it easier for us?"

"She can't be stuck-up, Hetty, as you say, if she takes to a Moss."

Mrs. Hallett shook her head, but she took the reviving comfort to her heart.

"We must do the best we can to please papa," she said. "You know he wants her to return with us?"

"Yes, but I daresay she won't come just yet. I don't think I should if I were she. Mother," she went on, after a little while, "tell me all you know about old Mr. Hallett and his grandniece and the young fellow for whom papa is seeking. He is the most interesting; tell me all about him."

"There is nothing to tell about him—nobody knows anything. I asked your father last night, and he says he feels confident nothing ever will be known. It all happened such a long time ago, and he thinks he must be dead."

"That seems very sad," said Hester, gravely.

## The Hours.

THE rapid hours, the varied hours,
How swiftly move their tireless feet!
And some are crowned with fairest flowers,
And some are sad, and some are sweet.

Some bring the shadows and the night,
Or narrow days which sunless show;
While others, zoned in rosy light,
Nothing but summer joyance know.

Anon with heavy tread they come—
For grief is theirs, and bitterness,
The long slow hours which bear the sum
Of life's large burden of distress;

Wrapped round in sackcloth of remorse;
Or diademed with thorny pain;
Or fired with some unhallowed force,
Mad passion, or the lust of gain.

Now bathed in love's immortal rays,
The circling throng too quickly pass;
And now they wing the shaft which lays
Loving and loved beneath the grass.

Thus round the earth the rapid hours
For ever urge their tireless feet;
And some are crowned with fairest flowers,
And some are sad, and some are sweet.

SYDNEY GREY.

# THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

HISTORY has ceased to be written in the names of kings and princes. The Victorian age is itself an illustration of how men of every grade combine in diversity of action to make a great era. It is therefore in no spirit of adulation that we commence these papers. "The divinity that doth hedge a king" is a sentiment superannuated in these post-revolutionary days, when the deeds of men, be they princes or paupers, are weighed upon the same balance and judged by the same standards. Still, the crowned heads of Europe are potentates, the measure of their influence is not defined by the letter of constitutions; and while men have learned to recognise that history includes the masses, and does not mean merely the deeds or misdeeds of a few prominent persons born into a certain position, kings continue to play a large part in making the story of their times. It is with a view to enabling the general public better to know the men who hold the reins of office, and hence better to appreciate the course of modern politics, that this series is planned. The biographies we propose will be in their degree chapters of contemporary history. They will be carefully prepared from special and authoritative sources, and while we shall speak with the reserve due to individual privacy, we shall also speak with the fulness truth requires for the proper understanding of character. Of these Sovereigns of Europe, it will generally be found, to their honour, and especially among the younger generation, that most of them are penetrated with the gravity of their responsibilities, and strive to do their duties according to their lights, even though of some of them the lights are at times but dim.

## WILLIAM II,

### THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

IN the latter days of January, 1859, Berlin was on tiptoe of expectation. The Princess Frederick William was about to give birth to a child, and for Prussia, where the Salic law still obtains, the sex of that child was a matter of vital importance. As is usual at the birth of royal scions, one hundred and one guns announce the birth of a prince, twenty-one that of a princess. In those days, therefore, whenever and wherever firing was heard in Berlin—and when is it not heard in that military capital?—people steadily began to count the discharges. On the morning of the 27th a shoemaker's boy heard cannon firing. At once he set to work to count one, two, three, up to nineteen, then the guns stopped. "What, not even a girl!" he exclaimed, in disgust, unaware that he had merely listened to artillery practice. But a little later, at four in the afternoon, the cannon boomed and thundered so that all Berlin could hear their hundred and one reports, and from the palace chapel bells resounded the chimes, "Praise the Lord, the mighty King of Hosts."

William I, then acting Regent for his deranged brother, Frederick William IV, heard the cannon also while busy in the Foreign Office. He jumped into the first cab that crossed his path, too impatient to wait for his carriage, and hurried to his son's abode. As he entered the courtyard Field-Marshal Wrangel left the house.

"Your Excellency, how is it?" demanded the eager populace of its favourite general.

"Children," he answered, "all is well; it is as fine and sturdy a recruit as we could wish."

Thus William II—for it was he whose advent had caused this commotion—was from his birth dedicated to the army—as indeed, for the matter of that, is every Prussian prince and every Prussian citizen, for, as Mirabeau well remarked, "War is the national industry of Prussia." Prussia is not a country that has an army, but an army that has a country.

And yet Prince William of Prussia was near being precluded from a military career—perhaps even from the throne, if that be true which the Court party industriously tried to circulate at the time of the Emperor Frederick's illness, namely, that according to Hohenzollern family law no member who was infirm in mind or body might succeed to the throne. The Princess Frederick William had a difficult and dangerous confinement; an accident happened which might have cost her her life. She was to be attended by Dr. Martin, as well as by her own household doctor. About 8 a.m. the latter wrote to Dr. Martin to say his services were required immediately, but the servant to whom the letter was entrusted, instead of taking it, put it into the post; the consequence was that it never reached Dr. Martin till after 1 p.m., and when he arrived at the palace he found it was too late to do what ought to have been done hours before. For some time the Princess's life was despaired of, and when the child was born a slight injury was inflicted on the left arm, which appeared withered from below the elbow.

Time, science, and a strenuous determination on the Prince's own part to conquer this defect, have minimised greatly the inconveniences of this

imperfection, and only on close examination is it possible to perceive that the present German Emperor has not the equal use of both his arms. Little incidents like that of his dropping his helmet at the feet of the Pope alone recall that he has not equal strength in his right and left hands.

This defect, trifling though it is, has had, however, a very marked influence upon the Emperor's character, as well as on his mode of thought. To this those who know him well have ascribed his pronounced dislike to all that is English, though his mother was English in heart and by birth, and his father, too, professed great admiration for the freer political institutions of Great Britain, and had become much anglicised. For English doctors and nurses had, at Queen Victoria's wish, attended the birth of this her first grandchild, and nothing —it has been alleged—could persuade the present Emperor but that a clumsiness on their part was the cause of the physical weakness which troubled his earlier life.

Neither could any moral suasion move him. Resolute obstinacy is the keynote of his character, and is its mainspring for good as well as for evil. Nor is this quality to be wondered at if we examine his ancestry. He is the offspring on the one hand of a family in whom hereditary energy is apt to turn into stubbornness, and on the other of the Hohenzollerns, in whom self-will and self-esteem are prominent features—features only redeemed from unlovableness by a dash of idealism, a strenuous sense of rectitude and honour. It is this that has made the Hohenzollerns great, this that has made them feared and respected, this that has caused an obscure Pomeranian family to subjugate under its heel the whole of Germany, and to take upon its shoulders what was once the Holy Roman Empire.

The present German Emperor is born on the paternal side of a family characteristically and traditionally national, a successful race, that enriched and elevated itself with astonishing rapidity, though at times by methods which do not perhaps bear too close an examination, and that lacked the art to endear itself to the nations around. His grandfather had done much by sheer dint of living beyond the appointed span of man to convert himself from a despised and insignificant person into a picturesque and remarkable figure. Part, not to say almost all, of his great popularity was due to the events of his reign and the sudden rise of his country, whilst under his sway, into a dominating and imperial power, as also to the group of great statesmen and generals whom he had the good fortune to gather round him. His son Frederick William, with his genial and gracious manner, his native kindness of look and



THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

*After a Photograph by J. C. Schaarwächter, Photographer to the Emperor.*

word, his real sentiment, was to a certain extent a spurious plant that did not take after its kind, and of which his own family did not know what to make. His son was again to prove true to tradition. It may be said that from his birth the little William gave evidence of one of those strongly pronounced individualities which no outward circumstances seem able to alter or to mould, and which are wholly unaffected by even the mightiest outer influences—a curious crystallised unit which maintained itself intact throughout all phases of its development, in all the natural metamorphoses of the human being. This strength of resistance to transmutation made itself felt very early, and surprised the observer in this very pretty, almost girlish-looking, boy, whose delicacy was heightened to weakness through the awkward impotence of his left arm. The slightest attempt to exert pressure from without at once provoked a firm opposition.

Naturally, the etiquette that rules in princely families, and is especially rigid in Prussia, made it easy to mould the outer life and behaviour of this scion into prescribed forms, and to force upon him habits, and even abilities, that were naturally distasteful to him; as, for example, politeness of speech and bearing, knightly exercises, and the learning of foreign tongues. All these it was possible to impose on him, as neither physical nor intellectual resources were lacking; and the need of obedience to outer discipline was quickly recognised as an inevitable necessity by his cool reflective faculties. Here he was helped by the eagerness to do his duty that is a heritage from his Prussian ancestors. But while it was a comparatively easy task to impose upon Prince William these external qualities, it was more hard to attain a hold upon his inner nature, and to bend its evolution into a given groove. This stubborn nature resented intensely the mere discipline of thinking.

Royal children suffer much from the superabundance of impressions and emotions that pour in upon them from all sides, and this is apt to produce the pernicious result of a certain desultoriness of thought and a precocious weariness of pleasure. It has been justly remarked that to conquer this disastrous lack of power of concentration is ever the most important task of the tutor of princes. This office was specially onerous in the case of so intractable a nature. Only the greatest severity and the energetic cooperation of all concurring authorities were able to conquer this mute intuitive resistance, until the hour struck when perception was awakened. Then his own will came to the rescue, after which all difficulties were overcome. But even then, while doing what was required of him, the inner nature of the Prince remained untouched and uninfluenced, developing in its own manner, modified and directed by outer influences, but never fundamentally changed or varied. From his mother he has inherited a portion of her love for the fine arts, and some of her ability of pictorial execution; from his liberal bourgeois father an interest for other classes than the merely aristocratic, though in his case it has never approached the father's freedom from class prejudices and from the Hohenzollern tendency to overbearing. From his earliest tutor he has imbibed a love of discussion. Yet not one of these supreme authorities could give the child, the boy, or the youth the full impress of their character. There were moments when it seemed as though they might succeed, and many false hopes were based on such passing phases; much bitter disappointment was aroused when it was once more made evident that this nature remained in change unchanged.

We have, however, anticipated a little, and must return to March 5th, 1859, when the baptism of the new-born boy took place with great pomp in the Royal Palace of Berlin, emperors and kings, princes and archdukes, queens, princesses, archduchesses and duchesses standing sponsors to this latest scion of the stalwart house of Hohenzollern, who received at this ceremony the names of Frederick William Victor Albert.

From the first his parents, though still so young, felt the solemn nature of the great task laid upon them of educating this child aright for the high station that promised to await him, though in those days it was no higher than that of King of Prussia. The Princess, a worthy daughter of her father—of whom, indeed, she was the favourite—had been reared in his upright views as to the duties of royalty, and the obligations which pertain to the education of its children, and with these sentiments she had also imbued her husband, who was devoted to her, and willingly let himself be led to higher wisdom by her wise hand.

The couple in those days lived like two quiet burghers, having but a few rooms in a tower of the Castle of Babelsberg, near Potsdam, or in a wing of the Berlin Castle. Their modest establishment, their simplicity of living, their high mode of thinking, their keen intellectual interests, were the wonder, the stock theme of talk, the derision of one-half of Berlin, and the admiration of the other. Not till their little son was born was a house of their own assigned to them. After this event they went to live at the New Palace of Potsdam, rechristened Friedrichskron during the brief reign of the Emperor Frederick, in memory of his great ancestor Frederick the Great, who had built this vast, pretentious pile at the conclusion of the Seven Years' War in order to prove to his enemies that war had not exhausted his pecuniary resources, and that if need be he could go to war again. On the cupola that crowns the centre of this rococo building are enthroned three female genii. Popular tradition designates them as Frederick's three mortal enemies—the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, Elizabeth of Russia, and the notorious Madame de Pompadour. Over the cornice is placed the Prussian eagle, with the audacious motto, "Nec soli cedit."

To this palace, to this suburb of Berlin, distant from it some half hour by rail, and containing in its small area the only sheets of water, the only woods and scenic features the arid Berlin sand-wastes can produce, there came to live, early in 1859, the little family of Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

He himself loved Potsdam, as all his ancestors had done, and had a special liking for this huge house, with its two hundred rooms, its quaint theatre, its reminiscences of the greatest of Prussia's kings, its spurious pictures of the Bolognese and Venetian school, for in this block he had himself first seen the light of day. It was here, too, that he had conceived his admiration for his great ancestor, so that one of his first acts was to see that every memory of him should remain intact. Thus, for example, the workroom of the "Old Fritz,"[1] as the Berliners ever called this sovereign, was carefully guarded.

Little Prince William grew up in this atmosphere of enthusiasm for his great forefather. No wonder he caught the infection also, no wonder that his highest ideal and aim is to be a second Frederick the Great. But it is not so easy to be "Old Fritz" at the end of the nineteenth century as in the middle of the eighteenth; other elements of character are required by the changed moral conditions. The manners and modes of thought of the barrack-room have been replaced by more refined and nobler aims; men know now that there is something higher and finer in the world than mere brute force. As founder of a kingdom, Frederick the Great receives all praise; in an example to be followed in order to maintain that kingdom, there are other qualities required. The Emperor Frederick's admiration for Frederick the Great was for the founder of his dynasty; his son's is for the military despot, the man who ground his heel remorselessly upon whatever stood in his path. These are two very divergent matters. Still, this hero-worship was one of the few interests father and son had in common in later life, when their views and ideals had grown widely apart; and it is pleasant to learn that among the last gifts exchanged between Berlin and San Remo that sad Christmas of 1887 were some relics of "Old Fritz," unearthed by his young descendant.

In the New Palace of Potsdam, therefore, amid these memories of Prussia's first glory, was passed the childhood of Prince William, and of his brothers and sisters, for the Princess Frederick William followed her mother's example, and the house filled rapidly with little people. To rear these young ones carefully, to make them strong in mind and body, was the Princess's one care and consideration. After much anxious thought and discussion between the father and mother, it was resolved to aim very high, and to try by every means available to attain the goal. The native and inherited seriousness of both parents made this task comparatively easy. It was also resolved between them—to the no small scandal of the grandfather, who clung with vehement preference to old tradition—that in the case of these royal children class traditions should, above all, be broken down, that they should have as far as possible a simple burgher training, and that the civil element should equalise, if not preponderate over, the military—until then alone held in esteem in the Prussian royal house. The purpose of the parents was that their children should profit by the mistakes made in their own education, and no mistake seemed to them so great, so fatal for a ruler who should understand all classes of his people, as the rigid and artificial isolation in which royal people are usually reared. Subversive ideas truly, and which were to draw down upon those who promulgated them—and especially upon the mother, the more defenceless person—much malevolent criticism, her action being subject to wilful and baseless misconstruction, an ungenerosity of treatment that was not checked even by her later sorrow and her irreparable loss. Fortunately, however, the odium of such treatment generally rebounds upon those who set it in motion, and there can be no doubt that Time, that great adjuster of wrongs, will place the Empress Frederick's character in its true light before posterity.



NEW PALACE AT POTSDAM.

Whether she would, bowed down by sorrow and tempered by grief, have had the combative powers left to recommence her work is perhaps doubtful, but in the early days of which we are treating she and her husband were full of youth, strength, hope,

[1] "Our Fritz" was the name the Prussians gave to the Emperor Frederick after the war of 1870.

and enthusiasm, and they set to work with good will and happiness in the effort to educate their children for the State and for humanity. The nursery and all that pertained to it was the mother's province, and she looked after it—not like a princess, but like a good burgher's wife, introducing into her household many of the customs of her native land. The Princess Frederick William and her nursery soon became a favourite theme for picture and talk. A governess was assigned to Prince William, who watched over him till his sixth year, after which his education was entirely entrusted to Dr. Hinzpeter (son of the man who had filled the same office for the Emperor Frederick), who remained with him till his majority, and under whose direction the other tutors worked. Very special care was bestowed on the body as well as the mind of the royal children, in accordance with the mother's English ideas, that they might be also physically able to meet the demands made on them by their high station. To this day there exists in the park of Friederichskron a large space specially railed off as a playground, and here, in the early sixties, could be seen Princes William and Henry and Princess Charlotte[1] enjoying themselves, and being as dirty, as wild, and as merry as they pleased, in company with a group of children from the neighbourhood, selected from among all classes of the population. Gymnastics were especially favoured, and under the watchful eye of an old marine the boys clambered up tall scaffoldings and imaginary masts planted in the arid sand. The wastes of ground around the palace had also not escaped the notice of the active-minded Princess. She amused her leisure with landscape gardening, after the pattern of her father, and entirely metamorphosed this space. She also encouraged her children to follow this healthy pastime, giving them each their little domain, in which they might plant strawberries, currants, and gooseberries—and, what was better still, eat them to their hearts' content when they were ripe. The Emperor William may sometimes even now think of the little feasts he gave from his own garden produce, of the merry games played under the oaks and limes with his companions, now his subjects, when he and his brother Henry built fortresses of mud and sand and stormed them; in short, of all the quiet peace and true domestic happiness that was ever found at "Crown Princes'," as the Berliners familiarly designated the family.

A few amusing anecdotes of his early childhood have been preserved, one of which we give here. Like many small children, Prince William had a great dislike to being washed, and above all to the English daily cold bath. He often contrived to escape from the servants unwashed and to slip out into the garden, when he invariably sought out the nearest sentry box, for it flattered his baby pride, and pleased his already strong taste for soldiers, to see the sentinel present arms. One morning, however, when the Prince had scamped his bath and scrubbing and found himself upon the terrace in eager expectation of the happiness of seeing the tall grenadier face and present arms, what was his dismay when the sentry quietly continued his patrol, just as if no prince were present! This was a catastrophe that had never happened before. Bathed in tears of rage and disappointment, he rushed back into the palace and straight into his father's study. "Why what has happened, my boy?" tenderly asked the parent, when he saw the child's disturbed mien. Sobbing bitterly, the child told how the sentry had not presented arms as usual, although he had gone quite close up to him, so that he must have seen him, and yet the soldier did just as though he were not there. "Really," said the father, "that seems strange; just come a little nearer." Then looking at the boy all round, he quietly said, after a pause, "The sentry did his duty not to present arms to you." More astonished than ever, the Prince asked, "But why, papa?" "No soldier presents arms to an unwashed prince," said the father, quietly, and turned away to resume his work, taking no further notice of his son. Amazed, the boy stood rooted to the spot. But after a moment he roused himself and seemed to comprehend. In an instant he was back in his bedroom and begged as eagerly to be washed as before he had resisted the process. Of course the whole scene was a plot of the father's, who had counted on his little son's love for this pastime in order to cure him of his repugnance to his tub.

Among the items on the educational programme of the young princes was rowing upon one of the Potsdam lakes.

Into the early youth of Prince William there fell the three mighty wars which made Prussia strong and Germany a nation—the Danish, the Austrian, and the French. They inflamed the imagination of the boy with a love of military glory, of which he only saw the pomp and tinsel trumpet splendour, whereas his father had beheld its terrors and horrors too close to love them. That this father was the central hero of all this clashing, flashing, dazzling romance yet further excited the young prince, who was all alive to the military enthusiasm that surged around him, but blind to the anxious sorrow-worn looks of his mother, to his father's grave and solemn mien, when war was the theme of discourse. And especially did he get carried away by the military intoxication that took possession of all Germany in 1870–71. With ardour he studied the history of his native land and of his land's arch-enemy, the geography of France and Germany, the military situation, the state of the army and navy of both countries. He shed tears of rage at the thought that he was too young to take part in these days of his country's glory. When in March, 1871, grandfather and father returned to Berlin crowned with victory, the youngest soldier in the Prussian army, namely Prince William, then but twelve, could not be held back from going in person to the railway station that he might be the first to greet the heroes. And in the national festivities that followed, little Prince William was always to the fore; there was no keeping him quiet and attentive to his studies in those days.

[1] Now Princess of Saxe-Meiningen.

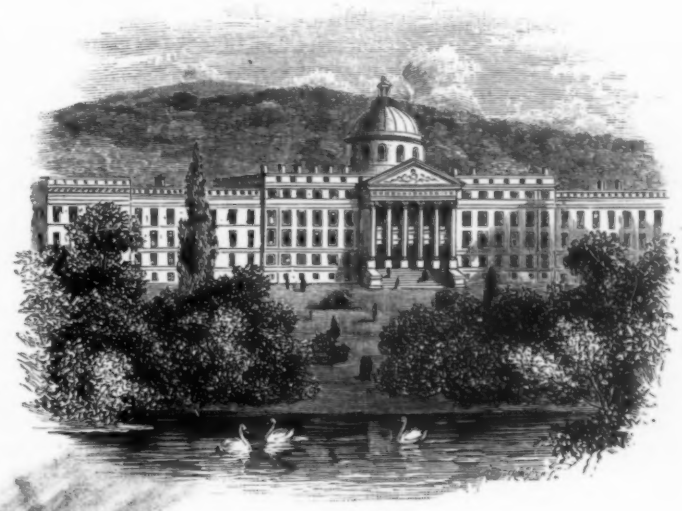
We can understand that this martial ardour gave food for anxious thought to the earnest parents, who looked at life through no rose-coloured spectacles, had no illusions, were not blinded by powder smoke. While still in the field, on January 27th, 1871, the then Crown Prince wrote in his diary: "To-day is my son William's thirteenth birthday. May he become a strong, loyal, faithful, and sincere man, a true German, and keep himself free from prejudices. It is enough to frighten one to think what hopes already fill the head of this boy, and how we are responsible for the direction which we may give to his education. This education encounters so many difficulties owing to family considerations and the circumstances of the Berlin Court."

After his return, this subject of their son's education was once more the theme of grave deliberation between father and mother. They finally decided, to the no small dismay of the grandfather, who was rooted to tradition and etiquette, that their boy should go to a common public school, and receive not only the same education as his future subjects, but should sit on the same school benches. It is easy to imagine the holy hands upraised in pious horror at this decision. Why such a thing was unheard of in the annals of royal houses ever since the foundation of the world. But "Crown Princes" were firm and not easily daunted when once they recognised a measure as right and wise; and though the Crown Prince proved all his life how well he knew how to practise self-repression, and to bear himself with dignity against all the enforced, accidental, and intentional difficulties that beset him in his delicate secondary position, where his children were concerned he evinced the energy that was native to him.

Prince William was therefore prepared for entering a gymnasium, and in 1873 passed, with some distinction, the preliminary examination at the Berlin gymnasium of Joachimsthal, being classed for the upper-third form. But, here again, "Crown Princes" did the unexpected, unconventional. They decided against letting their boy go to the Berlin institution. Nor was he even to go to the Potsdam gymnasium, proposed as a substitute. Their aim was to place him as far as possible from the Court and Court life, from the flippant, military, and Chauvinistic atmosphere of Berlin, so that the Prince should be surrounded only by an academic atmosphere, and should, if possible, become completely absorbed in his studies. To this end the gymnasium of Cassel was chosen, a town only lately incorporated into the Prussian dominion, in which, therefore, Prussian traditions did not yet obtain, where there could not as yet be an exaggerated reverence for the family of the conquerors. Moreover, the director of this institution was reputed a wise and careful tutor, and a man free from servility and time-serving.

When all was settled, however, Prince William did not at once take his place on the school benches. His parents wanted him to wait till his brother Henry was far enough advanced to accompany him. It was therefore not till the autumn of 1874 that the two young princes entered the Lycæum Fridericiarium of Cassel.

Before going, Prince William was confirmed. This is a solemn ceremony in the German branch of the Protestant church. The candidate brings a written profession of faith, drawn up by himself. These documents are carefully kept in the Prussian royal family, which always celebrates religious *fêtes* with a pomp which is imposing in its simplicity. In the course of his speech the young Prince said (emphasising his words, as is his custom to this day), "I know that difficult duties await me in life," and added that his courage would be stimulated by them, not cast down.



WILHELMSHÖHE.

Almost at once after this important ceremony the two princes left for Cassel. This little town, situate in the former duchy of Hesse, lies in a pleasant undulating district with some pretensions to natural beauties. It was at once decided that the two princes should live in winter in the former palace of the town, but in summer at the neighbouring castle of Wilhelmshöhe, which had so lately housed as State prisoner the ex-Emperor of the French. This was done to gratify Prince William's taste for natural surroundings and every form of outdoor and field sport. Their retinue was small and modest in all its appointments, and

study, real earnest study, was enforced by precept and example. And indeed both the lads proved themselves industrious and willing scholars.

Dr. Wiese, Prussian Inspector of Schools, who in 1875 visited Cassel, has left on record his impression of the royal pupil. He writes: "In appearance and deportment I found no difference between him and his schoolfellows, and his whole behaviour was modest and unassuming. The first lesson at which I was present in the Lower First was Thucydides. It had already surprised me to find this most difficult of all the Greek prose writers who are read in our schools in a class of which the scholars, as was the case with the Prince himself, had been but lately transferred from the Second; but my astonishment increased when I observed that the teacher, omitting the historical portions, had immediately fixed on one of the interwoven speeches, which are omitted even in the Upper First on account of their difficulty. Towards the end of the lesson I began to speak, and asked the Prince if he had already read other Greek historians. He named Xenophon. To my question whether he could indicate any difference between Thucydides and Xenophon, he answered, smiling, 'Oh, yes; I could understand Xenophon, but I can't Thucydides.' . . . He failed in none of my searching questions. . . . . The director praised his willing submission to all the rules of the school and his easy intercourse with his schoolfellows, although he could with great tact repel any undue familiarity. His honest diligence was also praised by his teacher; perhaps none of his schoolfellows were so severely accustomed to so exact and conscientious a division and use of their time. Faithfulness to duty—the virtue of the Hohenzollerns—was an ornament of his youth."

This severe learning alternated with corporeal exercises, walks, and exploring excursions. Especially on the Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays the Prince might be seen tramping the country, accompanied by a selection of his fellow-scholars. Winter was his favourite season. No weather daunted him, no matter how bad. If it was a half-holiday, Prince William might be encountered trudging over the heavy ground, covered up to his knees with the red-clay soil of Westphalia, and busy either with his surveying-rod, his botany-box, or his geological hammer. He would often come in wet to the skin, but only the more energetic and contented if he had conquered some physical difficulty. Thus while at Cassel he not only learned to swim, but to become expert in that art—no mean feat when it is borne in mind how he is handicapped by his lame arm. Skating, cricket, and croquet also found in him an ardent votary. In all things his life was submitted to rigid *régime*, and this was the case with Sunday, kept in accordance with German Protestant traditions of olden time as a day of abstinence from ordinary occupations. Attendance at divine service was obligatory, and was never missed. He was, however, allowed to ride or drive in State on that day, and to receive guests at his table—usually the dignitaries of the little town. Sunday evening was the Prince's favourite portion of that day. Then a number of his schoolfellows came to his house as guests, and it was usual to read German classics together. Sometimes charades were also permitted, or *tableaux vivants*. The holding of these little festivities was the only thing that distinguished the Princes from their comrades, but it was, of course, practically impossible for them to forget that they were princes of the reigning house, or for their schoolfellows to ignore it. For example, when from time to time the parents came to see their boys—unexpectedly, often, it is true, and always without ceremony—what a flutter they created! And with what almost fetish respect did the school receive the silken banner sent by the Crown Princess for the *fête* of Sedan, which Prince William in person carried triumphantly through all the streets of Cassel at the head of a *cortège* of his schoolfellows.

Although the parents were sincere in their wish to promote equality between the boys and their comrades, and the director was sincere and conscientious in treating them as pupils on the same footing as his other scholars, yet for all that, this education in common could only impress upon the Princes the fact, borne in on them by a hundred and one trifles, of the distance that separated them from their fellows. Prince William in particular, as the sentry incident proves, was early penetrated with the idea of his exalted station, and at Cassel it was remarked how, while seemingly charming with his comrades, he really held them far from him. Never for once did he appear to forget that he was a prince. And yet he no doubt honestly tried to make himself one of them, but the native haughtiness was rooted too deep and had lasted too many generations.

Before leaving the gymnasium he had, like all the other boys, to go through his *abiturienten* examination, that *dies iræ* of the German schoolboy which marks for him not only the close of childhood, but is the terrible day which irrevocably fixes his fate. For unless they qualify at this examination, all the learned professions are closed to them, and three years' military drill instead of one is their doom. No wonder this is an anxious fortnight for the boy who is leaving *(abiturient)*. Prince William went through his week of papers and week of *viva voce* together with his class-fellows and received the qualification of "sufficient," the lowest of the three standards required, which run sufficient, good, and excellent. Among the seventeen who were up for examination he was classed as the tenth. This was in January, 1877. It was a great pleasure to him that at the distribution of three medals left by a former rector of the school for donation to the three most industrious and worthy *abiturienten* of the year, one was accorded to him. Perhaps he owed this honour a little also to his station, but that he did not think so is proved by his words when thanking the director. "You cannot think what pleasure you give me in bestowing this medal on me. For it happens that I know I have deserved it. I have honestly tried to do all that lay in my power."

The prescribed formula of quitting the gymnasium requires each scholar to state what profession

he proposes to embrace. Prince William assigned as his, "Statecraft and Law."

The examination ended, he hastened to Berlin, since two days after his dismissal from school there awaited him an important function that should close an era of his life, for January 27th, 1877, was his eighteenth birthday, which constituted his majority. The event was celebrated as a festival throughout the length and breadth of Germany. By birthright the princes of the house of Hohenzollern are entitled to receive the Order of the Black Eagle, the highest German decoration. On this day Prince William received the solemn investiture.

Before this ceremony the Prince had received the English Order of the Garter as a birthday gift from his royal grandmamma of England.

Ordinary schoolboys would now have been permitted a little rest before resuming study, but not so this prince, whom his parents worked hard in order to harden him for the fatigues of his onerous station. It was now needful to initiate him into the special branches of training requisite for a ruler, and for a Prussian Prince this training, in the first place, deals with a military education. In point of fact, Prince William, after the custom of his house, was ranked as a member of the army from his tenth year, but actually he only entered it after attaining his majority.

A week after his birthday the Emperor William presented his grandson to his military superiors. The same morning the Crown Prince took him to Potsdam to introduce him to the 6th Company of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, to which Prince William belonged.

From the day of his formal entry into the army the Prince took up his abode in the Castle of Potsdam, serving precisely like any other lieutenant, for in military matters the Prussians know no favour. From babyhood he had been accustomed to rise early, so that each working day might be as long as possible. It was noted that he was ever the first at his post. His military service discharged, there was no rest for this youth. He then had to attend lectures by eminent officers of the War School, selected to instruct him in the science of war. Only Saturday evening was allowed as a holiday. Then Prince William would hasten to Berlin to spend Sunday with his parents, brothers, and sisters.



THE UNIVERSITY OF BONN.

On Monday morning, however, early dawn always found him punctually back at his post.

That the mental atmosphere of Prussian officers in which he now found himself was congenial to Prince William will readily be understood. Nevertheless, he did not let himself be subjugated entirely by their ideas. Their antipathy to the navy was especially distasteful to him. The German navy was just then beginning to work itself up to some position, and the army, unaccustomed hitherto to brook a rival, resented its pretensions. Prince William had a special liking for the new service, whose value and importance to the new-born kingdom he rightly recognised, and he went so far as to hold public lectures before his military comrades on the theme of a fleet, trying to prove to them its equality and its value. This fact helps to explain the great interest he showed in the English fleet on the occasion of the recent review at Spithead.

In the autumn of 1877 the Prince was sent to

the University of Bonn to complete his humanistic studies. Here he remained two years, following a very varied course of studies, drawn up by the Crown Prince and Minister Falk, and approved by the Emperor.

It is not known which study he preferred, but no doubt he extracted profit from all, after the manner of his mind, ready to draw to itself that mental nutriment which it found needful to it.

He also entered thoroughly into the life of the students, where he found much to attract him, for he loved, after the manner of German youths, those rather boisterous assemblies where singing, shouting, drinking, and laughing are the order of the day, or rather night. While at Bonn he gave a somewhat childish evidence of his hatred for all that pertains to his national arch-enemy France, anathematising champagne, a drink which indeed is never allowed to appear on his table, and encouraging his fellow-students to imbibe the sparkling products of their native Rhine. The Student Corps, with their customs of a past age, their uniforms, their military habits, attracted him. He was a member of one of the most celebrated corps in the German Universities, the *Borussia*. None surpassed him in performing the rites of beer drinking.

It was while at Bonn that Prince William knit yet more closely that really fraternal friendship which existed between him and the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. The Emperor Frederick had also sought and found his youthful friendship in a Crown Prince, but he had selected the Prince of Savoy, now King Humbert, and his whole heart was wrapped up in that friend's fair land.

In 1879 the Prince's university studies ended. He was then twenty-one. It now behoved him to consecrate himself to his military duties, and to make his apprenticeship to politics. As before, he was worked very hard, but he threw himself with ardour into all martial affairs and administrative details. It was clear that he was burning to take his place in active life, and that he did not understand, like his father, how to hold himself in an attitude of unobtrusive self-repression. And yet the old Emperor William, though he was devoted to his eldest grandson, with whom he had far more in common than with his son, would allow no person to aid or support him even in the most trivial representative duties.

No less a person than Prince Bismarck initiated him into the mysteries of the Foreign Office, and from that instruction sprang the devoted worship which the Emperor William feels for his Chancellor. He also grew attached to his son, Count Herbert Bismarck, who is now his constant companion. Prince Bismarck returned the young man's regard with sincerity. He was anxiously desirous for his welfare, and, in those days above all, was preoccupied with the question of settling him wisely in life, for he recognised that, with the Prince's peculiar nature, the choice of a wife was a matter of no small moment for him. The Chancellor was also desirous that this time no foreign influence should penetrate into the Prussian Court. He had had enough, and more than even he could deal with, in the pronounced individuality of the English Princess. Conscious of her noble origin, devoted to her fatherland, and not to be cowed or subdued, she had at times given Prince Bismarck no little trouble. Prince William's wife should be a German, so the Chancellor resolved, and with this he inculcated his royal master, who was ever ready to listen to his faithful servant's ideas. She should also be of princely, but not of sovereign, origin, with no troublesome ideals or ideas of her own. Such girls, as Bismarck pictured in blunt, unchivalrous phrase, exist by the score, and it needed no Diogenes' lantern wherewith to seek them. A fitting personage was, however, found in the Princess Augusta Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, whose titles were larger than his estates, for of these he had been deprived all his life—a life spent in urging claims to which every government lent a deaf ear, as such petty States no longer fitted into the changed political conditions of Europe. It was in 1879 that Prince William accepted an invitation to shoot on the Silesian estate where the Duke lived in strict privacy, and here he first saw his future wife. Ere his death, which occurred soon after, Duke Frederick had the satisfaction of knowing that his daughter might one day be Empress of Germany.

On June 2nd, 1880, the engagement of Prince William was publicly announced with great pomp in Berlin. The union was viewed with satisfaction by the people, it having been well impressed on them by speeches and through the press that this new member of the imperial house was a German in every sense of the word—sprung from German stock, German in appearance, German in manners and customs. Since the reawakening of national self-consciousness in Germany with the events of 1870, no eulogy is sweeter to German ears than to designate a person or thing as "quite German." And the Princess is truly the typical German young woman, and this, no doubt, was her chief attraction to Prince William. For he, too, strives above all else to be German, though of course a German of the Prussian type. He will not permit the least foreign custom, whether English or French. That he should not love France is easy to understand, but his dislike of foreign nations extended also to England, whose dominion, he used to maintain, was too great at his father's hearth. The strength of this feeling is believed to have been modified by his visit to this country. But he was displeased at the authority his mother held in the house, and did not hesitate to express his displeasure with not always the most gentle or most chivalrous frankness, and he was determined in his person to return to the traditions of his family and marry a simple German lady, content to be nothing but a woman and a mother. It was not uncommon to hear the wits of Berlin making fun of the young Princess, who, they said, could only make sweets and jams. The Prince declared that he preferred in a woman the talent of making sweets to an aptitude for discussing a Constitution, and the majority of his countrymen, jealously tenacious of male preponderance and authority, fully agree with

him. That is why a superior upper servant is the ideal German woman of real life and romance.

On Sunday, February 27th, 1881, the marriage of the young couple was celebrated at Berlin with great pomp in the presence of royalties without number.

It is related, and it is to the Prince's credit, that he remained on duty at Potsdam up to the last moment. He came to Berlin with his company, which was under orders as a guard of honour, the day before the ceremony. On the very morning of his wedding day he returned to Potsdam to decorate the sergeant-major with his own hands.

In September of this year the Prince passed an excellent military examination, in the presence of his royal grandfather. That he succeeded so well was a matter not only of pleasure to his relations, but of surprise. It had been universally held by competent authorities that no young man had ever entered the Prussian army so little physically fitted to turn out a brilliant and smart cavalry officer. Indeed had he been an ordinary mortal, his physical weakness would have caused him to have been exempted from the need to serve. With his usual great self-command and energy the Prince had resolved that his lame arm should not stand in his way. He was proud when, conducting his regiment of hussars before the eyes of his grandfather, sharply critical in all military matters, he earned from him a meed of just and serious praise. And he was even prouder when his reticent redoubtable grand-uncle, the famous Red Prince, muttered, almost in a tone of apology, "Upon my word, you have done well; I never would have believed it." Justly proud too, for the praise thus obtained was the due meed for a rare self-control—a rare triumph of mind over matter.

The residence assigned to the young couple was the so-called Marble Palace of Potsdam, a pile not far distant from the home of the bridegroom's childhood. Here, on the 7th of May, 1882, was born the present heir to the German throne.

"Papa," cried the Prince to his father, the Crown Prince, who was impatiently pacing the gardens under the Princess William's windows. "Papa, papa, a boy!" The joy of the new-made father at the sex of the child was boundless, and he insisted on riding over to Berlin to deliver the news in person to his grandfather.

This first-born already wears the hussar uniform, and returns the soldiers' salutes like an old officer. He has four brothers—Eitel-Frederick, born in 1883; Adalbert, born in 1884; Augustus, born in 1887; and Oscar, born in September, 1888. The Emperor William II said one day, thinking, perchance, of future wars: "It is better to have plenty of boys, one may lose some."

The private life of the Prince, so long as he was Prince, was of the simplest kind, and this simplicity is continued to this day in private, though in public he has shown a love for pomp and show that is entirely out of keeping with the traditions of his ancestors, whose economy, approaching parsimoniousness, was proverbial. Although so short a time upon the throne, he has already asked for an addition to his civil list; an unheard-of circumstance in the Hohenzollern family. This is the plan of his daily life, given by an intimate. Very early rising is the order of the day. The Empress William always breakfasts alone with her husband, and even if he has to be on active service at early dawn she never fails to appear. Lunch is an unknown meal; as a foreign custom it is abhorred by the Emperor. He clings to the burgher midday dinner at one o'clock, and



THE MARBLE PALACE AT POTSDAM.

clings to it so strenuously that even Court dinners are now held at this most inconvenient hour. French cookery and French names upon the menu card are both equally forbidden. At five the family partake of tea, and after an early and frugal supper the couple retire to rest at about the hour their grandmamma of England rises from her dinner table. In the afternoon they often walk, drive, or row together, in company with their boys, to whom the Emperor is devoted. When the Emperor is from home, the Empress occupies herself with the various charitable societies she has founded or patronises, and in the evening assembles ladies around her to help her in sewing for her poor. Like her husband, she is fond of music, especially of the music of Wagner, whose patriotic and Teutonic tendencies are obviously in harmony with the Emperor's mode of thought. She has not, however, his artistic gifts. The

Emperor William has inherited some of his mother's talent, and paints very fairly. Marine subjects are his favourites, as indeed he is fond of all that bears upon the navy, sharing in this respect the enthusiasm of his brother Henry, to whom he is greatly devoted.

Indeed, this curiously composite nature possesses a great capacity for deep affection, as well as a great capacity for reverence. This latter quality came into play in his relations with his grandfather and with Prince Bismarck. True Prussian that he is, he is of course free from the slightest dash of romanticism or idealism, and sees only the concrete aspects of an idea.

Count Paul Vasili, not too kindly a critic, grasped him well, when he wrote: "He will be essentially a personal king, who will not let himself be led; he will have a healthy and straight judgment, prompt decision, energetic action, and firm will. When he ascends the throne he will continue the work of his grandfather, and certainly undo the work of his father, whatever that may be."

One of the marked characteristics of the Emperor is a great fluency of speech—a fatal fluency some might call it, seeing that some of his public addresses since he came to the front have not always been characterised by moderation of judgment or good taste, nor can he always mask his native impetuosity. There is a little tendency too towards hyperbole and bombast, but no doubt these are the faults of youth and inexperience, which time and circumstances will teach him to modify. The fact that he never prepares his speeches beforehand may have something to answer for in this respect.

The Emperor has given great attention to languages, and can speak Russian fluently. He is the first king of Prussia who has taken the trouble to learn that language. The very fact that the heir to the German Empire, amidst his pressing military and other duties, should of his own will, after his marriage, have added Russian to the English, French, and Italian which he had been taught as a lad, gives some hint of the strength of purpose of the man's character. Hitherto all the talk between the allied families of the Romanoffs and Hohenzollerns has been carried on in German.

The young Emperor William has thrice already visited Russia. After his first return home he determined to make himself master of the language of his neighbours, and a Russian teacher used to go daily to Potsdam. When Prince Bismarck heard of it he was delighted. "That is right," said he, "it will be good for Germany." At his second visit to St. Petersburg the Russians were indignant against Germany on account of the Bulgarian troubles. The Czar, however, invited the young Prussian Prince to be present at the manœuvres, and here he won the



*From a Photograph by Vianelli.*

THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

hearts of the Russians by speaking to the officers and soldiers in their own beloved tongue. The Emperor William was charmed at the success of this mission. "In a few hours," said he, "my grandson has finished up an affair which had dragged on for months!"

The Emperor has lately manifested a new side of his character. There exists in Berlin a "Town Mission," which is engaged in both charitable and religious work. One of the principal personages associated with it is General Waldersee, Count Moltke's successor. He is married to an American, a daughter of General Lee, who is very zealous in the work undertaken by this little "Salvation Army." Madame Waldersee is connected with the family of the Empress through a former marriage with an Augustenburg. She enjoys the affection of the Empress, who is very religious, and the two families are on terms of intimacy. Indeed, the General, outside military circles, is chiefly notable on account of this American wife. Lord Dufferin once remarked that the importation of American ladies as the wives of European diplomatists was one of the most subtle means by which the New World was subjugating the Old, that there is hardly a capital of Europe that does not boast an American woman as one of its chief ornaments, and that some day the Old World will have to put a heavy protective tariff on this import of American heiresses. It is certain that the Emperor William, quite unsusceptible hitherto to the intellectual influence of any woman, has been much influenced by Countess Waldersee, and above all she has attracted him to give active support to the "Mission."

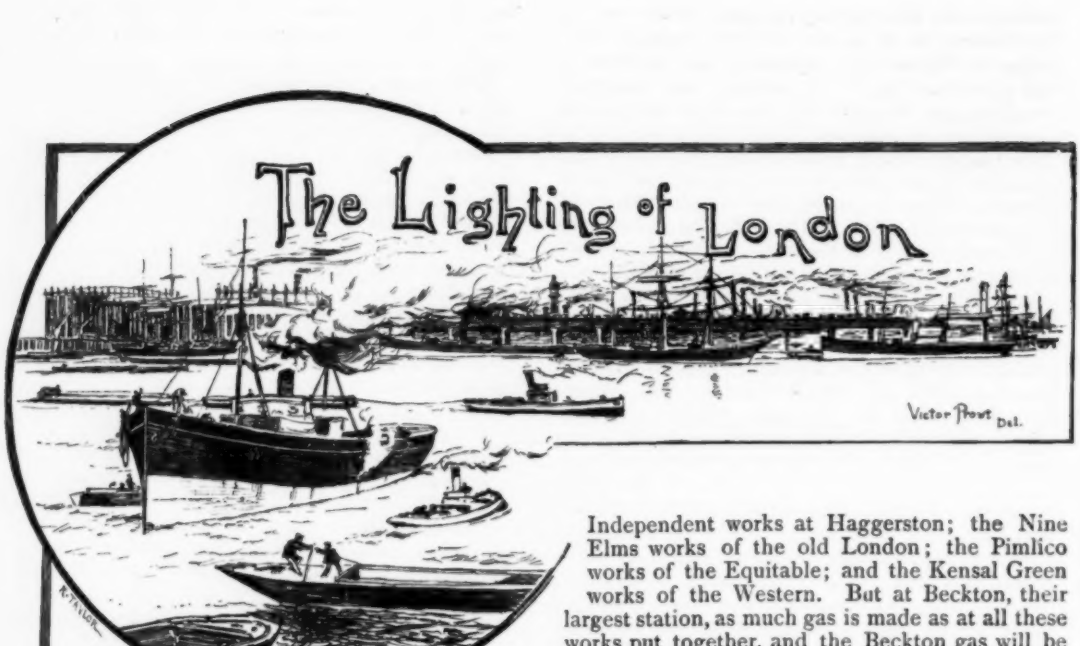
One evening, two winters ago, a meeting of notables from all parts of Germany was held at General Waldersee's, with a view to raising funds for the "Mission." The General opened the meeting. He explained the character of this enterprise, which was committed to no party, adding, however, that the "Mission" proposed to propagate the sentiment of fidelity to the king, and the spirit of patriotism. After which Prince William said: "The only way of protecting the throne and the altar against the tendencies of an anarchist and infidel party, is to reclaim the masses to Christianity and the church, and by that means to respect for authority and love of the monarchy."

This speech made a great impression. Pastor Stöcker, who has been a great promoter of this "Mission," thanked the Prince and Princess William for having "boldly worked for the kingdom of God." But this little incident did not please the party then supreme in Berlin, where "the kingdom of God," as proclaimed by Stöcker, is regarded with suspicion; and since Prince William ascended the throne, while his zeal for the "Mission" has not abated, his friendship with Stöcker has been less pronounced.

In June, 1888, died his noble father, a martyr to a remorseless disease, having followed his own aged sire all too quickly to the tomb.

It is too early to decide what nature of ruler William II will prove to Germany, but one thing seems certain, and that is, that it is his wish to be a personal ruler, and that he intends to give expression to his positive will and positive views. This was remarked in his first speech from the throne, where he substituted the pronoun *I* for the traditional *We*. During his brief reign he has certainly already displayed an energy and a passion for work which have almost a feverish character, and which have made those about him alarmed lest he should be overtaxing his strength; but Count Douglas, one of his favourites and confidants, has publicly assured the world that it need have no fears on this score, for that his methodical habits enable him to get through much labour.

The Emperor William is still a young man, and a very young ruler. It is premature to judge him. The future alone will show how he will develop, how his position will affect his character, and what bearing that character will have upon the welfare of his own land and of Europe. It is certain that he has, in a conspicuous degree, the Hohenzollern self-belief in a divinely appointed mission; and he is perhaps the only younger sovereign now sitting upon a civilised throne who sincerely believes that he sits there by the grace of God. What the result will be of such ideas held in the late nineteenth century, time alone will establish.




LONDON is lighted by gas, by petroleum, by candles, by electricity, and by a few odds and ends with which we need not at present concern ourselves. The chief work is done by gas, and the amount of that luminant consumed in the London area runs into large figures. The Metropolitan Gas Companies—officially so called—are three in number; they are the Gas Light and Coke Company, the South Metropolitan Company, and the much smaller Commercial Company; but these only do the larger proportion of the work. Around their districts, and branching into them, are many minor companies whose output must be included in any estimate of the consumption. Taking all the companies together, we shall find that London takes over 29,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas per year, led through its streets in over 3,800 miles of mains, and obtained from over 2,850,000 tons of coal. If this coal was stacked in one place it would form a rectangular heap about as long and broad and high as St. Paul's Cathedral, including the lightning conductor on the cross. Let us remember this. It may serve us in good stead when we are considering how fast our misguided country is using up its stores of energy.

The lion's share of this great work is done by the Gas Light and Coke Company, who light over 60 square miles and own over 1,800 miles of main. They are an amalgamation of many companies, and their works are scattered all over London. They have storage stations at Agar Town, Bethnal Green, Battersea, Vauxhall, and Horseferry Road. They have the works of the old Imperial Company at Bromley, Shoreditch, Fulham, and St. Pancras; the old Great Central works at Bow; the Independent works at Haggerston; the Nine Elms works of the old London; the Pimlico works of the Equitable; and the Kensal Green works of the Western. But at Beckton, their largest station, as much gas is made as at all these works put together, and the Beckton gas will be found lighting the London lamps fifteen miles away from where it was made. From Beckton to Horseferry Road run two mains. These mains are each four feet in diameter. This is alone sufficient to show what Beckton can do.

Beckton is approached across a waste, shaggy flat, the Gas Company's "reserve," cut up into squares by black roads and sluggish drains, in which, curiously enough, flourishes the Michaelmas daisy. There is room enough and to spare. The works are the largest in the world, and extend over an area as large as Clapham Common. They are named after Mr. Simon Beck, who was governor of the Chartered Gas Company at the time of their projection. Then their site was a swamp, and it was necessary to go down forty feet to find a foundation; now there are no firmer buildings or busier colony on Galleons Reach. Standing out four hundred feet into the Thames is a jetty twenty-eight feet above high-water mark, and giving sufficient frontage for 12,000 tons of coal to be unloaded in the twenty-four hours by the aid of the steam and hydraulic machinery with which the 'tween decks is loaded. And the coal, as it is lifted aloft by the cranes, three to each collier, is shot into railway trucks, and run at high level into the works.

There is little mystery in the manufacture of gas. The coal is cooked in retorts, and every ton, there or thereabouts, gives off 10,000 cubic feet of gas, 12 sacks of coke, 10 gallons of tar, 14 gallons of ammoniacal liquor, and 1 cwt. of breeze. The furnaces are lighted and worked up to a white heat. In three days, perhaps, they will be ready. The retorts, long, circular, or D-shaped ovens of firebrick made up of a centre and ends and closed in by iron doors, are arranged on the benches in each furnace-arch in fives, or sevens, or nines, and from above each door rises a pipe to the hydraulic main. The feeding of the

retorts with the proper mixture of ordinary coal and cannel is not an operation requiring a high grade of intelligence. A long scoop, like a cheese-taster, is laid on the stone floor and filled with "nubbly bits;" and the taster is thrust into the retort, turned over, and withdrawn. No wonder that human muscle is being replaced by gearing worked by compressed air. In this mechanical contrivance the coal is shot or elevated into a hopper; the hopper fills a feeding-trough that fits the retort; the retort-door is thrown open, the feeder is introduced, and its grooves opening, shed their contents into the fiery oven. Twice the feeder is thrust in from each end of the twenty-feet retort, and the coal is spread evenly all along. Then the doors are closed, and in four, five, or six hours, according to the temperature, the coal will have lost all that is worth taking from it. Then the door is opened, the coke drawn and run out, to be cooled at the bed and broken up, and come back to feed the furnace, so that the retort can be said to be heated by the coke it has previously made—not by all the coke, of course, for a good deal is sold to the public, and forms one of the profitable waste products. The Gas Light Company uses 1,880,000 tons of coal, and sells nearly 1,300,000 chaldrons of coke in a year.

At Beckton there are twelve retort-houses, the largest being 510 feet long and 100 feet wide, and having 45 beds each of nine retorts, making 405 in all. On each side are two lines of standard gauge railway, one over the other—the high-level for the incoming coal, the low-level for the outgoing coke. It is warm work in the retort-house; the half-naked stokers are as shiny as negroes and almost as black, for the perspiration clothes them with a skin-tight coat of moisture that lets no speck of dust pass by. And the labour is heavy—on the average a Beckton stoker deals with 4 tons 8 cwt. 22 lb. of coal per day.

The hydraulic main into which the ascending tubes from the retorts deliver is a huge pipe, half-full of slowly-running water, in which the gas is received and the tar and other products are condensed. It leads out to the pipe-condensers, and there the gas travels in a labyrinth until its temperature has been considerably reduced, and the naphthalin difficulty minimised. Along the labyrinth it is sucked by the exhauster, its pressure being regulated by governors at occasional intervals. And then it is cooled down and passes the exhauster, which is practically an air-pump. Up to it the gas is sucked, from it onwards the gas is driven to undergo its purification. It is washed by being sent through the bubbling water that forms the ammoniacal liquor, of which the three metropolitan gas companies make eighty million gallons a year. It is scrubbed from the ammoniacal gases by being driven up towers filled with wet coke or honeycombed with thin deal boards or by some other contrivance. It is purified from sulphuretted hydrogen by being driven through "grids" of slaked lime, and sometimes it is passed through oxide of iron. And finally it goes through a meter as big as a railway carriage, and enters the gasholder. At Beckton the largest holders contain two millions of cubic feet; at the new East Greenwich works of the South Metropolitan Company there is one holding eight million cubic feet, the largest in the world; at the Old Kent Road works of the same company there is one holding five and a half million cubic feet. This last is a familiar object to the South Londoner, and quite a famous holder in its way. It cost £47,000, and is in three lifts of 208, 211, and 214 feet respectively, each ring being about 53 feet deep.

With it we may as well end our rapid survey, in which we have advisedly steered clear of tests and bypaths. From the holder the mains run into the road, but as the gas passes the gate of the works it has to undergo a final examination. It must go out at a certain pressure, and a battery of gauges and appliances are here to qualify it accordingly. It must be of a certain lighting standard, and so it feeds a light that is not only perennial, like the sacred lamps of old, but, unlike them, is in constant comparison with a photometer, that it may be kept up to the mark. It must contain no sulphuretted hydrogen, and to ensure this there are hung in its path two little slips of white acetate of lead paper, which would instantly turn black with anger at the approach of so obnoxious an intruder. We need follow gas no further; suffice it to say that the London bill amounts to rather over £4,000,000 a year.

Next in importance to gas as a luminant stands petroleum, the consumption of which has increased so enormously of late years. Close upon a hundred million gallons are now yearly imported into the United Kingdom, and to this should be added the unfortunately decreasing output of the Scotch companies. The wells of America and the springs of Baku have almost swamped the home industry, but they have made petroleum so cheap that it is becoming a dangerous rival to gas, not only as regards cheapness, but as regards power of light. Only a year ago Gravesend, having to choose between gas and oil for street-lighting, deliberately chose oil as being cheaper and giving a better light for the money. Even in the London area there are streets lighted by petroleum. And the recent improvements in the treatment of petroleum, in its gaseous as well as in its liquid state, show that we have not yet reached the limit of its excellence, and that for hydro-carbon there is, indeed, a good time coming. But on petroleum, as on the by-products of gas manufacture, we might fill pages, and that is not our immediate purpose here. Petroleum is used for so many purposes now, that the amount consumed for lighting alone is not easily arrived at. Often 4,000,000 gallons at a time are stored at one spot in the metropolis, but what the metropolitan consumption is can only be guessed at. We shall be well within the mark in estimating it at 10,000,000 gallons.

As regards candles, we are in the same difficulty. No statistics exist which would enable us to apportion the London share. Over 36,000

tons of candles are made in the kingdom in a year, and an increasing number of candles are imported to be set against the amount of British exports, chiefly to the colonies. It has been estimated that the gas consumption is represented by a burner per head, and that the candle consumption has now dropped till it averages but a pound to every gallon of mineral oil. If this be correct, London would take over 4,000 tons, which seems to be rather too liberal an allowance. However, we may include in the amount the colza and other vegetable oils, and so put ourselves on the right side.

The minor luminants we can afford to disregard. Practically, oil is the light of the poor, and gas the light of the well-to-do; but that gas will eventually have to give electricity a large share in its lighting dominion is inevitable.

The electric light has passed through all the stages needful for success in these days. It has run the gauntlet of over-advertising, patent-evading, and shareholder-plucking, and, apparently subsiding overwhelmed, has risen with new vigour and begun its business career on a foundation of ruined reputations in that quiet, steadily-growing way distinctive of a solid industry. With the late Board of Trade inquiry it entered on a new stage. The report of Major Marindin marks an epoch in the lighting of London.

The inquiry was held, it will be remembered, under the Electric Lighting Acts of 1882 and 1888 with reference to the applications of some thirteen companies for provisional orders and licences to supply electricity—or "energy," as it is thought best to call it—in different districts of the metropolis. The report is worth reading. In its "Recommendations" it allotted to the London Electric Supply Association all that part of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields lying south of the Strand and west of St. Martin's Lane, all Westminster north of Victoria Street, except the small portion west of St. George's Hanover Square; all St. James's, and all St. George's Hanover Square, and Chelsea; and on the south of the Thames, Greenwich, Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, Southwark, and that part of Lambeth north of Westminster Bridge Road. To the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company were allotted St. Giles's, St. George's Bloomsbury, Holborn, St. Sepulchre's, Hatton Garden, Soho, Covent Garden, the Savoy, St. Mary-le-Strand, St. Marylebone, St. Mary Lambeth, Clapham, and Streatham; and to the same company was allotted that part of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields east of Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross, and St. Martin's Lane. By this arrangement the only area in which there will be two competing alternating current companies is in North Lambeth, where such a state of affairs could not well be avoided owing to the outlying southerly territory claimed by the Metropolitan. Kensington and Knightsbridge were shared among the House-to-House Electric Light Supply Company, the Kensington and Knightsbridge Electric Lighting Company, the Notting Hill Electric Lighting Company, and the Chelsea Electricity Supply Company. To the Westminster Electric Supply Corporation was given a share in Westminster. For Paddington and St. Pancras there was no grant recommended, as those parishes had expressed their intention of carrying out their electric lighting for themselves. Since the report the City authorities have divided up their important territory, and given the western third to the Metropolitan Company, the centre to the Anglo-Brush Company, and the east to the London Electric Supply, under which three contracts 395 arc lamps are to take the place in the thoroughfares of 1,730 gas-lamps, and give more than double the light at less than double the cost. And there have been other advances; among them Clerkenwell and Newington have been assigned to the London. Many of these allotments have been begun upon, and there are very few that will not be taken up. In the coming year there are 115 applications for lighting in the metropolitan area. Of these the London is responsible for 41, the Metropolitan for 6, and the House-to-House for 20, mostly for the outlying districts. One sign of the times is noteworthy. Among the 479 applications for the whole country, three are from gas companies, who propose to combine the old and new lights, and supply their customers with either.

By far the largest of the companies is the London Electric Supply Corporation, to which the main share in lighting the metropolis has been assigned. Their central station at Deptford is not only the largest in the country, but it is—and for some time will probably continue to be—the largest in the world. On the Continent every capital has its light-station, and there is hardly a town in the United States which has not its installation; but nothing on so large a scale as the Deptford works has as yet been thought of out of Britain.

Five years ago Sir Coutts Lindsay made up his mind to light the Grosvenor Gallery by electricity. "Put down twice the machinery, produce twice the current you require, and let me have what you can spare." So said a neighbour. Other neighbours joined in, and the installation began to grow. The Earl of Crawford and Lord Wantage joined Sir Coutts, and the private company familiarly known as the Grosvenor Gallery Company was formed. Still the demand grew, and "Sir Coutts Lindsay and Co., Limited," developed into the London Electric Supply Corporation, working from the Grosvenor no less than 33,000 lamps, and lighting an area extending from Regent's Park to the Thames, and from Knightsbridge to the Corporation Griffin. Now the Grosvenor is to become a mere subsidiary station, and the main work is to be done at Deptford, and extend over a radius of thirteen miles.

The two systems, the old and the new, are thus brought into keen contrast on London's great highway. Approaching the City by the river, Beckton, with its two hundred acres, lies to the right; Deptford, with its four acres, to the left. Beckton takes its 30,000 tons of coal a week; Deptford, in full swing, will take but 3,000; and while Beckton is supplying its half million of lights, Deptford will supply just double as many.

The Deptford engine-house, as it at present stands, is a wonder. It is a hundred feet high from the floor to the roof, 195 feet long, and two cricket pitches across. The boiler-house on the other side of the wall is 70 feet broad, and contains boilers now giving steam for engines of 13,000 horse-power; these are the first instalment of a series which will soon be ready to give 65,000 horse-power, and then be duplicated. These boilers are on two floors, the upper floor being supported on pillars 30 feet high; and above this upper floor is another floor similarly supported on 30-feet pillars, which will contain the store of coal which will be supplied to the furnaces by means of vertical shoots running through the centres of the floors of the upper boilers to the lower ones. From this lofty coal-yard, a high-level railway will run out on to the wharf, so that the steam colliers will be unloaded direct into the trucks, and the trucks run at once to shoot their contents on to the top storey.

Each battery of six boilers is placed in connection with four sets of "economisers;" the steam from the boilers is gathered in steam-drums above the ordinary water-drums, and the steam-pipes leading to the engines are in duplicate. At each end of the boiler-room is a chimney-shaft—not a tall, slender cylinder, but a massive square tower 130 feet high, pierced by four flues. Besides the high-level line, there is a low-level railroad, starting from the river and running through the middle of the buildings, and at right-angles to this, 50 feet and more overhead, run two travelling cranes, one lifting 50 tons, the other 25 tons.

The engine-room is divided into halves by a row of tall columns supporting the roof and these cranes. In the half near the river are two dynamos, each driven by a 1,500 horse-power engine. In the half away from the river are to be two large dynamos, each driven by a 10,000 horse-power engine. What the large dynamos will look like when set up can be seen from a dividing-engine on the floor, on which the semi-circumference of one of the armatures is being spaced out. The circle is 46 feet across—the biggest thing ever projected in electric engineering, and a sort of Laxey wheel among dynamos. The engines and dynamos are combined in such a manner that this 46-feet armature will be driven direct, and act as a flywheel. The crank-shafts, of which three were cast at Beardmore's, are the largest castings ever made in Scotland. They are over 36 feet long and a yard in diameter, and each in the rough weighs 75 tons. When these great engines are going at full power they will each supply current for 200,000 lights. And all further engines are to be of this size. Up to a certain limit, there is no doubt that the larger the generator the more economically it can be worked. Whether the limit has been exceeded in these giant machines remains to be discovered.

Even the small dynamos in the north-western corner, driven by the 1,500 horse-power engines, are the largest electrical generators yet built. They each supply 25,000 lights; the Grosvenor Gallery dynamos, which have hitherto held pride of place as yielding the highest electrical efficiency, supplying only 15,000 lights. The armatures are 14 feet 6 inches in diameter, and are mounted direct over one end of the driving-pulleys, which are 7 feet 6 inches in diameter and 8 feet wide. The machines are of the Ferranti type—Mr. Ferranti is the company's engineer and the designer of these Deptford works—and the copper-ribboned armatures are as usual thin, so that the magnet-poles are very close and the field of force intense. One safety appliance is remarkable—the brushes are in a box magnetically locked, so that as long as the current is passing they cannot be got at. Between these dynamos and the wall are three "exciters" of the Kapp pattern, and on the other side of the central railway is a space reserved for condensing-engines, but temporarily occupied by steam tools, among them the largest planing-machine yet made, taking 20 feet horizontal and 20 feet vertical. When the engine-room is complete it will contain a special winding-engine and barring-engine, by the aid of which the 46-feet dynamos will be taken to pieces in a minute and a half. In the small engines now erected, the facilities for slipping them apart are distinguishing features; the heavier pieces rest on sliding-beds, and are held in position by a few powerful screws, which can be loosened in an instant, and drop down into grooves, so as to clear the slide at once.

The hall has been designed and the machinery placed so that from an elevated gallery the engineer will have the whole in view at all times—and a wonderful sight it will be. No wonder that "the making of the lightning" on such a scale has caused the timid to fear that the "attraction" may be rather in excess at Deptford, and that the "influence" may be over-strong. Such an amount of power will never before have been gathered on so small an area—never, that is, since Laurie's Norbert went flying moonwards with the Peak of Tehbali.

And all from the spinning of a wheel! Fifty-eight years ago Faraday discovered electro-magnetic induction; that currents could be induced in a closed circuit either by moving magnets near it, or by moving the circuit across the field, or by a current with changing strength. His discovery suggested the magneto-electric machine, Pixii's being the first, in 1833. Two-and-twenty years ago Siemens and Wheatstone independently found that a coil rotating between the poles of an electro-magnet would, from the feeble residual magnetism, induce a small current, which, when transmitted through the coils of the electro-magnet, might exalt its magnetism, and so prepare it to induce still stronger currents; and from this discovery came the dynamo of which in the colossal Ferrantis we have the latest and largest development.

And now, having got this tremendous current, how is it distributed? The trunk main is made at Deptford. It is in 20-feet lengths and is $2\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch in diameter. First, a copper tube is taken, and in a lathe-like apparatus which is fitted with a long trough, it is covered with the insulating material and taped in spirals; then the insulated tube is thrust into a larger copper tube

and the long bar is drawn as if it were wire, so that the copper case and the insulating material are pressed hard and compact on to the conducting tube; then the outer tube is coated with another eighth of an inch of insulator, and this in its turn is pressed into a steel pipe to protect the whole from injury. This is quite a new form of cable, the object of the change being to cut off all risk of danger. If anything were to go wrong with the conductor, the insulating material would simply be burnt through, and by means of the casing connection would immediately and harmlessly be made with the ground. These solid 20-feet lengths are joined by a conical joint and form a continuous bar, and this bar, "the trunk main," comes to London along the railways. By arrangement with the South-Eastern, the Chatham and Dover, the Brighton and South Coast, and the District Companies, the main is brought to the terminal railway stations, and run along the Inner Circle line to different points in the London area. This co-operation of the railways is the great feature of the London supply scheme. The current leaves Deptford at the unprecedentedly high pressure of 10,000 volts; at transforming stations, such as Ludgate and Charing Cross, it is "expanded" to 2,500 volts, and taken in distributing mains to the consumers' premises; there it is again "expanded," and at a pressure of 100 volts or 50 volts it enters the house and lights the lamps. The "transformers" are on the principle of induction coils; the primary coil, consisting of many folds of thin copper, receives the incoming small currents of high potential; the secondary, consisting of fewer folds of thicker copper, delivers the enlarged currents at a lower potential, the "watts" of the secondary being equal in number to the "watts" of the primary, while the "volts" of the secondary are to the volts of the primary as are the number of the folds in the two coils.

"Volts and watts indeed!" says the wondering reader, "and what are they? Give me a definition!" A reasonable request, surely; for was there not a time when even cubic feet and atmospheres had to be defined in the terms of some other mode of measurement? And volts and ohms and ampères and watts will soon be as familiar to the London housewife as pecks and pounds and feet and gallons. The volt is the practical unit for the measurement of electro-motive force, and without going into detail may be taken as representing a little less than the amount of that force given by one Daniell's cell. The ohm is the practical unit of resistance. The ampère is the unit of current obtained by the potential of one volt through one ohm. The watt is the unit of electric power; it is the amount given by one ampère working through one volt; and it may be as well to note that there are 746 watts in one horse-power.

But enough of the London scheme. The system adopted by the Metropolitan and House-to-House Companies is the supply from a number of generating stations, in or near to the area lighted, by distributing mains carrying the current at a pressure of from 2,000 to 1,000 volts to the consumers' premises, or to distributing stations, where, as in the London system, it will be transformed to a pressure of 100 or 50 volts. Thus, the three chief companies are agreed in supplying high-pressure alternating currents and transformers.

But at present it has not been found practicable to utilise alternating currents for the purposes of driving power—to work a motor a continuous current is required. Such a current is given by the Chelsea Company, who have one generating station for a considerable area, and charge with a pressure of from 1,000 to 2,000 volts several accumulator stations, there being duplicate sets of batteries at different points within the lighting area. From these stations the current is carried direct into the consumers' premises at a pressure of 100 volts, the supply being quite free from accumulators. A continuous current is also supplied by the Kensington and Knightsbridge Company, who work partly by accumulators and partly by dynamos, the former doing the whole task during the hours of minimum supply, and the latter being employed in charging the batteries and supplementing the direct supply from them during the hours of maximum requirement. It is this system which the Notting Hill Company and Westminster Company propose to adopt. The system of the St. James's and Pall Mall Company, whose D-shaped trays and copper band conductors have recently made themselves so conspicuous in traffic obstruction at the West-end, is the simple direct one at low pressure, without any accumulators, and available only over small radii so as to necessitate a large number of generators.

Which of these systems is to triumph in the long run time will show. At present the policy of the Board of Trade is to allow not more than two companies in the same area, one of these to supply alternating currents, the other continuous; to make them lay their mains in the same subways or conduits; and leave the fittest in the struggle to survive.

W. J. GORDON.




*After Jan Verhas. By Permission of the Painter.*]

THE MASTER PAINTER.

[*Exhibited at the Exposition Historique de l'Art Belge*, 1884, *Brussels.*



## POPULAR BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.

BEHIND Ireland fierce and militant, is Ireland poetic, passionate, remembering, idyllic, fanciful, and always patriotic. With this second Ireland only have I to do in this article, and what it writes and reads. I have here a row of little blue-paper-poem books—a whole ballad literature as foreign from all modern English ways as though it were of farthest Iceland and not of neighbouring Ireland, and unknown in name even to most Anglo-Saxon households.

Every now and then the world may read in the accredited organs of enlightenment that the ballad or dramatic poem, or something else, is obsolete. The writers of these little blue books wrote on regardless; but then, perhaps, the accredited organs of enlightenment never reached them or their barbarous mountains, or their readers, who read and sang, and delighted in what they wrote, as men delighted in poetry of old before organs of enlightenment were even heard of. It is centuries since England has written ballads. Many beautiful poems in ballad verse have been written; but the true ballad—the poem of the populace—she has let die; commercialism and other matters have driven it away: she has no longer the conditions.

For a popular ballad literature to arise, firstly are needful national traditions not hidden in libraries, but living in the minds of the populace. These Ireland has. Every ivy-matted tower carries its legend of stormy feud or love-lorn lady; every little round rath earth-piled its story of leprehaun and pooka; and over all broods the one great dominant thought, love of country, while around that thought gather the long-remembered names of exiles.

Secondly, it is needful that the populace and the poets shall have one heart—that there shall be no literary class with its own way of seeing things and its own conventions. This condition Ireland has long had—whatever the people were the poets have been more intensely; were the people poor, they were poorer; did the people suffer, they suffered also. Did the people love their country, did not the poets keep alive that love through years of misfortune? They were one with the people in their faults and their virtues—in their aims and their passions.

Hence, long before the days of these little blue-paper-poem books, in the mere Gaelic-speaking days, was a copious ballad literature going from mouth to mouth, for few could read. Since the time of Elizabeth (when English ballad literature began to die) have arisen in Ireland twenty-six Gaelic-speaking poets of fame, no less; and many a fameless one-song man, like the author of that old seventeenth-century song so popular in Galway and Mayo, with its pathetic ending, as it goes in a translation now old itself:

"'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl of Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as lord upon the hill;
And that Colonel Hugh McGrady should be lying dead and low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo."

In the last century there gathered in Munster a most notable group of Gaelic poets, some of them strolling ne'er-do-weels of genius, like that O'Tuomy, who wrote over the door of his inn, when he had a door to write over, much to the indignation of his wife—

"Should one of the stock of the noble Gael—
A brother bard who is fond of good cheer—
Be short of the price of a tankard of ale,
He's welcome to O'Tuomy a thousand times here."

Others were hedge schoolmasters, who, when to educate was penal, taught for a living in the hedges and ditches, and while the thing was forbidden seem to have aroused among the ploughboys of whole country-sides quite a furore for Latin, ay, and even Greek. Men like that Macnamarah, who, banished by poverty brought on by his own love of frolic and imprudent satire,

wandered away into foreign lands far from mirth and boon companions, and composed the "Fair Hills of Earie 'O;" or like him who, exiled at Homburg, wrote the more famous "Hills of Holy Ireland." Thus beautifully has Fergusson translated this exile song of a nation of farmers:

"A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacan dubh O!
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear,
Uileacan dubh O!
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of Holy Ireland.

Curled he is, and ringleted, and plaided to the knee,
Uileacan dubh O!
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea,
Uileacan dubh O!
And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,
For the fair hills of Holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground,
Uileacan dubh O!
The butter and the cream do wondrously abound,
Uileacan dubh O!
The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,
And the bold thrush sings bravely his song i' the forests grand,
On the fair hills of Holy Ireland."

Beautiful as some of their poems were, the hedge schoolmaster's work was often pedantic in manner and tepid in matter, far inferior to the mere peasant poetry. The hedge schoolmaster, indeed, with his zeal for learning, and his efforts, not often successful, to do creative work, was a not uninteresting forerunner of the modern man of letters.

The poets of those days would make a long list—Andrew Macgrath, surnamed "The Merry Pedlar;" O'Sullivan the Red, pious and profligate; John MacDonnell, of vision-seeing memory; John O'Cullen, who lamented in such famous words over the Abbey of Timoleaque; and Hefferman, the blind, who in his old age loved to stand listening while the ploughboys in the hedge school droned out some Greek poet; and many another.

Twice a year, in the earlier portion of last century, they held what were called sessions of the bards. Young poets used to recite their verse against each other, the victors being crowned. These meetings were finally suppressed by the penal laws.

The political poetry of these men was no light matter in its day. Because of it they were hated and pursued by the powerful and the rich, and loved by the poor. They disguised their meaning in metaphor and symbol. The poet goes out in the morning and meets a beautiful spirit weeping and lamenting, a "banshee" with "a mien of unearthly mildness." On her he lavishes all his power of description, and then calls her Ireland. Or else he evades the law by hiding his sedition under the guise of a love-song. Then Ireland becomes his Kathleen, Ny-Houlahan, or else his Roisin Dubh, or some other name of Gaelic endearment. To her he sings:

"Oh! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!"

As it goes in Mangan's version.

So things went on, until some two or three decades before the printing of these little blue books men began to look for a national poetry printed in English. A new literature commenced. The stock of originals at first was scanty; the new movement depended for a time mainly on translations. At the beginning of this new movement were Walsh and Callanan.

Callanan crowded much capricious incident into his short life, beginning in 1795 and ending at Lisbon—whither he had gone as a tutor, in hopes of recovering his health—in 1829. After training for the priesthood he enlisted as a soldier, and was bought out by his friends as his regiment was on the point of sailing for Malta. Subsequently he wandered through the country collecting old legends to dress up in verse or prose for magazine or newspaper, and translating old Gaelic peasant songs.

It is interesting to know that shortly before his death the old passion came uppermost, and he began collecting songs and legends among the Spanish peasantry.

His friends found him, I fear, a great ne'er-do-weel, and yet he asked not much—no man's wealth—only food to eat and a little leisure to hunt out and meditate on the stories he loved. Maybe in some distant time the poets will no longer gather together in cities, but stay, as he did, in their own country-sides, content to write of the people about them, and so shall poetry sweeten the lives of even the simplest of folk, for assuredly the legends of the hills that we see in childhood and age from our own doors, so far as we are simple and natural, are more to us than the legends of any other place on earth. Such a poetry would go deeper into men's lives than any verses of the cities, no matter how full these be of the passion of intellectual attainment.

Callanan, like his successor, Edward Walsh, has left a few original poems—passionate, sincere, and simple verses, celebrating the scenes and legends of his native Munster.

Edward Walsh, born in Londonderry in 1805, a militiaman's son, had all along a hard time of it—

first overworked schoolmaster of Cork, afterwards overworked schoolmaster of Spike Island. Nevertheless, he did manage to bring out two small collections of translated popular songs, Gaelic and English side by side. "We remember," writes his latest editor (though now forty years since), "following Walsh in the twilight of an autumn evening, drinking in the odd chords that came from the little harp that lay on his left arm as he wandered, lonely and unknown, by the then desert Jones's Road, or reposed himself on one of the seats that at the time were outside the walls of Clonliffe House." Passionate, wild songs were they, well-nigh Oriental in their ardour, that he loved to sing to the little harp on his left arm.

A simple and spontaneous thing was this peasant poet-craft. The man who wrote love-songs really was in love. The man who wrote laments really was unhappy. Poor dead Gaelic men, how many centuries ago did they sing the funeral song above you, and here are your passions and sorrows crying from Edward Walsh's little harp!

The troubled year of '48 found him still schoolmaster to the convicts at Spike Island. When John Mitchell was sent there on the way to his Bermuda hulk, Walsh approached him reverently, and, stooping, kissed the famous rebel journalist's hand, and said, "You are now the man in all Ireland most to be envied." That night John Mitchell meditated over it all in his journal, thus: "Poor Walsh, he has a family of young children; he seems broken in health and spirits. Ruin has him in the wind at last; there are more contented galley-slaves toiling at Spike than the schoolmaster. Perhaps this man does really envy me, and most assuredly I do not envy him."

His death was not so far off now, for the schoolmaster, having got little good of his five-and-forty years, died in 1850; but lived long enough to see in his last decade the rise of a literary movement that gathered his and his fellow-workers' poems from old newspapers and magazines or readerless volumes, and printed them in thousands with new and worthy companions.

This movement began with the founding in 1842 of the "Nation," a powerful and seditious sheet in those days. Everything was considered Irish that embodied Irish passion and thought. In the ballad collections that began in 1845 with Gavan Duffy's "Ballad Poetry of Ireland"—a volume with a larger circulation than any other published in Ireland—and the first of these little blue books—a few Orange ballads even found place.

An Irish poet was to write on his title-page later on:

> "We are one at heart if you be Ireland's friend,
> Though leagues asunder our opinions tend;
> There are but two great parties in the end."

In Duffy's ballad book what was to grow plainer as years went on was already plain—that three men, Davis, Fergusson, and Mangan, stood above all other Irish writers of that day.

Not one of those I have heretofore discussed could have been called a prosperous or happy man, and Clarence Mangan, the greatest, it will be seen, was also the most miserable. The others were poets of the farm and the hills. The lover in the old ballad laments because he has no riches for his beloved, no cattle "to drive through the long twilight." In the earliest poems of seven hundred years ago, as in the latest, the singer's sweetheart has lips the colour of the berries of the quicken-tree (the mountain ash). In his more sentimental moods he sings like the lover in the Munster peasant song, whereof I make this version:

> "My love, we will go, we will go, I and you,
> And away in the woods we will scatter the dew,
> And the salmon behold and the ousel too.
> My love, I and you, we will hear, we will hear,
> The calling afar of the doe and the deer,
> And the bird in the branches will cry for us clear,
> And the cuckoo unseen in his festival mood.
> And death, O my fair one! will never come near
> In the bosom afar of the fragrant wood."

Than which same pastoral aspiration I know nothing more impossibly romantic and Celtic. Nature with these men was a passion, but in the poetry of Mangan are no beautiful descriptions. Outer things were only to him mere symbols to express his own inmost and desperate heart. Nurtured and schooled in grimy back streets of Dublin, woods and rivers were not for him. His father boasted that his children would run into a mouse-hole to escape him; afterwards shut up in a scrivener's office, the amenity and beauty of human intercourse was not for him. Sensitive in an extreme degree, persecuted and solitary, in this scrivener's office he spent seven years; three more years he laboured as an attorney's clerk to support father, brother, and sisters, then wholly depending on him; for the father, when Mangan was quite a young lad, finding him of working age, appears to have struck work. Hard drudging it was year in year out. No wonder he wrote—

> "All my divinities have died of grief,
> And left me wedded to the rude and real."

And yet he found time to read many an out-of-the-way book and to teach himself German, Spanish, Italian, French, Latin, and maybe some smattering of Oriental tongues, though this is not certain, and to write several strange and pessimistic poems.

But already from his ever-growing misery he seems to have sought solace in opium and gin. In Mount Pleasant Square, Dublin, lived three sisters, of higher social position than he. With Frances, the youngest of these, he fell in love madly, hopelessly. She encouraged him; and then, when the novelty wore off, sent him about his business. Whatever of brittle happiness had staid with him was quite gone now. More and more did he seek to blot out memory with gin and opium.

His father was dead, but his ghost, as he believed, with other phantoms, haunted him day and night. In his latter days some one found him a

post in the Library of Trinity College, more congenial than scrivening.

"An acquaintance pointed out to me," wrote Mitchell, "a man perched on the top of a ladder, with the whispered information that the figure was Clarence Mangan. It was an unearthly and ghostly figure, in a brown garment (the same garment to all appearance which lasted to the day of his death). The blanched hair was totally unkempt; the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. I had never heard of Clarence Mangan before, and knew not for what he was celebrated, whether as a magician, a poet, or a murderer, yet took a volume and spread it on the table, not to read, but with pretence of reading, to gaze at the spectral creature upon the ladder."

Many of his earlier poems had been printed in the "Nation;" but now he transferred his allegiance to Mitchell's "United Irishman," contributing thereto much verse, original or translated, from Gaelic song or German ballad. But gradually he became useless for any good purpose. For days together he would disappear. A priest, I have heard said, brought him once before a looking-glass, and pointed to his haggard face and tattered clothes therein reflected. "Ah!" cried Mangan, "it is nothing to the state of the inner man."

In the end he fell a victim to cholera (he always believed he would die of cholera), at the Meath Hospital, in 1849, he being in his forty-seventh year. After death his face was sketched by the present head of the National Gallery of London, and the sketch hangs now in the Irish National Gallery. In the beautiful profile there is visible no mark of his life's struggle. The poor crazed soul, as it seemed, had left the clay to the ancient innocence of dead things. Few more pitiful stories are on record. But who will say anything about his life, momentous as he himself has said, under the symbol of Siberia:

"In Siberia's wastes
The ice-wind's breath
Woundeth like the toothèd steel;
Lost Siberia doth reveal
Only blight and death.

Blight and death alone—
No summer shines.
Night is interblent with day.
In Siberia's wastes alway
The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes
No tears are shed,
For they freeze within the brain.
Nought is felt but dullest pain—
Pain acute, yet dead;

Pain as in a dream,
When years go by
Funeral-paced, yet fugitive;
When man lives and doth not live—
Doth not live—nor die.

In Siberia's wastes
Are sands and rocks;
Nothing blooms of green or soft,
But the snow-peaks rise aloft,
And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there
Is one with those;
They are part and he is part—
For the sands are in his heart,
And the killing snows.

Therefore in those wastes
None curse the Czar.
Each man's tongue is cloven by
The north blast, who heweth nigh
With sharp scymitar.

And such doom he drees
Till, hunger-gnawn
And cold-slain, he at length sinks there;
Yet scarce more a corpse than ere
His last breath was drawn."

Where among your drawing-room bards of fashionable pessimism are any verses regal and terrible as these? Be it noted they do not arraign Heaven; nor here nor elsewhere does he excuse or luxuriously pity and fondle himself, this poet of the depths.

Of his translations the most often printed in the ballad books are those from the Gaelic: The "Testament of Catheir Mor," "Dark Rosaleen," "Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell," and "The Woman of Three Cows."

"Oh! think of Donnell of the ships, the chief whom nothing daunted;
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!
He sleeps the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse;
Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good woman of three cows?"

And many more. Instead of giving any of his ballads—for to quote at length is not possible, and to quote piecemeal is scant justice to any poem with a story—I give a few stanzas of his version of those curious rhymes by King Alfred of Northumberland descriptive of Ireland, whither he had gone in youth to be educated:

"I found in Innisfail the Fair,
In Ireland, while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and gay men—
Many clerics and many laymen.

* * * *

Gold and silver I found, and money,
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey;
I found God's people rich in pity,
Found many a feast and many a city.

* * * *

I found the good lay monks and brothers
Ever beseeching help for others;
And in their keeping the Holy Word
Pure as it came from Jesus the Lord.

I found in Munster, unfettered of any,
Kings, and queens, and poets a many—
Poets were skilled in music and measure—
Prosperous doings, mirth, and pleasure.

* * * *

I found in Ulster, from hill to glen,
Hardy warriors, resolute men—
Beauty that bloomed when youth was gone,
And strength transmitted from sire to son.

* * * *

I found in Leinster, the smooth and sleek,
From Dublin to Slewmargy's peak,
Flourishing pastures, valour, health,
Long-living worthies, commerce, wealth.

* * * *

I found strict morals in age and youth,
I found historians recording truth.
The things I sing of in verse unsmooth
I found them all; I have written sooth."

A very different ancient Ireland from the barbarous place some have imagined. To almost everything he gave a rueful and visionary tinge. You must not go to his work for delicate grace or tender pity, for such are the expressions of the happy moments of usually happy men, but for desolation and sympathy with whatever is barbaric in men's hearts.

It is not possible to imagine two men more different than Clarence Mangan and Thomas Davis—the one absorbed, moody, and morbid, in penury, one of the people, wilful and self-taught, wasted by routine; the other, university trained, a man of action, patient and gay, one of the gentry, surrounded by friends. The one wrote because he was miserable, the other wrote because he was happy and noble and wished to make others so. Thomas Osburne Davis, Ireland has no name more widely loved, no more potent maker of opinion. At college in no way different from his fellows save in his contempt for the oratorical honours of the Debating Society, few would have imagined him destined to lead a rebel party. He was twenty-seven before he made a single verse, and then only because his "young Irelanders" felt the need of ballads for the "Nation" newspaper, started in 1842; and all he wrote was done within the limits of a year and a half. In 1845 he died. Diverse parties—the O'Connellites whose power he had broken, and they to whom his ideals were a veritable fire-pillar, and they who held them the merest Jack-o'-lantern flickerings—all trooped to his funeral. Fergusson wrote his burial ode:

"I walked through Ballinderry in the spring-time,
When the bud was on the tree;
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
The sowers striding free,
Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty
On the quick seed-clasping soil,
'Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred hearts of Erin,
Thomas Davis, is thy toil!

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,
And saw the salmon leap;
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep,
Through the spray, and through the prone heaps striving onward
To the calm clear streams above,
'So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, Thomas Davis,
In thy brightness of strength and love!

* * * * *

Young husbandmen of Erin's fruitful seed-time,
In the fresh track of danger's plough!
Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow,
Girt with freedom's seed-sheets now?"

Many a fine war-ballad has he left us, many a fine war-song. Of the first, the most notable being "The Sack of Baltimore," a history of a descent by Algerian pirates on the Irish shore, written just before his death; of the last, the song, "Oh, for a sword and a rushing steed." Yes, Ireland has no name more beloved. Often have I heard the children of the people singing his songs, putting their whole soul therein. There are concerts where all the singers are children and all the songs are his—their beloved. Here is one I have heard well rendered:

"Oh! the marriage, the marriage!
With love and *mo bhuachaill* for me;
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me.
For Eoghan is straight as a tower,
And tender and loving and true;
He told me more love in an hour
Than the squires of the county could do.
Then, oh! the marriage! etc.

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
His eye is as clear as the day,
His conscience and vote were unsold
When others were carried away.
His word is as good as an oath,
And freely 'twas given to me;
Oh! sure 'twill be happy for both
The day of our marriage to see.
Then, oh! the marriage! etc.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
The neighbours think much of his skill,
And Eoghan 's the lad to my mind,
Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
But he has a tilloch of land,
A horse, and a stocking of coin,
A foot for a dance, and a hand
In the cause of his country to join.
Then, oh! the marriage! etc.

We meet in the market and fair,
We meet in the morning and night;
He sits on the half of my chair,
And my people are wild with delight.

Yet I long through the winter to skim—
Though Eoghan longs more, I can see—
When I will be married to him,
And he will be married to me.
Then, oh! the marriage, the marriage!
With love and *mo bhuachaill* for me;
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me."

Of his political poetry I cannot speak; suffice it to say it still goes on, whether for good or evil, serving its purpose, making opinion.

Perhaps reading and reasonable Irishmen should put Fergusson where they put Mangan, at the head of their poets. He has not the other's lyrical intensity, but his power is more serene and lofty. His ballad, "The Vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley," is admittedly the best of Irish ballads, and in some ways the most Homeric poem of the century. His "Conary" is the most perfect equivalent for the manner of the ancient Celtic bards in modern literature. The very breadth and serenity of Fergusson has robbed him of popularity—there is an antique coldness about him. I heard him discussing a few months before his death some recent decorative architecture. To him it seemed florid and unimpressive. He preferred the plain building of earlier times. This severity of mind is in all he wrote. When reading the "Welshmen of Tirawley," or his more recent "Conary," one seems to be listening to some old half-savage bard chanting to his companions at a forest fire. If we long, while listening, for the more elaborate music of modern days, the fault is in us and in our time. The lives of Mangan and Davis were short and crowded with incident. The life of Fergusson was long and uneventful. He died some three years since, full of years and honours. A collected edition of his poems and prose writings—he was a noted antiquarian and old-fashioned romance writer—has been coming out in shilling volumes since his death.

In the little blue ballad books there is many another name dear wherever the Irish are—Griffin with his "Gille Machree," and Banim, truer to peasant nature and mother earth, with his famous and typical "Soggarth aroon" (priest dear).

"Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon?
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
*Their* slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be not slave to you,
Soggarth aroon.
Nor out of fear to you—
Stand up so near to you—
Och! out of fear to *you!*
Soggarth aroon!

Who in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin door,
And, on my earthen-flure,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

Who on the marriage day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon—
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor Christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
And when my hearth was dim
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon.
*In* love they'll never shake
When for ould Ireland's sake
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon!"

And Keegan, the farm-labourer, and Frazer, the weaver, and Florence McCarthy, whose work was more of the fancy than the heart, and Darcy Magee, afterwards assassinated, and rebel Doheny, with his one memorable song, written as he lay in hiding, and Gavan Duffy, and Ingram with his famous "Memory of the Dead;" and later on in Fenian times, Casey, with his "Rising of the Moon," and Kickham, Fenian leader and convict, most rambling and yet withal most vivid, humorous, and most sincere of Irish novelists, with his ballad of "Blind Sheehan," and his "Irish Peasant-girl;" and Joyce, with his many ballads, also author of a national epic, that reached, it is said, a sale of ten thousand copies in a few days, mainly among Irish Americans; and in our own times Alfred Percival Graves, with his

"Little red lark
Like a rosy spark,"

and his "Father O'Flynn;" and many more besides these, anonymous and named. Others

again whose work is in the main written for the few, have yet occasionally reached the people, like Allingham, with his "Fair Maid of Ballyshannon," by the help of music, or, like De Vere, through the ballad books.

The English reader may be surprised to find no mention of Moore, or the verses of Lever and Lover. They were never poets of the people. Moore lived in the drawing-rooms, and still finds his audience therein. Lever and Lover, kept apart by opinion from the body of the nation, wrote ever with one eye on London. They never wrote for the people, and neither have they ever, therefore, in prose or verse, written faithfully of the people. Ireland was a metaphor to Moore, to Lever and Lover a merry harlequin, sometimes even pathetic, to be patted and pitied and laughed at so long as he said "your honour," and presumed in nowise to be considered a serious or tragic person. Yet the poetry of the men I write of is above all things tragic and melancholy. We must not seek, however, from these, or any other makers of popular song and ballad, the same things we love in more studious writers. The grass is merely green to them and the sea merely blue, and their very spontaneity has made them unequal. But a wonderful freshness and sweetness they have, like the smell of newly-ploughed earth. They are always honest companions; no one of them wrote out of mere vanity or mere ambition, but ever from a full heart.

W. B. YEATS.

## TIGER JACK.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF ONE OF HIS RELATIVES.

MANY of our readers will probably remember in our last November number a short account of "Jack," a young tiger cub which was sent by Sir Edward Buck, secretary to the Indian Government, to England, and after being domesticated in his brother's house at Upper Clapton, taken to his future home at the Zoological Gardens.

Jack is now over a year old, and one of the finest young tigers imaginable; very handsome and very playful, and still quite a pet, although Sutton, his keeper, has ceased to take him for his daily walk in the grounds after the departure of the visitors, as Master Jack has proved to be the "master." Although he would readily enough leave his cage and enjoy a roll on the grass, yet the moment it became time for him to "go to bed," he began to prove restive, and at last it required the united efforts of three keepers to take him back to the lion house, his growls meanwhile being rather too suggestive to be quite pleasant. Poor Jack, therefore, has now to remain night and day in his cage, where, however, he seems quite happy and contented, and always seems to remember, and greets with a purr, his former host at Clapton, whom he still allows to coax and fondle him. It will be another year and a half before Jack attains his full growth, and long before that time it is feared he will assume his natural savage nature, and the coaxing and fondling will have to be one of the happy memories of the past.

Jack, however, up to the present time is quite harmless, and is so much admired that several photographers, amateur and professional, have obtained leave to take his likeness; but not only photographers, but well-known artists have also portrayed him, and Jack's model in bronze by Mr. Swan, R.A., entitled "A Young Himalayan Tiger," which was exhibited at the Royal Academy this year, was so beautifully executed that it was at once secured by Sir F. Leighton.

It might be noted, by-the-by, that several handsome offers were made for "Jack" on his arrival at the docks by various dealers and others; and the writer of this article received a telegram two days after Jack's sojourn at Clapton, offering a large sum of money for him.

In India as much as 1,500 rupees have been offered for the head of a man-eating tiger, and most thrilling are the accounts of the narrow escapes incurred by those attempting to obtain the coveted reward.

In England, however, the live beast is required, but tigers are rather scarce, and even at Jamrach's famous establishment of wild beasts a young tiger is not always obtainable. The selling value of wild beasts of course varies considerably. Two hundred pounds is sometimes asked for a royal Bengal tiger, whilst a lion, but not a first-rate one, may be obtained for seventy pounds. An elephant would cost an anxious buyer about three hundred pounds, but he could increase his stock of ourang-outangs at an expenditure of twenty pounds.

A letter from the writer's son in India, with a long account of the death of a man-eater, brought so vividly before his mind his guest of last year that possibly the readers of the "Leisure Hour" may be interested in a few of the details, particularly as it is believed that the tigress in question was a near relative of "Jack's."

It appears that a man-eating tigress, with her family of cubs, have haunted the forests of Jounsar, a few miles north of Chakrata, a hill station in the lower Himalayas, N.W. Provinces, for the last few years; and numerous are the victims that have fallen to their insatiable craving for human flesh. For years past it has been considered unsafe for solitary persons to travel over the hills this tigress frequented; and the neighbouring hill-men invariably went about in large parties, and never except in broad daylight. Such was the terror this brute had inspired far and wide. With the incentive of a Government reward of five hundred rupees, several attempts had been made from time to time to destroy the

uncanny brood, and rid an otherwise charming country of her pestilential presence. But although one or two tigers have been shot in the district, the real man-eater herself was never met with, and she carried on her man-slaughtering propensities with impunity till a few weeks ago.

Of the many blood-curdling and strange stories told of her misdeeds, perhaps the following bears the palm.[1]

Some six years ago she was seen with two young cubs who seem to have been chiefly brought up on human flesh, from the number of the killed and missing heard of in those days. About the same time a small gang of Punjabi sawyers, who had been paid up by the Forest Department, and were making their way home through the hills, happened, unfortunately for them, to cross the tigress's beat, though previously to that she had not been heard of for some weeks.

After a long and tiresome march they had safely reached the chowki at Loquar in Jounsar before the evening sun had set. After an early meal they all retired together for greater safety to a grass-and-wattle shed in the compound. The forest chowki here is situated near a lonely and densely wooded glen. With the tigress about nobody could be got to stay, and the forest chowkidar lived some miles off in a neighbouring village. Well, to my story. It was early in the evening, about nine or ten o'clock, when the occupants of the hut were suddenly roused by the death cries of one of their comrades, who was being forcibly dragged out by his heels through an opening in the grass-and-wattle side of the hut! They all rushed out, and, to their dismay and horror, saw the man-eater of the hills calmly carrying off their unfortunate friend to the bed of a stream a short distance below, from which direction two young cubs were now distinctly seen advancing. The sawyers had no weapons with them, yet they made a bold attempt to effect a rescue. They followed and yelled, threw stones and flourished firebrands in her face, but she never relinquished her hold till she reached her cubs. Then, suddenly dropping the now unconscious man, she turned savagely and scattered her pursuers. After this, thinking their late comrade dead and beyond human aid, they considered discretion the better part of valour, and immediately swarmed up the nearest trees. Here they intended to wait patiently for daylight. It was a soft summer night, with scattered fleecy clouds about, which occasionally obscured the otherwise brilliant moonlit scene beneath.

The men had not been long in their coign of vantage when they were made the unwilling witnesses of a most ghastly tragedy. The tigress went back after charging, and stood over the prostrate form of her victim and purred in a cat-like self-complacent way to her cubs, who were romping about and rolling over the apparently lifeless body. She then lay down a few yards off, and with blinking eyes watched the gambols of her young progeny. Somehow the watchers in the trees thought they saw the body move. Yes! the man was still alive, and in a few moments sat up and tried to beat the young brutes off.

They were too young to hold him down, so he made a desperate attempt to shake himself free, and started off at a run. But before the poor wretch had gone twenty yards the tigress bounded out and brought him back to the cubs once more. He made two or three more attempts to regain his freedom, but was seized by the old tigress and brought back each time before he had gone many yards. His groans and cries for help were heart-rending, but the others on the trees were paralysed with fear and quite unable to move. At last the tigress herself joined in the gambols of her cubs, and the wretched man was thrown about and tossed over her head, exactly as many of us have seen our domestic puss throw rats and mice about before beginning her meal on them. The man's efforts at escape grew feebler and feebler.

The last time they saw him try to get away was on his hands and knees towards a large fig tree, with the cubs clinging to his limbs. But it was of no avail, and we will spare our readers the terrible details of the end of the unfortunate victim, who happily fainted before his death.

It was this tigress that Mr. Ormaston, a young officer of the Forest Department, has had the good fortune to slay under unusual circumstances. With others of the Forest School students he was getting practical instruction in Indian forestry, a few miles beyond the station of Chakrata. They had heard of a buffalo having been killed by a tiger, and in the middle of the day Mr. Ormaston and Mr. Hansard, the latter a student in the Forest School, saw the man who had been set to watch the buffalo running back towards the camp.

On questioning him they found he had just seen the tiger coming up the ravine towards the dead buffalo. They immediately took up their rifles and went off in search. Keeping fifteen or twenty yards apart, they walked rapidly off. But they had not proceeded far when, without the slightest warning, Mr. Ormaston, who was below, heard a groan, and saw Mr. Hansard suddenly borne down to the ground with the tiger on his back. He was taken unawares, and it was a critical moment, but he stood his ground and kept his nerve, and in the next moment a 12-bore bullet went crashing through the tiger's spine. This brought her, mortally wounded, rolling down towards him, but a second well-directed shot stopped her further career. As the camp was only a few hundred yards off, Mr. Ormaston hurried off for assistance. On returning they found Mr. Hansard, who had evidently also rolled down the hill, lying insensible a few feet away from the long-dreaded murderous tigress of Jounsar. On regaining his senses he was removed to the Station Hospital, and eventually recovered. It is fortunate for the natives in India, who will almost worship a man-eater slayer, that our Indian Civil Service turns out such good sportsmen as Mr. Ormaston, who had only joined the Indian Forest Department some two months, and had never before been out tiger-shooting.

H. J. B.

[1] The details are taken from an article which appeared in the "Civil and Military Gazette," an Indian newspaper, in May last.




ITS HEROES AND HEROINES.

AT the beginning of this century there was living in London an old French gentleman, a refugee from the troubles of the Revolution, Monsieur le Baron de Montyon, to whose memory is attached the noble fame of a life devoted to doing good. He was a man who had made his fortune by his personal exertions. The son of an accountant, he was educated for a lawyer, and so talented and industrious was he that at the age of twenty-two he was admitted an advocate at the court of civil and criminal jurisprudence in Paris. Later on he obtained public employment, was made Councillor of State, and Governor of the province of Auvergne, in which position, it is said, he acquired the love, respect, and gratitude of all those over whom he had authority. But after a time he was removed from this post in order to make room for some special favourite of the Court, and after being appointed Governor of Marseilles was subsequently shifted to Rochelle, and in the end, being probably found too upright a man for the corrupt times of Louis XV, was deprived of office altogether. Upon the accession of Louis XVI, however, he was once more taken into royal favour, and filled the important position of Chancellor in the king's household, where, as elsewhere, he exerted himself to the utmost in doing all the good which lay within his power.

Then came the Revolution, putting a stop to Monsieur de Montyon's benevolent schemes, and sending him an exile, first to Switzerland and finally to England, to which country he had prudently transferred his fortune at the time when the French troubles first broke out.

Monsieur de Montyon lived twenty years in England, devoting his enforced leisure to scientific pursuits, and carrying on his work of benevolence among the French refugees who were at that time crowding into England, for the most part in a state of great poverty and distress. He also showed himself a little Providence to the poor French prisoners of war, who were in a pitiable condition of want and suffering.

Monsieur de Montyon was eighty-three years old when he returned to his own country in the year 1816, but even at this age he had still energy and spirit enough to take up again the broken threads of his life's work, and up to the very day of his death, four years later, was engaged in organising schemes of public usefulness.

He left a large sum of money to be applied to various benevolent purposes, among which are to be

found a fund for awarding prizes for improvements and useful discoveries in surgery and medicine; a fund for the relief of convalescent hospital patients; a fund for granting small annuities to poor infirm persons; a fund for restoring to the poor useful articles under the value of five francs each, which they might have been driven to pledge without prospect of redeeming; a fund for granting prizes for good conduct to soldiers' children; and also a fund for providing annual prizes for acts of virtue or heroism in humble life.

The last is perhaps the greatest and the most popular of all the Montyon endowments, being also, so far as we know, unique in its kind, and productive of many good results. About £800 is annually distributed in various sums by the French Academy, who in this matter act as the executors of Monsieur de Montyon. All the departments of France have an equal right to put forward candidates, but the power of nominating them is vested entirely in the local authorities, and the memorial as to each particular case must be signed by a number of persons of weight in the neighbourhood, who are each individually responsible for the truth of the statement made. The statement itself is compelled to be extremely minute, and every possible precaution is taken to prevent imposition. The cases are then presented to the Academy, and proportionate sums are awarded out of the fund—the object being to seek out homely virtue, and by public appreciation to encourage rather than to reward it.

To quote the words of an eminent French statesman on this subject, "The Academy does not desire that the sums it offers should be regarded as any payment for the good deeds of the recipients. These men of heroic courage, these noble, self-sacrificing women will elsewhere receive their due recompense. The French Academy simply delivers the pious legacy which has been confided to its care. At the same time it takes pleasure in proclaiming these noble actions far and wide, not for the gratification of personal vanity, but that the recital may create in the hearts of all who hear a love of virtue and a desire of imitation."

The following life-stories are taken from among many striking examples of noble self-devotion which the French Academy has recognised, and of which it has preserved the record.

## I.—HENRIETTE GARDEN.



IT was as miserable a day as could well have been seen on either side of the Channel; the wind swirling in great gusts and scattering the ripe and unripe apples, with which the great Norman orchards were laden, in soddened heaps at the roots of the trees; and the rain pelting, pelting down to the earth and half a yard up from it again, as though in protest against being sent where it felt itself unwelcome. The sky was of that peculiar murky hue which we take a melancholy pleasure in claiming as especially English. But out upon such a sky, and upon such a prospect of wind-driven water, looked Henriette Garden on this August day, pressing her nose against the tiny panes of the cottage latticed window till the moisture within rivalled the moisture without, and the whole world became to her for the moment an indistinguishable mist.

There was no road up to the cottage; only a path leading to it through a rather untidy little farmyard, where a family of ducks was waddling about in the mud; but from the corner where Henriette stood, a glimpse of the highway could be got at a somewhat difficult angle, and it was on this point that the young girl's eyes and hopes were riveted.

Sundry times the provoking little panes of glass were rubbed by the corner of the young girl's apron, and more than once an excited little exclamation escaped her, as her ear caught, or fancied it caught, some sound in the distance which might possibly bring with it that for which she was looking; but the sound died away or proved fallacious, and the panes grew dim and misty again, and the rain pattered viciously against them, and the wind blew and almost put out the sputtering logs in the big chimney, and nothing else happened.

"Do you think, *ma cousine*," said the young girl, suddenly turning round to speak to an old woman in a chocolate-coloured jacket and big blue apron, who sat knitting by the hearth, "do you think that he is not coming to-day after all?"

The old woman shrugged the shoulders which were covered by a brown cotton jacket.

"Who can say?" she answered, sententiously. "And in such a storm!" But as she turned to pick up a fallen stick and lay it on the fire, she muttered, "He has not been in any hurry to come these ten years past, so it is hardly likely he will take too much trouble now."

"Did you speak, *ma cousine?*" asked the girl, turning her head.

"How can you hear what I say when you stand with your nose nailed to the window, and the wind and the rain making such a clatter without?" returned the old woman. "I was saying, or meant to say, that any sensible girl would know very well that no one, not even a father, who naturally is anxious, most anxious—Hem! What was I saying? What do you say? He is here. *Possible!*"

For, with a bound which had sent two chairs sprawling on the brick floor, and had almost turned *la cousine* herself head over heels, Henriette had rushed to the door, which opened into the room, and stood there on the doorstep with flushed cheeks, trembling limbs, and a heart whose beat-

ing, to her ears, made a noisier echo than any that the hurricane could create, while the wind and the rain dashed at her and drove past her.

The one great and longed-for event of her young life was about to happen—had happened. Her father had come!

Two figures were apparent, driven along by the wind and the rain through the slough into which the ill-defined path which led from the road to the cottage was fast developing. One man wore a blue cotton blouse and carried a small portmanteau under a big red cotton umbrella. The man who followed him had his coat buttoned up, and also carried a big cotton umbrella with much discomfort to himself. He was short and stout, red faced, and smooth shaven, except for a tight little imperial on his chin; and had altogether the air of a man to whom a fight with the elements offered no particular attraction.

Just as he was making a rush for the open doorway where Henriette stood, the wind caught him and his umbrella in a kind of fury, making a mad attempt to lift them bodily over the house; but with a violent effort which left him redder in the face than before, Monsieur Garden regained his footing, reefed his sail, and at length found safe harbour from the storm within the friendly doorway.

The first words which Henriette heard from her father's lips were not precisely words of blessing, rather the reverse, and perhaps, under the circumstances, he should not be too severely blamed. But the meeting was not quite all that the young girl had looked forward to through the long years, and rehearsed to herself in many a happy hour of joyful expectation.

Indeed, Monsieur Garden did not appear to see, or if he saw he did not at first take any notice of Henriette.

*La cousine*, or Mademoiselle Martha, as she was always called in the village, came forward to take the troublesome umbrella, from which a stream of water was trickling on the brick floor, and to relieve the man in the blouse of the portmanteau.

"What a storm!" she said, in sympathising tone. "Are you wet, Monsieur Garden? You have had an unpleasant journey, I fear."

"Unpleasant!" returned the traveller; "unpleasant isn't the word for it. It's a vile journey," he went on, sinking into the chair which stood beside the wood fire, and kicking the logs viciously with his foot. "And what a hole of a place when one gets to it. How on earth do you manage to live in such a den, Martha?" This was the first sign of recognition which Monsieur Garden had bestowed upon the woman who had for years been a mother to his motherless child.

Mademoiselle Martha smiled, and shrugged the shoulders under the brown cotton jacket.

"We have managed to be pretty content this good long while, Henriette and I," she said. "You will not think it so bad when the weather is fine. And now, Henriette, my little one, come and speak to thy father. You are so grown he hardly knows you," she added in an undertone by way of encouragement, patting the girl on the back.

Henriette came forward very timidly. She did not know what to do,—the meeting was so utterly different from all her preconceived notions of what it would be. She had always imagined herself as rushing into her father's arms after the fashion of a certain long-lost child she had read about in a story-book; or, she had thought, if her father had turned out to be someone very grave and dignified, like *Monsieur le Curé*, that she would kneel down before him and ask his blessing. But now that she had come face to face with Monsieur Garden she could neither fly to his embrace nor bend before him in reverence. She could only stand shy and trembling, very red in the face, and clinging for support with tight hold to *la cousine's* hand.

Monsieur Garden looked at her, and saw a tall awkward blushing girl of fifteen, in a rather short and scanty cotton frock, and a blue apron, with big hands and feet, the former redder than was becoming, and with a good quantity of reddish hair drawn back tight from her face, and hanging in a thick pigtail down her back.

"Umph!" said Monsieur Garden. "That is my daughter. A big girl, indeed!"

"And a very good one," put in Mademoiselle Martha, in a kindly tone of recommendation.

A peculiar smile twisted the corners of Monsieur Garden's mouth. "She will need to be something," he said, in a sort of aside; "she is not beautiful!"

Subsequently Monsieur Garden and Mademoiselle Martha had more than one conversation on the subject of Henriette's future.

Monsieur Garden had come to the Norman village with the avowed intention of claiming his daughter and taking her home with him.

"But why?" Mademoiselle Martha argued. "If you are, as you say, disappointed in her, why do you make any change? I am willing still to keep her. I have come to love her. I do not think her ugly. She is happy here with me, and, by-and-by, I shall be able, I have no doubt, to arrange for her marriage with some honest farmer. She is thought much of among our people here."

"In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed is king," said Monsieur Garden, sententious but uncivil.

"If you had wanted her to turn out a brilliant sort of girl you should not have had her brought up in a poor Norman village," said Mademoiselle Martha. "When she was a child you were glad enough to get rid of a troublesome burthen. I have done my best for her and for you. If you are not desirous to have her now I will still keep her."

"No," said Monsieur Garden. "I am alone. I want somebody to keep my house. If Henriette has been properly brought up she should be capable now of doing that. It is not right for a father to be served by strangers when his own child is to be had for the taking. Let her come and do her proper work."

So two days after Monsieur Garden's somewhat

inauspicious arrival, on a day as blue and golden as that other was grey and dreary, Henriette and her little hair trunk were escorted to the diligence by a group of half-envious but wholly regretful villagers. Mademoiselle Martha was there, it need scarcely be said, and Old Pierre, of course, to carry the trunk; and there also were Madame Cordier and her son Jean, and Ambertine Jarnac, and the three sisters Boipon. Henriette kissed one and another of her friends with trembling lips on each and all of their sunburnt cheeks. Then, as she gazed round her at the dear familiar fields and orchards and red-tiled houses, which she would see no more; and as at last they were all lost to view—even *la cousine's* big waving pocket-handkerchief—in a blinding cloud of dust, then the young girl felt, indeed, not that she was just beginning life, but as though she were paying her last adieu to it.

In a few minutes, however, she had choked down her tears, for she thought they seemed to annoy her father, who, on this occasion, did little but wipe his forehead with his large pocket-handkerchief, and complain of the heat as bitterly as he had two days previously complained of the rain and the cold. And by the time the next village was reached Henriette had begun to look up, to take a little interest in things around her, and to wonder about the great wide world into which she was entering.

The "world" which was actually waiting for her was the grand old city of Rouen, in which her father occupied some sort of position in the law; but it did not prove, on the whole, a very gay or even cheerful world to Henriette. Of course there was always the city itself, wonderfully stirring and exciting in its life and movement as it seemed to the village-bred maiden. And there was the glorious cathedral, and the crowded market-place, and, perhaps best of all, the lovely river, with its changeful lights and shadows, and its crowds of vessels and barges always shifting and full of interest. There was all this to see when Henriette could snatch half an hour from her work at home to run out on some errand. But this was not often, for she found her time pretty well occupied with domestic concerns.

Monsieur Garden had, indeed, a servant or housekeeper, but it was, perhaps, because Françoise was, after a good many years' service, getting old and incapable of hard work, that he had now bethought him of fetching home his daughter. As for Henriette, it did not occur to her any more than to her father that she was to assume the position of mistress over Françoise, and Françoise on her side soon made it evident that what she wanted and was determined to have was no mistress, but a servant absolutely under her command. In effect, that which was hardest, most fatiguing, or disagreeable in the housework fell by degrees to the lot of Henriette, and she, partly through ignorance and partly through sweetness of disposition, easily fell into the position assigned her.

Her father made no kind of protest, and indeed, so long as his little dinners, of which he partook in solitary state, were well cooked and served, his shirts well ironed, and all his small wants attended to, he cared very little to whose thoughtfulness he owed his comforts. Perhaps he, at one time, had a notion that his daughter might turn out to be brilliant in some way. She was not brilliant. She would never, he could see, be anything of a social success; and, therefore, it suited him, and, as he may have argued, suited her better too, to make a kind of Cinderella of her.

So the years passed on. Henriette developed from a raw awkward girl into a rather plain and shy young woman, and the only change which occurred in the dull routine of the Garden household was the death of old Françoise. When she became ill and quite incapable of work, Monsieur Garden would have sent her out of the house; but Henriette pleaded so hard that she might be allowed to keep and nurse her that her father consented, on the distinct understanding that his comfort was in no way to be interfered with. Henriette nursed the old woman for some months, till she died, and then lived on alone with her father; for it never occurred to him that the girl needed any kind of assistance in her work.

Though Monsieur Garden occupied a fairly good position in the town, and went into some society, he never happened to mention the fact to his acquaintances that the young woman who was his servant was also his daughter; nor did he ever, on any occasion, show himself in the streets in Henriette's company. At the same time her father was never absolutely unkind or personally cruel to her; and Henriette was faithful in her own mind to the ideal which, long years ago, she had set up and enthroned there. He seemed at an immeasurable distance from her, infinitely above and superior to her—like the saints in the cathedral niches, perhaps—only that even to her prejudiced eyes it was difficult to make her father pose as altogether and quite a saint. Rather she compared him to some mighty monarch of the East, whose subjects think themselves happy if they are allowed now and then to approach and kiss his footstool. The girl would have been happy had any such approach to familiarity been permitted her. Her natural place was, however, she felt, to admire respectfully from a distance, and this she did with the fine unreasoning devotion with which simple noble minds are often, in this world of contraries, led to regard base and vulgar natures. Henriette was therefore all the more startled, and, as it were, fascinated, when one evening as she was clearing away her father's third course, and was just putting before him the little cream-cheese, and the few odds and ends, nuts, grapes, biscuits, and bonbons, which he always took in the way of dessert, Monsieur Garden rose and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"My child, I have some news for you," he said, and his tone and manner were so unusually kind—indeed, affectionate—that Henriette blushed and trembled, and almost dropped the tiny salad-bowl and the remnant of the grilled chicken which she held in her hand.

"News, my father?" It was very seldom indeed that she ventured so to address him, but the word seemed to come naturally from her now, in response to his own warmth.

"Yes," said Monsieur Garden; "it may surprise you. At the same time," he continued, standing before the mirror which surmounted the red velvet mantelshelf, and peeping at himself between the gilt clock and the big glass cases of sham flowers; "at the same time, how often has one said to me, 'Why, Monsieur Garden, should a man at your time of life, with all your advantages —*assez bel homme!*—why should you not?' And that is what I am going to do."

"What are you going to do?" asked Henriette, all in a mist.

"I am going to get married."

Henriette stared open-mouthed. So little of marrying or giving in marriage had come into her life that a man who was going to be married seemed a natural curiosity to her. Then suddenly a sort of tumult seized her and made her head spin round. An idea, a wonderful possibility, occurred to her.

"And shall I, shall I indeed, know what it is to have a *mother?*" she asked, clasping her hands together.

"How strange, to be sure," cried Monsieur Garden, "that people always seem to think of themselves first. One would have fancied now that your first thought here would have been of me. However—well—no, I hardly think that—the lady—would—umph—" He hesitated. "In fact she is a lady occupying a fine position, a wealthy lady. Yes, and, in short, she does not as yet know that I have a daughter; and, perhaps, under the circumstances, there would be no use in giving her the information."

"But—" began Henriette.

"Ah, yes; you are naturally thinking of yourself again. Well, I have also thought of you. I shall leave you in possession of everything," pointing magnificently round the room to six chairs ranged against the wall on very shaky legs, "and I shall make you a certain allowance. There is an *appartement* in this house *au cinquième* now vacant, and which I think will hold all your furniture. I have already spoken to the *concierge* about it. You can move in there next week when I have left."

"Next week!" echoed Henriette.

It was as though she had been struck. She staggered under the blow. To be sure her father had not been very companionable or kind, or even generous to her, but he had been there to be worked for and waited upon, and adored at a distance; and now he was to disappear from her horizon, and she was to be left, mistress, it might be, of all she surveyed, in her garret, but alone, altogether and absolutely alone. *La cousine* was dead, and old Françoise was dead, and she had no friends, scarcely anything approaching to an acquaintance, in all the wide world; for the village people who had been her friends in the old times were now—who could tell where? Scattered or dead, or grown out of her knowledge, as she had grown out of theirs.

"Shall I never see you, will *she* never let me see you any more?" Henriette asked, a sudden hatred and fear of the unknown woman entering her mind.

"Bah! what has she to do with it?" returned the bridegroom elect. "Oh yes, I shall come and see you when I can, of course, and if you behave yourself properly, I have no doubt it will all turn out very well for you. But now you had better think of *me* a little, if you please, and see about getting my clothes washed and put in order."

And so the second great event of Henriette's life had come to her.

Five years ago her father had been granted to her prayers. He had proved not altogether an unmixed blessing, but he had been the whole source of her life's interest, and now he was to be taken away again; and Henriette felt as forlorn as Elsa when her Lohengrin disappears from her sight over the rippling blue waters.

Monsieur Garden was not a very romantic nor a very beneficent Lohengrin, but he embodied all that was given to poor Henriette's adoration.

The garret to which, by her father's thoughtful care, Henriette was relegated, had at least one grand attraction for the girl. This was that from it, over the tops of other houses, there could be got a peep of the shining noble river, with its panorama of moving vessels, which was an intense boon to the lonely girl, and sometimes kept her, as she believed, from giving way and despairing altogether. As it was, the busy yet tranquil scene thus lying at her feet seemed to suggest to her the thought that in labour of some kind or other is contentment alone to be found, and that she, like the rest of the world, must be up and doing.

Truth to say, Henriette soon discovered that the very small allowance granted her by her father's generosity was little more than sufficient to pay for the rent of her room, and that if she would eat she must also earn wherewith to buy food. Roused by this fact, she turned about to consider in what manner she could gain a living. It was not easy. She was now twenty-one years old, with no education to speak of, no trade, no special knowledge of anything.

While she was hesitating whether it would not be better for her at once to enter some household as a domestic servant, an opportunity offered which she eagerly availed herself of. Some children in the floor beneath her took fever. She offered herself as sick nurse, trusting to her womanly instincts and the little experience she had had at the bedside of old Françoise. Her services were gladly accepted, and she carried her patients safely through the crisis.

There happened to be much sickness that year in Rouen, and soon Henriette found her patients increasing rapidly. She was not eager to gain much money, and served the poor as willingly as the rich. The little food that she ate was, she considered, a sufficient payment for the work she did. But after a while she had also to add to this the weekly price of her rent. For the allowance promised by her father, at first paid somewhat

irregularly, after a while ceased altogether, and Henriette was thrown entirely upon her own resources. The money, however, which was paid by her richer employers enabled her to devote herself with equal assiduity to her poorer neighbours; and so, striking an even balance, she was able to exist, and even now and then to lend a helping hand to others less fortunate than herself.

During an attack of cholera which devastated the town some years later Henriette was much in request, and was one evening sent for in great haste to a fine house on the outskirts of the city, a servant who had come for her accompanying her to show the way.

"Monsieur was very bad," he said, "and Madame had gone off straight to Biarritz. Madame didn't like illness, and was horribly frightened of the cholera—and no blame to her!"

Henriette—Mademoiselle Henriette, as she was called in her work—went with the man, eager to do good, and asking no questions. The account of the illness was much the same as she had often heard before. But when she entered the sick room, and approached the bed on which the sufferer lay, her heart almost stood still, for, despite the darkened room and the changed form of the man who lay writhing in agony, with a face grey and wizened, looking twenty years older in half the number of hours, there could be no doubt that it was indeed to the bedside of her own father that she had been summoned.

"It is Monsieur Garden," she murmured, in an awed whisper to the servant who had accompanied her to the door.

"Yes, mademoiselle," said the man. "Do you know him? Have you, then, nursed him before? It was he himself who asked that you might be called in when all the others went away and left him. 'Send for Mademoiselle Henriette,' he said; 'she will come to me.'"

Henriette held her two hands tight over her heart to still its throbs. It was an intense happiness to her to feel that in the hour of trouble her father, still so tenderly beloved, had turned to her with the knowledge that her love would not fail him. With untiring devotion she now set herself to the task of soothing and ministering to the sufferer, who was almost beyond the point of recognising her or anyone about him. It was a severe struggle which was being waged between life and death, and for weeks the strong man lay weak as an infant in the clutch of the relentless enemy who had attacked him. But, contrary to the expectation of the doctor who attended him, and to the fears of the daughter who watched night and day beside him, and owing probably to her ceaseless care, he passed the crisis safely. When, according to the doctor's orders, a cart jolted up to the door with a coffin in it—for in cholera times no delays are permitted in France—the man who should have been ready for the coffin was lying in a quiet sleep with his daughter's hand in his, death, for the time at least, baulked of his prey.

After a while, however, there came to Henriette a certain sense of disappointment to damp the happiness which she had felt in devoting herself to her father.

When full consciousness returned to him a sort of uneasy, troubled look passed over his face as his eyes met those of his daughter; and at last, looking well round the room to be sure that no eavesdroppers might be near, he whispered, in an anxious tone of entreaty, "Do not betray me; no one knows anything. Give me your promise that you will keep my secret."

Henriette gave the desired promise, but her heart sank. Her father in his need was then willing to make use of her, relying on her tried affection, but he was not willing to acknowledge her. He had no affection to give in return.

A few days after this Henriette heard from the servants that Madame Garden and her daughters—for she had been a widow when Monsieur Garden married her—were about to return home. Henriette at once proposed that she should leave, since her services would no longer be required, but Monsieur Garden, with the peculiar selfishness of a selfish man in illness, strongly objected to such a course.

"I cannot spare my nurse," he said. "You must stay. *She* has no idea how to behave to an invalid. Why does she come back at all? I do not want her. But I want *you*, my child, I want you—and nobody need know," he added, in an earnest undertone of appeal.

To Henriette this climax was terrible. It was so sweet to her to feel that she was useful—so intoxicating to be assured by her father's own lips that he *wanted* her. And then, after being lifted up to this heaven of delight, it seemed all the harder to be at once hurled down again to the depths of despair by the cruel reiteration of the cry, "I am ashamed of you; I will not acknowledge you."

"Yes, yes," poor Henriette answered eagerly, anxious to assure her father that he need not grieve her by repeating what, alas! she understood only too plainly. "Yes, yes, as you say, no one need know, and I will stay with you as long as you need me."

In her own heart Henriette dreaded the return home of her father's wife more than she dared confess, even to herself. It seemed to her as though the task of concealing her identity would be hard before the keen eyes of a loving wife; and it also seemed to Henriette as though the mother for whom from infancy she had so longed was now to be held before her eyes only as a joy out of reach and forbidden. She schooled herself in many ways, by prayer and sternest resolves at self-suppression, to bear the sharpness of the coming trial. But the trial, when it came, was not by any means so severe as she had fancied it would be.

Madame Garden was, it may be presumed, not a specially loving wife, or her eyes were not sharpened to the extent which Henriette had feared. In truth, she troubled herself very little about either Monsieur Garden or his nurse. Henriette was not, either by nature or education, proud, and it did not, therefore, annoy her to be treated by her stepmother as a menial. Indeed,

on the whole, Henriette decided that she would prefer, were the choice offered her, not to enter into closer relationship with Madame Garden, and could by no means regret that the duty and affection of a daughter were not demanded of her.

The position was, however, at the best, a false one, and Henriette could scarcely regret the dismissal which she received from the mistress of the house some few days after her return.

"My husband is almost strong now and does not want a nurse any longer," said the lady. "You are only a useless expense, and," she added, "I suppose your wages have not been paid?"

"Monsieur Garden owes me nothing," said Henriette, warmly—and then adding, as she noticed the raised eyebrows of Madame, "I mean—of course, only one week, that is all, I can assure Madame."

Madame Garden shrugged her shoulders.

"You have known how to find your way to Monsieur's pocket. I am glad of it, believe me, but it is more than I have been able to do." Then she threw a piece of gold out of her purse on to the table at which Henriette was standing. "This, then, will settle matters with you. You may go as soon as you like."

Henriette took up the gold piece and put it into her pocket. After all, was it not earned? And from the presence of her father's wife she went straight to make her farewells to her father.

"Madame desires me to leave, and I think you will do well enough without me now," she said.

Monsieur Garden offered no objection, but his lips and hands trembled a little.

"Did—did she say you were to go?" he asked, weakly.

"Yes. But be sure," said Henriette, looking straight into her father's face, "be sure that at any time you may want me I am yours—yours only. Rely upon me."

Monsieur Garden looked up with something like moisture in his eyes, and held out his hand, but Henriette had gone, and he could only let it fall heavily down by his side, while a sigh, or it might have been a groan, escaped him.

Years later on Henriette was by chance sitting alone in the little garret with the view over the river where she still lived when not engaged in her usual work of nursing. But in truth the garret saw little of her now, for her fame had spread through the town, and she found herself very often in request. On this evening, however, she was for once idle, and in the dark she sat looking out of the open window, away over the river, where lights were beginning to twinkle and multiply themselves, and beyond this, at a dark belt of trees crowning a ledge of cliff, behind which she knew was the house where she had nursed her sick father. It was curious how often and how tenderly her thoughts went out towards that house, and towards the father whom she had tended as a mother might her child. The affection which Henriette in her girlhood had felt for her unknown parent had redoubled now that he had lain, helpless as an infant, in her strong arms, and had learned through all those weary weeks to look to her hand for life itself. But that was all very long ago now. Many years had passed over Henriette's head, leaving their trace in silver lines threaded among the brown of her hair. Since that time she had never seen her father, and only once heard of him. That was when, shortly after his illness, he, with his wife and wife's family, had moved away from the old house behind the trees to Paris, where it was rumoured he was making a large fortune by speculation. The old turreted house had long had other occupants, but Henriette could never pass by its gate without a thrill of emotion, such as a widow might feel on revisiting the spot where her honeymoon had been spent. In it the one little romance, or such it seemed to her, of her life had been passed. And that was now so long ago; so very long that unconsciously that time, and the time when her father first broke in upon her girl-life, seemed in her retrospect to be almost simultaneous. At least her thoughts ran easily from one to the other—from the daughter who had found her father sick and suffering, and tended him with a daughter's care, back to the time when the child was buoying herself up with day dreams of what her life beside her father would be. In her reverie Henriette passed again through that day of storm and tempest in which her father had first broken in upon her life. Indeed, as she gazed out over the river it seemed to her as if the very day itself had returned, for by one of the rapid changes not infrequent in Northern France, the hitherto calm and sultry evening had burst into a sudden passion of rain, with a sound of rolling thunder, rising higher and higher till it worked itself up into the fury of a storm, with vivid flashes of lightning, and long, loud reverberations. Henriette stood for a while at the open window listening to the thunder, and letting the rain drive in upon her. Perhaps it was this position which recalled to her mind so forcibly at the moment the day when she had stood in the pelting rain at the door of her cousin's cottage, to welcome her father, with all the bright hopes of her young life before her.

"How many years ago is that?" said Henriette to herself, musing. "Thirty? is it so many? Ah! how the time passes. And now I come to think of it, it was this very day—the last day of August. Strange that an old woman of forty-five should so keenly recall the feelings of a child of fifteen! Well! God's will be done," she added with a sigh, and closed the casement to shut out the driving storm.

As she did so a loud knocking at her door made her turn round.

"Mademoiselle Henriette, are you in?" asked a voice.

It was the voice of the *concierge* of the house.

Henriette went to the door and opened it.

"Yes, Madame Doban, what is it?" she asked in surprise, for it was unusual for the *concierge* to find her way up to the attic floor.

"Mademoiselle," said the woman, panting and sitting down on the first chair that offered itself, "there is a person asking for you below."

"Someone is taken ill, doubtless," said Henriette.

"I do not know, mademoiselle. The man—it is an old man—would not say what he wanted you for, nor where you were wanted for—and, to say truth, he had a look so wild and excited that I was unwilling to let him mount the stair, the more so as he is very dirty, and dripping with rain like a drowned dog."

"I will come," said Henriette; and as she passed lightly and swiftly down the many long flights of stairs, a strange, wild, improbable suggestion, that was half hope and half fear, shot across her brain. It almost seemed to her as though she had been expecting some one, and if some one, then whom?

She ran faster and faster the nearer she got to the courtyard, and it was with something like a cry of joy that she sprang towards a figure standing motionless in the dark little entry, its hands in its pockets, and its hat, from which water was pouring in little trickling streams, pushed over its eyes.

Though age and ruin and neglect had done their work effectually enough, there was not even a momentary hesitation on Henriette's part. She went to the bent, slouching figure, and laid her hand gently on the dripping sleeve.

"Father, you have come home," was all she said, but the tiny sentence—the tender intonation—implied volumes.

The old man turned and looked cautiously round him. "She would not let me in," he said; "she did not know me. So much the better. I do not want people to know me—you understand, Henriette."

"I understand," said his daughter, with a queer little pain dragging at her heart. "But come, we will go up. I—I seemed to have been expecting you all the day."

"You—you are alone, I suppose?" said her father, suspiciously.

"Quite."

She links the old man's arm in hers to help him up the long, steep stairs. She lights a fire in her room to warm and dry him; she sets before him all her small store of eatables; she makes up her own bed for his use, loading him with tenderest attentions; and from that day forth to the day of his death devotes herself to his service. He is very much broken, ruined alike in health and fortune; and only a very short time after seeking asylum with his daughter he is visited with a stroke of paralysis, which to a considerable degree affects his mind.

What are the circumstances which have led to his downfall from prosperity to destitution Henriette never knows, nor is she ever quite sure whether he is really in hiding, as he believes himself to be, from justice, or whether the idea is a hallucination. However this may be, he never leaves the house, and refuses absolutely to be seen by strangers.

The chief difficulty that Henriette experiences is that the work upon which she has hitherto maintained herself in tolerable comfort takes her much from home, and Monsieur Garden is urgent in insisting that she shall not leave him. What is to be done? Henriette at first refuses engagements, and lives upon some small savings which she has made, eking out her means by needlework with which some of her former patrons supply her. But she is not an adept in the art, and the savings are not long in coming to an end.

Monsieur Garden more than doubles the expenses of the little household, for his appetite is dainty, and he is even now apt to grumble a good deal if his tastes are not considered. It thus occurs to Henriette that, as her father sleeps well, and does not need her at night, and as, moreover, she has no bed upon which to lie, she might as well seek employment as a night nurse, and still perform all her usual duties with her father during the day.

This plan succeeds admirably, except that after a time Henriette finds herself utterly breaking down in health from the double strain put upon her, and she is compelled to give herself an interval of rest, during which one of the two who go to make up the little household lives almost on starvation diet. But that one is not Monsieur Garden! Afterwards Henriette determines that she will always allow herself two nights for sleep in the week, and pursue her avocation of night-nursing during the other five. This plan succeeds fairly well for about two years, at the end of which time Monsieur Garden becomes so ill that Henriette cannot venture to leave him by night or day. At this point every resource is taxed. The little rooms are denuded of their furniture. Everything that can be so transmuted is turned into money; and yet, though every spare moment is occupied in needlework, long arrears of debt are found accumulating upon Henriette. Her landlord and the tradesmen of the neighbourhood trust her, for they know her; but the burden is sometimes almost overpowering to the honest-hearted woman whose one pride through her long, solitary existence has been that of owing no man anything.

For the rest she is perfectly happy. The long-yearned-after blessing has been granted—her father loves her. And beside this untold boon other minor matters—such as poverty, privation, fatigue—are as nothing to her.

As the invalid's bodily strength gives way his mind also weakens, and gradually at the same time there seems to come over him a spirit of gentleness and calmness which is probably only a reflection of his daughter's constant influence, but which she welcomes with feelings of intense relief and gratitude. The sharp lines seem to die out of his face; the restless, uneasy watchfulness gives place to a look of quiet peace. The eyes no longer turn anxiously at every sound towards the door, but are content to follow the movements of Henriette as she crosses the room, or to rest upon her as she sits sewing by the bedside. Whatever anxieties or privations she, patient soul, may be suffering, no word of it escapes her. The sick man knows nothing and cares for nothing but that his wants are all supplied, and that his faithful nurse is ever at hand to tend and amuse him.

At last he is pleased to lie with his hand resting on his daughter's knee or shoulder while her busy fingers ply their ceaseless task, and her voice is occupied in amusing him as one might amuse an ailing infant. Sometimes she sings little hymns and songs to him, sometimes she tells him tales such as would amuse a child, or stories out of the Holy Book such as in far distant days her mother might have told her.

Henriette Garden was not, and never had been, to her father's disappointment, a brilliant woman. She had never been handsome, and he had despised her because she was plain and homely, and, as he thought, wanting. But now, in his last moments, it is upon her faded face that his eyes learn to linger with affection, and it is from her despised intelligence that he, the man of learning and accomplishments, draws his latest gleam of light, and from her teaching and example, it may be, his first hope of a purer and better life.

At length he passes away, and Henriette is herself laid prostrate with low fever of a severe type. She is taken to the hospital, and, to her intense horror, believes herself to be dying, for she cannot afford to die yet. Her life's work is not yet completed. She cannot die in peace with a load of debt upon her conscience! She implores the doctor, who has known her for many years in her work among the sick, to save her life, and tells him the reason of her anxiety. In an agony of mind she confides her story, or so much of it as is necessary, to him. The good doctor is so much struck and touched by it that he not only promises to use his utmost skill in restoring her to health, but communicates the case to the French Academy, by whom Henriette Garden, "the admirable daughter," is at once awarded a sum of money which not only relieves her from the pressure and distress of debt, but restores her to a position of comparative comfort.

After some months of slow convalescence Henriette attempts to resume her old occupation, but her health is shattered by the fatigues she has undergone, and before another year is over she follows her father to the grave, leaving as a legacy to the poor all the little wealth of which she is possessed.

L. G. SÉGUIN.

## Twilight in the City.

THE sky's still blue, but on St. Paul's
A rose-pink flush is spread,
Clear cut stand out the city walls
Against the west's faint red;
In streets the shadows creep about,
And one by one the lamps come out.

The sky grows dimmer—slowly fades
The rose flush from on high;
The darkness from below invades
The lovely lucent sky,
As earthly thoughts invade and blot
The soul where heavenly light is not.

The river still flows on—each bark
Moves safe—though day be done.
And on the Embankment thro' the dark
The lamps shine—one by one—
As hopes shine, when too hard to bear
Has grown the night of man's despair!

And this half-light—too clear for night,
Too tender-sweet for day—
Turns to soft grey life's black and white,
And shuts sad sights away.
So age brings to our tired heart's eyes
A veil—that's raised in Paradise.

E. NESBIT.

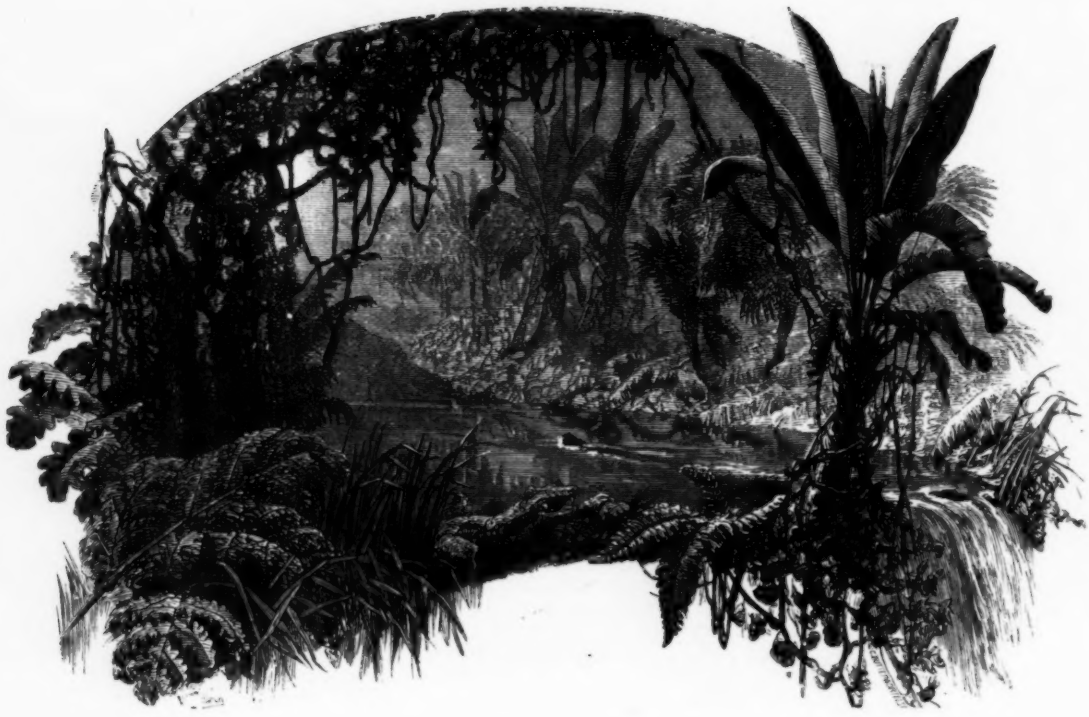


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TWILIGHT.

QUAI MALAQUAIS, PARIS.

[*H. Darien, Salon*, 1889.



# A CRUISE AMONG THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.[1]

## I.—CORAL ISLANDS.

LEADING an idle life in Honolulu last autumn, and wondering what would be the next phase of my wandering existence, it was with no little delight that I seized an opportunity that offered itself of visiting some of the southern islands of the Pacific Ocean. I had long possessed an ambition to do so, but to carry out such an excursion is no easy matter, for few are the vessels which have occasion to proceed so far out of the busy paths of traffic. However, it happened that a small vessel was leaving Honolulu for the South, intending to call at several islands seldom otherwise visited, and, it matters not how, I went in her. We set sail accordingly early in October.

Concerning our life on board little need be said. We experienced the usual "ups and downs" (pretty literally at times) of ship life, but as a rule the days spent at sea were monotonous and uneventful, and therefore unworthy of particular narration. My companions on board were few in number, but pleasant, and we passed the barren days agreeably enough together. It was, nevertheless, a distinct relief to our monotony to hear the cry of "Land ahead!" and to see the tree-tops of our first island come into view above the horizon. This was Washington Island, about three hundred miles north of the Equator, in long. 160° W.

An hour or two later we were lying a few hundred yards off the surf that beat in noisy white breakers on the coral beach. The island appeared nearly circular, shaped like a cheese-cake, with a base of white coral and a smooth top of thickly-growing cocoanut trees of uniform height. A few huts were to be seen amid these trees above the beach, and the red ensign of England floating above them showed in whose possession the island was. It is, in fact, owned by a Honolulu firm of Englishmen, who cultivate cocoanuts for the production of "copra." Landing here is unpleasant, owing to the surf, and as our stay was to be short I did not attempt it. The sole white inhabitant came on board, not sorry, probably, to hear himself speak in his mother tongue for a change. He had here about forty natives, not of this island (itself uninhabited when discovered in 1798), but of adjacent islands, imported by the firm he represented to work on the cocoanuts. Our captain's business was soon transacted; the hermit of the island departed to his realm, and we weighed anchor once more.

Sixty-five miles south-east of Washington lies Fanning Island, our next destination. Owing to baffling currents (in these parts strong and changeable), it took us three days to cover that not very great distance. It was evening when we arrived

[1] We are indebted for these papers to an officer in her Majesty's Navy.

off the anchorage, to enter which it was necessary to wait for the tide to slacken. While so waiting we were able to inspect the island from seaward. It is an "atoll," or ring-shaped reef of coral, enclosing a lagoon about nine miles in diameter. The island itself, which is thus some thirty miles in circumference, is not more than three or four hundred yards in breadth (on an average, for it is irregularly bounded), and is grown with cocoanut-trees, as well as indigenous plants, all round its entire length.

As we lay outside the break in the circular sweep of trees marking the entrance into the lagoon, we were struck with the beauty and variety of tint of the smooth water inside. Streaks of lightest blue, of green, and of yellow marked shallows of sand or coral; and these colours, bright in the setting sun, glittered through a framework formed by the dark-green trees in the foreground at the entrance, and contrasted with the dark blue of the water surrounding us outside.

Through the narrow entrance the tide rushed with great velocity. A little before dusk it slackened, and we glided into the lagoon piloted by one of the inhabitants who had come out to us in a small boat. We anchored just inside the entrance, off the little village containing the whole population of the island. Its huts were scattered about a grass plot under the cocoanut-trees, close to the point we had passed on our right-hand side in entering. A beach of dazzling white sand was quietly lapped by the clear water of the lagoon, and from it two small wooden piers ran out. Under the trees, upon the grass above the beach, were gathered a number of natives, their bright dresses putting the finishing touch to a pretty scene.

The brief twilight was soon over, and a night of profound peace followed. The picture from on deck early next morning surpasses description, as the black outlines of the graceful palms against the starlit sky changed to bright green in the rising sun, and the smooth water of the lagoon assumed innumerable varieties of colour—green, blue, yellow, opal—in the changing light, glittering transparent over the coral wonders beneath.

Later in the day I landed at the little pier to explore the place. Grass covered only a small area—the site of the village, where it had been sown. In the centre rose a neat little house of two storeys, the residence of Mr. ——, who superintends the work of the island, which, like that of Washington (both islands being, in fact, owned by the same firm), consists in the preparation of "copra." For this work natives are imported from neighbouring islands at fixed monthly wages, returning to their own homes after a short period, to be replaced by fresh batches of emigrant islanders. The inhabitants, at this time, numbered about forty, including the wives and families of the men. Their huts, of wooden poles and cocoanut leaves, were scattered about the grass-plot round the central building already mentioned. One or two possessed gardens of bananas, but not many fruit-trees were to be seen. Outside the huts sat at their ease on the turf the temporary populace. Dark-brown in skin, their faces were not unpleasing; of Malay type, with broad noses, intelligent eyes, and straight black hair. The women were dressed in the usual gown of the Pacific islands, a long robe-like garment, descending freely from neck to heel, and made of cotton printed in various colours and designs; the men in nondescript semi-civilised garb. There was a variety in feature and aspect among them, indicating different degrees of refinement in a curiously marked manner, for they came from different outlying islands, some of which are more civilised than others.

For very moderate wages these men worked for about eight hours a day, and well, for their pay depended on the quantity of cocoanuts they brought in per diem. The preparation of "copra" is simple. The nuts are picked up after they have fallen to the ground, and are not plucked from the tree. The husk and shell are removed, and the meat taken out and cut into rather small pieces, which are then spread out upon the floor of a shed to dry. When dry they are entitled to the name of "copra," and are sent in that condition to London or America to be pressed into oil.

Among the huts was one of larger size, the upper half of whose walls was open. Looking in, it could be seen that it was a miniature church, with pulpit, reading-desk, and seats for about eighty. On inquiry I found that all the natives were Christians, converts chiefly of the London Missionary Society. One of their number officiated as reader, and conducted services in the little church. Sundays were strictly observed.

The wants of the community were supplied by a "general store," superintended by Mr. ——. Communication with the outer world was maintained by a small schooner, which carried away the copra and brought back provisions and clothes for the store. This schooner had been missing for some time, and provisions were failing, so our visit was opportune.

Walking beyond the village, with whose limits the soft grass ceased, I emerged upon rougher ground of dead, broken coral. Through it sprang abundant vegetation, but of only three or four varieties, the commonest of which was a large-leafed sprawling bush, bearing a minute white flower faintly scented. In portions where the tide from the lagoon encroached, forming sandy flats, a kind of mangrove with wide-spreading roots grew. Overhanging the clear water of the lagoon were umbrella-like trees with thin bare trunks and long narrow leaves, which I afterwards found to be pandanus. Cocoanuts, of course, predominate; these were still being planted wherever there was room for them.

Large land-crabs abounded, bright-coloured, but unpleasant-looking, flourishing one gigantic claw. They are a great pest to the natives, having a liking for cocoanuts, to obtain which they ascend the smooth and lofty tree-trunks and sever the stalk of the nut, which then falls to the ground. The crab descends and regales himself on the hard-earned luxury. This feat seems to

credit the crab with a sagacity one would doubt its possessing, but the natives assured me of its truth.

Land-rats are another nuisance to the cocoa-nut growers, sharing with the crab its liking for that pleasant fruit. Tin plates are nailed round the tree-trunks near the ground to baffle these acrobatic vermin.

Walking along the curving shore of the lagoon, one could not but wonder at the marvellous manner in which the solid island underfoot had risen. Outside, within a few yards, roared the huge breakers of the Pacific Ocean, dashing themselves in foam on the outer edge of the circular atoll. Inside, from the quiet white beach stretched the big, calm lagoon, flashing with various colours — a vast basin raised in mid-ocean. And this mighty work, strong and beautiful, is done by a ludicrous, jelly-like, minute creature, courteously but wrongly called an insect.

To enter into a description of the theories of coral-building would occupy too much space here. One thing seems certain: that the coral "insect" cannot live below a depth of about thirty fathoms. The coral island, it was argued, must therefore either be built on submerged mountain-tops, or, if Darwin's theory be still accepted, have formed like a fringe round the water-line of a natural island, which, in the course of time subsiding, would leave the lagoon island, or atoll, to fill its place. This explanation was supported by the various volcanic and other islands still existing with either a fringing coral reef closely adhering to their sides, or a barrier reef further out, showing the gradual subsidence of the parent island. But the later theory of Mr. Murray, of "The Challenger," assumes that the foundations are not necessarily solid rock, but may be deep-sea deposits.

After transacting our business we sailed from Fanning Island and shaped our course for Christmas Island, 145 miles distant, lying in lat. 2° N. and long. 157½° W. In a few days we sighted it, and were shortly anchored off a small outlying island named after Captain Cook, who first discovered the place, which he called Christmas Island, after the season in which he first visited it. The name is inappropriate, for the island is unprepossessing in appearance—a desolate, barren strip of sand, enclosing a lagoon. Here we again met the ubiquitous flag of England, which flew over a point near our anchorage, on which a small settlement stood consisting of two or three wooden houses surrounded by a few trees.

Here one Englishman lived, with four natives and their wives. Their occupation was diving for mother-of-pearl shell, the business being conducted by a New Zealand firm, which owns the island. These natives, like those already met with, were imported from other islands—in this case from Penrhyn.

A curious fish story is told of Christmas Island. It is said that in the lagoon numbers of dead fish are to be found, naturally preserved (by the salt of the water, presumably) and fit for eating! This idea of fish pickled alive seems too good to be true. We had not time to ascertain the fact for ourselves, however, for in an hour or two we weighed anchor once more and steered for Malden Island (lat. 4° S., long. 155° W.), where we arrived a few days later.

Malden Island, which is also under the British flag, presents the same uninviting appearance as Christmas Island; a barren, dry expanse of sand, five miles long by four broad, containing a shallow lagoon unconnected with the sea. Outside, the water, even close to the beach, was too deep for anchoring. But moorings were laid down by the Melbourne company which owns and works the island for guano, its sole production, and to one of these we made fast.

Some of us landed for a walk. An ingenious wooden pier of some size, projecting beyond the breakers, allowed us to get on shore conveniently. A tramway ran along it, terminating in a shoot for loading boats with the guano for shipment. The pier was strongly secured to chains whose outer ends were anchored. Its piles were not driven into the ground, but, in case of a heavy sea, rose and fell, avoiding strain. Behind the pier, above the beach, stood a row of plain wooden huts and sheds with roofs of galvanised iron. One contained a condensing apparatus, the sole water supply of the island.

The inhabitants consisted of four white men and about a hundred natives of other islands, imported for periods of a few months at a time. But to this island, unlike the others, they were not allowed to bring their wives and families. Here they worked their term, returning to their own wooded islands with sufficient earnings to buy their greatest desire—a galvanised iron roof. (They are sometimes paid in this commodity itself.)

The manager of the island very kindly accompanied us to the guano-fields, which were about four miles from the landing-place, and connected with it by the tramway already mentioned. We got into a truck, and, pushed by four natives, traversed the island-plain, which was unrelieved by a single tree. A low, sprawling, seaweed-like plant largely covered the sand, and huge lumps of coral lay here and there. The lagoon, covering only a small portion of the island, shimmered in the distance. In about an hour we arrived at the scene of action. Here we found about fifty natives, under a stalwart half-white overseer, with pick and shovel digging the guano out of its rough coral bed. This prosaic but valuable substance resembles dark-brown sand. Its quality, varying greatly in different portions of the field, was tested by hydrochloric acid dropped upon it. The less resulting effervescence the better quality. After being dug up it was sifted through wire screens and placed in bags, with which the trucks were loaded. The south-east trade-wind, blowing constantly across the island, was then utilised. Certain of the trucks were masted and rigged like a boat. Hoisting a big square sail, and taking half a dozen trucks in tow, they sailed across the island to the pier, where they were unloaded and their cargoes piled up ready for shipment. After seeing the work, we

hoisted the sail in our truck and sailed merrily back to our starting-point, considerably quicker than we had travelled up. It was a peculiar and interesting expedition.

Malden Island was at one time itself inhabited. Tradition says that it was well wooded, and that rains (now almost unknown) were frequent. But the trees disappeared, cut down by tempests or by the inhabitants, and rain ceased. The inhabitants, deprived of water, disappeared, and nothing more is known of them. Traces remain of their wells, their paths, and their graves.

## TRIFLES.

"'TIS but a trifle!" And the man passes on, kicking aside as he goes some precious opportunity which has been laid in his path by angels.

"'Tis but a trifle!"

But another picks it up and takes it into his life as a thing to be rejoiced over. And he is glad, for he knows that simple unconsidered items are of incalculable importance in the making of nations as well as of lives. Perchance a student, he will tell you of the preciousness of odd moments. And, laying figures before you, he will present a case of this kind. Suppose one boy, aged ten years, determines to rise at five o'clock all the year round. Another of the same age, indolent and fond of ease, rises at eight every morning. If they both live to be seventy years old the one will have gained over the other, during the intervening period of sixty years, 65,745 hours, equal to 2,739 days, or just seven and a half years. Or if, with his student days at an end, and now face to face with the world in everyday life, he is yet determined to preserve his existence sweet and bright by keeping up an acquaintance with what is best in art and literature, he will tell you that this is no impossibility, but far from it; that the proper place of both literature and art is side by side with the coarser plants of daily necessity, and that they "must depend for their culture not on the exclusive devotion of time and wealth, nor the quickening rays of titled patronage, but on hours and seasons snatched from the pursuit of worldly interests."[1] Then, again, a man of business, with his eye "on the main chance," has his excuse for every bit of energetic outburst or thoughtful economy on his part. He has heard that 2,500,000 clover-tubes have to be sucked by industrious bees to produce one single pound of honey; so every customer, however trivial his requirements, is carefully attended to, for he is determined that no clover-tube shall remain unsucked by him.

That there is a contemptible way of looking at small things one is bound to confess. "The temper that leads to put great weight upon trifles, and consequently to raise great trouble and vexation out of nothing, is the chief ingredient of that bitter mixture which makes life unhappy."[2] A too searching carefulness makes a man fidgety and suspicious, and is apt to dwarf his nature and cripple his soul. Pursued to morbidness, it takes the manliness out of him, keeps his inner life away from the light, destroys the emotions which prompt to good deeds—in short, makes him a miserable failure for angels to pity and God to be sorry over. But when, on the other hand, trifles are turned into rungs of the ladder along which a man ascends to holy heights of supreme achievement, then are all things well. For by means of a ladder it is possible to either descend into dark depths or to ascend to where pure air and sunshine are. The ladder is ours, and it is also ours to use it for upward or downward purposes.

We often prate long and loudly of the spirit of the age, and of the swift-footed progression hurrying along on all sides of us; but do we always recognise the importance of the influence of the home in any culture or advancement worthy a name? An Englishman's house is not merely his castle; it is the spot whence emanates the power which rules kingdoms and emperors. And yet it is but a nest of trifles! Here the boy or girl grows up, and—though we fully acknowledge that his or her future depends greatly on mental and bodily qualities possessed at birth—here, by the small occurrences and influences of daily life, are shaped the original gifts. Given, for instance, a boy with musical genius: are not the early home surroundings answerable to an untold degree for the paths he will afterwards tread in his professional career? The lad has a gift to unlock the hearts of mankind, to make princes weep or mobs forget their malice and laugh. Is he to prostitute his God-given powers, or is he to look upon them reverently and treat them as talents to be hereafter required of him? For partial answer, watch keenly the ways and words of his parents; the gift of prophecy in the case is wonderfully simplified if based upon observations in this direction. Many a girl's future, and many a boy's, has been sweetened and made worthy and kept pure through recollections of what of good intent and purpose lay about their early footsteps. The memory of the music of a mother's voice, or the vision of some fair flower which long ago lived in the sunshine outside the bedroom window, has, before now, lifted men and women out of degrading depths, and caused them to sit in purity and peace. Hence the necessity for high and holy purpose in the small things which go to make up the sum-total of home-life, and for the strictest care in keeping the youthful

[1] Washington Irving.
[2] Lord Kames: "Art of Thinking."

minds over which we have influence in a healthy atmosphere.

> "Murmur soft music to their dreams,
> That pure and unpolluted run,
> Like to the new-born crystal streams
> Under the bright enamoured sun."

What trifles, too, suffice to cause the heart of a man to cling lovingly round his own hearth-stone! Coming from the rush and struggle in which he finds his daily bread, he crosses the threshold of his door, and straightway the world is shut out, and all by means of the handful of books he loves, the few pictures on the walls, the grasses and flowers about him, but chiefly through the sweet smile of love which welcomes him. Incomplete as his existence might seem whilst treading the dusty ways of business life, his home makes him at once realise that

> "The world were not so bitter,
> But a smile could make it sweet."[1]

Husband and wife should alike remember daily how much their mutual happiness and good depend on turning towards each other the bright side of every experience. "Little joys refresh us constantly like house-bread, and never bring disgust; and great ones, like sugar-bread, briefly, and then bring it. Trifles we should let not plague us only, but also gratify us; we should seize not their poison-bags only, but their honey-bags also; and if flies often buzz about our room, we should, like Domitian (?), amuse ourselves with them, or, like a certain Elector, feed them."[2] But where small things prove to be both worthless and disagreeable, there must be united effort to banish them, for "nine gadflies will beat the strongest horse, four Caffre bulls an African lion, and, by the common tale, one troop of mice an archbishop."[3]

We must also by no means forget the trifling amenities of social life. "On the occasion of Solomon's marriage, all the beasts, laden with presents, appeared before his throne. Behind them came the ant, with a blade of grass: Solomon did not despise the gift of the ant."[4] Who can possibly foresee the effects which might follow a pleasant word or kindly act, however small?

> "I shot an arrow into the air—
> It fell to earth, I knew not where;
> For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
> Could not follow it in its flight.
>
> I breathed a song into the air—
> It fell to earth, I knew not where;
> For who has sight so keen and strong
> That it can follow the flight of song?
>
> Long, long afterward, in an oak,
> I found the arrow still unbroke;
> And the song, from beginning to end,
> I found again in the heart of a friend."[1]

A great Frenchman once confessed that indolence, negligence, and delay in little duties to be fulfilled had been far more prejudicial to him than great vices.

Events which have revolutionised the world have had their birth in trifles, apparently weak and worthless, and seemingly at first without meaning or influence. But the rill has grown into a stream, and in turn the stream has made majestic sweep into the boundless ocean. The Hindoos have a saying that the earth rests on the back of an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise; and Pascal, seeing the intimate connection between little things and great, wrote in his "Pensées," "If the nose of Cleopatra had been a little shorter, it would have changed the history of the world." Even history itself is to many but a vast setting for the portraits of some few heroes, men of lowly birth often, but of iron will, stout and earnest. Very simple occurrences sometimes furnish the bias which turns the footsteps of individuals in the direction of so-called greatness—a child's lisping tale, a thought born in the darkness of the night, an anxious mother's warning, a father's spoken ambition for his son's future, or perchance the falling of a tree or the burning of a house. Every boy knows of Newton and the apple, of Watts and the kettle, and of scores of other illustrations of that of which we write; and what school lad is there who cannot tell of what the theft of Helen of Troy did for the olden world? Instances abound in which a great career has hung upon an apparent accident. "Lord Eldon was within an ace of retiring from the bar upon a curacy, and the Duke of Wellington of leaving the army for a commissionership of customs. It rests upon respectable, if not quite unimpeachable, authority that Cromwell, Hampden, and Arthur Hazlerigg were on the point of weighing anchor to join the Pilgrim Fathers when a royal embargo was laid upon the ship. In the summer of 1829 Thiers was certainly on the point of accompanying Captain Laplace on his voyage of circumnavigation round the world, although the precise motive and intention are left in doubt. All the biographers are agreed that what decided him to stay was the formation of the Polignac Ministry, August 5th, 1829."[2]

We know of no more interesting branch of reading than that which traces the growth of ideas and the development of events. 'Tis invariably a repetition of the parable of the mustard seed—small beginnings, great results. Plutarch tells us that Romulus, to try his strength, threw a spear from Mount Aventine to the Palatine Hill, the head of which struck so deep into the ground that none could pull it out, and so it grew and shot forth branches, and became an exceeding

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1 Tennyson: "Maud."
2 Richter: "Quintus Fixlein."
3 Musæus: "Melechsala."
4 See Emerson's Essay on Persian Poetry for this pretty scrap of fiction.

1 Longfellow.
2 Hayward: "Sketches of Eminent Statesmen," etc.

great tree, which was preserved piously by posterity.

Innumerable cases occur in daily life which unmistakably show that the world actually does know nothing of its greatest men and women. The heroism and martyrdom of some poor folk in cottages shame the very naming of what is done in the heat of blood on the battlefield. A soldier's deeds in a wild half hour before the enemy are not to be named in the same breath with the patient self-sacrifice and devotion of a life to others' good, that occurs oftener than the careless imagine, and which, alas! the rattle of military drums makes us look upon as trifling.

In literature the taste just now lies in the direction of lightsome morsels—thistledown blown to us through the ages. And it must be admitted that the artistic completeness of form of some of our modern productions is really suggestive of centuries of careful study of what pertains to grace and finish. We refer here more particularly to the dainty setting of our recent verse—the matter we are not concerning ourselves about just now. Even this development of artistic taste has its basis in things small and commonplace. "We should know," says Goethe, "the weary steps of mere handicraft and mechanism, over which the man of talents has struggled in the course of centuries, before we can conceive how it is possible for the man of genius to move with airy freedom on the pinnacle whose very aspect makes us giddy."

The essentially hurried condition of modern life makes its demand for these small things in letters; and where a demand shows itself, there also rapidly will the supply be found. Now and then a scholar will lift up his voice and cry aloud against this frittering of moments in small literature of decidedly small worth. But if we view the matter in other than a narrow way, this trifling with trifles is not really so absurd as it is made to appear. A business man—to use an everyday example—coming home tired from his office in the evening does not usually feel equal to Homer or Virgil—or Milton, for all that—when his feet have got comfortably into his slippers for a couple of hours before bedtime. He much prefers something in paper covers of neat and handy size, of a couple of hundred pages, and with not too much on a page. And, in spite of Mr. Frederic Harrison, we would gladly give it him; but at the same time we are bound to confess that what is worth reading of this kind is limited. A story-teller possessed of the prime elements of earnestness and purity, with added gifts of humour and pathos, and an unmistakable appreciation of dramatic situation, with ample power to use it all skilfully, and in a short and closely-packed manner—such a man, in the present condition of affairs, has the English-speaking world for an audience if he desires it.

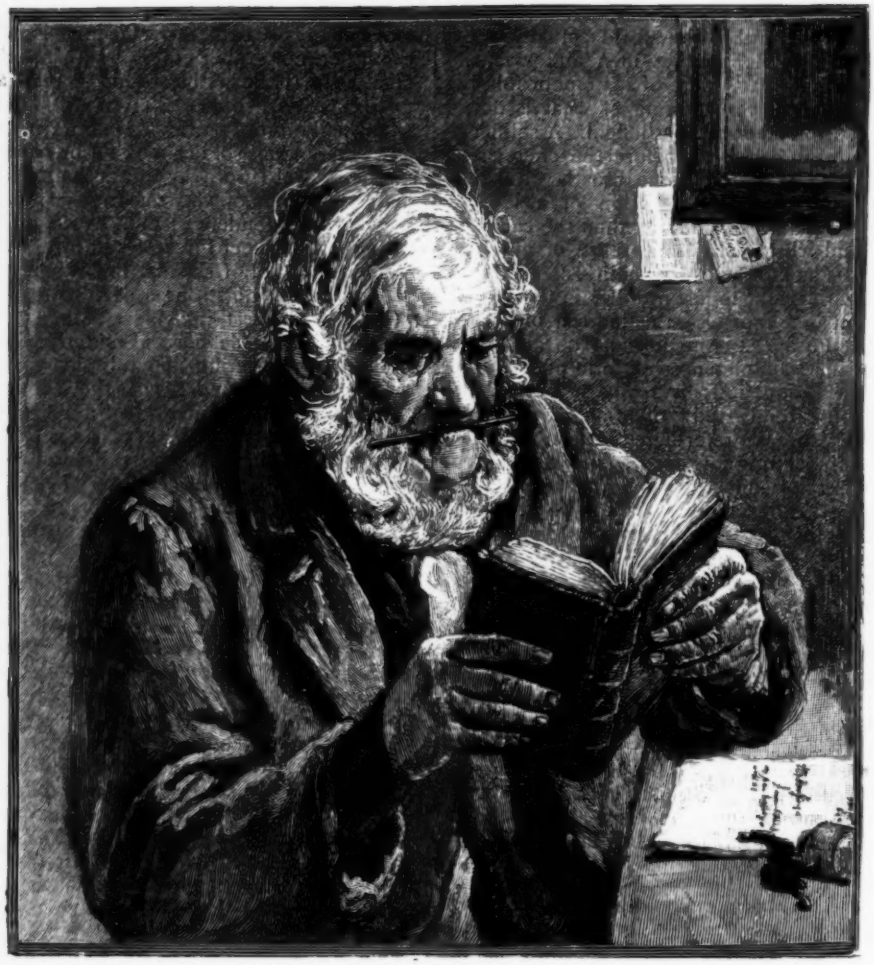
Note also in this connection the absorbing interest shown in the daily affairs of a famous man. The veriest nonsense is scattered broadcast and finds ready readers on the one hand, and, on the other, newspaper editors waiting with scissors and paste to keep the gossip going—and such gossip as it is, forsooth! With gravity sufficient to make the brute part of creation grin they relate what the famous soldier took for breakfast, or what garments were worn by the author who has just issued a volume of very queer verse of extremely questionable tendency; and so on till the thing kills itself by sheer force of its own absurdity.

The very soul of scandal and venomous small-talk (to give it no stronger designation) lies in an unhealthy interest in trifles. Many a poor old cottager has made her days utterly miserable by continually bothering about "what he said," and "what she did," and "what they thought"; and yet is not this strained and forcible interest the life-spirit of such a book as Boswell's "Life of Johnson"? Does gossip really grow pardonable when it is translated into print and becomes stale?

It is impossible to get away from the all-powerful grip of small things. Read a volume by some acknowledged writer, for instance, and what do you retain of it all? You will find that what is definitely left with you is a smart aphorism or two, or a pointed story. The influence of the book as a whole might live with you and colour your life; but when memory stretches out to lay forcible grasp on what it can, there is usually very little to be immediately secured. Does anything of Sir Philip Sidney's stick to a reader like his confession that the accents of the old ballad of "Chevy Chase" always sounded in his ears like a trumpet-call? To another the reading of Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott" is valuable chiefly for the graphic picture it contains of the great novelist's end: "It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound, of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." The fact that Gibbon, whilst he sat and mused amidst the ruins of ancient Rome, there first conceived the idea of writing his "Decline and Fall," is generally more familiar to the majority of readers than any single chapter of his "splendid bridge from the old world to the new."

It were easy to dilate on the importance of trifles in Art, Literature and Science, in Religion and in Society—in short, in all that pertains to life; but enough has been said to show how profitable and interesting the subject might be to one who cares to follow it for his own individual delectation.

J. ROGERS REES.



## ETYMOLOGICAL DOUBLETS.

THERE are points in which the natural history of language bears a striking analogy to that of plants. If a highly cultivated rose, for instance, with exquisite hue and scent, or a delicately flavoured pippin, the product of long years of careful skill, be allowed to grow at its own wild will, with no cultivating hand to preserve and foster the specially developed excellence, soon and surely its characteristic virtue departs, and it falls back in type towards its origin in the common dog-rose of the hedges, or the sour crab of country lanes. So if a highly inflected and cultured language is cut adrift from literary associations, and is made the vehicle of speech among an uncouth semi-barbarous race, its inflections are soon lost or largely modified, and the words of its sonorous and dignified vocabulary are ruthlessly compressed and cut short to suit the convenience of the vulgar tongue.

Especially was this the case with Latin, when, in the decadence of the Roman power, it remained as the general medium of communication among the soldier-colonists of the provinces and the tribes whom they had conquered—when in Gaul, for example, the fusion of these elements of population, hastened by their common subjugation to invading bands of hardy German warriors, produced the Frankish or French nation, and their rough use of the polished language of Rome broke it down into the curter, sharper speech of Old French. It was then that the changes took place by which *primum-tempus* was transformed into *printemps*, *bonum-augurium* into *bonheur*, *sabbati-diem* into *samedi*, *quisque-unus* into *chacun*, *quinquaginta* into *cinquante*—and so on.

This breaking down of Latin into Old French, purely popular and unscientific as was the process, and rudely unconscious on the part of those who effected it, was yet marked by certain well-defined characteristics; the mere instinctive desire for ease

of utterance, acting freely and as it were at random, fell into grooves as constant and unvaried as if they were the result of preconcerted rule; so that philologists can say, with near approach to precision, what form any given Latin word, if it survives into Old French, is sure to take. Three main principles underlie the process: the syllable accented in Latin is always preserved in French; a short vowel before the accented syllable is elided; and a medial consonant (*i.e.*, a consonant standing between two vowels) usually disappears; there are also various minor consonant-changes and vowel-modifications which it would be beyond our present purpose to specify. These main rules we shall come back to by-and-by.

Several centuries later, when this transformation had been fully wrought out, the Norman Conquest of our island, and the flooding of our language and literature with Norman-French phraseology, brought into our vocabulary many of these relics of hacked and shrivelled Latin; our tongue became enriched with words which, borrowed from French, were of Latin origin; our Saxon speech received its great infusion of Romance. But at the same time Latin, in its original purity, was known and studied by the clergy, and when they were at a loss how to express in English some abstract idea or ecclesiastical notion, they took the corresponding word from Latin, altered it slightly to adapt it to English form, and incorporated it in our language. Wyclif, in translating the Bible, frequently took this liberty; and still later, during the revival of classical learning in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the practice was greatly extended.

Now it so happened that in many cases the Latin word thus taken directly into English was one which had already, having been melted in the crucible of popular talk into an Old French form, come into English long before: so that from the one fountain-head twin rivulets of speech passed to the same destination by two different channels, one short and direct, the other long and circuitous; and often, moreover, the lengthy and roundabout passage had not only changed the form of the word, but had also modified its meaning.

Hence it comes about that we have in English many instances of what are called etymological doublets, words traceable to one and the same source, which are more or less different in form, and more or less different in meaning as well, with a variation indeed that at times is startling and even ludicrous.

Thus Latin had the adjectives *fragilem, legalem, quietum, regalem, rotundum, securum;* by loss of medial consonant in Old French they reached us in the forms *frail, loyal, coy, royal, round, sure;* direct from Latin we have *fragile, legal, quiet, regal, rotund, secure.* With the exception of the pairs *regal* and *royal, rotund* and *round*, which are practically synonymous, the corresponding adjectives differ considerably in meaning, those of the latter set (direct from Latin) being always more literal: *Fragile* is applied to glass and china, and to human beings when they seem equally flimsy and destructible, but for virtue and moral fibre of the same quality *frail* is the only word. *Legal* denotes anything that has to do with law, but *loyal* refers only to those who reverence law, especially as centred in the person of a sovereign. *Quiet* is widely used of the absence of noise and bluster, but *coy* has a far more limited application, and describes a unique attitude of maidenly reserve, of "No" on the lips with a "Yes" at heart, that is more easily recognized than defined. *Secure* is "free from care," with no physical anxiety or fear of danger, whilst *sure* carries us into a higher region, and sets us free from moral and mental anxiety, from all the torment and trouble of doubt.

Another adjective, not so much abbreviated because the Latin has a double instead of a single medial consonant, is *poignant*, the French equivalent of Latin *pungentem*, "pricking, stabbing," whence by direct transference the English *pungent*. The words are the same in origin, but they are not mutually replaceable; we cannot speak of "pungent grief," nor of the "poignant smell of pepper."

Amongst the nouns thus duplicated in English use, those from Latin nouns ending in *-tionem* are the most numerous; in these the accented syllable was the *-on-*, which is therefore always preserved. Latin *redemptionem* is a good example, in which the medial consonant *d* first falls out, leaving *re-emptionem;* and then by successive phonetic changes, the first *e* becomes *a*, the *p* is dropped, *mt* becomes *nç*, and the Old French word appears as *raençon*, further modified on its passing to English into *ransom*—the precise equivalent of *redemption*, for equally by ransom and by redemption the prisoner is "bought back" to liberty.

The equivalence in meaning of the two derivatives is rarely so exact as this, however. From Latin *potionem* our directly-adapted word is *potion*, a draught or drink, but the French word is significantly restricted to a deadly draught, a *poison*. *Tradition* is the handing on of knowledge from age to age, whilst *treason* is the handing over of rights and privileges into the power of an enemy. A *ration* is a strictly calculated amount of food, and *reason* is the whole ability of the mind to calculate, think, and judge—in which instance, by exception, the French word keeps closer to the literal meaning of the Latin *rationem*. *Prehension* is the act of seizing or capturing, whilst *prison* (regularly reduced from *prehensionem* to *prensionem, presionem, preison, prison*) is now the place where the captured person is confined. Other examples of noun doublets are *balsam* and *balm* from Latin *balsamum*, *crypt* and *grotto* from *crypta, gaud* and *joy* from *gaudium, vote* and *vow* from *votum*, together with the three following that may be examined more fully.

An *antiphon* is a responsive hymn, in which two choirs answer one another in song:—

> "In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice,
> To render to the Lord with thankful voice,
> An endless Alleluia!"

Etymologically *anthem* is the same word; the Latin *anti"phona*, with accent on the *i*, retained this syllable in Old French, while the medial consonant *ph* gradually disappeared; the Old French

forms were *antievne*, *antienne*, and the English development was *antefne*, *antemne*, *antem*, *anthem*. The original sense of *anthem* long survived, Cockeram, in 1623, defining it as "a Song which Churchmen sing by course one after another"; but now all idea of responsive singing is lost in *anthem*, and has to be expressed by the modern adaptation *antiphon*.

*Cadence* and *chance* seem widely sundered in meaning, and yet they have their one source in the Latin *cadentia*, "falling"; *cadence* indicates the interval or fall from one note to another in music, or the dropping of the voice in speech; *chance* is a "falling" too, the falling-out or happening of events.

But who would suspect that *hospital* and *hotel*, one the sad refuge of poverty-stricken disease, the other the lounge of luxury, could have anything in common? Nevertheless the Latin *hospitale* fathers them both, and declares them both to be "guest-houses," from *hospes*, "guest"; this word, modified into French *hôtel* by omission of the medial *p* and short vowel *i*, and by the absorption of *s* into the circumflexed *ô*, has come to mean in English a house of entertainment for well-to-do travellers, a large and stylish inn; whilst a *hospital* receives guests of quite another stamp.

Passing on to doublets among the verbs, we may notice that *compute* and *count*, almost identical in meaning, both come from Latin *computare*, *probe* and *prove* from *probare*. Nor will those who have followed the alterations of form already traced out be surprised to hear that *blame* is the same word as *blaspheme*; *blame* preserves the original meaning "speak ill of" (Greek βλασφημέ-ειν) weakened in force to "find fault with, condemn"; *blaspheme* has been introduced direct from Latin for the sake of the special theological sense it supplies. Then, too, *direct* and *dress* have the same origin; and since *direct* has for its root-idea *rectus*, "straight" or "right," the maid-servant who paraphrases her *dressing* as "setting herself straight" or "putting herself to rights," is unconsciously substituting an equivalent that is etymologically fitting.

One curious effect of the pronunciation of mediæval Latin, giving rise to several interesting doublets, remains to be noticed. In the Latin of that period the letter *i* was often sounded as a *j* or soft *g*; so that from a semi-vowel it became a thorough consonant, and then, in the subsequent development of Old French, leaning against the consonant preceding it, gradually pushed the latter out of existence; thus Latin *hordeum*, "barley," became successively *hordium*, *hordjum*, *hordje*, *horje*, *orge*. In like manner Latin *cavea* became *cavia*, *cavje*, *cage*, whence we have as doublets *cave* and *cage*, both originally meaning "a hollow place," though their present use refers to hollow places very different in character. So *rabies*, "madness," recently introduced as a scientific term, more especially in connexion with the canine malady that makes muzzling an unfortunate necessity, has an equivalent of more general application in its co-derivative *rage*.

And, lastly, *calumny* is a direct transference to sixteenth-century English of Latin *calumnia*, whilst through Old French we had the same word long before in other guise. *Calumnia* there developed into *calumnje*, *calunje*, *calunge*, and with varying vowel in the second syllable *calonge*, *calange*, *calenge*; in central French the initial *c* became softened into *ch* (a modification of which we have already had an example in *chance*), and hence came our English *challenge*, found as far back as the thirteenth century. An early instance of its use, from the Northumbrian poem "Cursor Mundi," says that "The bestis lauerd sal ga quite Of alkines chalange and wite," which means that "the animal's owner shall go free of all kind of accusation and blame"; and Wyclif's translation of Jeremiah vii. 6 speaks of "fals chaleng to a fadirless child." Latin *calumnia*, the original of both words, meant "misrepresentation, false accusation"; *challenge* has risen in the social scale, and is now an honourable proffer of a trial of strength or skill; *calumny* has, if possible, gone down still lower, and is associated in sense with the basest and vilest of false charges.

If we come to an end here, it is not that the stock of doublets is exhausted, but because enough have been placed before our readers to illustrate amply this curious and interesting feature of our language.

ALFRED ERLEBACH.

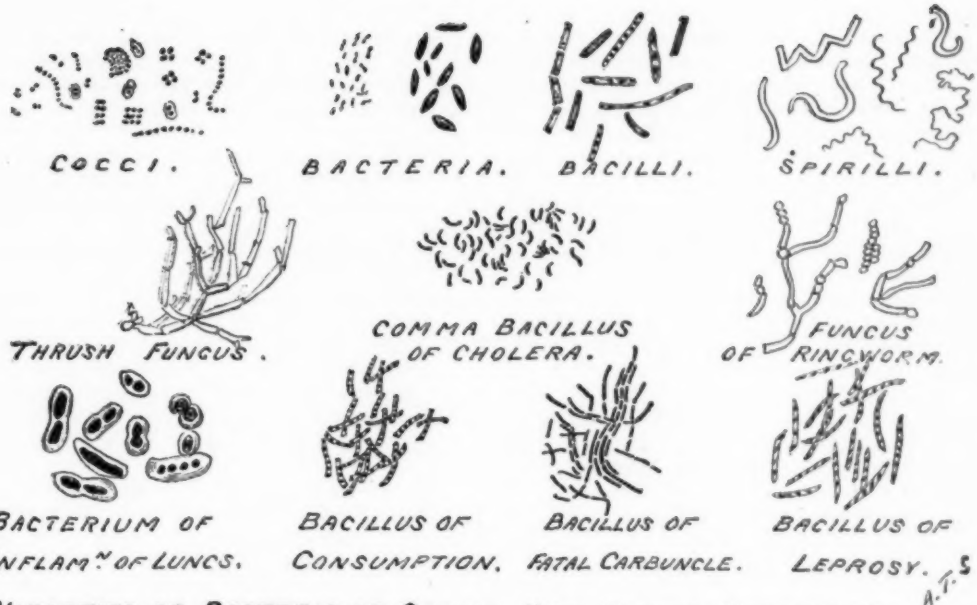
## The Ivy Flower.

O, IVY-FLOWER, white ivy-flower,
You're small and very shy;
You're hardly seen in your bower of green,
And many pass you by;
But the grey moth knows where your clusters hide,
And comes to you at eventide.

O, ivy-flower, white ivy-flower,
It's late before you bloom,
When the trees are dead, and the birds have fled,
And the rain and the mist have come;
But your honey-cup, as the grey-moth knows,
Is as sweet as the nectar of the rose.

C. J. LEE.

# ABOUT GERMS.




VARIETIES OF BACTERIA OR GERMS VERY HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.

WE propose in a few words to state what is at present known of this obscure yet fascinating subject, and in doing so to avoid exaggeration on either side.

First of all, as to the existence of these Germs. In numbers they are formidable. Every pound of surface soil, speaking generally, and in good bold round numbers, is said to contain the matter of some five hundred million of them, more or less. Every article of food, clothing, furniture, the walls, ceilings, floors, streets, houses—everything, in short, is thickly covered with them, including this very paper on which their secrets are now partially revealed. The air, indeed, is not so crowded, town air—real town air—averaging, the West with the East end, about five thousand per cubic yard, while real country air only contains about one hundred—a slight difference! The reader will be relieved to hear that there are, however, depths and heights to which they do not penetrate. They are not found at the depth of one yard in the solid earth, nor at a height of one hundred thousand feet.

Now, what are these beings? Are they mere ideas, or are they animal, vegetable, or mineral? A common notion is that they are animals of some sort, the reality being that these and all other germs are vegetables, and not animals at all. They are also very lowly and humble vegetables; principally varieties of fungi, and consisting of the plant itself and the seeds or spores, of which some varieties are here portrayed.

They certainly do act occasionally in a curious and somewhat animal-like way, as we shall proceed to show.

Some of them never move at all, while others are always moving about, some with a smoothly gliding, others again with a tremulous, motion. These more active ones (still vegetables) are seen to avoid obstacles, and to free themselves from objects with which they may come in contact.

The means by which they thus progress are not easily discerned, as they themselves are rather small, twenty thousand being required to reach an inch, but are believed to be by a lashing movement, produced by a small whip at either end.

These germs are not only numerous, but they are capable of increasing rapidly, being said to multiply at the rate of a million an hour.

In the Royal Institution, on October 23rd, 1875, thirty small test-tubes, containing clear water, in which hay had been steeped, were exposed to the air. On the 26th they looked mouldy, on the 27th cloudy, and on the 29th muddy, and it was computed that a million germs a day had fallen into each of these thirty tubes.

There are many varieties of these germs. Of the dots, or Cocci, there are eighty known and named varieties. Of the oval bodies, or Bacteria, there are fifty varieties. Of the rods, or Bacilli, there are forty varieties. Of the spirals and irregular shapes there are thirty varieties.

The history of these beings is interesting. Their discovery gave us the secret of all decomposition, and at the same time told strongly against spontaneous generation. This quality of matter had been always asserted, and seemed incapable of refutation.

The labours of Pasteur tended in the same direction. He placed the most easily decomposed

fluids—strong beef-tea, etc.—in tubes with very long, narrow necks, well boiled the fluid, and then, keeping the neck red-hot by a spirit-lamp, allowed the germ-laden air to have free access; when, all the germs being burnt up as they passed through, the liquid remained sweet. He did more: he drew out the long neck still further and bent it round and round like a corkscrew; then kept decomposable fluids for months in the tubes, freely exposed to the common air. The germs could not traverse all the curves of the neck, and were deposited *en route*, leaving nothing but pure air to pass on. He then at the end of months broke the neck off short, and in twenty-four hours the beef-tea swarmed with life. In another he merely tilted the fluid up to reach some of the dust in the curves of the neck, and it soon decomposed. By these simple yet brilliant experiments he showed that all microscopic life and decomposition were due to germs.

In 1850 the germ of splenic fever was discovered, and the researches of Pasteur and others on yeast, on the silkworm disease, and infectious diseases in cattle, made the study popular; while Koch only a few years ago showed how easily in certain fluids these germs could be cultivated at will in glass tubes, and their whole life-history studied. Pasteur has gone further, for he has shown how the wildest of these germs (if germs they be), that of hydrophobia, can not only be tamed and rendered harmless, but how they can in their turn be made, like a tame elephant, to capture and subdue their untamed fellows.

Professor Tyndall's celebrated discovery—that liquids, otherwise soon turbid and filled with animal life, if every germ were killed by boiling, and all germ-laden air excluded by cotton-wool plugs, or the liquids taken to a pure Alpine air, where no germs are found at high altitudes, would keep clear, and consequently free from life an indefinite time,—this discovery has long since passed into history.

Such, then, is a brief account of the innumerable beings which we can neither see, hear, taste, nor smell, but whose labours are so gigantic that they slay hundreds of thousands of our race every year, and, having killed them, proceed to devour not only them, but every dead or dying thing, animal or vegetable, on the face of the whole world.

For it is true that but for their presence thousands would be alive who are now dead, but it is also true that but for their presence we could not live at all. Consider what would happen if every dead thing were preserved for ever. Imagine our England alone. Besides mountains of dead vegetable matter, the earth would be covered with the imperishable carcases of antediluvian monsters, only concealed from view by innumerable bodies of later animals, to say nothing of the layers of dead Britons, Romans, Saxons, and Danes, with an upper crust of Normans, all, however, covered by myriads of English of late years.

The imagination indeed refuses to picture what this earth's surface would resemble were it not for these destructive and devouring agents aiding the decomposing powers of chemistry.

It is now found that the moment that mysterious antiseptic called "life" is out of the body, or out of any part of it, legions of germs, like an army of navvies, set to work on every part and fairly carry it away, getting, however, none the larger by so doing, but dissipating the solid flesh into its component gases. They are thus universal scavengers, and have never yet received the due thanks of mankind at large for their indefatigable labours.

On the towers of silence of the Parsees in India, bodies exposed are picked clean in twenty-four hours by vultures, and in the same way, though unseen, our microscopic vultures will leave, in only a short time longer, nothing but a bleached skeleton, which in its turn will eventually fall a prey to their insatiable appetites.

Interesting observations have been made on the tails of tadpoles, the gradual disappearance of which during the transformation of their owners into frogs is now found to be due to exceptionally ferocious and voracious germs termed "phagocytes," who devour them piecemeal.

Germs may, indeed, be divided into two great classes: those which feed only on dead or dying tissues, and are unable or unwilling to attack others; and those which attack living bodies, and cause in most, if not all, specific diseases in both vegetables and animals.

This view is, however, still stoutly combated. On its first inception a doughty champion stepped into the lists to do battle with these daring foes,—with his carbolic sprays to kill them in the air,„his carbolic sponges to kill them in the skin, his carbolic water and oil to kill them on the very instruments used, and his carbolic dressings to prevent their subsequent formation in the wound, to say nothing of his well-carbolised wards, surgeons and nurses. These mystic rites are still solemnly performed by legions of his followers, and have doubtless caused the greatest consternation among the germ hosts. Mortality has been largely decreased, and decomposition arrested, and the foe everywhere vanquished.

But, as usual, the pendulum has swung, and now we find surgeons, not, we trust, in league with these hidden powers of darkness, and certainly not less skilful and renowned, not destroying, but defying, and even ridiculing these unseen powers. This last-named school use no spray, or water, or oil, but boldly undertake the most tremendous operations with undisinfected knives and hands; and oh! horror of horrors! not only wash out tremendous wounds with warm water from the tap, in which something like thirty-seven species of germs are known to flourish, while they boldly declare that if they could only get enough of them they would make their packings and dressings of germs, so harmless do they hold them. Such temerity is awful. Men like these would dare anything, laugh at the cannon's roar, and smile at a thunderbolt: and yet, it seems, they are apparently justified by results.

In Lucerne, I remember being told by the intelligent surgeon in charge of the Cantonal Hospital, where many severe operations are done,

what good results he had from disinfectants, from corrosive sublimate, and other lotions and dressings; but how, when at last he used undisinfected plain warm water, he had just as good.

All this is doubtless somewhat distracting, but all seem to agree that the more cleanliness in every detail the better are the results; and the general caution the discovery of germs has inspired has certainly greatly reduced the mortality in all surgical operations. A few more particulars about these germs may be of interest.

They are said to multiply in two ways; by fissure or breaking-off, and by spores or egg-like bodies.

These latter have wonderful vital power. Those found, for instance, in consumption remain alive for months after being dried, and if moistened and inoculated will then produce the disease. Some germs, again, must have air to breathe; others, again, can do entirely without it. Some can live on vegetable food; others, again, must be supplied with animal or nitrogenous food.

Most can resist cold better than heat, which is very fatal, except to these hardy young spores.

Boiling for half an hour kills all germs of any sort, and real drying and freezing kills all but spores.

All germs require water. The difference between germs as living poison, and mere chemical poison, is that the latter is destroyed and rendered harmless by dilution, whereas the former is not.

The germs are supposed to destroy life by their power of manufacturing a certain poison.

There are no germs in clean, healthy people, but wherever there is death, as in decaying teeth, or dirt, or disease, there they swarm.

One attack from them, if recovered from, as a rule protects from future attacks, seemingly by exhausting the particular soil in the body on which the particular species can live.

Exposure to the air greatly decreases the virulence of the more deadly germs. That which, for instance, produces fatal carbuncle was found to be harmless when exposed to the air for eight days.

Inoculation with these enfeebled germs protects against the fresh ones of the same species.

At Melun, in 1881, before an enormous and incredulous mob of professors, officials, and farmers, Pasteur demonstrated this fact. The occasion was so interesting, and marked such an epoch in germ-history, that, as it may be new to many of our readers, we make no excuse for presenting the scene, graphically told by his son-in-law, and translated into English by Lady Claud Hamilton. He writes:—

"It was on February 28th, 1881, that Pasteur communicated to the Academy of Sciences, in his own name, and in those of his two fellow-workers, the exposition of the great discovery (*i.e.*, of the possibility of vaccinating with germs weakened by exposure to the air, and thus protecting against the real disease).

"Hardly had the journals published the *compte-rendu* of this communication when the President of the Society of Agriculture in Melun, M. le Baron de la Rochette, came, in the name of the Society, to invite Pasteur to make a public experiment of splenic fever vaccination.

"Pasteur accepted. On April 28th a sort of convention was entered into between himself and the Society. The Society agreed to place at the disposal of Pasteur and his two young assistants sixty sheep. Ten of these sheep were not to receive any treatment; twenty-five were to be subjected to two vaccinal inoculations at intervals of from twelve to fifteen days, by two vaccines of unequal strength. Some days later these twenty-five sheep, as well as the twenty-five remaining ones, were to be inoculated with the virus of virulent splenic fever. A similar experiment was to be made upon ten cows. Six were to be vaccinated, four not vaccinated; and the cows were afterwards, on the same day as the fifty sheep, to receive inoculation from a very virulent virus.

"Pasteur affirmed that the twenty-five sheep which had not been vaccinated would perish, while the twenty-five vaccinated ones would resist the very virulent virus; and that the six vaccinated cows would not take the disease, while the four which had not been vaccinated, even if they did not die, would at least be extremely ill.

"As soon as the agricultural and scientific press had published the programme, and recorded Pasteur's prophecies, several of his colleagues at the Academy of Sciences, startled by such boldness in reference to a subject which had hitherto been enveloped in such profound obscurity, and fearing to see the illustrious company somewhat compromised by the affirmations in relation to problems of physiology and pathology, addressed some observations to M. Pasteur, on what they called a 'scientific imprudence.'

"The experiment began May 5th, 1881, at four kilomètres distance from Melun, in a farm of the commune of Poully-le-Fort, belonging to a veterinary doctor, M. Rossignol, secretary-general of the Society at Melun. At the desire of the Society of Agriculture a goat had been substituted for one of the twenty-five sheep of the first lot. On the 5th of May they inoculated, by means of the little syringe of Pravaz—that which is used in all hypodermic injections—twenty-four sheep, the goat, and six cows, with five drops of an attenuated splenic virus. Twelve days after, on May 17th, they reinoculated these thirty-one animals with an attenuated virus, which was, however, stronger than the preceding one.

"On May 31st very virulent inoculation was effected. Veterinary doctors, inquisitive people, and agriculturists formed a crowd round this little flock. The thirty-one vaccinated subjects awaiting the terrible trial stood side by side with the twenty-five sheep and the four cows, which awaited also their first turn of virulent inoculation.

"Upon the proposal of a veterinary doctor, who disguised his scepticism under the expressed desire to render the trial more comparative, they inoculated alternately a vaccinated and a non-vaccinated animal.

"A meeting was then arranged by Pasteur and all other persons present for Thursday, June 2nd, thus allowing an interval of forty-eight hours after the virulent inoculation.

"More than two hundred persons met that day at Melun. The Prefect of Seine et Marne, M. Patenot, senators, general councillors, journalists, a great number of doctors, of veterinary surgeons, and farmers, those who believed, and those who doubted, came, impatient for the result. On their arrival at the farm of Pouilly-le-Fort they found that out of the twenty-five sheep which had not been vaccinated twenty-one were dead; the goat was also dead; two other sheep were dying, and the last, already smitten, was certain to die that very evening.

"The non-vaccinated cows had all voluminous swellings at the point of inoculation, behind the shoulder.

"The fever was intense, and they had no longer strength to eat. The vaccinated sheep were in full health and gaiety. The vaccinated cows showed no tumour, they had not even suffered an elevation of temperature, and they continued to eat quietly."

An extraordinary movement was everywhere produced in favour of vaccination. In 1882 the number of animals vaccinated amounted to 399,102, which included 47,000 oxen and 2,000 horses. In 1883, 100,000 animals were added to the total of 1882.

Some germs behave peculiarly, that of erysipelas for instance. If pigeons be inoculated with this germ, and then other animals inoculated with their poisoned blood, it is found the germ has become more deadly, whereas if passed in the same way through rabbits it gets weaker and less deadly. The poison of hydrophobia again, as Pasteur shows, if passed through monkeys diminishes in power, while through rabbits it increases. Constitutions, too, differ. Field mice inoculated give no result, while town mice inoculated with the same germs die of blood-poisoning.

At first, in the twilight days of germ-study, it was supposed that all germs were deadly. No germ is now, however, deemed worth fighting against unless four points have been proved with regard to it:

1. It must be found in the blood of the person who has the disease.
2. It must be isolated and cultivated through several generations.
3. It must produce the same disease in animals.
4. It must be found in the blood of these animals.

Then, and not till then, is the germ credited with producing the disease.

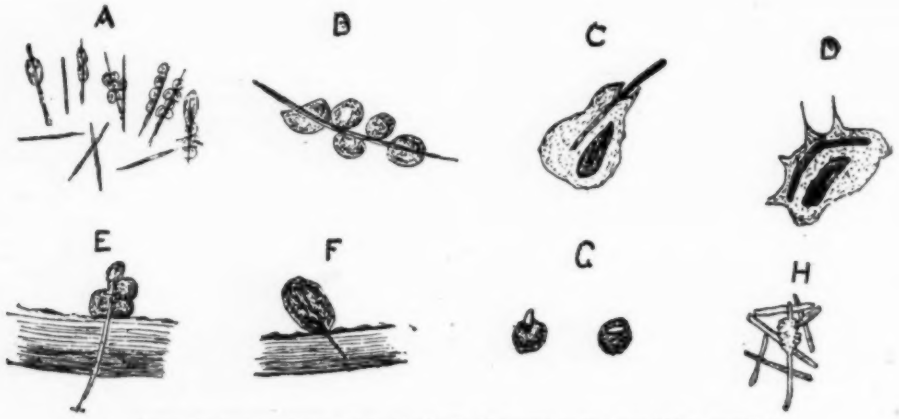
The presumed methods by which germs kill living beings open up wide fields for the imagination. It must of course, in the first place, be understood that the human body is composed of an infinite number of living, working, eating, drinking, breathing, and moving cells, getting on very well providing they are left alone.

Now one theory represents these germs swallowed with the food, inhaled by the breath, gathering their forces like an invading army, and entering into free fights all over the body with the legitimate inhabitants, on whom they fasten in ever-increasing numbers (think of propagating at the rate of one hundred thousand an hour!), and finally do to death. This, indeed, is more than a theory. A recent observer, rejoicing in the name of Metschnikoff, has absolutely seen the germs attacked and eaten up by the healthy blood cells. The accompanying startling diagrams are copied from drawings of his investigations, and represent the germs being actually swallowed and *digested* by the blood cells. We also see these cells eating the spores of the germs; and finally we see a group of germs surrounding and overcoming our valiant defenders. Such is the view of one of our most distinguished investigators.

Another theory, equally picturesque to the imagination, and doubtless true in part, represents them as stealing in imperceptibly to every part of the body, swarming into the blood, and there seizing on and intercepting all the convoys of provisions intended for the sustenance of the cells, and compelling these to surrender by sheer starvation.

Yet another theory, also founded on fact. These germs enter as before, congregate silently in the blood, and then proceed to wage war against the human cells by calmly breathing up all their air—or, in other words, absorbing all the oxygen the blood is striving to convey to them.

And yet another theory, still weirder. That all the previous theories do not represent what generally happens; that the germs do not, as a rule, destroy by any such means, but, on the contrary, under the guise of harmless inhabitants, live at peace with the cells, while all the while they are ceaselessly though secretly manufacturing a subtle poison, which slowly but surely saps the life out of their entertainers. For in any case the germs are uninvited guests, and may be compared to a marauding party of invaders quartered on an




A.—Germs (the long rods) attacked by blood cells (the round bodies) very highly magnified.
B.—A germ attacked by five blood cells.
C.—A large body cell eating a germ.
D.—The same cell after the meal.
E.—A germ having penetrated an internal organ attacked by four blood cells.
F.—A large blood cell eating an invading germ (which is seen partly digested).
G.—Blood cells eating germ spores.
H.—A number of germs attacking and destroying a blood cell which had been eating a germ.

unwilling family, who lay hands on all their unwilling host possesses, tap his choicest wines, revel in his best rooms, and fatten while he starves.

But our susceptibilities have been shocked enough. Let us try and reassure ourselves and rally our shattered nerves.

In the first place, things are not so bad after all. No enormous increase or devastating outbursts of disease have followed the alarming discoveries of the latter half of the nineteenth century, for as a matter of fact the discovery of these obscure vegetables did not create them. We have always had our germs with us, for good or ill. The death-rate improves in spite of them.

Then, again, the vast majority of them are harmless, and a cleanly and healthy man can safely breathe them, smile at them, and defy them, knowing that if they enter his body it is death to them, not to him.

Amongst the minority are the germs which have been convicted by the four tests we have mentioned of the following offences:

Of causing pneumonia (or inflammation of the lungs), of causing Asiatic cholera, of causing thrush, of causing a brown skin disease, of causing ringworm, of causing fatal carbuncle, of causing consumption, of causing leprosy, of causing intermittent fever, and of causing general blood-poisoning. Other individuals are under careful surveillance on suspicion of being concerned in the production of erysipelas, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and malaria; while those that produce hydrophobia, scarlet fever, measles, small-pox, and chicken-pox are still at large, but much "wanted" by their pursuers.

Various artificial weapons have been forged to fight these minute malevolent microspores internally, but with indifferent results. It is true they can be killed by antiseptics, but they die hard, and before a person well impregnated with them could be considered germless, the amount of carbolic acid, of corrosive sublimate, or other deadly drugs, he would have swallowed would in all probability have killed him. So, though the cure might be effectual, it would have the slight drawback of incidentally killing the patient first.

The wisest way is to kill as many as we can of the more deadly ones outside of us, and to run away from the rest—in other words, to use disinfectants (real ones) freely in all contagious diseases, and then to avoid the air or vicinity where such are known to exist.

One particularly good "tip" is never to approach possible infection with an empty stomach, but always after a meal, and to keep in extra good health and extra cleanliness when the enemy is on the war-path.

In sanitary precautions we act with equal care against those of "our friends the enemy" who are known only by their deeds, such as the measle germ, the typhoid germ, etc., as against those we know by their appearance, as cholera or consumption germs.

No doubt in some desponding and imaginative minds the foregoing columns will have raised a feeling that all resistance is practically useless, and that we must surrender at discretion, and that the wonder, after all, is that any of us are here at all.

Let us hasten still further to restore confidence.

In the first place, for any infectious disease to lay hold of a man there must be a happy, or unhappy, combination of three distinct elements of causation. There must be the soil in which the germ is to grow or flourish. In the case of consumption especially—that dread disease—is this true. A tendency, an inherited weakness, must, as a rule, exist first. But this is not all. Besides the *soil*, or certain delicacy of constitution, or susceptibility as it is called, there must be the *sower* and the *seed*. The seed is of course "the germ," the sower is that special act of imprudence that gave it its long-looked-for opportunity of dropping into the congenial soil awaiting it.

But there must be this threefold combination. Supposing the soil unfit—that is, too healthy—the seed is barren; it may be dropped in thousands, but it never germinates. Again, the soil may be suitable, the patient have a consumptive tendency, and yet never get consumption, by virtue of living in some pure dry air where the germs do not come, or if they come are so enfeebled as to produce no injury.

Again, the soil may be ready, the seed there, and yet the opportunity or sower is wanting. The patient, forewarned and forearmed, not, on the one hand, ignoring a susceptible state in foolhardiness; nor, on the other, brooding over it in despair, but laying the lines of defence like a careful strategist, avoids all occasion of catching cold; all sudden changes of temperature; all close and prolonged proximity to consumptive people; all damp and depressing climates; all extremes of fashionable clothing, such as fur cloaks, boas, and capes one moment, low dresses and ivory shoulders the next; attends to the general health and food; and by these and other means keeps bravely and successfully at bay the deadly foe.

That this is no imaginary or impractical sketch thousands are now alive to prove.

Two girls came to town only a short time ago, and seeing a wise physician, were by him warned of a constitutional delicacy of lung. One scoffed, the other heeded; the scoffer is dead, the other is still alive.

We would like to bring this uncanny article to a practical conclusion by indicating such of the general lines of defence as can be adopted by a non-professional reader against the list of diseases we have already given as believed to be due to germs.

And we are the more free to do this in that private medical practice can hardly yet be said to have reached the preventive stage, for seldom or never is the doctor consulted until the opportunity is past and the disease already at work, and this for reasons which we cannot now discuss.

Anyhow, it remains a fact that 1889 sees us with a carefully elaborated system of public

hygiene, and numerous officers enforcing it, while we are still without an efficient preventive service; and large reforms are needed before our present medical men can be expected to discharge these duties, or will even be thanked, much less paid, for doing them.

In, therefore, giving a few preventive hints here, I do not feel I trench upon any yet recognised ground of medical practice.

We have already indicated the lines of defence in *consumption*, and need not do more; for once the foe has taken the outworks and gained any foothold, it is the province of the doctor to intervene.

The next on our list is pneumonia, or inflammation of the lungs. The ways of prevention here are sufficiently obvious.

The next is cholera. Here, of course, we avoid all contact with any sufferer in every way down to the minutest particular, and never drink, while it is about, any *unboiled* water (not filtered only) or any unboiled liquid of any kind. (Beer, I believe, is a cold boiled fluid.)

Thrush is readily killed by borax in any form, which indeed is a deadly foe to most germs. It is prevented by antiseptic mouth lotions and great cleanliness, such as rinsing the child's mouth out after feeding with pure water. The brown skin disease, which has not a popular name, occurring in patches on the chest and back, is cured by vigorous scrubbing of the germs bodily away with soft or carbolic soap, and is prevented by daily and thorough skin ablutions.

Ringworm is prevented, when about, by washing the head with carbolic soap at intervals.

Carbuncle of a deadly kind generally comes from old skins or hides, and if exposed to the dust from them, is best prevented by wearing a good respirator, and keeping in outrageously good health.

Leprosy need not be spoken of in England, nor relapsing fever.

Blood-poisoning always arises from dirt, either breathed, swallowed, or received through some open wound. If we keep clear of dirt we shall never get blood-poisoning, only let us remember that the word dirt is here universal, and not only includes solid, but liquid and gaseous dirt; the latter, being invisible, often *inodorous* and unsuspected, being the common cause of this disease.

Erysipelas, again, may be prevented by the avoidance of the exposure of any wound, however minute, to the air. In this case, however, the trouble is perhaps greater than the risk.

Diphtheria is prevented by avoiding all possible contagion, and the strictest isolation of known cases, by keeping the mouth and throat guarded by antiseptic lotions and gargles, and by robust health.

Typhoid fever requires similar precautions to cholera.

Malaria can be steered clear of, as it only exists in known localities.

Hydrophobia needs no words, while the ordinary infectious fevers require the common precaution of absolute isolation, and of subsequent disinfection or destruction of every single article that has not only been used, but even been within the infectious area, including letters, books, etc.

We trust these few details will not be deemed too professional. We have simply enumerated them in the hope of possibly averting the dark shadow of infectious disease from falling upon our readers and their friends, from any invasion by our common foes.

Let not any, however, be misled by the word "infection" to suppose that therefore this catalogue of human ills are all infectious to the same degree.

Some are conveyable by contact only, others by the air, others mainly by fluids, and others again by clothes and furniture, while some, notably those of the lungs, are so very slightly infectious that the fact is still doubted by many, and is certainly not yet very clearly proved.

If this short article does not give our readers the nightmare, and does, on the other hand, impress them with a clear view of the value of preventive medicine and sanitary science, our fears will be at rest, and our object in writing fully attained.

ALFRED SCHOFIELD, M.D.

## THE KNIGHTS OF LABOUR.

IN America, as in England, during the last two decades, there have been strenuous efforts to organise labour. Almost every branch of industry has its Trade Union. One of the most powerful and best-managed is the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. A larger and an all-comprehensive federation is that of the Knights of Labour. It is somewhat singular to find, in a country where the people are prone to be boastful of democracy, so many names drawn from the vocabulary and the usages of the Old World. Palace hotels, palace cars, royal gorges, and similar terms constantly occur. One of the most recent forms of church work among young ladies gives them the title of "The King's Daughters." The organisation, of which so much has been heard among the working classes of the United States, is called the Knights of Labour. Like the innumerable secret societies that abound there for social, benefit, and political purposes, this one has its insignia, its mystic initiation, its passwords, its gradations of officers, and its rigid rules.

Persons desiring admission, after careful preliminary inquiries have been made respecting them, are received in a dimly-lighted room by masked officials, and are made to take a solemn oath. They swear not to divulge any secrets of the order, to obey its mandates, and to assist their fellow-members. The lights are then turned up, and the signs, passwords, and other secrets are communicated.

Not long ago a membership exceeding three millions was claimed. The society had ramifications all over the American continent, including Canada. Nearly every trade and industry was included. A most elaborate network of ordinary assemblies, districts or general assemblies, and the grand body, with a Grand Master, Grand Secretary, and other high functionaries, spread itself from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Of late, however, the falling-off has been as great and as rapid as was the sudden rise. It is understood that the number of members is now considerably under one million, and that many of these are nominal, or are held by an extremely loose and frail thread. Various causes have contributed to this. The objects sought were, perhaps, too diversified, and some of them were, in the nature of the case, impossible of attainment. So far as concerned mutual help and sympathy, improved education, increased physical comfort, attention to the laws of health, and the social and moral elevation of the members, they could not fail to awaken public interest and to command the approval of every patriot, philanthropist, and social reformer.

In like manner it was reasonable to demand the abrogation of all laws bearing unequally upon capital and labour; the removal of technicalities, delays, and discriminations in administering justice; and due provision for the health and safety of persons engaged in mining, manufacturing, and building pursuits. Nor could objection be taken to requests for the weekly payment of wages in lawful and current money, without deductions for compulsory dealings at shops kept by or for the benefit of employers. The substituting of arbitration for strikes was one of the ends sought to be attained, most laudably, as everyone must admit who has seen the melancholy and wasteful effects that usually follow such appeals to blind force. It was further proposed to forbid the employment of children under fourteen in workshops, mines, and factories. There were other and similar designs in contemplation, and a few concerning which reasonable doubt might be entertained. Among the latter were the establishment of co-operative institutions, both productive and distributive. Their successful working entirely depends upon the character and ability of those charged with the administration, and requires more confidence to be reposed than the average members are found willing to yield. Such cases as the Rochdale Pioneers, and similar institutions in Oldham and elsewhere, show what is possible. But against these there are to be placed not a few conspicuous and disastrous failures.

It is also doubtful how far it would be practicable to abolish the contract system on national, State, or municipal work; or to secure for both sexes equal pay for the same kind and measure of work; or to have an enforced reduction of the hours of labour to eight per diem. Without pronouncing an absolute opinion condemnatory of these points included in the original scheme, there were others concerning which certain failure might have been predicted from the outset. "The alarming development and aggression of aggregated wealth" was spoken of in a loose and vague manner as something that must be checked. How the desired object was to be accomplished did not appear. One design was stated to be the bringing "within the fold of organisation of every department of industry." But organisation is only a means to an end, though many persons, on both sides of the Atlantic, appear to regard it as an end of itself. There is imminent danger at the present time of supposing that union, and mechanism, and resolutions, and committees, and all the other paraphernalia of societies, can accomplish what can only be effected by individual effort, or industry, or enterprise, or self-denial. Combination is good, when wisely directed to noble and practical ends. It has effected much for the working classes, and will accomplish more; but there are obvious bounds and limits.

"To secure to the toilers a proper share of the wealth they create" is stated as one of the main designs of the Knights of Labour. Assuredly many were induced to join in the expectation that high rates of wages would be secured or maintained. Many more questions are involved in this than can be discussed, or even stated, within the limits of a brief article. But it is obvious that two factors will always enter into the adjustment—namely, the amount of work required to be done, and the number of unemployed workers able and willing to do it. The more sanguine advocates of this great labour union in America thought that by embodying the mass of the workers against capital it would be possible to regulate production, sales, wages, and profits, so as to ensure high remuneration, and also to fix the price of all commodities. This was a Herculean and utterly impossible enterprise. It took no account of individual, or local, or climatic, or political, or trade circumstances. It presupposed knowledge almost universal, and capacities quite superhuman. It disregarded personal needs, tastes, aptitude, and capacity; and treated all the hungering, toiling, struggling, hopeful, eager units as a mere crowd. Human instincts and human necessities rebelled at this.

Some went even further. They denied all rights of property; they denounced capitalists as robbers; they demanded the establishment of socialism in its crudest forms. Others interfered with personal freedom of action in a way that brought them before the United States Courts. It was found also that action taken on behalf of one trade, or in one locality, was prejudicial to another trade, or to a distant locality. In several instances the action of the leaders in ordering a strike, or in precipitating a demand for increased wages, ended in signal discomfiture after untold and incalculable loss and suffering had been caused.

The American working people are too intelligent and too practical to embark in a hopeless undertaking, or to persevere in a course that is not likely to succeed. They have been trained to respect law and order, and the schemes of wild visionaries have no attractions for them. They, too, have something to lose, and they will not incur the risk. Hence, when they began to realise that some of the most important promises and projects of the Knights of Labour could not be fulfilled, they detached themselves as readily as they joined. The organisation may continue for a time in a lessening form in certain districts and in specific trades which have not efficient unions of their own. But as a gigantic federation of labourers in every place and of every industry, it has signally failed, just as repeated attempts to form a great National Labour Party for political purposes have failed. Within proper limits, and for the attainment of legitimate and practicable ends, Trade Unions, wisely and righteously conducted, have accomplished much for their members, and no just and reasonable employer would take exception to them. But they are voluntary societies. Men are at liberty to join; they have equal liberty to abstain. The rights of the individual must never be surrendered without his full and free sanction. Because the Knights of Labour forgot or disbelieved this, they suffered a great collapse.

# Varieties.

### Fast Trains.

The best English expresses are the fastest in the world. Our American cousins may beat us in some things, but they are behind us here. True, there is a record of a celebrated run from East Buffalo to New York, spoken of as the "West Shore Run," which it is said performed the whole distance of 422·6 miles in 9 hours 23 minutes, but, as Mr. W. M. Acworth points out in his interesting and informing book "The Railways of England,"[1] the Midland has covered "the 423 miles from London to Glasgow in three minutes less time every day of the week for the past six months." Still the West Shore train had certain stoppages, so that altogether it must be admitted to have been faster than the everyday Midland express.

But the Midland is not the first for speed in England. That distinction belongs to the Great Northern. On August 31st last year (1888), during the "Race to Edinburgh" days, the east coast—*i.e.*, the Great Northern and North-Eastern—train tore along to Edinburgh at "a speed of considerably more than 57 miles an hour all the way." It dashed over 392¾ miles in 412 minutes. This we gather is absolutely the fastest long railway run on record. And on the 13th of the same month the North-Western train raced in 427 minutes over 400 miles, a "rate of 56½ miles per hour throughout." But it appears that two accounts have been published of the American run, and in one account the speed is 54 miles per hour, and in another only 51. Even if the higher be taken, however, both our own Great Northern and North-Western have beaten it.

During an average run of 54 or 57 miles an hour, however, the train sometimes flashes along at a much faster rate, —we apprehend when gradients are favourable. "I travelled," says Mr. Acworth, "three times by the eight-hour expresses between London and Edinburgh and timed scores of miles—whenever we seemed to be going exceptionally fast —with a stop-watch. Very rarely were we going over 68; only once did I succeed in getting anything as high as 74 miles an hour; only once did I hear of 76 miles an hour being attained. Long after the excitement was over, I went down to Nottingham by the ordinary 10.40 a.m. Midland Edinburgh express, and timed 75 miles an hour, but neither guard nor driver would acknowledge that they had been running fast.'

In the West Shore Run no higher speed than 78 miles per hour seems to have been absolutely proved as attained, and this on the authority of Professor Hadley of Yale College, who at Mr. Acworth's request inquired into the subject. Indeed, Mr. Acworth says further on, "The conclusion appears to be that there is no authentic record of any speed above 80 miles an hour," and records of 80 miles an hour "are exceedingly rare," while "records of 75 miles an hour are as plentiful as blackberries."

The northern lines out of London have not a monopoly of fast trains. Thus the Great Western is famous for its 'Flying Dutchman' and 'Zulu,' though why the expresses received these names is more than we can say, unless the former was called after Marryat's Phantom Ship. However, the expresses on this line are timed to perform 77¼ miles from Paddington to Swindon in 87 minutes. The difference in even the slight gradient on this line between London and Swindon is felt, however, for whereas in tearing along to Swindon the driver appears to have difficulty in keeping time; yet in returning, on a day when Mr. Acworth rode on the engine, the train was actually in Paddington two minutes before time. Some of the miles were performed in 57, 56½ and 58 seconds! He went down on the engine of the 'Dutchman' and back again, 154½ miles, in 177 minutes, and had "a five minutes' interval for refreshments." "But," says he, "it was nearer three days than three hours before the writer's face resumed its pristine cleanliness."

The "Dutchman" was for some time the fastest express in the world. But it has had to yield to the Great Northern. The Manchester express of this company flashes along from Grantham to London at "a fraction over 54 miles an hour," while the "Dutchman" averages 53¼ only, "even as far as Swindon." But what is more, an account is mentioned by Mr. Acworth, "that the down train twice out of three times, and the up train five times out of six, gets over 60 consecutive miles of ground in 60 consecutive minutes, and that on one occasion the whole 105¼ miles" [between Grantham and London] "from start to finish were run in 112 minutes." This train is the 2 p.m. Manchester and London express, until last summer "undoubtedly the fastest train in the world." The "Sheffield Company" have a share in working this train, and we are told they take it from and to Grantham and Manchester.

The South-Western cannot boast of such speeds as these. But still it has a train which rushes to Exeter in 4 hours and 2 minutes, a distance of 171½ miles. This, however, is hardly 43 miles an hour. Then there is a train which reaches Bournemouth in 2 hours 29 minutes, a distance of 107 miles, and Mr. Acworth also says the chairman has spoken of arrangements being contemplated for executing the journey in two hours and a quarter.

The Brighton line expresses are not quite so good, though we believe there is an Eastbourne train that runs hardly 44

[1] Published by Mr. John Murray.

miles per hour. But the line from London to Croydon, "if not as far as Redhill, is," says Mr. Acworth, "terribly overcrowded and complicated with junctions." The South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover lines have also a few good expresses. The former has a train which rushes over the 75½ miles to Dover from Cannon Street Station in 96 minutes, and the latter has a train—not an everyday service, however—which in 100 minutes takes passengers from Victoria to the Admiralty Pier, and both are hard roads. Even the Great Eastern has good expresses. Several go from London to Ipswich, 68¾ miles, in 92 or 95 minutes, while Yarmouth, famous for its bloaters, a distance of 121¾ miles, is reached in 3¼ hours; Lowestoft, 117¾ miles, in 5 minutes less.

Fast trains are not more dangerous than others. In fact, "It would be much more accurate," writes Mr. Acworth, "to say that the very reverse is the case." The officials are all picked men, the engines and rolling stock are the best, and the signalmen are all on the alert. Yet celerity is not everything; and it must never be forgotten that an accident to one of these swift trains would be proportionately appalling. But what does it mean to the management of a company to run expresses throughout the day at a speed averaging little less than "a mile a minute"? In addition to the excellence of the officials and rolling stock, platelayers constantly watch the line to note if the proverbial screw be loose! There are a thousand of such men, according to our author, from Edinburgh to London at 30*s.* or 20*s.* per week. "The humblest carriage-greaser," he also writes, "may bring the 'Flying Scot' to an ignominious halt at a roadside station because he has allowed a pinch of dirt to get into his grease-box. These men, however, are to some extent under the eye of superior officers."

These splendid expresses are being run more or less in many parts of England. The North-Western runs ten expresses each way from London to Manchester every weekday. No other country can show such a sight. Whether electricity has anything in store with which to outrival such feats we cannot say.

F. M. HOLMES.

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### Labour Institute for Working Men.

A correspondent at Lacovia, Jamaica, sends the following proposal for establishing central agencies, under State management, for finding employment for working men, instead of the usual tap-room "houses of call." We give his suggestion, without attempting to discuss the *pros* and *cons*:—

"The poorhouse and the workhouse are considered degrading by honest working people, and to a certain degree justly so! You tell the real hardworking man out of employ to go and seek relief at the workhouse, and he proudly answers 'he would starve first.' There are some who think this very disrespectful and impertinent; but it is the frequent answer of the independent labourer who has always held his own, asked no favours, and seeks work and not alms. Every State now has the two institutions—workhouses and prisons; the first in which to support a poor man before he has descended to crime, but to support him *as a pauper*, the other in which to confine and support him after he has pilfered somewhere a bit of bread to keep soul and body together. He comes out of either place an altered man. In the prisons you give the prisoners work to make them support themselves, and the outside labourers grumble at the convict competition. Would it not be cheaper, as well as more generous, for the State to support the honest man than the convict? I have many a time had men with despair written in their faces say to me, 'Only give me work, sir; I don't want charity,' and I had no work to give! At the same time, with a proper organisation, work might have been found. Those men did not want to go to the poorhouse; they did not want to beg. Some might starve, some might accept charity, and feel degraded ever after, and some might be tempted, and steal, and be arrested, and then the State had to support them *nolens volens*.

Now, could the State not reduce the size of its almshouses and its prisons by having an institution which should be the labourer's home, and of which he should be proud, and to which every labourer, out of employ, should have the right to go, applying for work and not for charity? The wage could be fixed at half what he could earn outside, so he would have no incentive to come except in bad times. A bed and a crust should be denied to no one; but for him who earned it, any fare should be there which he would pay for.

Materials of every trade should be on hand, so that the shoemaker could make a pair of shoes, the hatter a hat, the tinsmith a pan, and the tailor a suit of clothes, and the countryman could dig, for I would have land attached to the houses, where available.

A certificate of the institution that they were good workmen would be a thing sought after as a means of getting work in times when there was more demand for labour. A register should be kept, open to all, in which workmen could inscribe their names and trades, and to which employers of any class in search of labour could refer. Thus, the labourer would feel on going out again to the world that instead of being degraded, his certificate was a diploma, and there is no reason why such an institution should not be self-sustaining."

W. E. BOORAEM.

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**The "Master Painter."**—This picture, of which by permission we give an engraving, is the work of the Belgian artist Jan Verhas, who was born at Termunde in 1834. He received from Nicaise de Keyser the great ideas of the modern Belgian historical school; but in 1870 he showed that he had found a path of his own. The "Master Painter," first exhibited at Ghent, is in the Museum of that city. It appeared again with Verhas' still more famous work, "The Review of the Schools," at the Exhibition of Belgian Historic Art in 1880.

**News of Mrs. Bishop (Isabella Bird).**—Mrs. Bishop, the celebrated traveller, left England to visit medical mission stations in all parts of the world. The latest tidings of her movements in this interesting pilgrimage record that after travelling for two months and a half in Kashmir, she reached Leh, the capital of Western Thibet, about the middle of July. She went thence to Nubra, and as far as the Sasir Pass on the Yarkand caravan route, receiving much kindness in the Thibetan villages which she visited. She was preparing to cross the Karzong glacier pass on her return to Ladakh, *en route* for the encampments of the nomad Chang-pas in Rupchu. It is stated that in crossing the fords of the Shayok, in attempting to leap up the river bank, her horse fell backwards on his side in deep water, with his rider partially under him. She was rescued by the Thibetan water guides, and escaped with an injured rib and a few bruises. Before leaving Kashmir the Maharajah made a grant to Mrs. Bishop of a very suitable piece of land, on which she is building a fully equipped women's dispensary, and a women's hospital of sixty beds, to be called "The John Bishop Memorial Hospital," in memory of her late husband. Both will be under the charge of Miss Butler, M.D., who has been some time in India, and who received her medical education in the London School of Medicine for Women. Dr. Butler will have one assistant, and the service of a trained nurse belonging to the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. One object cherished by Mrs. Bishop is the erection of a permanent hospital in Nazareth, where medical missionaries have long laboured; but hitherto she has been unable to obtain a firman from the Porte. A sum far beyond her means was demanded in backsheesh to officials. The liberality of the Maharajah of Kashmir puts to shame the Turkish Government; but we hope she may yet succeed in her generous effort for the poor in Syria.

**Lord Macaulay appointing a Chaplain.**—When Lord Macaulay was Paymaster-General of the Army, the appointment of the chaplainship of Chelsea Hospital fell to his disposal. A letter which he wrote at this time to his friend Mr. Ellis gives a pleasing glimpse of his religious principles. The letter ran thus: "Dear Ellis, I have at this moment the disposal of a tolerable piece of patronage—the chaplainship of Chelsea Hospital; light duty, a nice house, coal, candles, and three hundred pounds a year. It would be an exceedingly pleasant situation for a literary man. But he must be a man of piety and feeling, for, the Hospital being full of old battered soldiers, the duty, though by no means onerous, consists chiefly in attending sick beds, and I would not for any consideration assign such a duty to a person who would

hurry through it in a perfunctory manner. Is there any among the junior fellows of Trinity who would suit? I do not want a politician, and nothing shall induce me to take a Puseyite.—Yours very truly, T. B. M." This letter shows not only his honourable conscientiousness, but his sense of the importance of true religion to convey peace and consolation. Would that his example were more followed by all who have ecclesiastical patronage at their disposal, in civil as well as military life!

**Royal and Princely Marriages.**—Recent events have made it sufficiently plain that the common opinion on the political insignificance of royal and princely marriages is not well founded. On this subject the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, in his "Reminiscences," gives his opinion and his experience. He says:—"People are accustomed to maintain that the marriages of princes in the nineteenth century have long ago ceased to have any political importance. The world, it is held, is enlightened enough to be no longer influenced, as it used to be, by the destinies of accidental matrimonial unions—the course of things in modern Europe is raised high above the personal relations and connections of a number of historical families. I hold this view of political life to be fundamentally untrue, and believe, rather, that people thus wilfully incapacitate themselves for forming a right judgment of many historical events. It is not my intention here to expatiate on the political importance of marriages in the reigning families in general; I can only remark, with reference to my own experience, that among the numerous marriages that have taken place in the families of relatives and friends, or of which I have been a witness, there have been very few that, in the course of events, have not reacted on public affairs. In very many I have observed that they have had an immediate and decisive influence on the home and foreign politics of the States; and that, even in our own days, the history of more than one marriage has been in this respect very little behind the marriages of the Bourbons, Hapsburgs, Tudors, and Stuarts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. When has there been a time when women of princely families have not had a direct, and still more an indirect, influence over events? In glancing at the course of my own life, I would call to mind only the four sisters of the Bavarian Royal Family. How differently would we be obliged to represent European, and especially German politics, if we could turn our eyes away from these intelligent and influential ladies! Talleyrand's words, 'Où est la femme,' are applicable to nothing so much as to politics to-day."

**Infectious Diseases.**—The notification of occurrence of infectious diseases, already required in provincial towns having local Acts on the subject, has, by statute, become compulsory in London and the metropolitan district. It is required, under penalty for omission, for a householder to send notice of every case of infectious disorder to the District Officer of Health; and medical practitioners are also required to send notice. The addresses of the Health Officers appear in all parish broadsheets, and will be found on the printed forms for giving notice. The Act does not compel special management or method of disinfection in such cases; but the facts obtained by the returns may prove useful in discovering the origin of the disease, and in preventing its spread by proper precautions.

**The Metropolitan Police.**—From the report of Mr. James Monro, C.B., Commissioner of the Police of the Metropolis, we learn that the Metropolitan Police district extends over a circle whose centre is Charing Cross, and its radius 15 miles—that is to say it includes an area of 688 square miles, extending from Colney Heath, Herts, in the north, to Mogadore, Todworth Heath, in the south, and from Lark Hall, Essex, in the east, to Staines Moor, Middlesex, in the west. From this area must be excluded the City, which has its own force. The rateable value of the area was £34,642,779, "but," the Commissioner adds, "of the enormous actual value of the property in charge of the police it is impossible to form any estimate." Since the year 1849 there have been built in the metropolitan district 513,278 new houses, and 3,132 are still in course of erection; 1,853 miles of new streets have been added to the charge of the police, and the population has increased from 2,473,758 to 5,590,576, which means that, in regard to population alone, the cares of the police have considerably more than doubled—that is, they have increased 126 per cent. If we consider the numbers of the force who have to perform various duties among this vast population and in this large area we find that the authorised strength was made up thus:—30 superintendents, 837 inspectors, 1,369 sergeants, and 12,025 constables—a total of 14,261. With increasing population the force has to be increased, and the above figures show an increase of 17 inspectors, six sergeants, and 157 constables over those of the previous year. But sickness, casualties, leave of absence, and special duties sanctioned by various Acts of Parliament, take away a considerable proportion of the men, and the consequence is that only 9,037 police were left for duty in the streets. In 1849 the men so available were 5,288. So that while, as has been shown above, the population under their charge has increased in 40 years by 126 per cent., the force itself has increased by only 70 per cent. Something has been done in raising the numbers of the men, and providing stations and other accommodation for them. Of these 9,037 men available for duty in the streets, 60 per cent. are required for night duty from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. The remaining 40 per cent. are detailed for duty in four reliefs in town districts, and two reliefs in country districts from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. During the day the ordinary beat duty of the whole metropolis devolves upon about 1,561 men; and there are beside 522 constables at fixed points, and 88 at cab-stands.

**Aural Overpressure.**—The telephone and other modern appliances for aiding the sense of hearing seem to have rendered the human system liable to a new class of nervous maladies unknown heretofore in medical nosology. Operators in electric telegraph offices, with the perpetual bells and clicks, are also afflicted with a disorder which has been called telephone *tinnitus*. The perpetual strains on the auditory nerves, and on the whole organs of hearing, threaten to cause an injurious influence on large classes of people. It is one of the penalties of advanced civilisation to make the nervous system over-sensitive in various ways. Already the eyes have been affected by the inventions for helping vision, whether by the instruments or the artificial lights of modern science. The multiplication of readers and the increase of education tell in the same direction, especially as the cheap issues of papers and books in small type strain the organs of vision to an extent unknown to our less educated ancestors. The number of people wearing spectacles, even in early youth, is perceptibly increasing. If the organs of hearing are overstrained as well as those of vision, it may become common to see young people carrying ear-trumpets as well as wearing spectacles.

**M. Eiffel.**—When on a tour in Switzerland last summer, an address was presented to M. Eiffel by the people of Ormont Dessus. In his reply the illustrious French engineer gave expression to his religious belief, and inculcated the duty of placing the love of God above even the love of liberty or of country. Like Cuvier, and Ampère, and Chevreul, and other eminent men of science in France, Eiffel is ready to avow his Christianity when too many have been sceptics or agnostics.

**Duff Memorial.**—A Celtic cross with portrait medallion of Alexander Duff, D.D., was inaugurated on the 21st of September, 1889, near the road from Pitlochrie Station to Moulin, where the great missionary was born and bred. At the head of the committee for this national memorial were Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I., Principal of the University of Edinburgh; Dr. George Smith, the biographer of Duff and of Carey; and other men distinguished in Indian and Scottish annals.

**Signs of the Times.**—Among the numerous congresses held during the French Exposition, there was a gathering of Spiritists and Spiritualists. The airy and hazy discussions were on one occasion interrupted by outbursts of merriment, when a Spiritist averred that he left his wife at home in the country, and suddenly met her in the building on the Champ de Mars. He was going to argue from this as to the reality of psychological and physical dualism, when he was stopped by roars of laughter. The confession of faith and the logic which led up to it caused cachinnation loud and prolonged,

even among the most serious members of the Congress. The Freethinkers of France and from foreign parts also held their Congress. They were received with open arms at the Hôtel de Ville by Citizen Joffrin, and afterwards by M. Chautemps, President of the Municipal Council. M. Joffrin said that the majority of the Council were of the freethinking fraternity, and that they believed it to be necessary to do away with the idea of religion, which made "serfs and sweaters." Dr. Paepe, a leading Belgian *libre penseur*, and Dr. Voelker, a German, spoke, insisting on the fraternity of Freethinkers all the world over.

**An Imperial Joke.**—It is related that while the German Emperor was staying at Osborne a conversation took place one day touching the similarity of many words in English and German. "Ship," and its German equivalent "schiff," were among the examples brought forward; whereupon the Prince of Wales remarked that though the words were alike the genders were different; in German it was neuter, in English it was feminine. "Ah," said the Emperor, "you are quite right; a ship must certainly be feminine, for it costs so much to keep up."

**Paris in 1889.**—The Prefecture of Police returns show that for May, June, and July the hotels and lodging-houses had 224,000 provincial guests against 133,000 in 1888, and 120,000 foreigners against 49,000 in 1888. Assuming August and September to have had a proportionate excess over the previous year, the Exhibition will have brought to Paris hotels 200,000 extra visitors.

**Leather Wear and Waste.**—There are 3,000,000 of people who walk about London's streets daily, and in so doing wear away a ton of leather particles from their boots and shoes. This would in a year form a leather strip one inch wide, and long enough to extend from London to New York. The amount of disintegrated sole leather at 5*d.* per lb. (what it costs consumers), would amount to £100,000.

**Icelanders as Colonists.**—The success of the Icelanders as colonists in Manitoba has suggested that they should be induced to settle in Alaska also. As there are only about 60,000 native Alaskans in a territory as large as the whole of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of the Alabama line, there should be room enough for the whole population of Iceland, where less than 75,000 are scattered over a country as large as Ireland. Alaska probably would be more attractive to them than Manitoba, as they are accustomed to live by fisheries rather than by raising wheat. No kind of grain has been grown in Iceland for more than 1,000 years, with the exception of a few small patches sown recently by way of experiment. The first settlers probably did grow barley, if not wheat, as we read of the use of ploughs in the early Sagas.

**Inhabitants of a Cheese.**—A Swiss professor announces the discovery of living organisms in Emmenthal cheese, of a minuteness which he describes, as in the proportion to mites, as probably a million to one! He estimates them as being three to five millions in a single gramme. He even detects, under the microscope, many different species of these caseous microbes.

**Li Hung Chang and the Peace Society.**—Mr. William Jones, late Secretary of the Peace Society, has been travelling in various parts of the world, advocating the interests of peace and other good purposes in which the Society of Friends take a leading part. He had a long interview at Tientsin with the viceroy, Li Hung Chang, the Bismarck of China, and the admiring friend of General Gordon, whose loss at Khartoum he deeply deplored. Li Hung received the peace emissary with great favour, and warmly approved the principle of settling international disputes by arbitration and not by war. He strongly advised Mr. Jones to visit St. Petersburg, and lay his views before the Czar; laughing heartily when the reply was that he would be put in prison for his pains if he went there.

**Agricultural Destitution and Harvest Festivals.**—Mr. Walter Gilbey, on behalf the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Association, says he is sanguine enough to look forward to a time when it will hold such a position in regard to our annual Harvest Festival services that its claims upon them will be generally recognised, and that, in the same way as our Hospital Sunday services are devoted to furthering a specific object, so our Harvest Festival services may be held mainly in furtherance of some benevolent agricultural cause. During the last two years especially this feeling has gained ground among the clergy of all denominations, and its result is shown in the fact that nearly £6,000 was received by the society last year as the result of collections at places of public worship, as against £1,800 in the year 1885. This increase in the funds of the institution ensured the election of 200 pensioners in 1888 and 1889, as against 113 only in 1886 and 1887. At the present time 739 persons are being maintained by the society, at an annual cost of £15,626, these 739 recipients consisting of farmers who during twenty years have cultivated as an exclusive means of support holdings of at least 100 acres, or at rentals of at least £150 per annum, and who have attained the age of sixty-five years; also the widows and unmarried daughters of the above. The secretary of the institution is Mr. C. B. Shaw, 26, Charles Street, St. James's.

**Coal Supply.**—Professor Hull, Director of the Irish Geological Survey, and a distinguished traveller as well as scientific writer, reassures those who are doubtful as to the continuance of England's commercial supremacy by his strongly expressed opinion that there is enough coal in Northumberland and Durham alone to last, at the present rate of consumption, for three hundred years. Many other parts of England have large coal-fields, with abundant supply for a much longer period.

**Steel Hardening and Tempering.**—The hardening of steel is effected by rapid cooling of a mass of metal highly heated. The tempering is produced by reheating this hardened steel to a temperature far short of what it was raised to before hardening. The proper tempering of steel is one of the most important processes in all metallurgic art. The material is capable of being worked in the highest artistic forms for which wrought iron was once famous, being as strong and more ductile than iron; while for rails, for artillery, and for pens steel is likely to be exclusively used. For the manufacture of pens the amount daily used is above eighteen tons.

**Commissariat of Paris.**—During the summer of 1889 it was estimated that the quantity of meat (exclusive of poultry and *triperie*) sold daily in Paris varied from 430,000 to 480,000 kilogrammes. Half a million of eggs, 50,000 kilogrammes of fish, and 850,000 kilogrammes of vegetables must also be added to the list. The kilogramme is equal to two and one-fifth English pounds.

**La Savoyarde Bell.**—A bell larger than the great bell of Notre Dame, and giving a lower note than the Cathedral *bourdon*, is to be constructed at Annecy, in the Department of the Haute-Savoie, for the Basilica of Montmartre. The bell will be called "La Savoyarde," and will cost £2,800, which has been subscribed by the inhabitants of the two Departments of Savoy, on the initiative of the bishop, Monsignor Leuillieux. Parisian Catholics now look forward to possessing as fine a bell as that of St. John Lateran, of Geneva, or of Ghent.

**Consolation in the Struggle for Existence.**—The Darwinian doctrine of "survival of the fittest" has certainly a painfully depressing influence when we realise how there is throughout Nature a fierce and often cruel fight for existence. In this struggle the weakest go the wall, and the whole study of Nature reveals a selfish care for self, and a remorseless disregard for other living creatures and organisms. In the case of human lives there is the same struggle, but here there is the interference of moral and of Christian influence to repress the strong and protect the feeble. In an interesting lecture by Mr. Gardiner, Professor of Botany at Cambridge, before the British Association, the battle of plants for existence was illustrated by numerous examples. There are many in our day who believe that in many members of the vegetable kingdom, as well as in the animal kingdom, there is consciousness of pain and of trouble. In that case the struggle for life is all the more a doleful and depressing condition of

Nature. Sir John Lubbock, in moving the thanks of the meeting to the lecturer, threw out a hint full of compensating consolation. Although the struggle for existence caused woe to individuals, yet the sum of weal, whether in the lower creatures or in the human race, is advanced in the process. Moreover, there is often as much true happiness in the struggle for existence as in existence itself, with the certainty that the struggle tended to a higher and better condition of Nature.

**Trade Statistics of the British Empire.**—Respecting the progress and wealth of our Empire beyond the seas, Sir Rawson Rawson has done a special service in formulating the precise percentage of importance which each holds in the great mass of Imperial trade. He takes the year 1885 as affording the most complete statistics when he constructed his tables, and for his special purposes it answers as well as a later. Taking, then, the total trade of the Empire in that year at one thousand millions sterling, we find that the contribution of the United Kingdom to this total was 61·4 per cent., and of India 16 per cent., leaving 23 per cent. to be divided among all the rest of the Empire. After India and far below it, New South Wales and Canada come with 3·8 per cent.; Straits Settlements, 3·4; Victoria, 3·2; New Zealand, 1·3; Queensland and the Cape, 1·1 each; South Australia, 1; and all the other possessions considerably less than 1 per cent. each. Western Australia, for example, ambitious to become a "responsible" colony, with all her enormous territory, contributes only 1-10th per cent. to the trade of the Empire. The precise measure of the commercial importance of the colonies to the trade of the mother country is exhibited in another table. Their total contribution to the trade of the United Kingdom is a little over 26 per cent. Of this India contributes 9 per cent.; Australasia, 8; British North America, 2·9; the Cape and Natal, 1·3; Straits Settlements, 1·1; the West Indies, 1; and all the rest less than 1 per cent. each.

**Mysterious Marks.**—The story of the baker whose loaves were stamped with HIC JACET, after repaving the floor of his oven with a smooth stone from the adjacent churchyard, has been capped by an extraordinary incident recently occurring at Maryport, Cumberland. The wife of a labourer in the town gave birth to a son. When the child was born it was found that its head was covered with a caul. The veil was placed on one side, no notice being taken of it until some hours after the child's birth. When subsequently examined it was found that the words "British and Foreign Bible Society" were deeply impressed upon the veil. When this discovery was made the greatest excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood, some of the women declaring that nothing short of a miracle had been enacted. The doctor, who inquired into the matter, however, soon explained the affair. The veil whilst in a pliable condition had been placed upon a Bible, on the cover of which the words "British and Foreign Bible Society" were deeply indented. The words were in this way transferred to the caul. Some of the inhabitants still ascribe the affair to supernatural influence, and declare that the child is a missionary born, and will evidently watch his career with a great amount of interest.

**Burns Festivals.**—A Scottish paper has the candour to say that it is a pity, for the sake of Burns's reputation, that the rites celebrated in his honour partake so entirely of a convivial character, and that so much prominence is given to the "barley bree," devotion to which was the source of so many of the troubles and miseries of his unhappy life. In many of the Burns Clubs in America no intoxicants appear, yet there is no lack of patriotic enthusiasm.

**Rabbit Plague in Australia and New Zealand.**—So great has been the damage caused by the pest of countless rabbits, that a reward of £25,000 was offered by the Government for the discovery of an effectual check to the invading hosts. M. Pasteur's plan of introducing diseased rabbits, so as to spread the fatal malady among the multitudes of devastators, has been rejected by all the colonies. The dangers of such an experiment are too great; as cattle, poultry, and men themselves may be exposed to peril. The "British Medical Journal" approves the decision of the colonists, saying, "It is impossible to foresee what may be the ultimate consequences of the experiment which it is proposed to make on so gigantic a scale. The mere fact that the microbe is capable of producing fatal disease in two animals so dissimilar as domestic poultry and rabbits ought to serve as a warning that it may presently develop into a pestilence affecting other species of animals, and possibly even man himself; for it ought to be remembered that, once the disease is introduced into the rabbit warrens, it has passed beyond human control." Meanwhile the plague continues, in spite of every method of checking its progress. The only effective protection is the costly one of surrounding whole districts with wire fences. This can avail only for a time, as the rabbits will soon burrow under the fences and multiply in the enclosures.

**The late Emperor Frederick of Germany.**—"He was not only the most lovable, but the noblest man with whom I have ever associated,—noble in his acts, noble in his speech, noble in his judgment of others." This was said by one who had seen and known him in the most varied and trying circumstances, General Sir Beauchamp Seymour.

**An Edison Autograph.**—During his recent visit to Paris, Mr. Edison was entertained at the Eiffel Tower by the Society of Civil Engineers. Before leaving he wrote his name in that *libre d'oro*, M. Eiffel's visiting book, prefacing it with the following words: "Top of Eiffel Tower, September 10, 1889. To M. Eiffel, the brave builder of so gigantic and original a specimen of modern engineering, from one who has the greatest respect and admiration for all engineers, including the Great Engineer, the *bon Dieu*.—THOMAS A. EDISON."

**Orchid Growing.**—An American paper says that the well-known financier, Mr. Jay Gould, is one of the most extensive amateur growers of orchids in the country, and at his handsome summer home, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, there are now thousands of rare specimens of orchids in bloom. Among them there is one that is especially fine, the *Cattleya labiata*, of the mouse variety. This flower was discovered by Frederick Mau, in 1883, in the United States of Columbia. It takes the form of a butterfly, the petals and sepals being pure white, with purple lips fringed with delicate white lines. Of these there were several in bloom this summer. Orchids of this variety have sold in London for as high as 1,000 guineas. The widths of the sepals and petals are from nine to ten inches respectively, while the length of the lips is about three and a half inches.

**Bi-metallism and the Silver Question.**—At the International Monetary Congress, held this autumn in Paris, M. Cernuschi, one of the Vice-Presidents, announced a competition in these terms:—A prize of 10,000 francs will be presented to the author of the best essay describing what effects would be produced on the reciprocal value of gold and silver now and in future if the following monetary system were simultaneously introduced and made operative in Great Britain, Germany, the United States, and France—namely, free and gratuitous coinage for everybody, and a bi-metallic monetary unit, the standard coin for silver to be of the weight and fineness of a five-franc piece, and the standard coin for gold of the weight and fineness of the United States gold dollar. The manuscript essays are to be sent to the Bank of France or Bank of England before May 1st, 1891.

**Walvisch Bay.**—A correspondent of the "Times" advocates the abandonment of Walvisch Bay, the only good harbour on the West Coast of South Africa. He says, "Walvisch Bay is absolutely useless to us now that the German possessions in South-West Africa surround it. The small area of land—some twenty square miles—attached to the bay, and belonging to Great Britain, is barren sandy desert, and produces nothing to feed the settlement, which has actually to fetch its drinking water from Cape Town. On the other hand, Walvisch Bay, as the only good harbour in a coast line of twelve degrees, the entire extent of the German sea-board in South-West Africa, is indispensable to the proper development of the German colony, and as such might be to us the means of effecting a profitable arrangement with Germany, if the Cape Government will agree to the cession, and if the Portuguese are made to give up Delagoa Bay to cancel their debts to England."

# Household Queries.

We propose as an experiment to give some space every month to the Answering of Questions on subjects of household interest. This feature we introduce in deference to the wishes of some of our readers, as a means of direct communication with families. No notice will be taken of anonymous letters, and only such questions replied to as are in their bearing of general utility.

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**Whooping-Cough.**—*Is whooping-cough infectious at every stage? Can it be communicated through a third person?*—To the last question, almost certainly yes. We have actually known of two children catching the infection through being simply carried into the garden through a house in which the disease prevailed. The first question is not so easily settled. Many authorities of experience believe that the characteristic whooping often remains some time, from a kind of habit of the nervous mechanism, after all specific contagion has passed away. But, on the other hand, no one can tell *when* any such innocent stage is reached, if it ever is; and generally it must be said, that all growth in our knowledge increases rather than diminishes belief in the contagion of these disorders. They are all spread solely by neglect or ignorance *somewhere*, and all should be careful to run no risk any precaution can avoid. It is not, fortunately, a long-permanent contagion in a house, like scarlet fever.

**Enamel.**—*In applying the new popular enamels, or "Aspinalling," as I see it now called, ought wood or palm-fans to be sized before applying the enamel?*—They are supposed to be used direct, but all varnish paints are best kept from spreading on porous surfaces by first sizing. Make a little pretty strong size with gelatine.

**Drainage.**—*Can a landlord be compelled to set the drainage of a house in order? We are troubled by bad smells in the underground rooms.*—There is a very common misapprehension on this point. By equity and custom he is; but legally he is not, unless it is said so in the agreement. If there is no agreement he cannot be compelled. With a house taken furnished it is somewhat different; in such a case actual loss or damage becomes a question for a jury, and contradictory decisions are reported; but on the whole it is safe to say the landlord would be liable, a verdict having been obtained this very year. Health is, however, too precious to risk delay in legal squabbles. Get them put right first, and see what you can do with the landlord after, unless you can leave him.

**Moths.**—*What is the best means to adopt to get rid of the moth from a couch—moth, grub, and eggs being in it?*—Furniture so infested requires time and constant vigilance, as the eggs are not killed, and treatment must be continued till each successive batch is killed, as long as any are left to hatch. If you have a small bare room, a very good way is to repeatedly fumigate with burning sulphur at due intervals, as if disinfecting clothing. If you have not, or are afraid of the colour being affected, apply Persian powder freely and frequently, killing all as they come out, for it seems rather to stupefy than to kill. It will help, also, to keep it constantly scented with any strong aromatic scent or camphor.

**Defective Kitchener.**—*A friend asks me why her kitchener, which burns well, does not brown the meat or poultry, but, though cooking it through, gives it a rather sodden appearance. Can you help her?*—It is probably from one of two causes. If the oven ventilator is not sufficient, or is not sufficiently opened, and the steam is shut in, such an effect would often be produced. Or, on the other hand, the flue arrangements may not give enough of what is called "top heat." It is quite possible there is a little ventilator, or door leading into a flue somewhere, which has never been noticed by the servant (such things often happen), and attention to which will remedy the evil. If you know the maker of the stove, write and ask. The French remedy all defects of this kind by browning things with a salamander, but this implement seems scarcely ever used in England.

**Whitewash.**—*Can you give me a receipt for making whitewash just to do the scullery or area and the fowl-house?*—Whitewash requires careful mixing. For work like the fowl-house it is best done by stirring common quicklime into water and using hot, with a little carbolic acid added. For indoor use whiting is stirred in. If you add to this a little size, and a very little blue, you get what is used for ceilings, and with more size you get distemper, which can be coloured with yellow ochre or any other colour if you prefer.

**Worn Cloth.**—*Is there any way of restoring black diagonal cloth when rendered shiny by friction? Many plans tried and failed, and the tailor does not seem to succeed.*—Very little indeed can be done, as, if you look through a magnifier, you will see the texture is very peculiar, being almost destitute of nap. There are two sorts of this cloth, one looking "hard" from the very first. This should be avoided by all to whom economy is an object, as it becomes shiny far sooner than the soft-looking material. A little may be done to freshen it, though far short of restoration, by sponging till thoroughly wet, but not sloppy, and then briskly rubbing with a wet linen cloth. Pressing will of course be needed after. It is doubtful if the result, on this cloth, is worth the labour.

**Floorcloth.**—*What will best preserve the face of linoleum or floorcloth in the hall, or the oak-bordered floorcloth in the dining-room?*—You probably know that durability largely depends upon the time the fabric has been made and kept in stock; hence the plain, old-fashioned patterns are so often far more durable than more showy new ones. There is a kind of linoleum made now in which the pattern goes right through to the very back, so that it never wears off until a hole is worn right through. The great thing is never to use a scrubbing-brush, but wash with a soft cloth, and, if possible, plain warm water only, though, if necessary, a little soap may be used. The floor must, however, be rubbed thoroughly dry immediately with another soft cloth or towel, and not left in the damp. This is essential, and rough cloths must be avoided. Finally, go over the surface with a small flannel dipped in milk—two tablespoonfuls in a saucer will do a fair-sized hall. Some rub in a little oil instead of milk, but we find the milk best ever since we were given these directions by a large manufacturer; and we once had the same piece (one of Hare's best) in use in four houses during eighteen years—not that it was exactly a show specimen at the end, of course. The oak-bordering will, of course, not need washing, or scarcely ever, but should be kept nicely dusted, and a little linseed-oil thoroughly rubbed in once a week. In rooms, oil is best, as it keeps the fabric from tending to crack with the warmth of the dry room. In the hall, oil on good cloth is very slippery.

**Wall-papers.**—*What colours are to be preferred for wall-papers?*—This depends, first, upon many circumstances; and when all these have been considered, upon personal taste.

You will gain more practical help by noticing the colours in all the houses you visit, and their *effect* upon you, and studying the reasons, than from any direct hints we can give. Size and height of rooms, aspect, what the room is, and even whether it is to be brightly lighted and filled with company or not so, have all to be considered. Also, if the rooms are already painted, and you do not mean them to be done again, the papers must be chosen to harmonise, and the same with carpets and upholstery you have. Generally speaking, cool colours of the sage-green class are best for sunny rooms, warm colours for colder and dull aspects. Taste is almost universal for soothing colours for dining-rooms, and bright pale colours, such as will harmonise with sparrow-egg blue or green paint, or ivory paint, for drawing-rooms. Bedrooms also should be bright and cheerful, but above all things avoid for them all *patterns* which tempt the mind to count or combine, which to an invalid is often a kind of mental torture. Do not have both frieze and dado unless the room is high enough; and if only one, take a dado for the dining-room and a frieze for the drawing-room.

**Stains in Marble.**—*Entering on a new house, I find the builder's men have left stains of paint, varnish, etc., on the marble mantelpieces. How can I get rid of them?*—You cannot be sure of getting out such stains, because if they have sunk to any depth and entered into a chemical combination, as some colours do, the effect cannot be altogether undone. For this reason most of the recipes abounding in domestic handbooks are of very superficial and uncertain efficacy. However, make a paste by mixing equal parts of soft-soap, quicklime, and caustic potash. First slice off any dry paint, that no more may soak in by the very means used: then apply above with a brush and leave on for a week, wash off and apply again and again fresh stuff, kept in a stoppered bottle. This has got off some dreadful stains, but if it fails, wash off with warm water well, and then apply some oxalic acid in water, rubbing on and off quickly with a small piece of cloth, and after a few minutes rubbing again with lime and water to remove the acid. This may probably remove more or less of the polish, but it may be restored by rubbing either with chalk and water, or putty-powder and water, applied with a cloth. Or a marble-worker could grind off the stain and renew the surface for you.

**Stains on Ivory.**—*Through carelessness in washing the ivory handles of knives, they are stained with vinegar, etc. How can they be cleaned so as not to destroy the polish of the ivory?*—We cannot guarantee success, for the same reason as is given to another querist, but the following will give you the best chance: Clean what you can with a bit of rag and methylated spirit; then apply to the places a cream or thin paste made of fresh-slaked lime, containing a little chloride of the same. Leave on for a few hours, then wash off. If the result is promising, though not quite effective, repeat. If any of the polish is removed, you can renew it by rubbing with whiting or putty powder. Prevention is far easier than cure of these things.

**Oleanders.**—*We are afraid to keep the pretty pink-flowered oleander in our greenhouse because it is apt to be infested with mildew or a black blight. Can this be prevented?*—The black is another stage (fruit) of the mildew. Nerium oleander is not generally considered specially subject to it. The great cause of mildew is a stagnant atmosphere, and it may often be checked, or even quite cured, solely by free ventilation and attention to the vigour of the plants. When affected, the remedy must be frequent syringing, either with Evans's mildew composition, one ounce to the gallon of tepid water, or you may boil a pound each of quicklime and finely-powdered sulphur for ten minutes in an earthen pot in five pints of water, and when syringing shake up the bottle and add one part to 100 of tepid water. The plant does better with occasional sponging, which if attended to may probably keep off the above as well as the red spider, to which it is otherwise rather subject. Do not forget the deadly poisonous character of this plant.

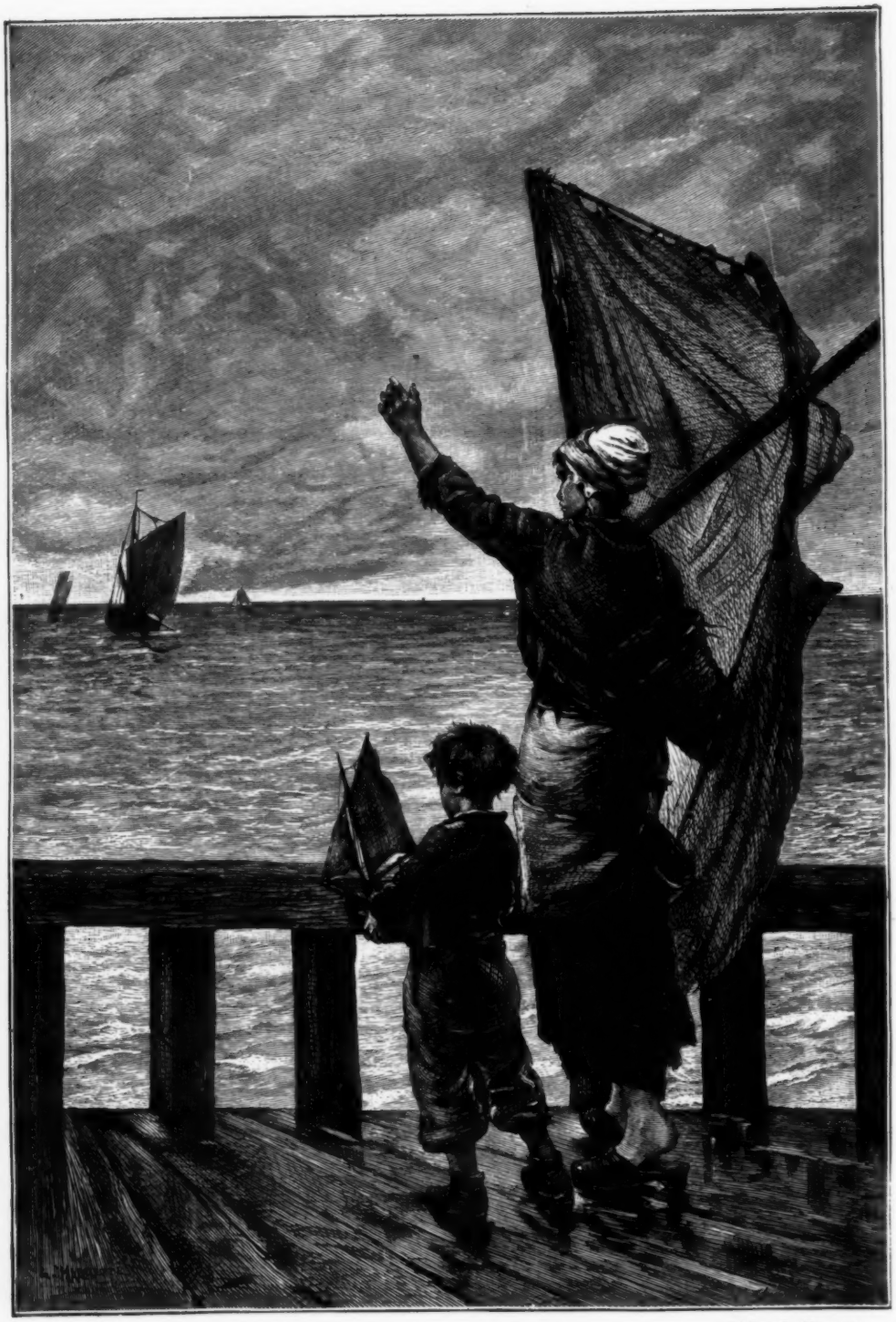
**Furnishing.**—*We have just taken a house of £30 a year rent. Can you give us any hints for economical furnishing?*—This subject might fill a chapter rather than a reply. By the way, querists would assist satisfactory replies by being a little more specific. There is no address on this question, and no envelope has been forwarded; and in some parts of England £30 would mean a good house every way, while in large towns it of course means a very modest one indeed, which we will assume here. Let us say first, that all *general* modern customs favour more economical furnishing than formerly. Have, therefore, all the floors bordered, either with floorcloth, or the stain and varnish sold on purpose, or in the bedrooms even plain paint, half a yard from the walls, and the carpet as a loose square or pieces, and thus save money and gain in health. Brussels is now the cheapest carpet for hard wear. Iron or brass bedsteads, with good wire mattresses, give the same results. You can dispense entirely with the old expensive mirrors, and be perfectly in the fashion, with either overmantels, cheaply furnished, or a simple double mantel-shelf and a little pottery, or even a plain mantel-board with a few ornaments and an engraving or picture over. Get a dining-room set of chairs if you can afford it; but if not, good Austrian bent wood will look very respectable, wear well, and can have loose cushions added. A modern plain buffet is cheaper and better for such a house than sideboard or chiffonier. As to the drawing-room, this is now always furnished for real use, and the expensive centre table and "suite" has quite given place to one or two small tables, and as many chairs as are wanted, every one of which may be different, and all of which may be quite cheap, even plain basket with a cushion being quite permissible even in well-furnished rooms. All this is much cheaper than the old style, and so are cheese-cloth and Madras muslin curtains, which are durable, and only want the simplest washing and ironing. Even in the hall, if it is small and you cannot afford a table-stand, it is quite the thing now to turn a drain-pipe up on end in a saucer, paint them in some decorative way (if you know how to do it), and make this answer for an umbrella stand in the corner, while a row of handsome pegs can go anywhere. The modern fashion, in a word, is for *individuality*. Look round and consider what you really want, find where you can get it best and cheapest, and then add as you go along.

**Charitable Purposes.**—*A correspondent from an "old parsonage" asks us, if a large old-fashioned house in a large garden a few miles from a great city were left for charitable purposes, is it better it should be an almshouse for old people, or a free library, or both combined, or what else?*—We conclude that the terms of bequest are yet to be settled, for if not, there must be some knowledge of the testator's wishes which ought to be respected. But even in settling them, the testator and his adviser ought to be guided by actual circumstances not stated in the question, and not by mere outside opinions which would vary on every hand. What is *wanted* in the place, which is within reach of the bequest? This again must greatly depend upon whether the house alone is left for the purpose, or any sum of money to defray, or help towards other expenses. An almshouse may be wanted or may be needless—an institute may have a fair prospect of doing much good, or very little. If neither seems indicated and there is money as well, a small convalescent home or cottage hospital might do untold good; but if there is the property alone, the object must be confined to such (as the two suggested, for instance) as can be carried out with little beyond Christian superintendence beside. Local knowledge applied with principle must decide.

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## Astronomical Almanack for November.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | F | ☉ rises 6.56 A.M. |
| 2 | S | Venus the morning star |
| 3 | S | 20 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 4 | M | ☉ sets 4.26 P.M. |
| 5 | T | Clock after ☉ 16m. 17s. |
| 6 | W | Venus rises 4.37 A.M. |
| 7 | T | Full ☽ 4.5 P.M. |
| 8 | F | Pegasus S. 7.46 P.M. |
| 9 | S | Prince of Wales born 1841 |
| | | [Lord Mayor's Day |
| 10 | S | 21 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 11 | M | Orion's belt S. 2.5 A.M. |
| 12 | T | Half-Quarter Day |
| 13 | W | ☽ greatest dstnce. from ⊕ |
| 14 | T | ☉ rises 7.19 A.M. |
| 15 | F | ☽ 3 Quarter 8.36 P.M. |
| 16 | S | ☉ sets 4.7 P.M. |
| 17 | S | 22 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 18 | M | Aries S. 10.7 P.M. |
| 19 | T | Mars rises 2.27 A.M. |
| 20 | W | Daybreak 5.28 A.M. |
| 21 | T | Twilight ends 6.2 P.M. |
| 22 | F | Saturn rises 11.11 P.M. |
| 23 | S | New ☽ 1.44 A.M. |
| 24 | S | 23 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 25 | M | ☽ least distance from ⊕ |
| 26 | T | Andromeda S. 7.38 P.M. |
| 27 | W | Clock after ☉ 12m. 6s. |
| 28 | T | ☉ rises 7.42 A.M. |
| 29 | F | ☽ 1 Quarter 5.29 P.M. |
| 30 | S | Pleiades S. 11.0 P.M. |
| | | [☉ sets 3.53 P.M. |



*Paris Salon, 1887. By permission.*] THE SAILOR'S WIFE. [*After G. Haquette.*

# SENIOR AND JUNIOR

## A COUNTRY TOWN CHRONICLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "GREAT GRANDMAMMA SEVERN," 'THE CHILCOTES,' ETC.

### CHAPTER V.—RIVALS.



"IT IS MY PARTICULAR WISH THAT YOU SHOULD BE FRIENDLY.

UPON cross-examination Mrs. Hallett's information did not amount to very much.

The old man lying dead in the house to which they were drawing near belonged to a generation that had passed away, and the more active part of his history lay so far back as to be scarcely within Mary Hallett's cognisance; but it was matter of tradition in Melchisford that his only child, a daughter, had run away from an uncongenial home with a very undesirable husband. A "play-actor," or a circus-rider—Melchisford was divided in its opinion as to the exact profession of the bridegroom, but it was unanimous in agreeing that Mr. Hallett never forgave the offence. Beyond this little was known, but it was understood that once, and once only, the un-

fortunate wife, very speedily disenchanted and deserted, had made a piteous appeal to her father, which was absolutely disregarded, though she pleaded more for her baby than for herself.

Mr. Hallett shut up the Place and went abroad. Rumour was rife about his doings; but in those days, when a man might explore the world without the certainty of coming across his nearest neighbour at home bent on the same errand, little that was authentic could be gathered, and his movements remained obscure until he suddenly came back again and settled down at Hallett Place, bringing a young grand-niece with him.

"She must be older than you, Hetty," said Mrs. Hallett, "for I remember well hearing of the day when he came to the office to put his affairs into papa's hands—a London lawyer had managed them till then—and papa thought it a great thing to get so good an estate to manage."

"But that doesn't determine Miss Kelynge's age."

"No, but it was when you had the measles; you were just four, and Mr. Hallett spoke of the little girl whom he had adopted as if she were at least seven or eight. He talked about getting a pony for her, or a governess, I don't remember which."

Hester laughed.

"They had both to do with her education, like my measles."

"It was then that papa advised him to try and find his grandson," said Mary, with a note of pride in her voice. "Papa was always on the side of the young fellow, but Mr. Hallett would not listen. For years he refused, and it was only the other day, so to speak, that he yielded and consented that an effort should be made to discover him."

"And now papa is on the other side," said Hester, with some wonder in her voice.

"No, dear; only he thinks there is little hope of tracing him. You see he has been lost sight of so long, and he may be anywhere. They have tried every means for a year, and they have no clue."

"If his father was an actor he ought to be easily traced."

"But he wasn't anything great. A strolling player does not make himself a name, and the boy may never have heard of his mother's family. It was a dreadful marriage for her to make, and her pride may have kept her silent after her father refused to take her back. I think she would be too unhappy and ashamed to tell the boy anything about her early life."

Hester listened in silence, pondering over the story. It was like a novel; all its situations were melodramatic—the strolling player, the lost heir, the waiting fortune—only it was better than any novel because it was true, and it belonged to Melchisford. Hester had a pleasing conviction that she should live to see the romance concluded—the wanderer discovered and made happy for ever after. Young people never take into account the stories that stop short, and are, to all seeming, never finished at all.

They were now within a mile or two of Hallett Place, and here the face of the country was less familiar to them, and they began to look about them with a quickening interest. Yet the same terms might describe it all—a green country, with a cheerful hint of spring's activities to take something from the look of sadness there always is in any wide-reaching distance; a country of broad white roads, with straggling, overgrown hedgerows keeping guard on either side. You can see the sinuosities of those roads for miles and miles as they wander between the fields and loop the scattered hamlets, here a wood and there a spinney, bearing names that you will find in Domesday Book; a row of bare elms, where the rooks hold parliament, a scent of new-ploughed earth, a blue sky above it. It has everything, and yet nothing. It is not beautiful, this old East Saxon county, as its rivals of south and west are beautiful, and its charm is difficult to describe; yet for some minds it certainly exists. It has that subtle quality of attraction that escapes analysis but that ensures sometimes for a plain face the love that beauty cannot command.

"Mother," said Hester, turning round suddenly, "did you see who that was?"

"No," said Mrs. Hallett, looking helplessly out of the window. "I saw something whisk past; Davies drives so slowly. Was it Dr. Shepherd?"

Hester smiled.

"It was Lavy Moss."

Mrs. Hallett sat up and looked at her daughter seriously.

"Are you sure, Hetty—are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure. She was alone, and she looked back and waved her hand. I ought to know that cock's plume," she said, with a little demure fun curling her lips, "I see it often enough going in and out of the bank-house."

Mrs. Hallett drew her brows into a perplexed frown.

"I think it is very forward of her to be rushing off there at once, as if—as if she were a relative. Papa will be annoyed," she ended, with a sigh.

"Dear mother, why should he be? Miss Kelynge has a right to choose her own friends, and if she likes Lavy Moss—"

"Hetty," said her mother, with an appeal that was almost piteous, "don't begin defending the Mosses, or—or trying to make a friend of Lavy; that would only make matters worse."

"I won't choose her for a friend, I have no real friend but you, mother," said Hester, reassuringly. "You know I am not popular in Melchisford."

"I am sure that is not true, child."

"Oh, yes it is; and I don't think Lavy would appreciate my friendship."

She did not quite understand her mother's agitation.

"It will displease Andrew because it is Hannah Mellish who has done this, and she is on my side," Mrs. Hallett was saying to herself. "He will think I ought to have prevented it."

Hester could scarcely appreciate these subtleties of feeling; she knew that her father disliked the Mosses and Drinkwaters, and all the tribe of relations to whom her Uncle John's marriage had given the run of the bank-house, but she did not

see how that affected Miss Kelynge and her choice in friendship.

"If she likes Lavy Moss she won't like me," she said to herself, instinctively recognising that she had no qualities in common with the lively young woman who had so lightly wrested the lead and won the race, but not resenting the preference. Hester had a strong sense of justice. "It is for her to choose," she thought.

"I wish Davies would go faster," said Mrs. Hallett, her good-natured face drawn into lines that were almost fretful.

She put her head out of the brougham and gave the order, but Davies was neither to be cajoled nor commanded. He had no mind to knock up both his beasts, he remarked, and if there was to be all this going and coming, his mistress must be content to take it quietly.

"Davies never can forget that he has been in the stables since your father was a boy," said Mrs. Hallett, unable to help smiling at the snub. "We must submit, I suppose."

"We shall be there in five minutes. Look, mother; put your head out at this side. There is the famous beech avenue. How beautiful it must be in summer!"

It was beautiful even in March. Between the bare branches, already rose-tipped with promise, one had glimpses of the park, where the deer were feeding in sociable groups. A bend of the long drive brought the house in sight, for advantage had been taken of a little rise in the ground to set it well in view. It was a large old house of the mellow brick that is as unlike the brick of London as imitation marble is unlike that hewn from the quarries of Carrara. It was not confessedly of any period—not pure Elizabethan, not Queen Anne, certainly not Victorian; but it seemed to have claimed the best points from every style, and the result was a picturesque and thoroughly comfortable jumble.

Perhaps, set in its wide solitude, it was a little dull, in spite of the flower-beds coming into bloom on the lawn. To-day it was even sombre, with all the blinds drawn, and that air of death that seemed in so strange a contrast with the bustle and rush of spring in sap and shoot. There were fresh wheel-marks on the gravel of the drive that told of Lavy's arrival, and it was still of her Mrs. Hallett was thinking most when she crossed the threshold. Hester's recollections had gone back to the dead man, and she pitied him for having to go away, leaving behind him this beautiful world.

Mrs. Hallett took her daughter's arm as she crossed the hall, where other Halletts looked down upon them. Her nervousness was beginning to return, but it took the shape of dread before encounter with Miss Moss.

They were shown into the library—a dark room, made gloomier by the close-drawn blinds. A fire had been lit, and it touched the binding of the books, bringing out unexpected twinkles and flashes of light.

"What a beautiful room!" said Hester, looking about her with admiration. "I love that dark oak. And what a number of books! I wonder if Miss Kelynge has read them all."

While Hester was wondering the door opened. There was a little pause, and then someone came in. Mrs. Hallett, not yet accustomed to the darkness of the room, could not feel sure for a moment whether it was not the enemy after all; but Lavy Moss could scarcely have taught her step that subdued hesitation. A moment more, and she knew it was the mistress of the house.

Perhaps, on the whole, Miss Kelynge was the more embarrassed and shy of the two as she came forward. She was short, and rather broad and flat, though not stout, and possibly her chief attraction lay in a sort of helpless appeal that she made, not only by her expression, but by her general attitude.

The woman of a timid and confiding nature is generally supposed to be very popular with men—especially if she be pretty; but there are women too, to whom anything in the shape of helplessness makes a demand that is immediately met. Mrs. Hallett's shyness vanished as she took the girl's cold hands in her own.

"My dear," said she, "you know me? I am Mary Hallett."

"That is my name too," said Miss Kelynge, looking up with a kind of wonder into the good face bending over her, "except that I have Kelynge added on." It seemed to make a little bond between them, and Mrs. Hallett went on quite bravely:

"My daughter Hester and I came to see if we could help you. We fear that you must be very lonely, and my husband begs that you will return with us and let us try to comfort you. He will arrange for you to return here as often as you will, and Hester with you if you dislike driving alone."

Miss Kelynge turned to Hester with the same curious, half-frightened, deprecating air. She had light blue eyes with very light lashes, eyes that looked as if they had shed a great many tears and had grown faded in consequence. Her complexion was dull and thick, and her features blunt; she was not pretty—even Hester, who was gentle in her judgments, could not find her so—but she looked as if she wanted taking care of.

"You will come?" Hester bent forward with a smile to add her persuasions. "My mother is very kind, and she will take care of you, and you shall be as quiet as you like."

Miss Kelynge coloured with distressful embarrassment.

"I don't think I can come," she said, hesitatingly, "though I should like it. I am dreadfully frightened here, I daren't go upstairs where he is lying, but Miss Moss has come to stay with me—she arrived just before you."

At the mention of the enemy's name Mrs. Hallett drew herself up a little, and her warm feeling suffered a check.

"Of course if you have made other arrangements," she said, "we must not interfere. If Miss Moss is a friend of yours—" Then she melted under the frightened gaze.

"She has only come to stay because I was so lonely."

"If you will not return with us, is there nothing we can do for you?" Mrs. Hallett asked. "You have so many books that we have nothing to offer you that would be new to you, and perhaps you don't care to read yet?"

Hester looked round her again. Somehow she was certain Miss Kelynge had not made acquaintance with the calf-bound rows that glittered so mysteriously in the firelight.

"If you have any commissions we will do our best to execute them," her mother was saying; "we have some good shops in Melchisford. Barker's is almost as good as a London shop, or if you would like Hester to write to London—"

"I get my things from Slipperfield; it is nearer—only five miles. I have only been once or twice in Melchisford in my life. I used to want to go, but uncle wouldn't; he said it was easier to write to London and give orders, and less trouble than to drive nine miles for our things."

She gave her explanation hesitatingly, as if she were conscious of a blunder somewhere. While she was still speaking the door opened, and Lavy Moss came in. There was no uncertainty about her entrance. She walked straight up to Mrs. Hallett and put out her hand, as if confident of a cordial reception. If ease of manner be a sign of gentle breeding, the farmer's daughter ought to have changed places with Miss Kelynge.

Lavy was a good-looking lass, with a fine healthy colour and an air of great resolution and spirit.

"How do you do?" she said; and then she turned and nodded to Hester. "I passed you on the road. I wagered Uncle John Mellish a new pair of gloves I'd beat you, though I started a good half hour after you, and I've won. I met Aunt Hannah in George Street, and when she told me the news"—she glanced at Miss Kelynge—"I bundled into Tom Burgess's trap, and off I set. He wanted to come with me, but there wouldn't have been much chance of winning if Dewdrop had had his weight to drag behind her. He'll get a lift home," she laughed, "and Dewdrop won't come to any harm here."

"You got here before us, certainly," said Mrs. Hallett, with the coldness a kind woman can put on; "but we had no intention of outstripping you, since we did not know you were to be here."

"Didn't you?" said Lavy looking at the speaker, with a careless frankness that did not trouble itself to be unfriendly. "I thought Aunt Hannah told you. She said, anyhow, that you couldn't take me; but I got here all the same. I've come to stop as long as Mary wants me. There's lots of us at Chalk End; it's the only thing we're rich in, and I can easily be spared."

Mrs. Hallett understood that the gauntlet was thrown down, and there seemed to be nothing left to do but to retire with dignity.

She refused Miss Kelynge's offer of refreshment, and the bell was rung for Davies to come round at once. The visit was ending a little awkwardly, and Mr. Hallett would be displeased; but she could not help it.

As she was crossing the hall with her guests, Miss Kelynge seemed to struggle with something she wanted to say, but she did not say it until Hester and her mother were seated in the brougham with the rug tucked across their knees. Then, as they were making their final bows, rather stiffly perhaps, she ran down the steps with desperate impulsiveness and put up a hand to check Davies in his outset. "Thank you for asking me," she said, speaking fast and growing very red. "If you will let me come to-morrow—after the—I daresay Lavy won't mind to-morrow."

"Yes, my dear, yes," Mrs. Hallett interposed quickly; "do come, it will be such a trying day for you. My husband and son will be here, and will bring you back to us."

"If Lavy doesn't mind."

"Do come; I may tell my husband you consent?"

So it was as a conqueror Mrs. Hallett drove away after all, leaving Lavy round-eyed and wondering, staring after the departing carriage; but she did not enjoy the victory.

"Hetty," she said, "Lavinia Moss is odious."

Hester looked round a little surprised at the energy of the tone.

"Did you hear how she spoke of Mary—so familiar and forward, as if she were an equal?"

"It doesn't seem so very difficult to be Miss Kelynge's equal. I can pardon Lavy that freedom."

"Hetty, you really must not defend her."

"No, mother; I won't, unless you say anything very severe. Lavy is certainly better looking than Miss Kelynge; I thought her quite handsome to-day, and I suppose some people like that outspoken way—it really is rather funny."

"I can't think how you can admire her."

"Oh, I don't—that is, not more than moderately. I'm afraid I was only using her as a comparison. Miss Kelynge isn't pretty—she is very plain, don't you think?"

"Oh, very," said Mrs. Hallett, easily.

"But she seems good-natured. I am sure she will give everything up to that boy when he is found."

"That boy?" Mrs. Hallett looked bewildered, and then she laughed. "Why, my child," she said, "if you mean old Mr. Hallett's grandson, he must be quite a man—older than Andrew."

"Oh!" said Hester, a little blankly, "I keep thinking of him as a little fellow in pinafores."

But a young man, even if he were older than Andrew, has scarcely passed the bounds of romance in the eyes of twenty, and she quickly resumed her loyalty.

"Whether he is five or seventy-five," she said, with that lack of logical sequence so characteristic of the feminine mind, "he is the heir, and you can't deny that, mother."

### CHAPTER VI.—ANDREW JUNIOR SEES VISIONS.

THE coroner's jury had but to give their verdict in accord with the medical evidence, which proved conclusively that old Mr. Hallett had died of syncope, and the funeral immediately followed.

There were not many left to mourn him—he had been a man of morose and peculiar temper, who had easily estranged himself from his neighbours. Moreover, he had outlived most of his early associates in the county, and his only brother, the grandfather of Miss Kelynge, had long predeceased him.

They laid him beside his wife—dead many years before—in the chancel of Slipperfield Church, where a handsome mural monument testified to her many virtues. By-and-by the graver would come and chisel in his virtues too, and all those fine qualities which no one had perceived in his lifetime. It was a cold day—one of those days when Spring hides her smiles and betrays her shrewish temper. The easterly wind made even warm-blooded young Andrew look blue, and it was still more cruel to Mary Kelynge, reddening her nose and her eyes, and accentuating her unattractiveness. She cried a good deal at the grave in a silent, helpless way, as she had cried at the inquest, out of habit, perhaps, or nervousness, for she had not been deeply attached to her grand-uncle.

Young Andrew chose to ride home, leaving his father to accompany Miss Kelynge in the brougham. She made the young man uncomfortable, and upon the whole he felt rather irritated with her. She ought not to have cried; she ought rather to have been grateful for her handsome chances. Andrew himself would have managed to unite gratitude and grief in more becoming proportions if he had had her prospects.

Andrew senior, seated beside all this crape and these tears, did his best to be comforting. He said—as if he were a brother of La Trappe, bound to the shibboleth—that we must all die, an assertion his companion would have found it difficult to contradict even if she had been nimbler-witted than she was. When he spoke of Hester, and of the mild pleasures to be enjoyed at Melchisford, he became more fluent, but he found his companion unresponsive, and he was not sorry when the brougham drew up at the Red House in George Street.

It was dark by this time, too dark for their arrival to be witnessed from the bank-house, where, as Mr. Hallett very well knew, both Hannah Mellish and her niece Lavinia were on the outlook. He smiled rather grimly to himself as he thought of their discomfiture. He had a fine masculine contempt of women as opponents, and if there was to be any fighting over the possession of Miss Kelynge he had no doubt in his own mind as to the result of the combat.

The Red House sent forth a diffusing sense of warmth and good cheer that was pleasant and reviving after the outer rigours. The spare chamber—the best in the large house—was all ready for the guest. Mr. Hallett had himself inspected it before leaving home in the morning, and had superfluously suggested that the fire might be lighted early. When a man takes it upon himself to interfere with the housekeeper's functions he does not often distinguish himself. Mrs. Hallett, like a good wife, had acquiesced with a smile; she had nothing left to learn in her own department, though she bowed to him in everything else. The fire had already been lighted for two days, and the sheets and blankets duly aired, when Miss Kelynge took possession of it. It was as comfortable a room as even an heiress could desire, with a couch drawn up to the warmth, a few flowers, some books, and a silver reading-lamp on a little table.

Hester came to offer her services.

"Will you let me be your maid?" she said. "I help mother often. I will unpack if you will trust me, and I feel sure I could do your hair if you would let me try. Or perhaps you would rather lie down and rest till dinner-time?"

Miss Kelynge agreed that she would rest.

"I never had a maid," she said. "Uncle used to say a woman ought to be ashamed to ask another woman to dress her. I never had anybody like you to help me."

She looked at Hester with a mixture of perplexity and admiration, and possibly with a shrinking that almost amounted to a chill. Hester was so serene, so tall, so beautiful.

"I am not very clumsy," she smiled. "I will come for you at half-past six, and you will let me try to be of use to you?"

Andrew junior had got home before his father. He had changed his dress, and was standing with his back to the fire when Andrew senior came into the room.

Mr. Hallett warmed his chilled hands; perhaps his son's comfortable attitude irritated him. He said rather sharply:

"You'd better go down to the cellar and get up some of that Jouet—a couple of bottles."

Andrew lifted his black brows with a kind of surprised remonstrance.

"Perrier Jouet—for a girl?" he said. "I'm afraid, sir, it will be rather thrown away. So long as champagne pops and bubbles in the glass, any brand will do for ladies."

"Ladies like good wine when they can get it," answered his father, a little curtly, "and I wish the one who is our guest to be treated with all possible respect."

Andrew went to the cellar without another word; he, at least, could appreciate the Jouet. He had merely mentioned a general principle. Andrew did not like waste, and it was waste to produce Jouet when a humbler vintage would serve your turn equally well.

When he returned to the dining-room carefully carrying the wine, his father still stood at the fire. He looked a trifle pompous, and perhaps rather more cross than before, and his son knew that there was a little lecture to follow.

"You ought to have come back in the brougham," Mr. Hallett said, not giving his annoyance time to cool. "It was scarcely respectful to ride off in that way, without so much as mentioning your intention. We waited for you quite half an hour, and might have been waiting now if someone had not chanced to go to the stables."

"I'm very sorry," said Andrew, with frank and careless penitence. He was, generally speaking, on sufficiently easy terms with his father, and was troubled with no old-fashioned subserviency. "The fact is, I couldn't stand any more tears. If a woman must cry, why can't she cry and have done with it, instead of dribbling on for ever, like a—"

"You had better not make the comparison, sir; you must be more respectful towards a very natural and—er—womanly and becoming grief."

"Becoming?" murmured Andrew.

Mr. Hallett went on more sternly: "I am shocked at your want of feeling; it is abominable."

"But it isn't natural," interrupted Andrew, anxious only to cut the lecture short. "The old man was not an affectionate uncle, if rumour is correct, and did nothing to merit tears on his account. In fact, his dying becomes him better than ever his living did—that, at least, is my way of looking at the matter."

"And I call it a very unfeeling way of looking at the matter. You will be good enough, sir, to keep your opinions to yourself, and to treat the lady with the respect and consideration that are her due. You will remember that this is my house, and not yours; and that I will not submit to have anyone I invite here insulted."

"Insulted!" cried Andrew, in his turn growing very red. "Who says I insulted her?"

"I say so, sir." Mr. Hallett nursed his passion. "And I insist that you will treat Miss Kelynge respectfully, and behave to her as a gentleman ought to behave. She will probably be here for a long time—that is, if circumstances do not interfere."

Andrew stared at his father. A new idea began to dawn on him and displaced his anger.

"And"—Mr. Hallett went on, suddenly stumbling over his words and losing the fluency his passion had given him—"and so you may as well understand at once that I expect you to take your share in trying to make her feel at home here. I won't have you give yourself any airs. You will be courteous and kind and friendly. It is my particular wish that you should be friendly."

"Very well, sir," said Andrew, quietly; "I will do my best."

What was there in these phrases that made Andrew suddenly stop frowning and look at his father? There was nothing in the words—it was only a roundabout way of saying that he must be civil to a girl who was, in a certain sense, under his father's care. The lawyer liked long words, yet there was more than met the ear. There was a subtle intention in them that did not escape him. He said nothing more, but he looked at his father, and the look was returned in an equal silence. After all, words are very clumsy vehicles, and there are moments when they can safely be dispensed with.

Andrew was not an imaginative young man, but in the half-hour that elapsed before the dinner-bell rang there had been time for one of those onward mental leaps that cover a good deal of ground, and take one suddenly into a new region. The mind very quickly adapts itself to a new conception, and it is matter of common experience with most of us to discover that while we have been readjusting our world on a new scale of feeling, others have remained at the old emotional level.

When Miss Kelynge came down before dinner with Hester, it somehow gave Andrew a slight shock to find her quite unchanged from the young woman he had left crying silently in the drawing-room at Hallett Place. He felt, irrationally enough, that his own quickened consciousness ought to have touched some responsive spring in her. She was not crying now, though the tears seemed not far off; but she looked depressed and nervous, and in her black dress, with her faded, reddened eyes, her dull, yellowish colour, and her tremulous lips, she was undeniably very plain. What possible marvel could have happened in half an hour? And yet in half an hour Andrew had taken one of those resolutions that are epoch-making in a life. In short, Andrew had determined that if fortune were minded to throw her favours in his lap he would make the most of her kindness.

The dinner, in spite of the champagne, was not very successful; there was a constraint on everyone, and an uneasy dread lest some chance remark should open the floodgates of Miss Kelynge's grief once more.

She ate very little, could hardly be persuaded to sip her glass of wine, and looked so unhappy that even Andrew felt his confidence die away before the task of consoling her.

"Poor little fool!" he said to himself, as he smoked his cigar in the greenhouse; "if she would stop slobbering, and do up her hair differently, and wear a decent gown, she wouldn't be so infernally bad."

Already he was thinking of her as if he had a sort of proprietary interest in her, and was bound in honour to emphasise all her better points. How dutifully he was obeying his father!

"Hester would put any girl to disadvantage," he thought, feeling for the first time a little annoyed with the beauty to which Miss Kelynge acted so successfully as a foil. "I wonder if it would frighten her desperately if I were to talk to her?"

He felt himself amused before this conception of himself as an awe-inspiring person, and, resolving to put the question to the proof, he threw away the end of his cigar and entered the drawing-room. Miss Kelynge, however, had retired, and Hester sat at the piano playing soft, idle snatches as the fancy came to her.

It was her mother's lullaby. Mrs. Hallett was just at the age when an after-dinner nap begins to have attractions, when, in a place like Melchisford, it almost becomes a resource. For even if you have the good fortune not to discover it, Melchisford is undoubtedly uninspiring, circumscribed, and dull.

Andrew stood in the doorway and looked from his mother, her fair, placid face gently relieved against the dark cushion of her chair, to his sister drooping over the piano.

Hester when she played had a spiritual likeness to St. Cecilia, borne along on the current of her own pure maiden fancies. Andrew, who had no close acquaintance with the Romish calendar, would probably have been incapable of the comparison, but he instinctively recognised a certain moral daintiness and exquisiteness that gave her beauty a rare distinction. For the moment, however, it almost offended him.

He had the grace not to waken his mother, and he asked in a careful whisper, "Where is Miss Kelynge?"

Hester, without ceasing her playing, motioned with one hand that their guest had gone upstairs.

From the dining-room, which opened into the drawing-room, though shut off by double doors, there now came a bass murmur of voices.

"Who is it?" Andrew questioned once more, inaudibly, and Hester's lips softly formed themselves into the words, "Dr. Rose."

Andrew turned on his heel and went round by the other door to the dining-room. It was clear his chances of laying the foundations of a friendship with the young lady were gone for that night, and he rather liked Dr. Rose, whose gloomy views of life the young man found humorous.

Dr. Rose was a man of sixty, long and lean, and of sour visage, who was understood to have in early life contracted an unfortunate marriage which had checked a career of more or less promise. When he was still a young man he had sold his practice in London, and came to bury himself in Melchisford. It was understood that death had relieved him of his rash matrimonial venture, but not even the most optimistic of maiden ladies had any hope of persuading him to a second experiment. It was commonly reported, indeed, that he was a woman-hater, and he took care to keep this impression alive by hurling most of his sarcasms at the heads of his married friends. He lived in dingy lodgings in South Street, and was content to find his practice chiefly among the poor, leaving the whims of richer patients to his more pliable coadjutor, Dr. Smee.

"Smee will tell them as many lies as they will swallow for ten-and-six a visit," said the sneering Esculapius; "the truth as I tell it only fetches half-a-crown. But the truth is the last thing your patient desires. If she is a woman, she only wants you to assure her that hers is the most interesting case you've ever met with; if the dregs of conscience left you rebel at that, you may as well strike her name from your books, for she won't send for you in a hurry again."

"And the men?" said young Andrew, who enjoyed a thrust at the opposite sex.

"And the young men, sir, are worse if possible than the women. It ought to be within a doctor's province to drown half of them, like puppies, before they are old enough to do much harm."

It was not, however, on this favourite theme that the doctor was enlarging as he sipped a glass of the lawyer's port; and indeed, when Andrew entered the room, it was his father who was the speaker.

The topic was that which for the moment was engrossing all Melchisford—the death of Mr. Hallett and the prospects of his niece, and it was one in which Andrew felt he had a right to share. He nodded to the doctor, and leant against the mantelpiece with his back to the fire.

"I think she is pretty safe to come in for as fine a property as there is in the county," his father was saying, "and a thoroughly well-invested fortune into the bargain—all good sound securities, Indian Consols and British Railway Preference stock—none of your risky investments. That intermarriage with the Carters was a capital thing for the Halletts; it brought them all that iron business—nothing like iron for your money. To be sure, there's a year for the grandson to turn up in. If he can make good his claim any time within twelve months from last Tuesday at midday, everything real and personal goes to him, except a trifling annuity. If he fails to appear—and I scarcely think there's one chance in ten that he will turn up—she inherits."

"And if he turns up five minutes after midday Tuesday a year?"

"Then he must console himself by knowing that he has lost by three hundred seconds."

"Fate is like enough to play him some such scurvy trick," said the doctor, "it is a way she has. And the young woman—what will you do with her?"

"Shepherd and I are the trustees; but as Shepherd is a bachelor, she can't live with him."

"No; Shepherd scores there. Shepherd is a Solon among men."

"I suppose she will be here for a time," said the lawyer, carelessly, "if she find Hallett Place too dull. But it is entirely a matter for her choice, she is free to live where she will. By-and-by, when she is out of mourning, we must get her to go to London; she ought to see something of the world."

"My advice to you would be to lock her up for a year, though unfortunately it seldom has the desired effect in a woman's case. If you let her go about, even in Melchisford, some young man will be fancying he is in love with her; it isn't difficult to fall in love with a young woman who has the prospect of sixty thousand a year."

"You speak as if you had a warrant in your pocket," said young Andrew, in a tone that was not wholly amiable, for the doctor was looking straight at him, and the young man had an uncomfortable conviction that he understood him a little better than he intended or approved.

"If I had, I should use it to clap the gaol door on you."

"Oh, so you think me dangerous?" said Andrew, a shade of stirred vanity arresting his ill-humour.

"No," said the doctor, with a most sarcastic smile, resolved not to indulge him; "I don't think you at all dangerous except to yourself. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, you should happen to fall in love with £60,000 a year; you have to reckon that Fate may choose to play her dirty trick on you. Five minutes before twelve would be quite as fatal to you as five minutes after it to the other young fellow; and so, my dear boy, incarceration and a temperate diet of bread and

gruel would be the kindest treatment anyone could prescribe for you."

On the whole, Andrew had never found the doctor's peculiar humour so distasteful.

### CHAPTER VII.—"FRANK.

OLD Mr. Hallett, of Hallett Place, was a connection of whom one might quite reasonably be proud. Personally he was an extremely disagreeable, morose old man who had quarrelled with all his own near kin, who had driven his daughter into a disreputable marriage to escape from his tryanny, and who had only not fallen out with his grand-niece because it was impossible to differ from one who had no mind or will of her own to defend, but socially he was everything that could be desired, and might safely count on recognition without the help of the herald.

The mansion he had just been called on to quit was of respectable antiquity; there were undeniable bits of Tudor which had been rescued from the hands of the restorer; in the little Norman church at Slipperfield there were brasses in which the family name could be faintly deciphered; there was even a cross-legged crusader, sadly battered and defaced, but still recognisable to the eye of faith as an undoubted ancestor.

A more convincing proof of the age and standing of the family was the ghost—a headless lady who was rumoured to reappear at a certain corner of the park on one night only of the year, carrying the severed member in her hand. As she chose the depth of winter for her annual manifestation, a season when few people voluntarily haunt the woods at midnight, there were not many who could substantiate the story; but a spook, unlike a creature of flesh and blood, usually finds a pretty large company ready to take it on faith and make things pleasant and easy for it.

This spectral mortgage, which was inherited with the property, gave it an undoubted air of distinction. A ghost is emphatically an aristocratic possession; nobody ever heard of a ghost in a cottage or in a suburban villa, or even in a modern flat. (The Cock Lane "audition" was a fraud and a delusion.) It condescends to nothing short of an entailed estate, and comes down with the family plate, the family pictures, the family nose and eyebrows, and the family temper.

Mary Kelynge had an unshaken belief in the spectre of Hallett Place, but as she was without pride, the knowledge only filled her with nervous fears and helped to build a dislike to her home that had grown with her years. As a little girl she had lain in her crib in the far-off nursery, and translated every howl of the wind in the chimney into the voice of that wronged lady—a martyr, it was said, to love and duty. On the brightest summer day the little girl scarcely dared skirt the corner of the wood reputed as the scene of that long-past tragedy; even when she had passed beyond the discipline of the nursery the dusk had its palpitating terrors for her, and, truth to tell, she not only looked under her bed every night, but got into it, as it were, by assault—with a spring, lest an invisible hand should pluck at her delaying foot. When she had any pocket-money she spent it on a store of night-lights, taking a comfort out of the friendly little glow that at least kept the shadows at a respectable distance. There were whole regions of the old house where she never went willingly; she was afraid by day—her uncle's stern voice sent her pulses leaping; his sarcasms, though she scarcely understood them, stabbed her; by night whole troops of fears, kept with difficulty at bay during the bright hours, battalioned themselves in her solitary room when she went with her candle there.

It takes something of a strong nature, morally as well as physically, to stand the test of a solitary and unfriended life; and when the test is applied to a girl, unless she be of exceptional health and abundant resource, she is pretty certain to break down under it.

Mary Kelynge's nature was yielding to weakness. A frown subdued her, a harsh word made a slave of her. She trembled and obeyed, and went, as it were, in fear of her life. Her cowardice used to drive the old man to a bitterer scorn, and she, knowing that he despised her, shrank the more from him.

Yet in the main he tried to be just to her—the world would have said he dealt generously by her. He did not stint her in food, or clothing, or money; he only starved her in those things a sensitive woman prizes far above these—in love and sympathy and patient understanding. Patience might have made something of her. She was dull, and she had not even the prettiness which excuses so much stupidity in the eyes of the opposite sex, but at least she was grateful, and, in a dumb, dog-like fashion, she would have worshipped him for even a careless kindness.

Her grand-uncle used to wonder sometimes, with a kind of grim irony, what he had done to deserve so obtuse a companion. He had disinherited his own daughter because she had shown too high a spirit—too impulsive a desire to please herself, and it seemed a sort of Nemesis that her place should be taken by another girl who made him a tyrant by reason of her abject submission. He used to long in secret for the grandson whose existence he had refused to recognise; but his pride would not sanction any attempts to discover the lost boy until death came within measurable distance, and that need of settling the question of his successor stared him in the face and demanded to be heard.

It was then that he summoned his solicitor, and for the first time gave permission for an inquiry to be instituted, and the lost heir discovered if possible. It was not so easy a matter as might be supposed. More than twenty-six years had elapsed since Avisia Hallett's flight, and twenty-five of these had been entirely barren of all tidings concerning her.

The legal firm did what it could. It advertised widely and largely for Avisia Hallett herself, for her son, for the man she had married under the various names he was supposed to assume, for the maid who had shared her flight from Hallett

Place. The county rang for a while with exclamations over the eccentricity of the proceeding, but the publicity brought no results. No voice proclaimed itself from any part of the world as the bearer of a clue that was worth investigation. For a year hope flickered and died, and then, in a kind of grim despair, the old man made his final terms.

The restrictions he imposed, should Mary Kelynge inherit, were singularly few. Perhaps he had learned by this time the uselessness of warring with the laws of life. She would marry, of course. The dullest woman, if she be but well dowered, has no lack of matrimonial chances—"the wind will blaw a man until her," even if "Tinto tap" be her abiding place. When the wind blew a man to Mary Kelynge he was to renounce his own name for that of Hallett—a sacrifice he would no doubt willingly make. The soured, disappointed old man took very little interest in his successor, and went, indeed, not ungladly from a world where none of his hopes had been fulfilled.

Mary Kelynge was perhaps the only person who did not consider that she was a very lucky young woman to have drawn so favourable a number in the lottery of life. With a soul never proof against alarms, her looming responsibilities filled her with dismay. She went out to meet them with an apprehension that not for an instant allowed her to forget them. She, too, thought of the lost heir; but it was with a sickening certainty that he would not come home in time to relieve her of her load.

He had always hovered more or less upon her fancy's horizon, and gradually in those monotonous solitary years at Hallett Place she had come to build up a sort of mental picture of him that came at last to have the force of a reality. Had she met him anywhere in Melchisford, or in the country lanes, she would have recognised and accepted him at once. He was big and strong, and gay and free, and not afraid. The spectral lady would have no terrors for him, and he was bold in fronting the disused rooms and dark corridors, and in exploring those hidden cupboards and recesses her quivering nerves had never allowed her to approach. Somehow he gradually came to wear the guise of a protector, a defender. She thought about him, and longed for him as continuously as the old man wished for his return; but now her grand-uncle was dead and her cousin had made no sign.

With the terrors of death added to its haunting memories, Hallett Place became insupportable to her, and she welcomed the lawyer's invitation as a refuge from all these perplexities and anxieties. When she had been only a day or two under his roof, however, some occasion called her back to the old house for an hour or two, and Hester went with her. Hester was glad of any chance that allowed her to see a little more of her companion, and a little more too of the stately home that had made a certain appeal to her imagination. With regard to Mary Kelynge, she had that curious feeling that women have about women with whom they are likely to come much in contact. A man has a far finer stock of indifference. As a rule, he can travel or share chambers with another man without troubling himself to analyse his feelings for him; but a woman in like circumstances must probe to the bottom, and know at once whether she will love or hate.

Miss Kelynge's errand was not absolutely important, perhaps, in any but feminine eyes—some question of a dress to be disinterred from a forgotten box, of some trifles to be rescued before the mansion was given over to a close-shuttered summer sleep.

Hester presently left the bedroom where the final choice was being made, and wandered down the corridor, hung with family portraits, that looked at her darkly in the gloom of the old house as faces seen confusedly in a crowd.

It was mostly the more insignificant members of the family—those to whom no particular history attached itself—that had found refuge here; but she was struck, as she had already been struck downstairs, where the finer collection was hung, with the singular survival of look in all the faces—the echoed and repeated expression, the features passed on from generation to generation, written here for all to see. This inheritance out of the past faces us every day in family life—a gesture, a walk, a tone of the voice in laughter quickens us into sudden recollection of the dead; but to see it illustrated in a long line of family portraits was a startling thing in its way. It was as if the face were not permitted to die till it ended in the newly buried man. Doubtless it would not so end if the heir could be found, and to Hester, with her curiously simple logic, it seemed a reason the more why Mary should not succeed, because she alone, out of all that long line, bore no sign of her origin in her face.

Of the canvases that had found refuge here there was one at the end of the passage, where the light from a window fell on it, that she paused to examine, instinctively recognising it as the work of a master.

It was a curious, girlish face, instinct with the family look, with a pouting mouth and dark eyes that bespoke the existence of a temper likely enough to betray itself on chance provocation. The eyes seemed to follow Hester as she went slowly back to the bedroom.

"Mary," she said (it was Hester and Mary now), "whose portrait is that at the end of the passage—a young girl with a lace scarf twisted round her head?"

Mary Kelynge looked up from the box over which she was bending, and something of the habitual scared look crept into her face.

"It is the likeness of Avisia Hallett. My uncle, I believe, brought it himself from the drawing-room when she disappeared, and hung it here with his own hands; but he hung it with its face to the wall."

"What a vindictive thing to do, and petty too!"

"Oh, he was like that, if you crossed him."

"I wonder he did not rather destroy it; it was surely a poor revenge to take on the painted face."

"I used to be so afraid," said Mary, in quite superfluous explanation, "to pass that place. It seemed as if some dead person were out there

among all the others—they used to watch it all day long; and though I was curious to see the face, I never dared to turn the canvas round. But one morning, about two years ago, when I came out of my room, it was looking at me with those angry eyes. I suppose it was my uncle who turned it—I never dared ask him."

"Poor eyes!" said Hester; "they might well look angry." "Mary," she asked, after a silence, "did you ever think of the young man—this son of Avisia Hallett?"

"Think of him?" echoed Mary, with unexpected

"No; my uncle never spoke of him to me at all. Perhaps he did not know what he was called. I call him Frank." She blushed a dullish red as she made the confession.

Hester laughed a bright laugh of glee.

"I will call him Frank too," she said; "it is a good honest name. I seem to see him better since you have christened him—a tall, brown man—"

"No; fair," said Mary.

"Very well, then, fair if you will, though I think not—it is not the family way."



"WHOSE PORTRAIT IS THAT AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE!"

energy, "I have thought of him every day of my life since I came here as a little child, and wished for him."

"You wish him to come back?"

"Yes," said Mary, in all sincerity; "but he won't," she added with despondency; "your father says so."

"Papa can't be quite sure."

"Your brother says so too."

"Andrew knows no more than anyone else," said Hester, impatiently.

"That is just the worst of it—nobody knows anything."

"Have you ever heard his name?"

"Fair, with blue eyes, and a kind of masterful way—"

"But gentle," amended Hester; "the best men are so to women and children and dumb animals; and brave and truthful as a good man is. We will have our hero so, and will pray for his return—you and I."

She felt sure now that she should like Mary, who had shown herself to have such right views. They had one belief at least which was common property—their faith in the claims of the true heir.

As they were driving home with their collected spoil in a little pony carriage, Mary, with a timid

finger, pointed to a corner of the park said to be the scene of the headless lady's lamentations.

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

Hester shook her head doubtfully.

"I can imagine some kind of ghosts," she said, "ghosts that we raise up for ourselves to haunt us. If there is any ghost at Hallett Place" —she looked at Mary with a light in her grey eyes —"it ought to be that of Avisia Hallett. Mary, if ever Hallett's comes to be yours—"

"But I don't want it to be mine," said Mary, who was a woman of one idea. "I want it to be—"

"Frank's," said Hester, again with that bright soft laugh that seemed to echo among the tree-stems and forbid sadness; "so do I."

### CHAPTER VIII.—AN UNPLEASANT ENCOUNTER.

THEIR homeward way took them close by the farm of Chalk End. Hester would have preferred to skirt this stronghold of the Mosses at a more liberal distance, but she scorned to use her knowledge of the country to take any short cut that might be construed into a desire for evasion. She had, for a woman, an exceptionally keen sense of justice and fair play. If Mary wanted to cultivate the acquaintance of the Mosses, she should not be defrauded of a single chance.

Miss Kelynge did not know her way across country as did Hester, who was used to ride with her father and brother, and sometimes to follow the hounds; but though nothing would have induced Mary to mount the pretty mare on which Hester flew light as a bird along the lanes, she knew her way to Chalk End. She was busy now with a recognition for every turn, looking out eagerly for the yard where one or other of her friends was certain to be found.

Chalk End was one of the many homes that in this part of England have fallen from a higher estate. Originally a manor and moated, with a history of respectable antiquity, it had descended with the fortunes of its owners, until upon an evil day it passed into the hands of Caleb Moss. From that hour it was doomed; Moss was not only an inadequate farmer, he was hopelessly crippled by the demands of a family of daughters, whose chief end in life was to be amused.

How many Moss girls were there? Hester was never quite certain whether in summing them up she was not including a Drinkwater, for the Drinkwaters and Mosses, cousins and neighbours, lived more or less on the communistic principle, and members of one family were always to be found on the premises of the other. Mr. Moss himself could hardly have told the number of his children. What could a man do who was overweighted with this burden of feminine incapacity? Mr. Moss decided that he could do nothing, and in doing nothing he was at least successful.

He was a weak, absent-minded creature, whose failure aroused no surprise, and perhaps no indignation. He himself scarcely resented it. He knew in a dull way that a crisis, hitherto warded off by John Mellish's good-natured liberality, was inevitable; and, since he could not avert it, his only hope was to bring it within supportable limits. A poverty that still allowed him his pipe and his home-brewed draught, his right to criticise a neighbour's crops or his beasts, was scarcely felt as an inconvenience.

The Moss girls, bereft of their young Aunt Hannah's heroic help, were content also to let things slide, and to slide with them, more or less gaily, doubtless counting on the pleasant arrest of matrimony before a too uncomfortable depth was reached. Lavy was the only one of them who resisted, but her energy could not ward off disaster.

A turn of the road brought the house in view—a long low house with that sad air of disreputability, of poverty no longer genteel, that houses may wear as well as men. A bit of ragged garden, given over as a parade-ground for cocks and hens, fenced it from the road on one side, on the other the yard crept close, and leaning on the low wall that enclosed it was Caleb Moss himself. Caleb was looking at his pigs; a great many of the hopes that had been extinguished in other directions found a resting-place in the strawyard where they disported themselves. There were scores of them—black pigs and white pigs, and pigs which impartially blended both shades in their piebald persons. Caleb would have told you with brightening eyes that pigs were cheap to feed, and grew into marketable pork without giving you any trouble. Without trouble—that was their chief merit. Except for the grunters, and a young horse rolling itself on its back with its legs in the air, the yard was untenanted.

Hester, seeing the foreground deserted, would have pulled up to have a word with the farmer. She had the sort of liking for him that one has for a man who is nobody's enemy but his own; but Caleb, notwithstanding his large experience of the sex, was shy. At sound of the wheels, and at sight of the fluttering ribbons, he ducked behind a budding lilac bush that flanked the house, happily unconscious that it quite inadequately concealed his long legs. Hester drove on with a smile; then suddenly her conscience suggested that she should pull up.

"Would you like to go in and see the girls?" she asked her companion.

Miss Kelynge hesitated, but merely out of habit. There was probably no question that could be framed that would have found her prepared with a reply. She really wished to go, and Hester, understanding this intuitively, turned the pony up a narrow lane that led to the back of the premises.

"We won't disturb Mr. Moss," she said; "he seems to find his pigs an interesting study. I suppose even pigs might repay study if one gave them enough? Why," she broke off suddenly, "there is Bess! Can papa be here, I wonder? He said nothing about it this morning."

The mare, hearing her voice, turned and whinnied to her. She was tied to the gate of what professed to be the kitchen-garden, but had lapsed into a wilderness. Hester jumped out and secured the pony safely.

"What are you doing here?" she said, stroking the arching, glossy neck.

The pretty creature looked at its mistress with

eyes that said as plainly as possible, "I love you!"

Hester's question answered itself almost as soon as it was asked. Round the corner from the house two figures appeared—a very sociable pair, it would seem, from the way in which the man's head was bent and the woman's face lifted while they talked. They were so engrossed in each other that neither of them perceived the watcher in the lane. Mary had remained seated, but Hester was tall, and could see easily over the gate.

"Andrew!" said Hester, with a wonder that had not yet had time to gather displeasure—"Andrew and Lavinia Moss!"

"Your—brother?" Mary asked, looking suddenly fluttered; "not—Mr. Hallett?"

But Hester was too absorbed to hear the question.

Lavinia was the first to become aware of her scrutiny. The colour already vivid in her cheeks deepened perhaps just a shade, but she rescued her presence of mind at once. Lavy's bold good-humour was not easily disconcerted; if she felt a moment's embarrassment before Hester's grave wonder, she was ready to laugh it off the next.

"There's your sister," she said to Andrew, "come in search of you—come to take you home."

Andrew was visibly annoyed. A man may think it no harm to flirt with a pretty girl, and yet not exactly wish to call his household to witness the process. He looked at Hester with a point-blank, resolute look which he wore when he meant to be master, and which he generally found produced subjection.

"This is a little matter in which you needn't interfere," was what it said, but the admonition was confined to looks.

"Well, Hester"—he spoke with a careless lightness—"have you come to rebuke me for appropriating Bess? You don't give her half enough to do; she was full of nonsense, and fretting her head off for a run."

"Miss Kelynge is here," said Hester, looking at the two with the dividing fence still between them. "We have been at the house, and Miss Kelynge wished to call here."

At this announcement both Andrew and Lavinia seemed to find their tongues. The little gate was opened in a twinkling, and the frightened lady in the pony-carriage greeted with a rapture that offended Hester's fastidiousness. Andrew had seen her at breakfast, yet he made as if they had but met after a separation of years. He was very solicitous to know if she was tired—if she had not felt the weather too hot or too cold, the roads too dry or too dusty. As for Miss Moss, her delight was pointed with little stings that had no pretence of being innocent.

"Well," she said, "I didn't think I was ever going to see you any more. I thought maybe you would find you had got to forget the way to Chalk End after that day you as good as sent me away, you know—or was it Mrs. Hallett who sent me away?"

"Oh, Lavy!" murmured her victim in an access of distress.

"We have not forgotten the way, you see," said Hester, with a rather haughty gravity, "and the distance between the bank and the Red House is even more easily accomplished."

"Do you mean that I'm to come over?" Lavinia demanded, with blunt directness.

"We don't keep Miss Kelynge a prisoner." Hester smiled faintly.

"Well," said Lavinia, as if she were making a heroic resolve, "I believe you do mean it. I'll come next time I'm at Aunt Mellish's. I'm not one to go where I'm not wanted, but I'll come as Mary's friend, and that needn't hurt anybody else.'

For some reason or another this resolution seemed to displease Andrew, and he was all at once in a great hurry to go home. He refused Lavinia's hospitality frankly pressed on all the party.

"You go and have a chat with father, and leave us three to have a talk."

"I have already discussed every single pig with your father," said Andrew, betraying a hint of temper, "and it is time I was home. Unless"—he turned suddenly to Miss Kelynge—"you will let me keep you company? Of course, if you wish to rest or drink tea, I'll wait with pleasure."

"I am not tired or thirsty; and, if Lavy doesn't mind—"

"Then you will let me go with you? Last night's rain has laid the dust, and I promise you Bess will be on her best behaviour if you will let us escort you."

"But you will have to go so slowly," she said, timidly.

"My pace will set itself to your pleasure," he said, stooping down to tuck in a corner of the rug that hung from the pony-carriage. "Don't refuse me," he whispered.

Miss Kelynge looked distressed—as she was sure to do at this open exhibition of gallantry. Her uncle, though it had pleased him at times to show her a sarcastic and most alarming politeness, had never paid her a compliment in his life, and in excuse for him it may be said that she was not a person to whom one would naturally say pretty things.

"Don't refuse," Andrew was saying. "It is growing late; I shall feel quite uneasy if you forbid me to keep near you."

"He's afraid somebody may want to run away with you, Mary," said Lavy, upon whom, while she talked with Hester, this little side-scene was not lost. There was a sharp note in her voice. "He wants to see you safe shut into the Red House. Oh! I knew you would be very well taken care of." Lavy's tone was growing shrill.

"Yes," said Andrew, with a good humour that was perhaps a little forced. "You are quite right, Miss Moss. I'm a lawyer, and I have the interest of Hallett Place to remember. We have lost one heir already, and we must keep a sharp eye on Miss Mary in case she should want to run off too; and where should we be then—a year hence?"

"Oh, you would find a way out of the difficulty," said Lavina, with a high-held head. "You're a Hallett yourself."

Hester looked from one face to the other while this little skirmish was going on. She did not understand it, but her finer sensitiveness shrank from it. As for Mary, she was still agitated with the novel experience of Andrew's sudden attentions. The lowering of his voice, the entreaty of his tones; never in all her arid, eventless life had any man stooped to beg a favour of her; to accept her granting of it as a grace. The heart under her bodice beat with something that was less and yet more than the usual alarm—a new sensation, vague and undefined, that kept the colour dully red in her cheeks.

Lavy's good-byes were quite effusive. She kissed Mary's blushes into a deeper hue. She would perhaps have kissed Hester too, only somehow Hester's grave eyes forbade the liberty; but for Andrew she had only a cool parting nod.

So they set out, Andrew riding by the little pony carriage and appearing to be wholly wrapped in his self-imposed task of protecting his fellow-travellers. He held himself erect, and did not once look back, though he was intensely conscious of Lavy's following glances. Hester was conscious of them too, and they disturbed her. What did it all mean? She carried away a very vivid mental picture of Lavinia—a tall, bold figure in a dress that in its pronounced fashion and colour was too bright for the tender tints of the spring which made a background for it. Lavinia, indeed, had nothing in common with the young year's hesitancies and delays, its modest reluctances—there was about her, on the contrary, a decision, an energy, a purpose, an audacity that all at once explained Miss Kelynge's subjection to her. It was the weak instinctively turning to the strong—the timid to the bold. If in the shaping of circumstances their wills and their wishes should ever clash, it was easy to prophesy on which side victory would lie.

The homeward journey was conducted for the most part in silence—an agitated silence on Mary's side. Hester's occupation with the reins allowed her to miss a good many of the small civilities with which Andrew beguiled the way; he did not say very much, but his looks were not without their significance.

"I am your protector, your defender, your cavalier," they seemed to say; "if any danger threatens, my life is at your service."

If this interpretation of Andrew's bold glances had struck Hester, she would have laughed merrily. Danger in their own green lanes! Was the age of romance, of footpads, and blunderbuses, and masks, back again? Hester's thoughts, however, were preoccupied; they were busy with that vision of Andrew and Lavinia Moss she had surprised in the neglected garden. What did it mean?

Hester, absolutely sincere herself, was no lover of mystery. When later in the day she found herself by chance alone with her brother in the drawing-room, she seized the chance to seek enlightenment. "Andrew," she said, "I didn't know you knew the Mosses so well."

"So well as what?" he questioned in his turn. "So well as to have a friendly chat with Miss Lavinia after finishing my business with her father? I should have thought our experiences in the dancing school might have helped you to that."

"It is years since we had dancing lessons together."

"It is also years since Aunt Mellish did us the honour of entering the family. Your objection to the Mosses is a little out of date, my dear."

"I don't object to the Mosses," said Hester, steadily; "I asked Lavinia to come here."

"What is it you are pleased to object to then?"

"If you wish to be friends with the Mosses—with Lavinia—wouldn't it be as well to do it openly?"

Andrew laughed good-naturedly enough; but when he spoke it was with a masterfulness that had an edge of contempt.

"My dear girl," he said, "take my advice and don't attempt to meddle with other people's affairs; you're sure to come to disaster if you do. Your own will be quite enough for you to manage, without going out of your way to take on other folks', and as a rule you'll find it safer and pleasanter to keep your advice until it is asked for."

"Andrew, you are unjust," said Hester, smarting under his contempt; "I didn't advise you—"

"Didn't you? It sounded uncommonly like it."

"You are very cruel." Hester's voice was quivering. She was shocked to find herself on the verge of serious estrangement with the brother whose comradeship had made so large a part of her life.

"Am I? Well, don't give me cause." His voice was perfectly good-natured; he did not share her agitation, because he felt sure of his own ascendency. If he had been angry too it would have been easier.

Hester rebelled and was humiliated, but she mastered herself with an effort. The need of being reconciled to Andrew surmounted her sense of injustice.

"Don't be cross," she said, pleadingly, the tears trembling in her great grey eyes; "I didn't mean to offend you."

"There, goosey," he stooped and kissed her, "does that look like being cross? Now be a good girl, and don't bother about me; I can look after myself and my friendships, as you call them. Come into the greenhouse. I want to send Miss Kelynge some flowers, to take away from the oppression of that funereal crape. Is all that gloom necessary for a grand-uncle?"

"He was her nearest relation," said Hester, doing her best to control herself and conquer her inclination to run away and cry in secret, "and he has only been dead a week."

"Well, I suppose we must yield to Mrs. Grundy. Ask her to wear these." He gave her a handful of white blossoms he had selected with some care. "That unrelieved woe takes away my appetite since I've got to sit next it."

Hester carried the offering upstairs obediently. Preoccupied as she was, her difference with Andrew still foremost in her thoughts, she could not but spare a passing wonder for Mary's recep-

tion of the flowers. It could only be explained on the ground that she had been all her life one of the snubbed people on whom nobody ever felt it an obligation to confer any attention. Nobody had ever given her flowers, or music, or boxes of sweets—those little offerings laid at the shrine of beauty.

She held the bouquet a little as if she were afraid it might burn her, and yet she did not lose her clasp of it.

"It is very kind of your brother," she stammered, "very kind."

"I daresay he thinks you miss the Hallett Place greenhouses," said Hester, indifferently.

"You must show me how to wear them, Hetty; I—I never wore any at home, uncle would have laughed."

"Let me pin them in for you," said Hester, feeling a little ashamed before this naïve confession—it spoke of such a restricted girlhood.

"And Hester, do you mind—you won't be offended? You once offered—will you do my hair? It won't come right for me—it's so wispy."

"Of course I will," said Hetty, resigning herself. It was perhaps just as well that she had no time for the contemplation of her grievance.

She conscientiously did her very best as an artist on trial for the first time, but the result was disappointing. It was hair that refused to be anything but wispy, even in skilled hands.

It is a popular theory that all young people, by virtue of their youth, are more or less pleasant to look upon, and that the wearing of flowers is a permissible addition to their attractions.

If Andrew had held this amiable doctrine as part of his creed, he renounced it from the moment Miss Kelynge entered the drawing-room. The white flowers were a sad mistake.

In the privacy of his thoughts Andrew put the matter more brutally.

"She is horribly, hopelessly plain," he said, "and she looks like a housemaid trying to be a lady."

Mary certainly appeared at her worst, and her nervous self-consciousness was not lessened by the circumstance that there were two strange young men in the drawing-room when she entered it. To Mary young men were almost as terrifying as the traditional ghost of Hallett's. When these two paused in their talk and looked at her she felt a strong impulse to turn and fly. Hester and Andrew were with them, but Andrew sauntered towards Mary when she came to a sudden halt midway in the room, and it was then that he made that uncomplimentary remark already recorded.

It was Hester's soft voice that made the introductions. She led the young men up to the shrinking girl.

"Mary," she said, "here are two old friends of ours whom you ought to know. Tom is a Melchisford man, and you have met his cousin, Dr. Rose. Mr. Somers"—she turned to the taller and darker of the two—"is one of us by adoption; we have presented him with the freedom of the town, and he is good enough to say he likes it better than London. Could there be a finer compliment than that?"

The young man's eyes said as plainly as possible that there was the best reason in the world for the preference, but she did not give him time to express it in words, for she went on:

"You must give them both a welcome, Mary, for they are our allies; they are going to help us to find Frank."

"Frank?" queried Andrew, with a sudden sharpness; "who are you talking of, Hetty?"

Tom laughed, betraying that this mild little secret had already been confided to him.

"Hester has enlisted us to join in the man hunt," he said.

"Oh! so you're going to turn amateur detective?" said Andrew, with a sneer. "Very glad of your assistance, and Miss Kelynge will be eternally grateful to you if you succeed."

"Yes, I will," said Mary, with sincerity, speaking for the first time.

The young man called Tom seemed kind, and his pleasant smiling looks disarmed the most rebellious fears. The other one—the tall dark one—was entirely occupied in looking at Hester, and had eyes for nobody else. Yet it was into Tom's arm that her hand slipped when the elders came in and dinner was announced.

"I am so glad we have you on our side, Tom," she said. "Dot wrote to me, you know, and Dot thinks you will be sure to succeed."

He laughed at this innocent belief. A needle rescued from a haystack—all the labours of Hercules were light compared with this enterprise to which Dot had urged him.

"How does one begin to find a missing man?" he asked. "The start seems the worst of it. A judicious course of novels might throw some light on the matter. Do you think if Will and I joined Mudie's for a quarter, and read all the stories based on this topic, it would help? There are enough of them, in all conscience, and one might get a hint."

"I don't know," she said, doubtfully; "it would depend on how he was lost."

"There's only one way of being lost, isn't there? But there are ever so many ways of being found. In the novels a letter is generally discovered in a secret drawer; or a tell-tale, after keeping silence for a lifetime, suddenly splits for no particular reason; or somebody has a remarkable dream, or a magician is employed. I wonder if there are any magicians left in London? If we could unearth one—"

"Tom, don't laugh," said Hester, shaking her head; "Dot is quite serious, and so am I, and you must help us."

Then there was a pause when the soup plates were being removed, and the first person to break it was Mr. Hallett.

"How did the sales go yesterday at Mark Lane, Tom?" he solemnly questioned.

"Very quiet; oats are looking up a bit, but wheat is down a shilling a quarter in the week. Maize went off slowly, but beans and peas are dull."

Could anything be more uninteresting?

# THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. CANON CREIGHTON PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

## DERBY.



IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

IF the district contained in the county of Stafford was wild and uninhabitable in early days, still wilder was the land which lies within the Derbyshire of to-day. It was, indeed, isolated on every side. On the north lay the bleak uplands of the Peak; on the west, the forest of Needwood and Cannock Chase; on the south, the great forest of Arden; and on the east stretched the forest of Sherwood, closely followed by that of Charnwood. Only along the valley of the Trent was access possible, and it would seem that a tribe of English settlers in quest of a home rambled northwards from the Trent Valley, following the Derwent and the Dove, till they were stopped by the moorlands of the Peak. They stayed by themselves in their inhospitable home, and went by the name of the Pec-setan, or dwellers by the Peak. Their chief settlement lay in the valley of the Derwent, and they called it by the name of Northweorthig.

The Pec-setan did not long enjoy the doubtful boon of isolation, but were soon absorbed by their kindred of the west, and formed part of the great kingdom of Middle England, which was brought together by the Mercian Penda in 626. In fact, Staffordshire and Derbyshire together may be considered as the original seat of this kingdom, which afterwards was widely extended. However much its boundaries changed, the lands which make up these two shires were never severed

from one another. Ecclesiastical divisions are more permanent than civil divisions, and the modern district of Derbyshire always in old times formed part of the Mercian see of Lichfield.

We need not trace again the fortunes of the Mercian kingdom. It is enough to say that the invasion of the Danes completed its overthrow, and rendered its revival impossible. In 877 an army of the Danes entered Mercia, and took possession of the eastern part of the old kingdom. It was their conquest which drew the line of separation between Staffordshire and Derbyshire; and it was their settlement which gave the name of Derby, or Deoraby, to the old English village of Northweorthig. The name they gave, meaning "the place of the deer," shows that the village lay in the midst of a waste land where the chase of wild animals provided the chief means of subsistence. Under the Danish rule Derby became a place of greater importance, chiefly as a military centre. The Danish territory in middle England was known as the district of the Five Boroughs, because it centred round the towns of Derby, Leicester, Stamford, Nottingham, and Lincoln. The Danes did not, however, find the district round Derby very favourable for their settlements, and the traces left of their presence by the suffix *by* to the names of places are not so numerous as they are further east.

Still, Derby became a place of importance, and when the English power began to revive under the West Saxon King Alfred, his daughter Ethelfled, "the Lady of the Mercians," undertook the conquest of the Five Boroughs. Derby was the first to fall in 917, and it was not long before the Danish supremacy over middle England had disappeared. In the reorganisation that followed upon this conquest the Mercian kingdom was divided into shires, and the district round Derby represented the northern part of the original settlement of the Mercians.

The Danish invasion destroyed such signs of civilisation as the district had possessed. In the days of the Mercian kingdom Repton had shared with Tamworth the dignity of being the residence of the king, and was the seat of a great monastery which the Danes swept away. The old renown of Repton led to the building of a church in the tenth century, of which the crypt still remains, and its spiral pillars are still among the most noticeable relics of Saxon architecture. Other traces of old churches scattered along the river valleys show that in the tenth century population was steadily increasing in Derbyshire, and that the amalgamation of the Danes made the district of greater importance than before. Still, Derbyshire remained somewhat isolated amidst its forests, and after the Norman Conquest required no special measures for its reduction. The greater part of its lands was given by William the Conqueror to Henry de Ferrers, whose grandson was created Earl of Derby. But Henry built his chief castle at Tutbury, just beyond the limits of the shire. The earliest of the castle-builders in Derbyshire was William Peveril, a natural son of the king, who built a castle on a tongue of land projecting from the hill of the Peak, at a place which took the name of Castleton; and further south he guarded his domains by another castle on the hill of Bolsover. The only monastic landowner in Derbyshire at the time of the Doomsday survey was the Abbot of Burton, and the old monastic orders did not choose this district for their seat. The order of the Austin canons, who came to England in the reign of Henry I, were the first who made settlements in Derbyshire. They built their houses at Derby and Dale, also at Calle, whence they transferred themselves to Repton, which was founded anew by their efforts. But the monastic houses of Derbyshire were not of great importance, and were not of a kind to contribute much to the development of the uncleared country or the improvement of agriculture.

Derbyshire remained throughout the Middle Ages scantily peopled, save in the south. It was a land of forests; the Peak was kept well stocked with deer for the royal hunting, and fifty-four smaller forests could be counted in the rest of the shire. Its men were a race of sturdy warriors, who went forth at times to war against the Scots. Indeed, it would seem that the barrier of the Peak was considered to be the only safeguard against the Scottish raids; for the Bishop of Carlisle, who received the church of Melbourn from Henry I as part of the endowment of his see, built himself a palace there and used to hold ordinations in the church when the Scottish invasions rendered his border city an unsafe place of abode.

Sometimes the military prowess of the men of Derbyshire was revived in behalf of the rebellious schemes of their chief lord, the Earl of Derby. In the reign of Henry II, Robert de Ferrers was one of those who rose against the king, and a century later his descendant took advantage of the general discontent against the weak government of Henry III to try and gain something for himself. He was regarded as faithful neither to the king nor to the barons, but only strove to get royal castles into his own hands. For this he was imprisoned by Simon de Montfort in 1264, and after Simon's fall was called to account by the king. He put himself at the head of the men of Derbyshire, who gathered round their leader with the personal loyalty which comes from a secluded life; but his levies were defeated at Chesterfield. He fled into the church for refuge, and would have escaped the notice of his pursuers had not a girl, whose lover he had forced to join his troops, given a sign of his hiding-place. He was dragged forth, was taken prisoner to London, was made to pay a fine of seven years' income and surrender his castles, and finally was deprived of his earldom, which was conferred on the king's second son, Edmund, who became Earl of Lancaster, Leicester, and Derby. Thenceforth the possessions of the earldom of Derby followed the fortunes of those of Lancaster, and with the accession of Henry IV passed to the Crown.

Derbyshire did not play an important part in English history, and was not the scene of important events. Its growth came from the slow progress of agriculture, the clearing of the forests,

and the steady industry of its people. Like other parts of England, its main commerce was in wool, and Derby in the thirteenth century did a little trade in dyeing woollen cloth. The district of the Peak was known in early times to possess lead mines, which had been worked by the Romans, and a rude race of miners formed there a class of themselves. As early as 1287 they were empowered to empanel a jury which should declare their customs and draw up a rough code of laws for a settlement of their disputes. But in those days of bad roads there was little means for the development of mineral wealth, owing to the difficulty of carriage. The gradual growth of a body of country gentry during the fourteenth century, owing to the division of large estates, seems to have afforded the chief inducement to bring the land into cultivation and foster agriculture. Still, in 1377, the population of the county is only estimated at a little more than twenty-four thousand.

The great changes of the sixteenth century did not materially affect Derbyshire. The fall of the monasteries made perhaps less difference than in any other part of England, and did not much change the habits of the people. But new ideas did not rapidly penetrate into Derbyshire. Many of the old families remained firm in their allegiance to the old form of religion. The wild



PEVERIL CASTLE.

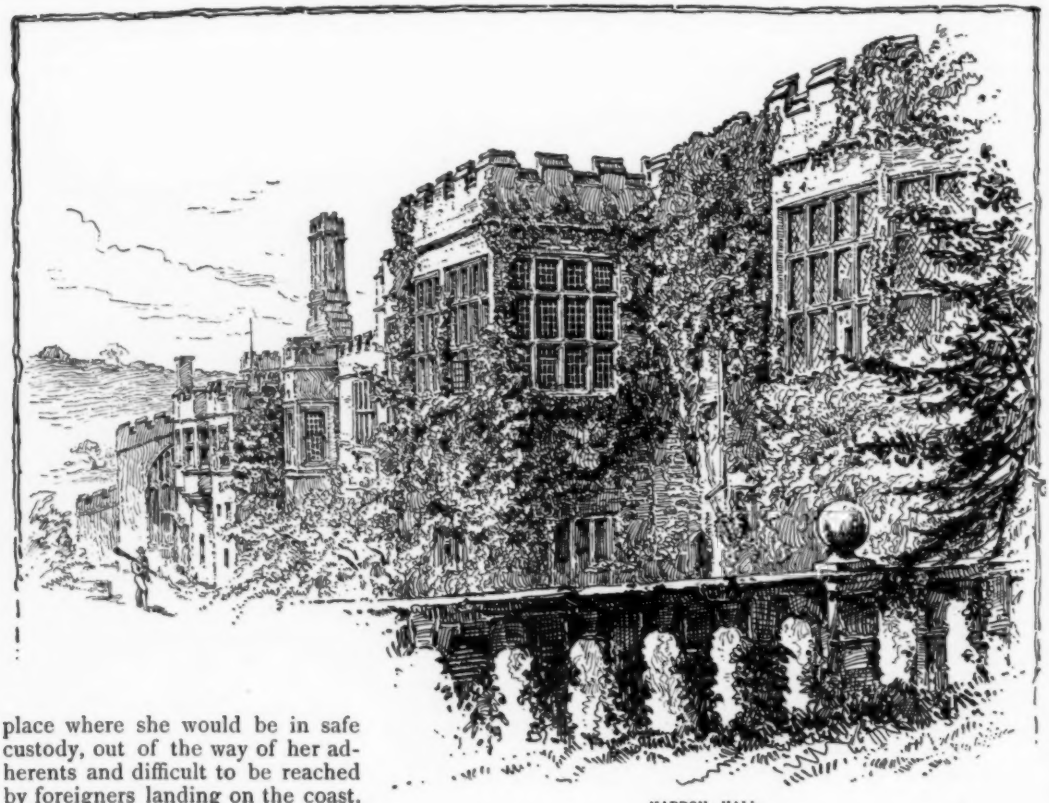
district of the Peak afforded a natural refuge to those who, in the reign of Elizabeth, fled from the penal laws directed against the Roman Catholics. From time to time raids were made upon the recusants, and Derby Gaol was frequently full of prisoners whose only crime was that they remained true to the opinions of their fathers.

The sixteenth century was a time of the growth of new families who added field to field and gained in wealth and position. The old nobility passed away, and a new nobility took their place. Those of the old nobles who still remained were obliged to fit themselves into the new state of things. There is no more conspicuous instance of the change which came over England than is the history of George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury. His possessions lay in Derbyshire and the neighbouring shires. His chief seat was at Sheffield; but he held on lease from the Crown the Manor of Wingfield and the Hall of Buxton in Derbyshire, the manor of Worksop and the abbey of Rufford in Nottinghamshire, and the castle of Tutbury in Staffordshire. All those outlying possessions were on the borders of Derbyshire, which was thus the centre of his greatness. He further increased his estates by marrying for his second wife a great Derbyshire heiress, who had increased her fortunes by a series of marriages. Elizabeth Hardwick, heiress of Hardwick Hall, near Chesterfield, belonged to the class of the smaller gentry and raised herself to a high position by her numerous marriages. At the age of twelve she married a neighbouring squire, and was a widow at thirteen—having inherited from her husband. She was then an eligible match, and married a Suffolk knight, Sir William Cavendish, by whom she had a large family. At the age of thirty-seven she was again a widow, and married a still wealthier knight, who left her his sole heir. At the age of forty-eight she could add rank to her wealth by marrying the Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom she brought two other houses in Derbyshire, Hardwick and Chatsworth. As a condition of her marriage she demanded that her eldest son, Henry Cavendish, should marry one of the Earl of Shrewsbury's daughters. He, however, died without issue, and her second son, William, succeeded to her possessions and those of his elder brother. He was very wealthy, and in 1618 bought the title of Earl of Devonshire from James I for £10,000, and was the founder of the great family which has its seat at Chatsworth—a house on which Elizabeth Hardwick is said to have spent £80,000.

Though this worthy lady's schemes prospered in the long run, they did not add to her happiness or that of her husband in the immediate present. Queen Elizabeth was a far-sighted ruler, and knew how to

make her nobles useful. The very fact that the Earl of Shrewsbury was possessed of so many houses in the middle of England suggested a way in which he might be employed. When Mary Queen of Scots took refuge in England she caused great embarrassment to Elizabeth. It was not safe to let her go, and it was not decent to make her a prisoner. It was hard to find a place where she would be in safe custody, out of the way of her adherents and difficult to be reached by foreigners landing on the coast. The Earl of Shrewsbury, with his many houses, all in sure places which could be easily guarded against surprise, was obviously the man for Elizabeth's purpose. Mary Queen of Scots was committed to his charge, and for fifteen years one of the greatest nobles in England was saddled against his will with the duties of a gaoler. Tutbury, Wingfield, Chatsworth, Sheffield Castle, and Sheffield Lodge were in turns the prisons in which Mary was confined. The Earl of Shrewsbury was carefully watched by the suspicious Queen Elizabeth, and if he absented himself for a day without permission was sharply reprimanded. His wife alternately interfered in behalf of Mary and was jealous of her. Shrewsbury, heartily striving to do his duty to Elizabeth, was exposed to continual annoyance from these suspicious women, and experienced no gratitude. He was at last one of the commissioners appointed to try Queen Mary, and was further sent to superintend her execution. He died in 1590, worn out before his time by the troubles which he had undergone.

The Cavendish family, however, prospered, and its members became the natural chiefs of Derbyshire. The charms of the country as a place of residence were discovered, and its delightful dales were gradually filled with interesting houses. The Hall of Hardwick was enlarged, and remains as an excellent sample of an Elizabethan house. Haddon Hall, which was begun in 1420, when the castle was giving way to the manor house, received its present shape in the middle of the next century, and still tells us of the new spirit of mingled dignity and comfort which marked the sixteenth century. Men felt that country life was an enjoyable thing. They lived on their estates; they interested themselves in local governments; they were keen to develop the full value of their lands. Derbyshire, which had been behind the rest of England in the civilisation which sprung from monks and feudal lords, rapidly rose under the influence of the gentry. It is true that the Peakland was left for some time in its isolation, but the rest of the county grew and prospered.



HADDON HALL.

At the beginning of the great Civil War Derbyshire lay on the dividing line between the Royalist and Parliamentarian districts. In fact, throughout its history it was doubtful if Derbyshire belonged to northern or southern England. At first Charles I marched to Derby in 1642, and seemed to claim the allegiance of the county for himself. But Sir

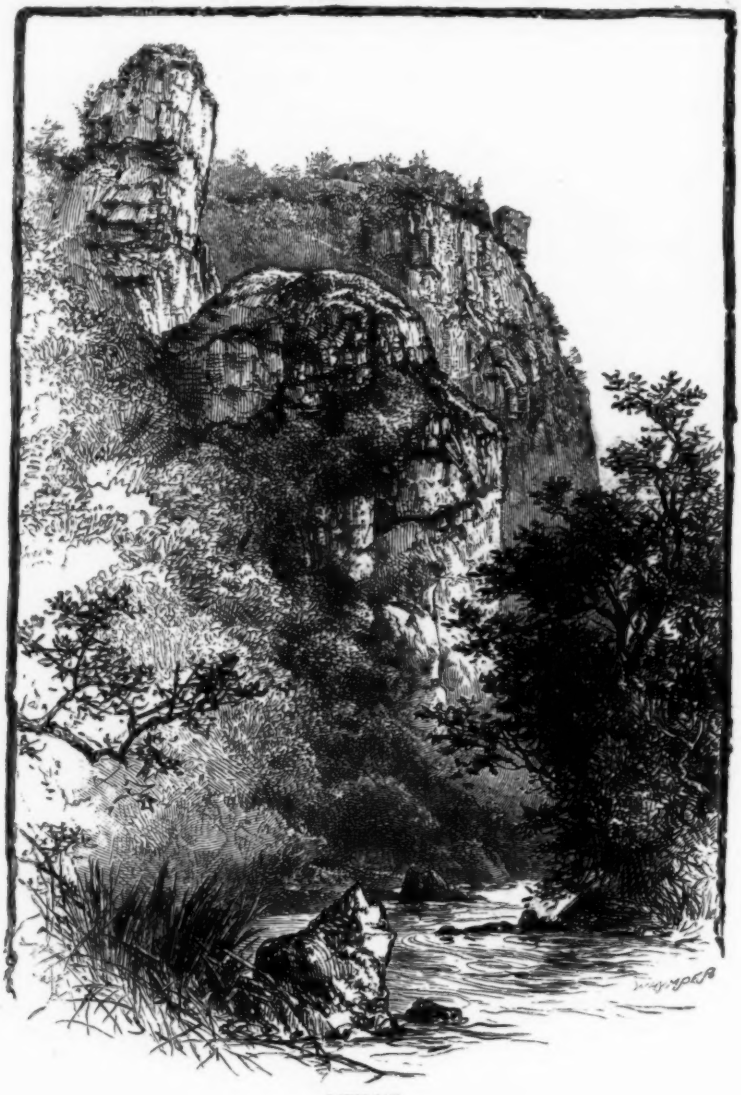
John Gell challenged this claim on the Parliamentary side, and though Derbyshire was not the scene of any great battle, it was disturbed by perpetual skirmishes and sieges. For a time the two parties were equally balanced, but Sir John Gell slowly won his way. Many of the fortified houses in the county were at this time reduced to ruins. Chief amongst them in picturesque interest at present is the manor house of South Winfield, one of the houses of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and one of the prisons of Queen Mary. First it was garrisoned by Gell, then it was taken by the Royalists; again Gell attacked it, and its governor was killed in the storm. Finally it was dismantled by order of Parliament in 1646, and fell into the ruins which may still be seen. The fortunes of the castles of Welbeck, Bolsover, and Tickhill were all similar, and many other strong places disappeared. In fact, the Civil War was as important in the social history of England as was the dissolution of the monasteries. The one swept away the houses of the monks, which had grown out of all proportion to the needs of the country; the other swept away the strongholds which were likely to give the country gentry an undue power in the state. It destroyed the last semblance of military importance, and left England frankly an agricultural and industrial country.

Only once again was Derbyshire disturbed by the din of arms. In 1745 Prince Charles Edward Stuart undertook his ill-fated expedition into England, and marched with his Highland supporters towards London. He reached Manchester at the end of November, and by a pretence of marching upon Lichfield drew the Duke of Cumberland, who was guarding the road to London, to leave his position at Newcastle-under-Lyne. Then the Prince suddenly altered his march and passed through Leek and Ashburn to Derby, which he reached on December 5. The Highlanders were eager for battle, and thronged to the cutlers' shops to sharpen their broadswords. But their leaders were disappointed at the small signs of popular enthusiasm which were awakened by their presence. The people were interested and curious; they thronged to look at the Highlanders, and talked with them in a friendly way, but they did not join in their enterprise. Only three recruits were gained in Derby. The Prince was anxious to push on towards London, but his generals were doubtful. The Duke of Cumberland, they argued, would make his way southward, and could meet them before they could reach London. Supposing they conquered in the fight, they would find another army on Finchley Common, drawn up for the defence of London, and they feared to fight a second battle with diminished numbers. If they were overcome the country people would at once



BOLSOVER CASTLE.

rise against them, and not one of the fugitives would escape alive. They had trusted to a rising of the English people, or to the effects of a sudden panic. As their expectations had been disappointed there was no course open save a retreat. By such



DOVEDALE.

reasoning the Prince was overborne, sorely against his will, and on December 6 the Scottish army left Derby, and began to retrace their steps homewards. The spirit of Charles Edward was broken by this failure, and the field of Culloden saw the overthrow of all his hopes. So far as England was concerned, his march to Derby had been little else than a pageant.

Meanwhile, Derbyshire was advancing in industry. The lead mines of the Peak were worked with better effect, though the methods of mining were very rude before the discovery of the steam-engine. The miners made their way into the mine by narrow openings, down which they slid, and up which they dragged with difficulty the ore which they had won. They were clad in leather and wore leathern caps to protect them as much as possible against the knocks to which they were exposed. They were a rough people, semi-barbarous in their manner of life, and living apart from the agricultural folk around. But in the south of the county Derby became the seat of an important industry—the weaving of silk. The reign of Charles II was a time of great growth of luxury in England. Woollen cloth had hitherto been the material of which English dress was made; but the taste sprung up for silks, which were imported partly from France and partly from India. The weaving trade consequently suffered

great depression, till an attempt was made to weave silken fabrics in England. The most successful of these endeavours was that of Thomas Lombe, who in 1717 erected a silk mill at Derby, which rapidly prospered, and round it grew up a trade of weaving silk stockings. When machinery was invented, the water-power supplied by the rapid streams of the Derbyshire valleys made them favourable places for industry. Thus, when Arkwright had finished the invention of the spinning-frame, he went into partnership with Strutt, of Derby, and they set up their works at Cromford, in a valley near the Derwent, where was a spring of warm water, which prevented the neighbouring stream from freezing, even in the severest winter. The industrial growth of Derbyshire has steadily progressed, without, however, reaching such a height as to interfere with the natural beauty of the country.

Thus Derbyshire remains with many charms. Its distinctive features, its dales, and streams, and moorlands, are those which in early days made it savage and wild, and kept it apart from the rest of England. Now they attract the tourist, who is further taught to see in the great historic houses for which Derby is famous the means whereby the niggard gifts of nature were developed into a source of wealth; and the charm which comes from the sense of human care adds a grace of its own. It is the valleys of the central part of the county, the great houses of Chatsworth and Haddon Hall, and the natural curiosities of the Peak, which make Derbyshire a place of resort to the dwellers in the manufacturing districts by which it is surrounded. The varied industries of the rest of the county are allied to those of the neighbouring shires. Derbyshire is exceptionally fortunate in the happy mixture which it presents of natural beauty, historic memories, and varied industrial activity. Within a short distance it is possible to turn to almost all the sources of England's greatness.

## London Twilight.

THE winter day is fading fast,
A day of bitter wind and sleet;
And dreaming of a brighter past
I sit and gaze across the street.

A little girl with sunny hair
Stands looking through the window pane,
And sees a future May-time fair,
With clearer skies and softer rain.

My heart goes backward, miles and miles,
To gather withered leaves and flowers,
But on her hopeful fancy smiles
The bright new green of summer bowers.

Her trusting glances, never dim,
Pierce swiftly through the twilight haze,
And meet the tender face of Him
Whose love is watching both our ways.

Ah, little girl, across the street
My spirit flies to learn of thine!
Thy childish faith, so calm and sweet,
Is wiser than all thoughts of mine.

For hope is better than regret,
And One who loves us both may be
Waiting beside still waters yet
In pastures green to welcome me.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

# THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

## THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

[*From a Photograph by Kollar Károly.*

IN the placid provincial garrison town of Olmütz, in Moravia, not far from the dreaded fortress of Spielberg, made for ever famous in Silvio Pellico's narrative, there reigned, in the early winter of 1848, a most unusual excitement.

For it was here that the Emperor Ferdinand, all the Imperial family, the Court, and the high dignitaries of Austria had suddenly pitched their tents after their ignominious flight from Vienna, at that time in the hands of an insurgent populace, who loudly clamoured for a constitution to replace the traditionary Austrian autocratic Government.

It is true that after a stout resistance the capital was at length retaken; but it was evident to all concerned that the inhabitants had only yielded to overwhelming force, and that discontent with the tyrannical Prime Minister, Prince Metternich, and with the amiable but weak-minded Sovereign Ferdinand, was therewith by no means allayed. The assemblage of nations over which the Hapsburgs ruled seemed to have grown tired of them.

Long and serious and secret were the discussions held on this subject in the bosom of the Imperial family. They had begun in those dreadful March days, the days that saw the dismissal and hasty departure of Prince Metternich, who had to seek refuge on hospitable English soil to escape from the hands of those who hated him throughout the length and breadth of Europe. These March days put an end for ever to the famous "system," a gust of storm wind had carried it away. New men, young men, were required for the new situation; since the 13th of that dreadful month it had pretty well been decided in private Imperial conclave that the eldest son of Archduke Charles Francis should succeed his uncle. But of this decision only about six people knew, and among these was neither the young Archduke himself nor Metternich, for forty years the repository of all State secrets.

In a letter addressed to him in London, Archduchess Sophia, mother of Francis Joseph, says (March 23, 1848):

"Poor Franzi was my one consolation in our distress. In the midst of our troubles I blessed heaven for having given him to me such as he is! His courage, his firmness, his downright mode of thought and action might almost give us hopes that God will yet open up a future for him, since He has gifted him with the necessary qualities."

We catch in this letter an echo of the intimate conversations held at this time in the Vienna Hofburg. The old Chancellor's reply to the Archduchess's letter is worthy of note. Once again he explains his policy, but at the same time condemns all political systems, and makes this strange avowal: "I was born a socialist, in the

true sense of the word: I have always looked on politics as a luxury compared with social dangers, and it is not my fault if I have received but little support in the direction which my mind follows, and which my actions have followed."

Prince Metternich, Chancellor of his Apostolic Majesty, a socialist! It was, indeed, well for him that he had passed the Austrian frontier ere proclaiming such opinions, or the police might have made it hot for him. Still, no doubt, there was a notable difference between Prince Metternich's socialism and that of Proudhon. However that may be, the old Chancellor had not been informed of the abdication ideas of the Emperor Ferdinand. Besides, it was urged, by the few persons in the secret, that the time for carrying them into effect had not yet come. It was needful still to pass through all the various phases of that terrible year before the moment seemed ripe.

One morning—it was December 2, 1848, a dismal winter's day—the unwonted movement in the streets of Olmütz appeared yet greater than before. Since seven o'clock, when it was barely daylight, carriages and coaches of all kinds had been rumbling over the paving stones towards the Episcopal Palace, where the fugitives lodged—vehicles that contained ministers, ambassadors, court dignitaries in gala dress. The streets were patrolled by regiments in full-dress uniform, bearing in their shakos a branch of greenery, always a sign of rejoicing in the Austrian army. There could be neither ball nor banquet at this early hour. What did it all mean? asked the wondering inhabitants. Nor could the dignitaries themselves, when interrogated, reply. They could only point to a letter summoning them to appear in gala at eight o'clock precisely in the Episcopal Throne Room. Here they saw nothing but a heavy daïs, beneath which stood two arm-chairs embroidered with the Hapsburg arms, and at their feet a black wooden chair and a little table strewn with papers. A young man, afterwards the famous Baron Hübner, stood beside it, trying quill pens and making order among the documents.

What was this mystery? Even the nearest relations of the Emperor were in ignorance. Not a soul except the initiated even suspected the truth.

"What are we doing here?" asked one of the Archdukes of the Minister of War.

"Your Highness will learn in a moment," was the cautious reply.

And indeed while he spoke the great doors that led to the private apartments were thrown wide open, and there entered, with all State pomp, the Emperor, the Empress, the eldest brother and sister-in-law, the nephews and State functionaries, many in number. A close observer might have remarked that the eldest nephew, a tall lad just eighteen, looking even more elegant than usual in his uniform as colonel of dragoons, had a face of extreme pallor that morning. Ferdinand, too, looked agitated; but he had long been ailing, and late events had been too much for his slender strength.

The Sovereigns took their seat, the Archdukes and duchesses grouped around them. Prince Schwarzenberg now advanced, and put into the Emperor's hands a sealed packet. Ferdinand broke it with a trembling hand, and then read, in a low but firm and distinct voice, a brief decisive declaration, to the effect that he had taken the irrevocable decision of renouncing the crown in favour of his well-beloved nephew, his Serene Highness the Archduke Francis Joseph.

It was done. The veil of the great mystery, so carefully shielded for seven long months, had fallen. But never had secret been so well kept. Intense surprise greeted the short address.

There now followed various formalities, among them the renunciation of all rights to the throne by the Archduke Francis Charles, the young heir's father, who had the first right to succeed his childless brother, but who, weak even and more easy-going than his brother, was still less fitted to guide the reins of the Austrian State at a difficult moment of its history. Nor could anything have rendered this kindly, simple person more miserable than the idea of being forced to give up his quiet burgher existence.

All the great personages present now signed the charter that recorded the solemn deed. Then the new Emperor, tears in his eyes, knelt down at the feet of Ferdinand, as though to implore his blessing and his pardon for taking his place. Soon after, the family quitted the Throne Room, and the new-made Emperor at once mounted his horse to review the troops drawn up outside. Thus he inaugurated his career as Sovereign.

Meanwhile the late Emperor and Empress set out in a modest travelling carriage for Prague, where, beloved by all their surroundings, they lived quietly and happily until their death. Ferdinand resigned the crown at the age of fifty-five, the same at which his great ancestor Charles v retired to the Convent of St. Just.

On the day following the ceremony of abdication, Ferdinand's successor had to receive a deputation from the Parliament which was then sitting at Kremsier, and reply to the welcoming speech of the president, the Polish Dr. Smolka, who still holds that office. It appears that the speech which he then made at Olmütz was very long. The young Emperor listened without flinching, but showed emotion in his reply. His voice trembled, he had difficulty in finding his words. However, little by little, he gained assurance, and the end of his speech was given with firmness and energy. In a moment this Sovereign of eighteen had taken definite possession of his throne; hardly on the throne he had begun to reign, and for forty years he has continued so to do.

On the same 3rd December the accession of the Emperor Joseph was solemnly proclaimed with sound of trumpet in all the cities of the Empire that were not in the hands of the Revolution. Strange indeed does it sound in our day of telegraphs to learn that the news took thirty-six hours to reach Vienna. The people greeted the tidings with cries of "Long live Francis Joseph I, the constitutional Emperor!" thus with

one word striking the keynote of the whole situation.

Truly the task set before this newly-made Emperor of eighteen was no sinecure. The crown of Austria, one of the finest on earth, had been easy to wear until the days of March, 1848; till then a word, a look, had been a command to forty million faithful souls. Now all was different. Francis Joseph did not take this light crown upon his head. He was called on to rule a dissatisfied people, a people that could no longer be kept down either gently or forcibly; a people that claimed its human rights, its privileges to choose its governors, and to be ruled in accordance with more modern views. Well might he say, "Farewell, my youth!" as he took on his shoulders the burdens of such a government.



LITTLE FRANCIS JOSEPH AND THE SENTRY.

And this youth would have been a tranquilly happy one, well suited to the eminently retiring nature of the man. Francis Joseph was born, August 18, 1830, at Laxenburg, some nine miles to the south of Vienna, in an Imperial residence which Francis I, inspired by reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott and Anne Ratcliffe, had built strictly on the lines of a baronial castle of the middle ages. Conscientious imitation even went so far as to instal in a tower a figure which, by means of a spring, rattled its chains and uttered plaintive sounds. Franzi, as he was called by his family, was his grandfather's great pet. Like the young Duke of Reichstadt, he too played for hours in the monarch's cabinet, while the latter was busy with State affairs, which he sometimes interrupted to have a hearty romp with the little boy.

A scene out of this childhood was painted by Peter Fendi, and hangs to this day in the Imperial apartments. It was Franzi's fourth birthday, and he was happily playing in the gardens of Laxenburg, in company with grandpapa, Francis I, with the new toys the day had brought. By chance his eye fell on a soldier keeping guard. The child looked at him fixedly, and stopped his play. Suddenly the little Prince asked,

"Is it not true, grandpapa, that this sentry is very poor?"

"Why do you think that, my child?'

"Because he has to go on duty."

"My child," replied the Emperor, "everyone, rich or poor, has to go on his duty. Princes, too, must take their turn. But this man is poor. Go and give him this bank-note."

The Prince needed no second bidding. He ran up to the soldier on duty, and, holding out the bank-note, said joyfully, "Here, poor man, my grandfather sends you this."

The orders to sentries are stringent; the soldier shook his head to show that he could not take it. Prince Franzi put his finger in his mouth in great disappointment, and looked from his grandfather to the soldier and back again. The old Emperor enjoyed the scene.

"Run along, Franzi, and put it in his cartouch box."

But, alas! it was too high up, so the Emperor came near, and, lifting up his grandson, with the assistance of the Empress, they managed between them to drop the bank-note into the cartouch box.

"Now the soldier will be no longer poor, grandpapa!" said the child, delighted with his first deed of charity.

When Franzi was five, death deprived him of this grandfatherly petting. At six years of age his serious education began, shared later by his three brothers, the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, and the Archdukes Charles Louis and Louis Victor. The mother, a Bavarian Princess, of virile intelligence and noble soul, herself superintended the children's bringing up.

The principles on which the Austrian Archdukes are all educated was laid down as a family law by the wise Emperor Joseph II. His words run: "Every burgher can say that if his son turns out well he will prove useful to the

State, and if he turns out badly he can do it no harm, since he will get no post or office. An Archduke, a royal heir, however, is not in that position. As he will one day hold the highest office, that of ruler of a State, it is no longer a question whether he will turn out well; but he must turn out well, because every detail of business which he does not learn sufficiently, concerning which he does not imbibe sound views, and towards whose execution his body and soul are not tempered, is baneful and hurtful to the general weal."

In the choice of tutors for the young Prince the mother had been careful rather that they should be good Roman Catholics than well instructed in their various branches of tuition. The result was that the Emperor and his brother Maximilian regretted in after years that much of their instruction, especially in the departments of physics and history, was so inadequate that only later private study enabled them to make up the lacunæ in the latter study, which is of such importance to royalty. Everything that had artistic bearing was also too much neglected; and yet it was just for this that Prince Francis Joseph had the most pronounced taste, as his sketches made during a trip to Italy prove. He had also a great liking for the natural sciences, such as chemistry and botany, but none of these tastes were much encouraged.

In languages, however, the Prince received excellent instruction. At an early age he could speak and read fluently the eight languages which are used in the polyglot Austrian Empire, to which, of course, French and the classical languages had afterwards to be added.

These royal children were subjected to a stern discipline—too stern, perhaps—leaving little room for play and innocent recreation. It crushed the joyousness of youth out of at least one of them. Prince Franzi is described at thirteen as a silent lad, reticent almost to brusqueness, and painfully shy. He was nervous, too, and so fearful, for example, of horses, that he wept bitter tears each time he had to bestride one. For his military studies he at first showed neither aptitude nor inclination. Fortunately his military tutor was a man of rare and real ability, who had not been chosen merely for his unimpeachable orthodoxy. Colonel Hauslab elaborated a most careful plan of instruction, by which the young Archduke had to serve in the same way as all other recruits in each branch of the service; his theory being that he who would command must also know all the minutest details of the services.

And the colonel was successful with his pupil, only, unfortunately, this plan required time to carry it out, and the events of 1848 intervened ere the scheme was completed. Had it been accomplished, who can tell whether the course of events might not have taken a different turn in 1859 and 1866?

When the Imperial scholar had attained the age of sixteen a tutor of a different stamp was given him. He was neither priest nor soldier, and yet the wiliest plotter, the greatest strategist contemporary Europe knew, for it was Prince Metternich who was to initiate him into diplomatic business, though circumstances, the pressure of public opinion, and awakened national self-consciousness, never permitted the Emperor to put into practice the lessons received.

In 1847 the Archduke Francis Joseph made his first appearance in public as the Emperor's deputy to instal the Governor of Pesth. The national Magyar movement in Hungary was then in its first fever heat of excitement, and patriots attached special value to the use of the Hungarian language in official acts, instead of German or Latin, till then employed. But no Archduke had hitherto taken the trouble to learn their speech. What was their joy, then, when Francis Joseph addressed them in purest Magyar! They sprang from their seats, they shouted "Eljen!" till they were hoarse, they drew their swords and swung them after traditional Hungarian fashion as a sign of joy. And when, some months later, Hungary was in full revolt against the Emperor, a deputy arose, and, reminding the assembly of the young Archduke who had enchanted Magyar hearts by his Magyar speech, proposed that this youth should be elected future King of Hungary.

The deputy who made this speech, which was applauded to the echo, was no other than Lajos Kossuth. And the speech found an echo in Austrian breasts during the March days of '48, with the result that, while the rest of the Imperial family were often publicly insulted, the young Archduke met with respect everywhere.

Thus trained, and under such auspices, Arch duke Francis Joseph ascended the throne, a sober lad, who was aware to the full of the greatness of his responsibilities. This is proved by the motto he chose for his own. It runs, "Viribus unitis," for he recognised that it needed all-united forces to weld again into a whole this distracted, discontented, heterogeneous Austrian Empire. The old decaying Austria had to die, it was no longer suited to its time; but a new strong sapling must spring from the ancient trunk, and to see that this should come about was the Emperor's duty.

And he soon showed himself not only strong and disposed to rule with a high hand, but also genial and lovable. Thus the people were pleased that on his accession he assumed his two names, Francis and Joseph, reminding the nation of its two most popular monarchs, Joseph II, whose memory lives unweakened in his people's hearts, and who believed that only under another Joseph could Austria once more be happy; and Franz, the husband of Maria Theresa, the people's friend, who, for all his misfortunes and losses, had yet made Austria great. It is true that some wise-acres shook their heads over this decision, regarding it as a weak and almost despairing bid for popularity.

It was some months ere Francis Joseph could enter his capital, which had been seized and sacked. When he did arrive it was silently and almost incognito. He took up his residence at once in the castle of Schönbrunn, famous for its memories of Maria Theresa, of Marie Antoinette, of Napoleon, and the Duke of Reichstadt. When the news leaked out it spread like wildfire, and all

the Viennese, that essentially pleasure-loving folk, were anxious to see the new Emperor of eighteen, whose portrait they had often beheld, but of whose person they had taken very little notice as he rode among his brothers in the leafy Prater.

But Francis Joseph made these pleasure-lovers understand from the first that his motto was business, not enjoyment, and all his reign long he has accorded them few of those occasions for public festivities which are dear to their hearts as life's blood.

He set to work immediately, and indeed there was much to put in order, for the kingdom was all in pieces, and even sections of the army proved disloyal. Winter and summer, at five daily did the Emperor leave his couch in the first years of his reign, using the early hours to continue his studies. Then he worked, held audiences, received ministers. A short walk, a rapid ride, and a visit to the theatre were his only recreations. He threw himself with ardour into his duties, surprising his ministers by his industry and energy.

"For matters of business," said Prince Schwarzenberg, "I can always gain admission to the Emperor, no matter what the hour may be."

It is difficult to realise nowadays the peculiarly difficult task that awaited Francis Joseph; and Ferdinand was right when, descending from the throne, he said, "Austria needs a young, robust monarch." It needed all the physical strength and elasticity of youth to cope with the problems presented to Austria's Emperor, and it is greatly to Francis Joseph's credit that he has, on the whole, acquitted himself so well of his most thorny task, a result largely due to his personal character. There is perhaps no European country where the problems of government are so difficult as in Austria, and in some respects they have grown even more difficult of late years. The personal responsibility of the sovereign is greater than ever. The Emperor has not only to tread the well-marked path prescribed by duty and by law for a constitutional monarch. He has to exercise, as an individual, a regulating, moderating, and dominating influence over the two co-equal sovereignties of the Cisleithan and Transleithan States, complicated in each case by the recognised or unrecognised pretensions of races struggling for "autonomy," and drifting into "Parliamentarism." Anxious and laborious duties these, since the position of the Empire in Europe and the character of its component parts cause its very existence to depend on internal unity and diplomatic skill.

A stern task, a complex problem truly; and, though no doubt he made mistakes, being but mortal, on the whole the world will agree that Francis Joseph apprehended it in all its sternness. He saw that the position of his country was probably unique in Europe, and that Parliamentarism, Constitutionalism, were terms that must be changed and modified according to the nature and idiosyncrasies of his widely differing subjects. Adaptability and self-effacement were the two great characteristics these circumstances required from him, and rigidly did Francis Joseph carry them out in his own person. The result is that at this day the true personal character of the Austrian sovereign is what no one, not even a diplomatist, professes to understand. Indeed, diplomatists frankly admit that his character perplexes them, and his own ministers do not profess to understand it. He has managed to escape the Argus eyes of even the newspaper special correspondents; no one has ever attempted seriously to analyse his character. Actual as well as nominal master of eighteen European States, the image of the man himself stands in shadow, so far hidden in the gloom as to be personally unrecognisable, and this by his own voluntary wish and will.

And yet he is no mere lay figure; those who think this are greatly mistaken. Doubtless he is not a great man of the first category, for in that case he could not have smothered his individuality, no matter how hard he tried. But neither is he a small one, for self-repression and self-effacement at the command of duty are not the gifts of petty natures. The smaller a nature the more self-satisfied, the more filled with an idea of its own importance.

Comte Paul Vasili has no doubt well grasped the situation when he writes as follows: "For the sake of his people he sacrificed all his tastes. Born to govern brilliantly, he loved the pomp of courts, show, fine armies. He would have liked in great wars to have himself led the charges at the head of a brilliant staff. Political circumstances forced him to become a constitutional king in a Federal Empire, while defeat doubly wounded his national pride.

"Then, with an adaptability which has often been taken for indecision, he renounced personal power; not, however, without sorrow and a sharp struggle with himself. All that he had looked forward to was crumbling away. Instead of being the successor of Maria Theresa, of carrying out the traditional policy, he had to content himself with a Constitutional Monarchy, under which the ministers are responsible, to become a mere bureaucrat without initiative. He accepted the position as a duty. From five o'clock in the morning on, the Emperor signs the documents placed before him; he discusses them with his ministers, but without animation. He reads a few newspapers, and runs through a *revue de la presse*, compiled daily for his use at the office of the Cisleithan Press, which keeps him informed of the exigencies of public opinion, always paternally taken into account by him. He is also very popular at Vienna, as in the different Austrian provinces. The Emperor goes to bed early, and his sobriety is proverbial. He takes his breakfast hurriedly at a corner of his desk.

"He never oversteps the privileges which he has accepted. It is only at the chase that he becomes himself, free to exert his energy and strength, employing his strategy against an innocent quarry, following it up till conquered.

"Occasionally, as in the coronation at Pesth, his nature shows itself. The Hungarians, who are so magnificent, so regal, so proud of their *fêtes*, saw how grand a figure the Emperor Francis Joseph might cut.

"Austria is full of contradictions, and the Emperor is the victim. The countries bordering on the east, which require show, with the Poles, the Hungarians, the Slavs, the very town of Vienna, which adores *fêtes*, elegance, luxury, are not satisfied with the Emperor. They would like him to be more personal, more representative, more of an Emperor; and at the same time these small peoples, tied to tradition, to their customs, with a horror of centralisation, unwilling to be governed uniformly, are irritated at the least pressure from the State. Now, the Austro-Hungarian State can only be represented by the Emperor, since the only bond of union between interests of the different provinces is centred in the dynasty of the Hapsburgs; and since 1848—especially since 1867—all direct power is refused to him from whom they expect the exercise of direct power. The Parliamentary system has never been accepted in Austro-Hungary; there is no longer room for a Cæsar. We must be logical, and give Francis Joseph credit for not having resisted the modern current; but, at the same time, we must not find fault with him for having withdrawn himself from the crowd, and for remaining the vague symbol which his people insist on his being.

"All who approach him recognise that Francis Joseph is a good man. He is charitable, but he exercises his charity as discreetly as he governs. He leaves his left hand in ignorance of what his right hand does. How can the crowd be expected to appreciate benefits whose origin is concealed when it has so little gratitude for known benefactors? . . .

"The circumstances which we have described have detached Francis Joseph from the personal interest which he would have taken in politics had he governed absolutely. Military questions alone animate him; he follows them with the greatest solicitude. A scrupulously constitutional monarch in all things, he has, however, refused to surrender the army to the hazards of Parliamentarism. Outside the army Francis Joseph's opinion is that which predominates in his kingdom. This explains the shufflings which have characterised his reign. . . .

"He is, in short, what he has described himself, if the saying attributed to him by Count Andrassy be correct: 'I am thankful that those who have been condemned to death for treason have not all been executed, for I afterwards was able to make them my prime ministers.'"

Indeed it is this impassibility that is the source and secret of Francis Joseph's strength, and explains the apparent riddle of his character. Neither as a young man nor as an old one has he ever been carried away by emotion, and he has that rare gift, that even Prince Bismarck might envy, he knows how to wait, to wait calmly and with dignity. Some men in his position stand revealed by their history, but, as has been well remarked, the history of Francis Joseph baffles ordinary comprehension by its unexpectedness. He has been the unluckiest of sovereigns, and one of the most successful; the most detested and the best obeyed. Indeed, after forty-one years of reign, it is worthy of note that defeat, against which few dynastic reputations can stand, has been powerless to affect the regard of his subjects for Francis Joseph. Their loyalty has become only the more sympathetic. A note of tenderness has been infused into it.

The fact probably is, that Francis Joseph was originally a proud and rather headstrong man, not cruel, but indifferent to suffering, and intent, like most of his predecessors, on attaining his will by force. Called to fill the throne in a difficult juncture of European history, he understood that his absolute instincts must be restrained, and that his haughtiness—the haughtiness of this semi-Spanish house, which claims to represent Charlemagne—must be controlled and take a new direction. He had to think, above all, of the great heritage entrusted to him by his ancestors, and to see that this, at all events, was not diminished. Forty years of terribly severe training have made of Francis Joseph as accomplished a diplomatist as his powers will permit him to be. These powers do not allow him to see far, or to recognise facts needing imagination to reveal them, or to appeal to masses of men with immediate success, but within these limitations they are really great. No wise person will hastily say that the Emperor of Austria is unwise; and yet he has committed actions that would admit of that interpretation.

An authoritative person has pointed out that from the day when, as a boy of eighteen, Francis Joseph was ordered by the family council to dethrone his uncle, since otherwise all hope for the House was lost, down to the present moment, he has never succeeded in any great undertaking, and yet he is ten times as powerful, as popular, and as much respected as he was then. Beaten in battle after battle, flung out of kingdom after kingdom, tricked successively by Frenchman, Italian, and German, his vast army follows him with hearty obedience; he has gained, not lost, in European position, and there is not a diplomatist in the world who, when Austria wants anything, has not a secret doubt whether, in the end, Austria will not be found tranquilly enjoying the secure possession of the object which seemed so unattainable. With half his dominions in insurrection in 1848, the Emperor was in 1850 their absolute and rather cruel lord. Beaten in 1860 by France; beaten in 1866 by Russia; driven in the former year out of Lombardy, and in the latter out of Germany; obliged, in 1848, to beg alms from Russia, and in 1867 to yield to the Magyars, he sits, in 1889, as great a monarch as ever, with as many subjects, a greater army, larger revenues, and a far more secure position, the first of the great alliance on which the future of Europe hangs; but still, in comparison with his rivals, scarcely known. He has never won a great battle, but he is a great military power; he has failed repeatedly in diplomacy, yet he has acquired grand provinces without drawing a sword or firing a shot. He has fired on his own capital, and is the only sovereign in Europe who dare lounge about it; he has ruthlessly oppressed half his sub-

jects, and has won them back so thoroughly that loyalty to his person is the cement of his many kingdoms. He has shown fierce ambition at every turn, and he is regarded as the one ruler who may be trusted not to use any successes he may gain to further schemes of aggrandisement. Men who should know, and who are rarely mistaken, say that he is not an able State charioteer; but he drives, and has driven for years, eighteen horses abreast, and they all go on the course he dictates, and he stands all the while quite tranquil, and not perceptibly touching the reins.

From his accession to the present day, the history of the Emperor of Austria's life is to be sought and found in the history of Austria. He has lived and lives but for his public duties. The first thing he had to do was to pacify the revolted States. This done, the spirit of reaction once more awoke, and the constitution accorded in 1848 was revoked in 1851—a mistake that was to end in the exclusion of Austria from the Germanic Confederation; for Prussia and its adherents saw that the moment was favourable for playing that trump card which enabled them to realise, sooner than they dared hope, the programme that triumphed on the eve of Sadowa.

In August, 1853, the Emperor made his customary journey to Ischl, there to keep his birthday in domestic privacy. On this occasion his mother, the Archduchess Sophia, gave a small ball, for Francis Joseph and his brothers much enjoyed dancing, being in this respect true children of Vienna. Among the guests then at Ischl was the Duchess Louise of Bavaria, with her two elder daughters, Helene and Elizabeth. Francis Joseph desired that they, too, should be asked to the family party. The Duchess accepted for herself and Princess Helena, but refused for Princess Elizabeth, on the plea that she was not yet out, and that, further, they had brought no dress in which she could appear. But the Emperor, who had already been charmed by a brief view of his young cousin, insisted, and would take no excuse, saying, in his simple, good-natured way, that the simplest of dresses, with a coloured rose in her hair, would suffice to make his pretty cousin Queen of the Feast. Upon this the mother yielded, the pretty cousin went to the dance, with the result that she became, not only queen of the feast, but queen of Francis Joseph's heart, and future Empress of Austria. It is related that the Emperor danced almost exclusively with her all the evening, which naturally attracted attention. Towards midnight tea was served. During this pause the Emperor and Princess approached a table on which lay a huge album containing a collection of pictures of the various national costumes to be found in the eighteen States of Austria. The Emperor turned over its pages, showing them to his pretty partner.

"They are my subjects," he said. "Say one word, and you shall equally reign over them."

The Princess, who, it must be remembered, had known the Emperor already as a child, in lieu of any answer placed her hand in the hand he held out towards her.

"Later," he said, "I will give you your betrothal bouquet."

And, indeed, during the cotillion Francis Joseph presented his future wife with a magnificent bouquet of those curious soft white Alpine flowers, the edelweiss, which he had gathered himself in his intrepid rambles among the hills.

Next day, at ten o'clock, an Imperial carriage already stood at the door of the hotel where the Duchess of Maximilian was staying.

"Is the Princess Elizabeth up?" the Emperor asked of the man in waiting.

"Yes, sire, but she is dressing."

"No matter, I will go to the duchess." And then and there he asked for Princess's hand.

Half an hour after the whole Imperial family present in Ischl assembled in the little parish church, and here, to the strains of Haydn's popular national hymn, the betrothal of the Emperor of Austria with Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria was celebrated with all solemnity.

The news, of course, spread through the little watering place like lightning, and the same evening all the hotels and villas were illuminated.

Francis Joseph has indeed chosen well in the matter of his wife, who has proved herself in all respects suited to his tastes and ideas. She, like him, loves retirement and solitude, and shares his passion for riding and hunting. How devoted to the latter sport her repeated visits to England and Ireland during the hunting season have often proved. The daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, a plain bourgeois, addicted to literary pursuits, and loving retirement, she had been carefully reared, with her three sisters and only brother, in one of those romantic mountain castles with which Bavaria is dotted. This brother, the Archduke Theodore, who has since become a famous oculist, had brought, together with the father, an atmosphere of culture and love of study into the house. It was a patriarchal environment from which Princess Elizabeth went forth, one in which there was no love for meretricious pomp.

In April, 1854, Princess Elizabeth made her State entry into her future husband's dominions. She came by way of the Danube to Linz. Those who were present say it was a pretty sight to behold the lovely maiden of seventeen standing on the deck of the gaily-flagged steamer, ready to greet her Imperial lover, who stood awaiting her at the landing-stage. Francis Joseph could hardly wait till the boat was made fast. He sprang across the open space and pressed his bride to his heart in presence of all the people. That night the Princess passed with her parents in the castle of Schönbrunn. Next day she made her triumphal entry into Vienna, in a State chariot drawn by eight milk-white horses, all caparisoned with gold-embroidered trappings of heavy red velvet. She herself wore a dress of pink satin, covered with white lace, and in her hair a wreath of red and white roses, above which rose a diadem of diamonds. She was the youngest as well as the most beautiful Empress that had ever borne the sceptre of the House of Hapsburg, and this procession was one of the most magnificent spectacles ever seen in Vienna, that city of spectacular effects.

Not less striking was the marriage ceremony in the church, twenty-four hours later. The court church of the Augustines glittered with the lights of tens of thousands of wax tapers; the treasures of Golconda, all the colours of the rainbow, seemed showered down in the multitude of precious stones and jewellery in which the court ladies, the sword-begirt magnates, and the heavily-decorated dignitaries of the Empire sparkled. When the bride, led by her mother and mother-in-law, appeared in the church, she seemed a mass of white velvet embroidered in gold. The fair face was pale and set as marble, but nothing of pride or *hauteur* was

tragic end of their only son, the Emperor Francis Joseph addressed a few words to his faithful servant, Dr. von Smolka, which may be regarded as a monument raised to his wife, that will cause her to live in history more nobly than if she had been commemorated in stone or bronze. He said:

"How much I owe in these days of bitterness to my dearly beloved wife, the Empress, and what a great support she has proved to me, I cannot describe. How can I be sufficiently grateful that such a helpmeet has been given me? Tell this to everyone. The more you spread it, the more will I thank you!"



THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

there; only the look of a true woman in the most crucial hour of her young life. Later, when the newly-made Empress appeared in the Throne Room, leaning on the arm of her husband, to receive the homage of her lieges, the rosy colour had come back into her cheeks, but the happy, pure light still shone in her beautiful eyes. As for the Emperor, no one, it is recorded, had ever seen him look so happy, nor unbend so much as in that hour that first saw him with his young bride at his side.

Since her marriage it may be said of the Empress Elizabeth, as of fortunate natures, that she has no history. The union so romantically entered upon proved a happy one. When, in the days of their common sorrow, they were bowed down at the

Outside court circles few people know the Empress Elizabeth. Many Viennese have not even seen her, which is a loss for them, for Elizabeth of Bavaria was very lovely, and has preserved into middle age many remains of youthful charms. She believes in Diane de Poitier's elixir for perpetual youth, the morning dew. An intrepid horsewoman, she is often in her saddle at dawn, scouring the royal parks. Indeed, it is as a horsewoman, a bold huntress, a lover of dogs, that her Majesty is noted throughout Europe. It is all the more surprising, therefore, that this intrepid amazon was never taught to ride till she was twenty, and already a mother. For the rest, she has a virtue rare in a woman who shares a throne, of never meddling with politics. Indeed, she

openly admits that she neither cares for politics nor understands them, a remark which, when made on one occasion to Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, and member of the Anti-Imperial faction, elicited from him the remark, "It is the highest politics to win the heart of a countryman, and that is what your Majesty knows well how to do." But if the Empress keeps away from politics, she loves, on the other hand, to rule her court, and here the Emperor leaves her a free hand, allowing his wife the same independence in their home as he allows his ministers in the cabinet.

Of court life there is, perhaps, less in Austria than in any other European capital. Both sovereigns love retirement, and only do what is strictly necessary in the way of entertaining, giving an occasional dinner and two balls, at which, however, no ladies who have not sixteen quarterings of nobility are allowed to be present. One of these balls is known as the "Court Ball," to which go the Corps Diplomatique, and all those who have the right of presentation. The other is called the "Ball at the Court," to which go only those invited by the Emperor and Empress. When the Emperor is thus dragged out of his shell he goes through his functions in a dreamy, uninterested way, very different from the eagerness with which he stalks a deer or shoots a capercailzie, only obtainable at sunrise, or the ardour with which he throws himself into dreary details of business.

The descendants of the sixteen children of Maria Theresa, and of the seventeen of Leopold II, have surrounded the Austrian court with a crowd of Archdukes and duchesses. The court is, therefore, a most aristocratic one, into which no outsider penetrates. The present Emperor of Austria is not obliged to say, like his forefather, Joseph II, that in order to have the society of his peers he must go into the Capuchin crypt.

It is difficult to imagine a court and courtiers dissociated from their chief, yet such is the case at Vienna. The Emperor lives much alone, and his life is one of great simplicity. He rises early all the year round, and often he is surprised by his personal attendants sitting at his writing-table by four in the morning; and between the hour of rising and that of going to bed, usually at ten o'clock, lies a day of harder work than that of the tillers of the soil, relieved only by some reading. He has a wonderful memory, which is, of course, of great service to him in his public duties; but he achieves more by hard work and painstaking. His scrupulously regulated life also provides him with the necessary time for all his duties, even on days when he has to speak with from one hundred to a hundred and fifty persons, as is not seldom the case. He passes from a council of war to one of the audiences which he gives twice a week to the poorest of his subjects who have anything to ask, and he is always self-possessed, attentive, and patient. As there is no apparent hurry in his movements, so there is no haste in his words or his resolutions. So-called popular movements never carry him along with them. If there be a public outcry against any official, for instance, one may be quite sure that the Emperor will not seem to notice it. Yet, if the outcry prove to be justified, he will act in accordance with it. As regards petitions preferred to him by individuals, when once a case has been fairly made out for the Emperor's mercy or bounty, the applicant, however humble, may rest assured that what he has asked will be granted. When work is done the Emperor thinks over the questions and decisions of the day. Should he, in consequence, have further light upon a subject, he does not hesitate to alter his opinion. This has laid him open to the charge of vacillation, which is scarcely just. He is rather careful and cautious, fully aware of how much depends upon his personal decision, and afraid to exercise it unwisely.

"The Emperor has once more hit the nail upon the head," is a remark that has become proverbial among those who work with and under him.

Four children have sprung from the Imperial union. The firstborn, a princess, died at the age of two; the second, the Princess Gisela, is now married to Prince Leopold of Bavaria. It was not until 1858 that an heir came, the "Rudi," so ardently beloved by all the peoples of the composite Austrian Empire, and upon whom they built such high hopes for the old House of Hapsburg dynasty.

Prince Rudolph early showed a great taste for literature and the fine arts, while sharing also his parents' love for field sports. In the army he took little interest, preferring the more refined pleasures of travel or reading. He was also an excellent ornithologist, an active naturalist, an elegant writer; and these refined and educated tastes, added to his social charms, made him beloved by all who came in contact with him. He was, beyond all doubt, the most modern-minded of all Crown Princes, the most fit to deal with modern conditions, the most in harmony with their changed modes of thought.

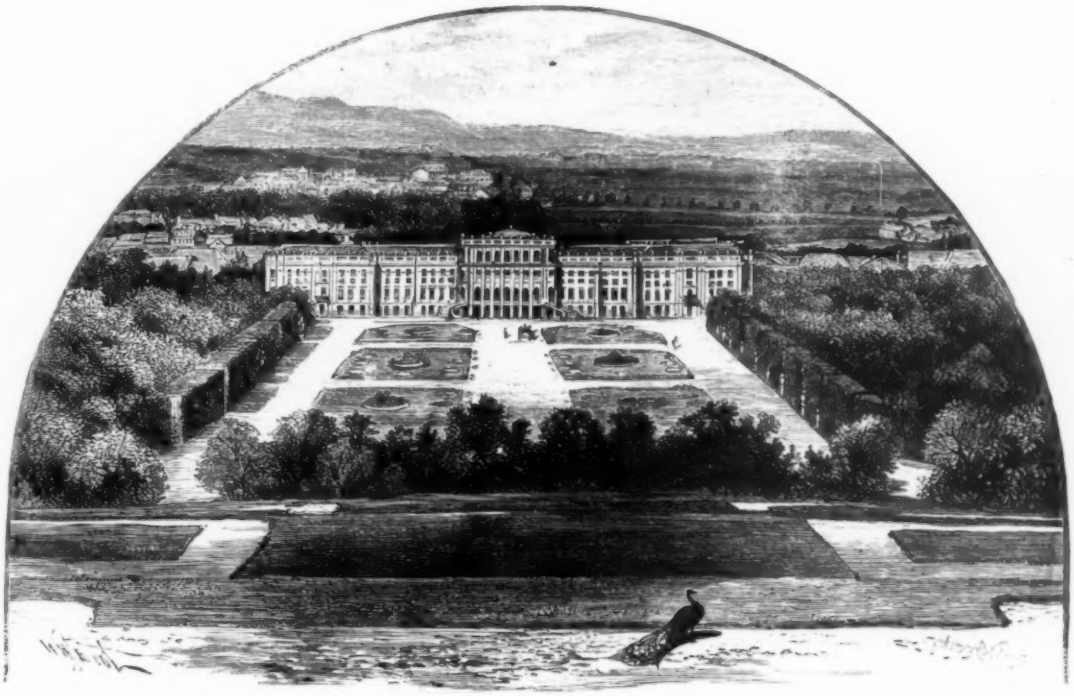
Archduke Rudolph was to his father's subjects a sort of hero of romance; his tall figure, his well-cut face, his soft blue eyes, his fair moustache shading the ugly Hapsburg mouth, were familiar throughout the Empire. He had the strongest love and admiration for his father, although his sentiments were, perhaps, mixed with a little fear, for the relations between a Crown Prince and his father are controlled by a number of stiff-backed persons, and subjected to laws of etiquette against which gushing natures like Archduke Rudolph rebel. No heir apparent to a throne, however, had a kinder father than he.

From his earliest youth he was fond of writing; his literary tastes he has inherited from his mother, and was quite young when his first production was published. He has left much literary work behind him, part printed, part yet in manuscript. It was in 1884 that he first conceived the idea of the monumental serial work, "Austro-Hungary in Word and Picture," to which he subsequently became one of the most active contributors, presiding in person over the sittings of the editorial staff. Only a month before his own death, lamenting the demise of a member of this staff, the Prince

said, "Whose turn next, I wonder?" even hinting that it might be his own. Indeed, for some time before his suicide his ideas had dwelt much on the theme of death, which had a ghastly attraction for him. It is said, though this probably is not the whole truth, that the bitter disappointment of having no son, nor the hope of obtaining an heir, weakened his interest in life.

In 1881 Crown Prince Rudolph was married to Princess Stephanie, daughter of the King of the Belgians, a princess known for her gaiety, her charms of mind and body; a favourite with court and people. By her the Prince had an only daughter, the little Archduchess Elizabeth, whom Salic law debars from the throne. Why the marriage was not happy it is difficult to know, but the fact remains. Already during their engagement sinister whispers were abroad, and, after the marriage, news came from Vienna from time to time bringing to the royal parents sad confidences regarding the princely *ménage*. The Archduchess complained of being abandoned, asked for leave to return to her mother, sued for divorce. Later, this petition for divorce was endorsed also by the Prince. But their demands had no effect.

Reconciliations were again and again patched up in vain, when suddenly, on January 31, 1889, the whole world was startled with the intelligence that Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria lay dead at his shooting castle of Mayerling. Official announcements could not hide the truth, and it soon leaked out that the Prince had committed suicide, together with the Baroness Marie Vetsera—the girl for whose sake he had implored divorce, or, failing it, for permission to renounce his heritage and live with her in strict retirement. The exact details of this double death will probably not be known for many a long year, but these are the main outlines. Such was the end of one on whom had been built hopes so high, and which his talents had justified to the full—a tragic end, full of lessons, full of warnings.



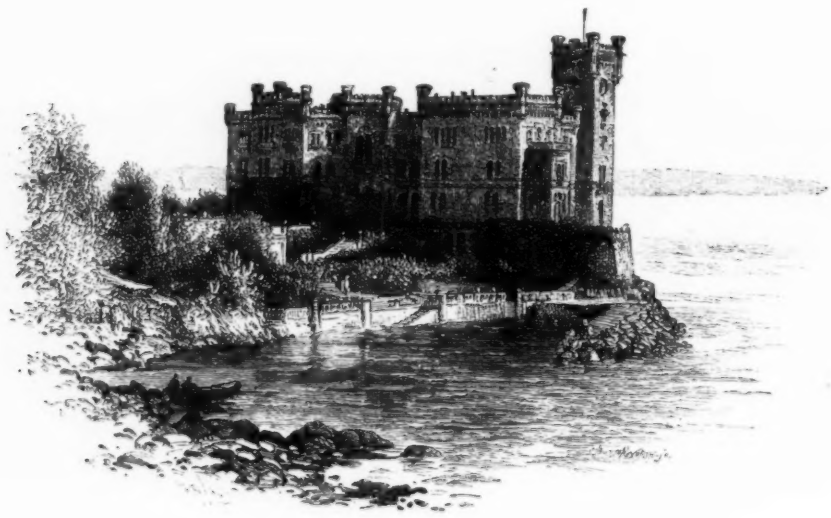
THE PALACE AND GARDENS OF SCHÖNBRUNN FROM THE GLORIETTE.

The youngest offspring of the Imperial Austrian couple is the Archduchess Marie Valerie, ten years the junior of her brother. She also possesses literary gifts, and has published poems that betray genuine feeling. After much domestic opposition, she is now the bride of her cousin, Archduke Franz Salvator, a love-match of which her parents at first would not hear.

We have said that the biography of Francis Joseph must be sought in the history of his Empire. Only on two occasions during his reign has he departed from the rule of avoiding all public manifestations, and of keeping his person in the background. The first was in 1867, when he and the Empress were crowned King and Queen of Hungary. The Emperor, mounted on a white horse, galloped up the hill that surmounts Buda-Pesth, and cut the air with Matthias Corvin's sword to the north, south, east, and west, to mark that he had taken possession of St. Stephen's crown, that henceforth Hungary had an independent King

and Parliament, and was merely a federal portion of the Austrian Empire. Curious that while this *fête* was proceeding, while all was joy and acclamation, three thousand miles away the Emperor's unhappy brother was at that moment being led to execution. Maximilian of Mexico was shot by his own subjects as Francis Joseph of Austria was greeted Apostolic King of the Magyars.

In 1879 the Austrian Imperial couple celebrated their silver wedding. On this occasion Vienna organised a most splendid procession, that rivalled the pageants arranged by Rubens in the palmy days of the Netherlands. The period chosen was that of the Emperor's great ancestor, Charles v. The whole was planned and executed upon a scale of grandeur and wealth indescribable. It



MIRAMAR.

proved one of the most splendid *fêtes* ever given in Vienna, which will, no doubt, never again see a public festival during Francis Joseph's reign.

That pleasure-loving capital hoped, but hoped in vain, to celebrate with equal splendour the fortieth anniversary of the Sovereign's accession, which fell on December 2, 1888. But Francis Joseph had early made it known that he requested his subjects to abstain from any manifestation of rejoicing. He was well aware, he said, of the loyalty of his people, and he thanked them from his heart for their good intentions, but if they wished to please him they would abstain from all useless expenses, from all empty addresses, from everything that had no real or permanent value, and would instead devote the sums they would thus have spent to works of charity, or to promote art, science, industry; in fact, to any object for the general weal. And so sincere was he in this respect, that to avoid the smallest publicity he retired to Miramar, the lovely castle on the Adriatic, where he spent the day in the strictest seclusion, with no company but that of his wife and his thoughts, many of which may have been sad enough. But he cannot have passed it without some gladness also, for at least he has the satisfaction of knowing that for forty years he has honestly tried to do his duty; a fact to which the love his forty million subjects bear him testifies. And that they carried out his request was proved by the daily paper which continued for weeks to publish the lists of subscribers to the various charitable works founded and suggested afresh in memory of December 2, 1848–88.

It was a dark, a dangerous hour in Hapsburg history when Francis Joseph took the reins of Government into his Imperial hands. The old Austrian Empire was cracking to its foundations. It was a corpse of a Government, but not a State an object of contempt. And yet the worst that was then apprehended fell far short of what actually did happen. The events that followed would certainly have left an unpopular Emperor discredited and helpless. It has been a remarkable sign of Francis Joseph's power that out of every national disaster he has found elements for reconstituting national prosperity. Adversity has been a school in which he has been for ever learning with profit; and to-day, after over forty years of a reign overfull of troubles and anxieties, he finds himself clothed with more real authority than any of his predecessors possessed. He rules with a light hand, but his supremacy is unquestionable. Austrians would be indeed ungrateful if they forgot their debt to a nature which has enabled a born, bred, and crowned despot to educate himself into a model constitutional sovereign. And this result would have been impossible but for the possession by the Emperor of remarkable gifts of character and intelligence. He is a good man, animated by high moral courage. His subjects, who sincerely love

him, have a well-founded conviction that circumstances are responsible for his failures, and not he; that the calamitous issues of Magenta, Solferino, and Sadowa are not to be imputed to their Emperor-king. They lamented them as much on his account as on their own. They regarded him as the principal victim, whom it was their foremost duty to guard against the temptation to reproach himself for the calamity. This personal devotion to the Emperor has been a most important agent in the extrication of his dominions from an extraordinary and exceptional succession of ordeals and afflictions. By it the shock of catastrophes has been softened, and a series of deadly pitfalls have been securely passed.

Will his successor be able to guide these realms free from the jeopardy that ever threatens them? Who can tell? Had Crown Prince Rudolph lived, no doubt his popularity would have equalled that of his father: but of the present heir little is known. At best he has not been early trained to a position entailing as heavy a burden of responsibilities, and requiring as rare a combination of qualities, as any the world has to offer. Prince Francis Ferdinand is the son of Francis Joseph's brother, Charles Louis, a devoted and somewhat bigoted adherent of Mother Church. In these principles his children too have been reared. All Francis Ferdinand's tutors were Ultramontanes, members of that party which led Austria to Sadowa. But in the instability of human things who can say whether he will ever sit upon the throne that now seems to await him? Happily, Francis Joseph, notwithstanding his melancholy temperament and constitutional delicacy, remains upright as an oak, and his strong sense of duty will make him feel that this is not the moment to yield to personal inclination, and to abdicate or retire. All who wish well to Austro-Hungary, that curious complex monarchy, so needful for keeping the balance of European power, can but hope that the day when it may be needful to speak seriously of his successor is far distant.

The Emperor Francis Joseph is perhaps the most tragic figure among the living sovereigns of the world. His romantic history, his lifelong devotion to the duties of his position, and his patient submission to its trials and its burdens, his overwhelming sorrows, and his noble endurance, have endeared him to all his subjects, and extorted the admiration as well as the compassion of the civilised world.

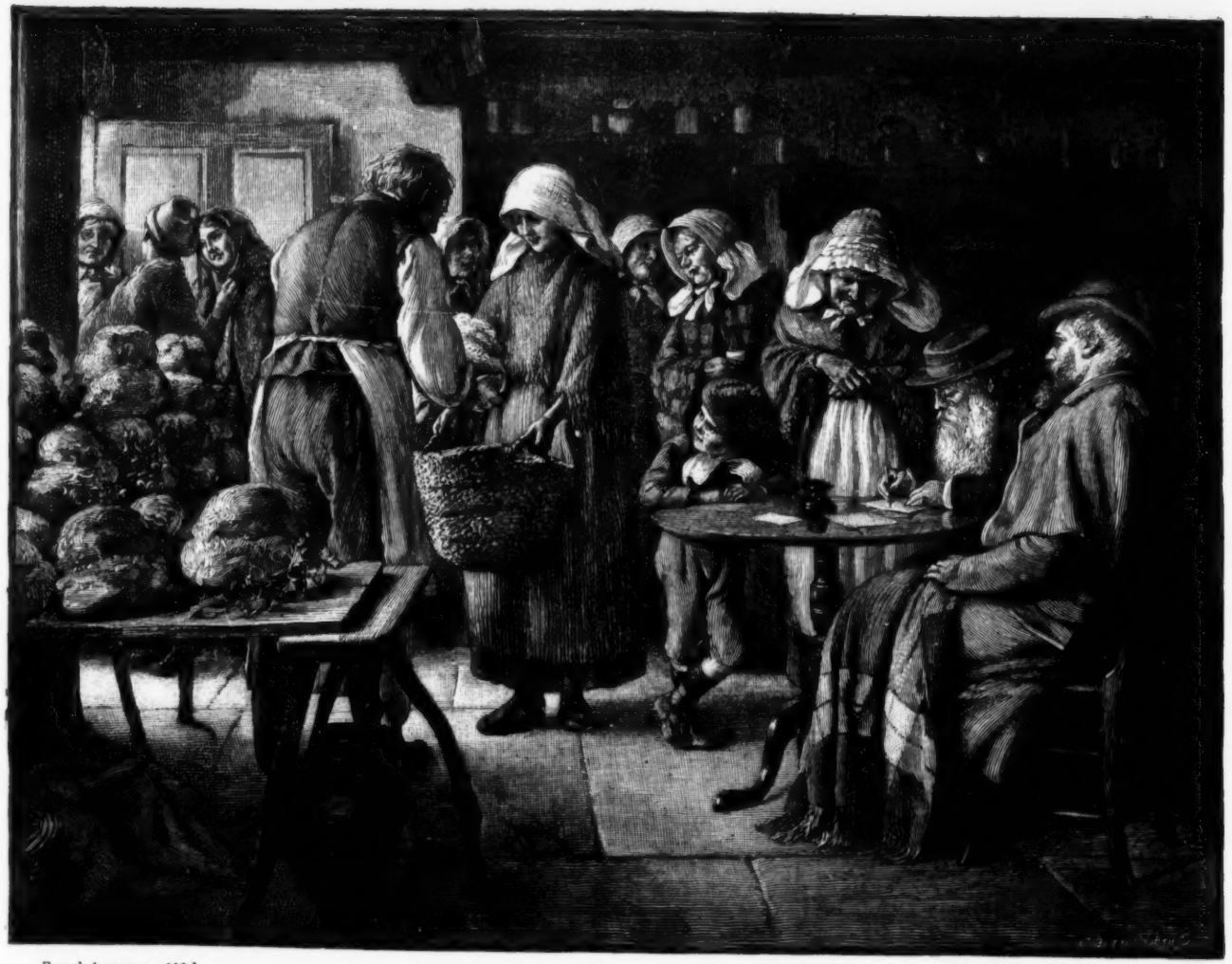
## A Christmas Wish.

WHAT can I wish you, since I cannot tell
What may be best to say?
Though love should prompt me, I might not be well
Able to choose or pray.
Man's sight is faulty, and he sees not far.
Where joy is, sorrows are.

If *wealth*, it might mean burdens to my friend,
Nor doth wealth make joy sure;
If *love*, it might mean peace was at an end,
Nor doth all love endure;
*Prosperity* might lead from heaven away,
And what then should I say?

I'll leave the matter in Another's hands,
Who better knows your need.
I wish you well, and that He understands
And none so well indeed.
These good old words have served for many a day—
"GOD BLESS YOU!" I will say.

IDA J. LEMON.



*Royal Academy, 1888.*] THE CHRISTMAS DOLE. [*After Joseph Clark. By permission.*

# MEN AND MANLINESS.

"HE is, at any rate, a man!" Simple words, forsooth! but when they come from honest and intelligent lips they constitute one of the most complete certificates of worth that is possible to be given one human being by another. And manliness is ever attractive—magnetic, in fact, drawing all sorts of souls to it. Strong ones feel and see it, and claim brotherhood with its possessor; weak ones look at it, and, seeing how desirable a possession it is, grow stronger the while in the contemplation. Well has it been said that "one anecdote of a man is worth a volume of biography."

We all remember Charles Lamb's picture of man living in the days before candles came into vogue—spending savage, unsociable nights, wintering in caves and unillumined fastnesses, lying about and grumbling at his brother in the dark, and positively having to handle his neighbour's cheek to be sure that he appreciated the passing joke. "The aboriginal man in geology, and in the dim lights of Darwin's microscope, is not," confesses Emerson, "an engaging figure. We are very glad that he ate his fishes and snails and marrowbones out of our sight and hearing, and that his doleful experiences were got through with so very long ago. They combed his mane, they pared his nails, cut off his tail, set him on end, sent him to school, and made him pay taxes before he could begin to write his sad story for the compassion or the repudiation of his descendants, who are all but unanimous to disown him." However this far story may stand, in the time of our Saxon ancestors all men were ranked into three classes—the lowest, the middle, and the highest—and were valued according to the class they were in; that is, if any injury was done, satisfaction was to be made according to the value or worth of the man to whom it was done. The lowest were valued at two hundred shillings each, the middle at six hundred, and the highest at twelve hundred. A pronounced difference, of a somewhat similar nature, is still current among some of the negro tribes. "At Widah, Des Marchais was distinctly told that the nobility only knew of the supreme God as omnipotent, omnipresent, rewarding the evil and the good; and that they approached Him with prayers only when all other appeals had failed. There is, however," continues Max Müller, who uses this illustration in one of his lectures, "among all nations, savage as well as civilised, another nobility—the divine nobility of goodness and genius—which often places one man many centuries in advance of the common crowd."

"There are words which reveal a wrong or insufficient estimate that men take of their duties—or that, at all events, others have taken before them, for it is possible that the mischief may have been done long ago, and those who now use the words may only have inherited it from others, not helped to bring it about themselves. An employer of labour advertises that he wants so many 'hands,' but this language never could have become current; a man could never have thus shrunk into a 'hand' in the eyes of his fellow-man unless this latter had in good part forgotten that annexed to those hands which he would purchase to toil for him were also heads and hearts—a fact, by the way, of which, if he persists in forgetting it, he may be reminded in very unwelcome ways at the last.[1] In Scripture there is another not unfrequent putting of a part for the whole, as when it is said, 'The same day there were added unto them about three thousand *souls*' (Acts ii. 41). 'Hands' here, 'souls' there—the contrast may suggest some profitable reflections."[2]

Just a word of protest, in passing, against the frequent misuse of the term "gentleman," which too often carries with it the idea of one who has no need to work. Who would not rather have the manliness to work than the gentlemanliness to shirk it? And yet perhaps it is best to treat this matter as but parody and trifling nonsense, remembering that it was reckoned worthy of a Lacedæmonian to bear a jest.

> "Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
> 'Tis only noble to be good;
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."[3]

Hesiod informs us that in his days "no business was looked upon as a disparagement, nor did any trade cause a disadvantageous distinction. The profession of merchandise was honourable, as it brought home the produce of barbarous countries, engaged the friendship of kings, and opened a wide field of knowledge and experience. Nay, some merchants have been founders of great cities—Protus, for instance, that built Marseilles, for whom the Gauls about the Rhone had the greatest esteem; Thales also, and Hippocrates, the mathematician, are said to have had their share in commerce; and the oil that Plato disposed of in Egypt, defrayed the expense of his travel."

"If Racine or Corneille had framed a psychology, they would have said, with Descartes, 'Man is an incorporeal soul, served by organs, endowed with reason and will, living in palaces or porticos, made for conversation and society, whose harmonious and ideal action is developed by discourse and replies, in a world constructed by logic beyond the realms of time and space.' If Shakespeare had framed a psychology, he would have said, with Esquirol, 'Man is a nervous machine, governed by a mood, disposed to hallucinations, transported by unbridled passions, essentially unreasoning, a mixture of animal and poet, having no rapture but mind, no sensibility but virtue

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1 "Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet."—*Emerson.*

2 Archbishop Trench: "Study of Words."

3 Tennyson.

imagination for prompter and guide, and led at random, by the most determinate and complex circumstances, to pain, crime, madness, and death.'" So writes M. Taine. Not everyone will endorse these words, penetrating though they be. We prefer abiding in the simple statement that man was made in the image of God. Is it not nearly sufficient for man to know that the more Godlike his attributes grow the more of manliness does he become possessed of? Plain definitions, when we have to do with matters of life and duty, are preferable to any complex descriptions or varied suggestions.

"Study nature," is the exhortation of Victor Cousin; "elevate yourselves to the laws that govern it, and make of it, as it were, a living truth—the more profoundly you understand its laws, the nearer you approach to God. Study, above all, humanity; humanity is much greater than Nature, for it comes from God as well as Nature, and knows him, while Nature is ignorant of Him." Pascal, however, made confession and said: "I have spent much time in the study of the abstract sciences, but the paucity of persons with whom you can communicate on such subjects gave me a distaste for them. When I began to study man, I saw that these abstract studies are not suited to him, and that in diving into them I wandered further from my real object than those who were ignorant of them, and I forgave men for not having attended to these things. But I thought, at least, I should find many companions in the study of mankind, which is the true and proper study of man. I was mistaken. There are yet fewer students of man than of geometry."

This is almost as discouraging as if he had got into the frame of mind which caused Carlyle to cry out: "O my friends, we are (in Yorick Sterne's words) but as 'turkeys driven, with a stick and red clout, to the market;' or if some drivers, as they do in Norfolk, take a dried bladder and put peas in it, the rattle thereof terrifies the boldest!" And yet Carlyle might well have put to himself his own question just here: "Wilt thou know a man, above all a mankind, by stringing together beadrolls of what thou namest facts?"

We are strangely tempted sometimes to think that, after all, there is very little distinctive individuality in the world. Take a crowd, for instance, all with upturned faces, eagerly watching the passing of some trifling phenomenon. They have all hastened hither with the same intent, some leaving sickness or the immediate call of duty, some the getting of bread to feed hungry mouths; some come from the cottage, and others from the mansion. All is forgotten save the momentary sight. But, in spite of it, you will find a definite personality in each body there assembled. If, unseen ourselves, we could follow one of these individuals "through a single day of his life, and know all his secret thoughts, and hopes and anxieties, his prayers and tears and good resolves, his passionate delights and struggles against temptation—all that excites and all that soothes the heart of man—we should have poetry enough to fill a volume";[1] and, it may be added, facts enough to form a basis for thoughts of a lifetime.

Individuality is one of the prime elements of manliness. "Distinctness is a great merit in roses, especially when the French rosarians have so overpiled the catalogue. It is pleasant to walk up to a standard, and say, 'You are "Jules Margottin," and your neighbour the "Keepsake of Malmaison;" I cannot mistake you for any other, however hot the weather may be! Distinctness is also a merit in apples, pears, and even peaches; but most of all in man. And so, without knowing the reason, perhaps, we like a man whom we cannot mistake for any other of our million brethren."[1] There are, of course, the ordinary attributes that make the boy boyish, and the man manly, which always give the onlooker pleasure, despite their antithesis to individuality, for they show humanity in its naturalness.

> "How I love the festive boy,
> Tripping with the dance of joy!
> How I love the mellow sage,
> Smiling through the veil of age!"[2]

In one of the Spartan part-songs the old men began:

> "Once in battle bold we shone."

The young men answered:

> "Try us; our vigour is not gone.'

And the boys concluded:

> "The palm remains for us alone."

An absorbing love of truth characterises a man. He does not, of necessity, bother himself over hair-splittings in the definition of what lies close to his life and conduct; he loves it, lives in it, leans on it, and is satisfied. He is true to his Maker, to himself, and towards the world; the matter needs no explanatory terms. In the one direction he says: "I have chosen the way of truth. . . Thy law is the truth. . . My mouth shall speak truth"; and in the other he proclaims: "Henceforward I am the truth's. Be it known to you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law." This is sometimes termed self-reliance, but it needs other words for adequate expression.

"To live on your own convictions against the world," says Frederick Robertson, "is to overcome the world; to believe that what is truest for you is true for all—to abide by that, and not be over-anxious to be heard or understood or sympathised with, certain that at last all must acknowledge the same, and that while you stand firm the world will come round to you—that is independence. It is not difficult to get away into retirement, and there live upon your own convictions; nor is it difficult to mix with men and follow their convictions; but to enter into the

[1] Longfellow.

[1] Blackmore: "Cradock Nowell."
[2] Moore.

world, and there live out firmly and fearlessly, according to your own conscience—that is Christian greatness."

This passage is but a page of Emerson's essay on "Self-Reliance," extracted and re-uttered by Robertson; and is, perhaps, somewhat deficient in due recognition of a man's position in the world as an individual, influenced by, and, in turn, influencing others. Personal dignity and freedom are both excellent things; but the man or woman who is continually thinking of them is "gey ill to live with." And the evil does not always end there. Unless the man who takes upon himself this personal dignity for a garment, has a just and adequate conception of his true position and unmistakable duty, in the spot in which God has been pleased to place him, and of the relation of his thoughts to the great truths which govern other men, he is apt to become, instead of magnificently self-centred, mean and miserably selfish. However exalted one's position might be, it is generally open to an increased sweetness and manliness from contact with outside standards. What a prig (if nothing worse) a young man would develop into if the burden of his considerations was ever self, self! Originality is, after all, but a very small part of life. Yet a strict adherence to purposes, in spite of the scoff or pity of the world, raises a man considerably above the run of his fellows.

Manliness is seen in an upright bearing in business engagements, in public duties, and in the private delights of friendship and love. Strength and rugged integrity in the world are not all; a man must be a man in his affections:

> "Heart and soul
> A very man, tender and true, and strong
> And pitiful."[1]

A man is also evident in his speech. We all recollect the worthy old laird in Black's "White Wings," and the occasional wisdom of his remarks. "A fine ceety," he said, speaking of Edinburgh; "but the people themselves!" Here he shook his head, and continued: "And their manner o' speech is most vexsome—a long, sing-song kind o' yaumering as if they had not sufficient manliness to say outright what they meant." It is not our intention just here to enter into a discussion of the comparative value of speech and silence—that may be done again—but memories of the wise things within the covers of our Plutarch come to us. Lycurgus considered the worth of speech to consist in its being comprised in a few plain words, pregnant with a great deal of sense. The intemperance of the tongue, he contended, made conversation empty and insipid. King Leonidas said to one who discoursed at an improper time about affairs of some concern, "My friend, you should not talk so much to the purpose of what it is not now to the purpose to talk of." Charilaus, the nephew of Lycurgus, being asked why his uncle had made so few laws, answered: "To men of few words, few laws are sufficient." And to some people, finding fault with Hecatæus the sophist because when admitted to one of the public feasts he said nothing all the time, Archidamidas replied: "He who knows how to speak, knows also when to speak."

Both joy and sorrow fail to unduly affect a manly man. Joy does not inordinately puff him out; he is quietly appreciative and thankful—by no means boisterous. It were folly to assert that trouble does not touch him; but it is only the man of meaner mould who flaunts his mishaps in the face of the world—a world generally too absorbed in its own business to pay heed to his puny wail. In the old Norse-German poem of "Godrun," it is said of Hartmut that no comelier man existed; "in all his sorrows he stood as if he had been drawn well with a pencil." Trials only make a man realise that he is a pilgrim and traveller to a far country, and that in the common order of affairs he must, occasionally, needs be more or less foot-sore, and lose now and then one of his road companions. In spite of all the miseries that might cleave to us and hold us, as it were, by the throat, there is within us an irrepressible instinct which exalts us. "The greatness of man is so visible that it may be deduced from his very misery. His very miseries prove his greatness. They are the miseries of a great lord, of a dethroned sovereign. The greatness of man consists in his knowledge of his misery. A tree does not know itself to be miserable."

Where manliness is, there is growth—growth of inner life, of intellect, of character.

> "All my life long
> I have beheld with most respect the man
> Who knew himself and knew the ways before him,
> And from amongst them chose considerately,
> With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage;
> And having chosen, with a steadfast mind
> Pursued his purposes."[1]

One cannot very well stand still; it is either addition or multiplication—or subtraction. Every day on which a man does not make progression is a gift from God thrown thanklessly back in His face. It is a truism to say that what has gone of this kind returns not ever; nevertheless the fact is too little heeded. There is much mingled wit and wisdom in Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," but I question very much if there is anything more beautiful to be found in it than his poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," with its—

> "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll:
> Leave thy low-vaulted past;
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

[1] Lewis Morris.

[1] "Philip Van Artevelde."

In this growth manliness asserts itself by placing a foot, ruthlessly if needs be, upon any past experience or attainment that in any way blocks the path now seen to be meet to travel in. This, we freely admit, is a difficult task; for, alas! how often do little duties absorb all our attention when greater ones clamour the while around our very doors! It is just the old story of the friar devoting his days to literary work, whilst more serious duties called him away. But he hesitated not when he woke up and heard the call; he simply said:

"Thou know'st that I did yearn to make
Thy Word more lovely to the eyes
Of sinful souls, for Christ His sake!
Nathless, I leave the task undone;
I give up all to follow Thee—
Even like him who gave his nets
To winds and waves by Galilee!" [1]

Even our past failings may help us to future attainments. *De vitiis nostris scalem nobis facimus si vitia ipsa calcamus* (Of our vices we make ourselves a ladder when we trample on them), wrote St. Augustine.[1]

A higher manliness yet is seen in the beautiful submission of self to the will of God. Perhaps, after all, it is but perfectly natural that a man should distinctly assert himself in the world, carry all before him by sheer force of completeness of manhood, lead men hither and thither, and mould nature to his wish and determination. And yet it is possible—distinctly and gloriously possible—for such a character to so live his inner life as to know his chiefest delight in the will of his Father. It is a mystery we freely grant—a mystery, by the way, that can only be understood through experience—the experience of a daily sacrifice of all, as the heart speaks: "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

J. ROGERS REES.

[1] Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

[1] St. Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!"
—*Longfellow:* "The Ladder of St. Augustine."

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."
—*Tennyson:* "In Memoriam."

## "He always kept his place."

So said the old dame, I remember,
As trembling we stood at her knee,
In her schoolroom, the shady front parlour,
And spelled out in turn, "A, B, C."
As old memories round me thus linger,
I see each familiar face:
And wee Johnnie, with patient forefinger,
Ever painfully keeping his place.

He was always most meekly attentive
While the rest of us idled and played;
But his mind was but feebly retentive,
And slow was the progress he made.
So the dame, in rebuke of the others,
Said, with stern, wrinkled, spectacled face,
"Johnnie mayn't read so fast as his brothers,
But he keeps somehow always his place."

'Twas the same when, a year or two later,
We met in the large village school;
While I proved a discipline-hater,
Friend John kept each trivial rule.
And yet, as we moved through the classes
With more or less speed in our pace,
He somehow got behind with his passes,
And kept much the same humble place.

And when, school being over, to college,
Or business, or work we all went;
And to use or increase acquired knowledge,
Our energies sternly we bent;
John, too, in a humble sphere started
To run, like the rest, his life's race;
And he told me with pride, as we parted,
That the grocer had found him a place.

As frequent vacations gave leisure,
Again in the old village home
I greeted old schoolmates with pleasure,
And heard of those given to roam.
A few years, and they all had been scattered—
Some had died, some had fled in disgrace—
But John—sure the neighbours felt flattered—
He never would leave the old place.

By all in the village respected,
His master's acknowledged right hand;
Yet no one who knew him expected
That he his full meed would demand.
At the meeting-house, faithful as ever,
He shone by his one special grace;
For, though neither brilliant nor clever,
He always was found in his place.

Yet no one—he least of all others—
Rightly valued a service so rare.
He would toil; but he made way for others
Whene'er there were honours to share.
And they, in their self-approbation,
Could see nothing odd in the case.
They expected a prominent station;
He wished but to keep in his place.

So it was till, one day, without warning,
He was absent for once—and for aye!
Then, amid vain regrets and loud mournings,
All too late they his worth could assay.
I oft think that when wisdom unerring
Declares the awards of life's race,
We should most of us gladly be sharing
The honours of John's rightful place.

"TOM BROWN."

# THE BUILDING OF THE FORTH BRIDGE.

THE Forth Bridge is as long as from the York Column, in Waterloo Place, to St. Paul's Cathedral. Stand at the column, and look up Regent Street, the distance to the Fire Office in the Quadrant is the exact width of one of the spans of the mighty bridge. Build the column until it is three times as high as it is now and you will have the height of the great towers. Place the column half-way up the hill, as if under one of the spans, the arch that will spring from the pavement where you stand to the pavement on the hill-top will easily clear it; and if the road were the river you might sink the column vertically till it disappeared, for before it touched bottom there would be seventy feet between the surface of the water and the spike on the statue's head. In fact, you may stand St. Paul's at the base of that sunken column and the bridge will overtop the cross.

One of the uses of the Eiffel Tower which did not occur to the mind of its designer is that it serves as a convenient measuring rod for objects greater than itself. Hang six Eiffel Towers horizontally on granite piers; make them so strong that five of our largest ironclads can be hung on to them to swing in the air; join them end to end with girders and form a roadway from shore to shore, and you have the bridge that Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker have built to supply the missing link in our railroads to the north.

Ten years ago—it was on the 28th of December, 1879—the bridge over the Firth of Tay was swept away in the raging storm. The engineer of that ill-fated structure had also designed a bridge across the Firth of Forth, and some preliminary work had been entered upon. It was to be a colossal suspension bridge, with towers nearly 600 feet high, on Inchgarvie, from which the chains were to drop in a graceful curve to the Fife and Midlothian shores. But with the Tay Bridge went much of the designer's reputation, and the promoters of the Forth undertaking grew nervous, and the plans were referred for reconsideration, and, in short, the suspension bridge was abandoned, and an alternative plan found favour. The alternative plan was that of the bridge now erected. Seven years ago, in 1882, the work began; on Thursday, the 26th of last September, a workman placed a ladder loosely on the jibs of two opposite cranes and crossed the gap; and now the bridge is completed from end to end.

It will be remembered—or if not, it may as well be assumed to be remembered—that Sir Walter Monkbarns finished his lecture on *castra stativa* and *castra æstiva* at Mr. Mackitchinson's, where he had been deposited by the Hawes fly or Queensferry diligence; and it will also be remembered that it was at this same inn that David Balfour made his first acquaintance with Captain Hoseason of the brig Covenant of Dysart. This very inn is now at the foot of the Forth Bridge.

From the Fife shore the Ferryhill peninsula juts out, and narrows the Firth to the width of a good-sized river. To the west is a land-locked haven; to the east is the North Sea. Between the peninsula and the southern shore is an island; and hereabouts, for eight hundred years at least, there has been a ferry which has given its name to the villages on each bank.

Queensferry—South Queensferry, that is—is a royal burgh which has seen reverses. The queen from whom it had its name was the Saint Margaret, the daughter of the Ætheling in whom William the Norman took such malevolent interest. She married Malcolm Caenmore; and while her father gave his name to Port Edgar, the little harbour to the westward, she gave hers to the ferry and to the anchorage which is still known to mariners as St. Margaret's Hope. That the ferry might be in neutral hands, her grandson, Malcolm, gave it to the monks of Dunfermline, with a subsequent reservation that the monks of Scone should always cross without fee. In those days Queensferry prospered, but of late life had not been cheerful in it; and in 1881 the royal burgh actually went bankrupt, and had to shake off its creditors on the terms of five half-crowns in the pound! That, however, was its dark hour before the dawn, for next year the building of the bridge began. It was then a home for under two thousand people, lodged in two streets that crossed each other. Over the Firth is North Queensferry, on the peninsula, a village of about as many people as there are days in the year. After Paul Jones, on mischief bent, was blown out of the Firth— by wind, not by gunpowder—in 1779, North Queensferry was strengthened by a fort; and a fort was also built on the island of Inchgarvie, where the old castle had been a state prison until the purchase of the Bass. When the bridge works began, Inchgarvie castle and the battery were roofed over and made into comfortable habitations, and the Queensferrys, North and South, awoke from their nightmare of neglect.

For eight centuries and more men had been satisfied with the ferry, but in 1808 a proposal was made to drive a tunnel under the Firth to Rosyth sufficiently wide and high for horse and foot traffic—a scheme far too venturesome for the financiers of those days. What could not be done for the turnpike might, however, be done for the railroad when the traffic became pressing enough; and the idea of the tunnel was only abandoned, or postponed, when the possibility of a bridge became clear.

The site of the old ferry, with its peninsula and island, seemed made for a bridge. But the difficulty was how to deal with the depth of water, or how to get a span which would avoid that difficulty. The Forth is not the longest bridge. That honour, at present, belongs to the new Tay bridge, which is two miles and fifty-two feet long; but then the Tay has forty-one piers, and its

middle spans are only 245 feet wide. The Forth is not the highest bridge. It is twice as high as the Newcastle High Level; but there are higher. It is the span which gives it its pre-eminence. Roebling's great suspension bridge at Niagara Falls has a span of 821 feet; the famous Brooklyn bridge has a span of 1,600 feet; the two main spans of the Forth bridge are each of 1,710 feet. The gigantic suspension bridge of Sir Thomas Bouch solved the difficulty of the span, and for it the Act of Parliament was obtained in 1873; it was then the only method in practice of bridging such intervals; but at the reconsideration of the scheme the present method was proposed, and it was at once admitted by the majority that the new idea was better than the old.

A new idea it was thought to be, but not for long. As soon as it was published it was pointed out that the system had been known for centuries —of course in China; and then Japan and India put in a claim; and then—most unlooked-for discovery—it was unearthed that as recently as 1810 a Mr. Pope, poet, not of Twickenham, but of New York City, had proposed to span the East River at New York on the same principle, and had not only exhibited a model showing how it was to be done, but had even written a poem, as well as a specification, in which he announced that "Each semi-arc is built from off the top, without the aid of scaffold, pier, or prop!" But, somehow, Mr. Pope had been forgotten, like the Hindoos, Chinese, and Japanese; and with the Forth Bridge the plan first took its place in modern engineering. And since its publication every long-span bridge in the world has been built on its principle.

That principle is obvious when we look at the bridge; the colossal cages are built outwards from the piers in such a way that their arms balance each other. If a weight be placed where they join when finished, there will be a pull along the top of the cage and along all the bars hanging downwards, and a pressure along the bottom of the cage and on all the bars thrusting upwards. Wherever there is a pull a lattice girder is used, wherever there is a thrust a tube is used; consequently all the members of the great trellis-work that diverge upwards from the top are girders, and all those that diverge upwards from the bottom are tubes. We have already illustrated and described the cantilever principle,[1] so that we can here be brief. A cantilever is practically a bracket; the brackets are placed base to base, and balance each other, and get their anchorage at their extremities. But in the Forth Bridge the brackets are brackets of Brobdignag; the tubes that look like slender spars are twelve feet in diameter, and the seemingly trifling granite piers that in groups of four carry this mighty object-lesson in permanent stability are sixty feet across.

The Inchgarvie tower is 260 feet wide, the towers on each side of it are 145 feet wide. The bridge, which has twenty acres of paintable surface, consists of nineteen girder spans and seven masonry arches. The masonry arches account for 395 feet of length; then there are eleven horizontal girder spans each of 168 feet, two of 173 feet, and two of 179 feet, ending at the masonry piers on each side, which rise to 209 feet above high water. Then come two single cantilever spans, each of 689 feet 9 inches; and then the two great double cantilever spans, each of 1,710 feet, for 500 feet of which there is a headway for navigation of 150 feet at high water.

When the bridge was begun by the contractors, Messrs. Tancred, Arrol, and Co., in 1882, their first step was the laying out of the shops and building yards along the bank, 100 feet above the Forth, with a wire-rope railway to the river. These grew as the work progressed, and for years the Edinburgh folk, at the cost of half an hour's ride from Waverley, had the opportunity of witnessing the whole process of bridge-making. Ordinary bridges are delivered from the foundry ready for erection, but the Forth Bridge was much too big an affair to be dealt with in the ordinary way.

In January, 1883, the foundations were commenced. For the piers for the shore spans in shallow water, timber cöffer-dams were used; but six of the circular piers out of the twelve required under the three towers were constructed by means of pneumatic caissons. The making of these caissons —"cassoon" is the workmen's rendering—was the first noteworthy undertaking, and great was the excitement when one of the gasometer-looking cylinders, 70 feet across, was launched and floated out into position, with the men clustering round the rim, cheering and gesticulating as the great iron tub slowly voyaged across the stream.

The caisson is really a diving-bell. Seven feet from its lower edge a floor is laid in it. Into the space below the floor compressed air is driven so as to keep it clear of water, and in this space the men work. Communication with the upper floor is had by means of an air-lock, a contrivance with two sets of gates, on the same principle as the familiar water-locks on our rivers and canals. We enter the lock from without, and the sliding door is shut behind us; the air is then of the normal pressure, but when the inner door is opened the compressed air fills the chamber, as our ear-drums immediately tell us if we forget to keep our mouths open so as to equalise the pressure within and around us. The doors are interlocked like points and railway signals, so that both cannot be open at the same time. Descending into the space below, we find the men—mostly Italians and Belgians from the Antwerp Harbour Works—at work in the full brilliancy of the incandescent electric light. The hard whinstone is excavated by percussion drills and dynamite, and raised through the air-lock; the hard boulder clay is cut into by the hydraulic spade; the mud is thinned with water, a pipe communicating with the upper air is laid in the dirty puddle, a valve is opened, and away aloft the mud is driven by the atmospheric pressure. Down sinks the caisson as the ground is cut away beneath and within it. As it sinks it is loaded above with concrete. It has an inner skin seven feet from the outer skin, cut up into pockets by diaphragms, so that the pockets can be loaded at any part where extra pressure is required

[1] See "Leisure Hour" for January, 1883, page 64.

Where there is a gap the air escapes in an ascending stream of bubbles through the river. Attracted by the bubbles and the light, an enterprising salmon comes in to see what it all means. Instantly the navvies become fishermen, and in a few minutes the inquisitive fish has paid with his life for his pardonable curiosity.

Working below water is not without its dangers. The excavation must be regular, so that the caisson does not cant. One of the caissons once dropped seven feet with a jerk, much to the alarm of the men; but the only fatal accident was with the south-west Queensferry caisson, which grounded as it was being floated into position, and collapsed, and killed two men as it was being pumped out. To start the sinking caisson with a level floor, sand-bags were used to fill in the slope; and then the cutting away of the clay and whinstone soon bedded the rim in safety. Once a gentleman brought a flask of whisky down with him to drink success to the new pier; the success and the whisky he drank, and he corked his empty flask and placed it in his side pocket; he entered the air-lock, the door was shut behind him, the outer door was opened, and bang went the whisky flask. He was again under normal pressure, and the air from below would have served him as it had done his flask if he had similarly corked himself.

When the caisson had sunk into position—eighty-eight feet below high-water mark was the greatest distance it had to go—it was filled entirely with concrete made of whinstone from the Fife quarries, and sand and Medway Portland cement, of which latter no less than 30,000 tons were used for this purpose; even the mining chamber was rammed full of this material grouted up under pressure. Then on the solid drum of concrete came courses of flat bedded Arbroath stone faced with Aberdeen granite. And on this granite pier, now reduced to sixty feet across, were laid the bed plates of steel—massive slabs like armour plates, bolted down by a forest of steel bolts built round for many feet deep in the concrete and masonry. And then the bed plates were smoothed by emery wheels and coated with crude petroleum to keep them slippery, and on them the skewbacks were bolted in elliptical holes, so as to provide for whatever contraction or expansion change of temperature might cause in the great bridge.

Great bridge indeed! For from the base of the deepest pier to the top of the tower above the height is only ten feet less than that of the great pyramid of Cheops. Other bridges may be built to beat it in size, but it will always be a famous bridge as having been the one in which the difficulties of cantilever construction in steel were first overcome.

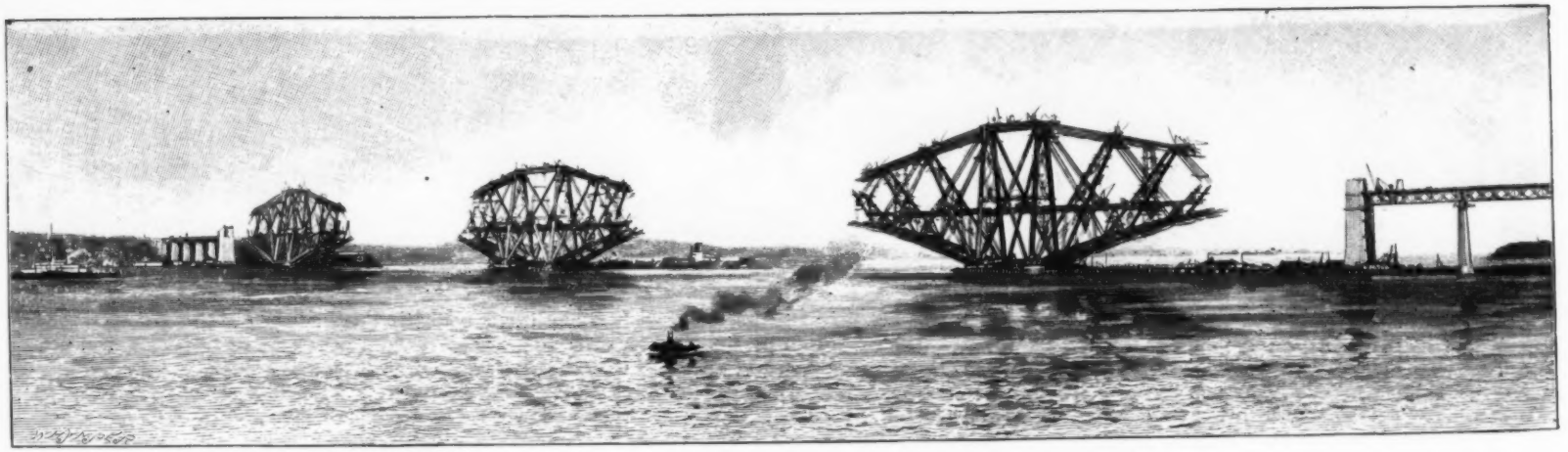
The Eiffel Tower is built of iron, and therein is behind the age. The Forth Bridge is built of steel, mild steel from three-quarters of an inch to an inch and a quarter thick, in plates and tees, and angles and channels—half-inch plates that can be folded like newspapers, and rivet bars that can be tied into knots without a sign of fracture. Altogether there are some 53,000 tons of steel, most of it from the Steel Company of Scotland, and some of it from the Welsh works at Landore.

There is not a perpendicular line in any of the cantilevers. In the skeleton towers the bases are 120 feet apart, while the tops are only 31½ feet, and all along the sides slope inwards. The rising members, the members that withstand the compressing, are, as we have said, all tubes. Joining the piers is a tube 12 feet in diameter; rising from this at a right angle, but with an inward batter of 1 in 7½, are the two main members; and in continuation of it is the lower member of the construction, which starts at 12 feet and gradually tapers off till its diameter is but 5 feet. Bracing the two main members diagonally are two flattened tubes of 8 feet in diameter; and midway between the main members and the lower tube rise two struts each of 8 feet in diameter. The junction of all these tubes on the bed plate forms what is known as the "skewback."

The tubes are built of plates. There are six miles of tubes, and forty-two miles of plates to build them with. The cross section of a 12-foot tube shows that it consists of ten plates and ten longitudinal H-beams stiffened at intervals of 8 feet by circular girders made up of diaphragm plates connected to the inner and outer angles, and riveted to the H-beams, while the beams are riveted to the tube plate. The plates are 16 feet long by 4½ feet wide, and from 1⅛ inches to 1¼ inches in thickness; they weigh from 28 cwt. to 32 cwt. each. The H-beams are deep webbed tees and two angles.

In making the tubes the plates were heated in a gas furnace, and bent while hot between dies in a hydraulic press. They ought to have retained their curve, but they did not. As soon as the blocks were removed they would warp longitudinally and bend erratically, one plate sometimes behaving in just the opposite way to its predecessor. Many things were done to prevent this, but in vain, and at last a lot of plates were curved at once and laid one on the other in layers with ashes between, and left to take their chance. When they were cold they were squeezed into shape by another hydraulic pressing, in which the desired result was obtained by using thin slips of iron in just the same way as a printer uses his overlays.

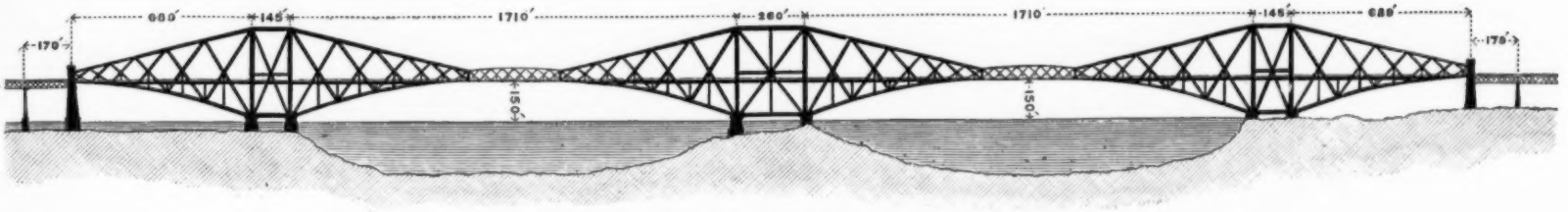
This pressing—the force was that of 1,600 tons between the dies—was done at the works near the Hawes Inn. And not only were the plates pressed, but they were planed and built up into position, and had the rivet-holes drilled before they left the shore. The scene at the yard can, therefore, be imagined. What with planing machines, and dressing machines, and the circular saw cutting slabs of solid steel, and the hydraulic rams justifying plates, and the rams curving angle irons, it would have been remarkable even without the great drilling machines which were its chief feature. The tubes, as we have said, were built up on a mandrel just as if they were in position, but so large were they that, instead of being taken to the workshop, the workshop was brought to them, and travelled along them as they were constructed. This workshop had its own engine and boiler, and its own system of drilling machines; and the travelling annular drill-frames, each with ten drills kept cool



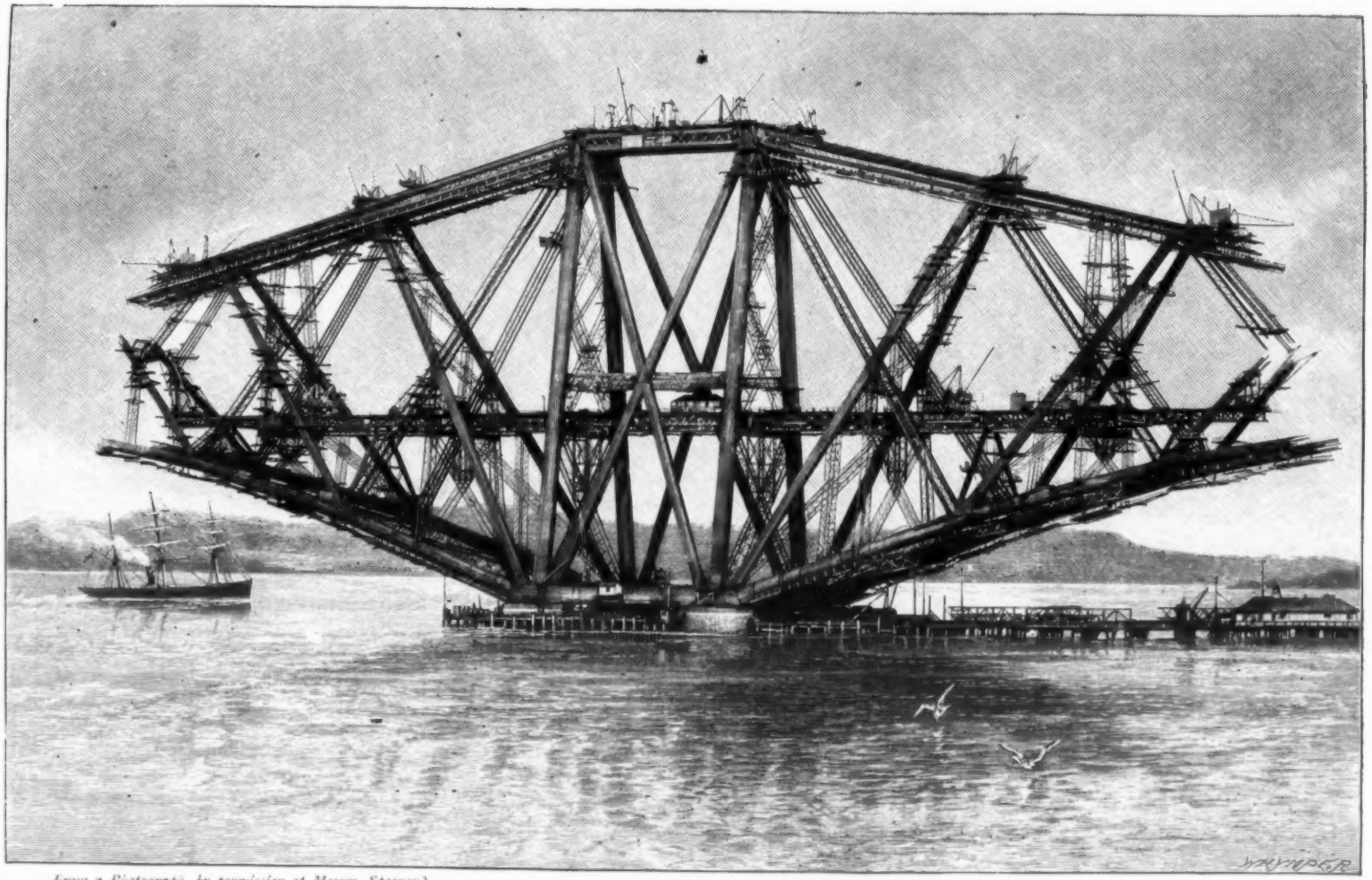
*From a Photograph, by permission of Messrs. Spooner.*]

THE FORTH BRIDGE IN BUILDING.

OCTOBER 6TH, 1888.




THE FORTH BRIDGE AS COMPLETED.



*From a Photograph, by permission of Messrs. Spooner.*]

SOUTH CANTILEVER, FORTH BRIDGE.

OCTOBER 6TH, 1888.

by water jets, bored at a rate that would have sent the inch drills through 280 feet of solid steel in twenty-four hours, and made holes at once through plate and cover and stiffener, so that when erected not a piece would be a hairsbreadth out of position.

In setting out the bridge, which was done by triangulation and a re-survey by the Royal Engineers of their old work on the Ordnance Survey, an error was discovered in the map, and the line was taken further south than was intended; but as the error only amounted to ·79 of a foot, the difference, though regrettable, was near enough to "no matter" to be disregarded. The work was begun all along the line. The viaduct piers at each end were raised to a height of 30 feet, the girders were placed on them, and then the masonry was carried up, taking the girders along with it as it rose. This principle of utilising the permanent work as part of the scaffolding was characteristic of the whole construction.

On the central piers work was started on the lower members, which were built out on the overhang. At the end of each tube a rectangular cage was hung, which carried the riveting machine and the men at work, and had a crane on the top; and parallel to the tube ran a tramway on brackets, which brought the material within reach of the crane. The cage was in six sections; when the tube was completed within it, the two rear sections were taken off and placed in front; when the tube had grown to their limit, the next two sections were transferred in front of them; and this cage system was found to work so admirably that it was very largely adopted. As the bridge grew another plan was introduced. A platform 200 feet long was constructed for each cantilever of temporary girders, strengthened by supplementary trussing made from the links of old Hammersmith Bridge. These platforms, or working floors, were raised by hydraulic power, and consisted of two decks, on the lower of which were the sheds for work and shelter, and on the upper the gantries, cranes, and furnaces.

The furnaces for heating the rivets were oil furnaces, about four feet long, and half a yard wide, doing thrice the work of a coal furnace, and heating nearly 2,000 rivets a day. The work was all bolted into position, and riveted hydraulically. In the smaller work the ordinary hydraulic pincers were used, but for the tubes a new machine had to be devised, in which there were independent rams for the holder and the snap; both worked along girders, so as to obtain the needful resistance, one girder being down the tube and the other outside; the rivet was inserted from the inside, and held in position by the holder, and the snap outside, at 1,000 lb. to the square inch, gave the finishing pressure, and in this way eighty rivets were forced home in an hour.

Difficulties there were as the work went on. The sloping tubes had to be 150 feet high before they could be permanently braced, and their inward batter rendered them in constant need of adjustment by the hydraulic rams. Another source of trouble was in the setting out owing to the unequal expansion and contraction of the various parts of the bridge under the varying temperature; sometimes the centre line of the upper member would be to the east, sometimes to the west, of the true centre; and sometimes the bottom member would be out of the true as it expanded unequally and receded from the sun.

But the bridge continued to grow, carrying the cages and platforms with it in its growth; and when the double line of way came to be put in, with its heavy bridge rails, on longitudinal sleepers, bedded in four steel troughs, into which the wheels ought to fall should they leave the line; and the wind-bracing was fitted in its long diamonds of lattice; and the top junction girder began to get into position, with its auxiliary members; there was such a mass of steel work, permanent and temporary, such frames and floors, and uprights, and horizontals, and such a crossing of hydraulic pipes, and electric cables and ropes for staying and lashing, and running rigging and safety netting, that, instead of part of a bridge, the cantilever looked more like a giant weaver's loom, in which havoc had been played by an earthquake that had hurled it a hundred feet above the stream.

Night and day the work went on, 3,500 men clustering like flies in the steel tangles that rose in a line across the river; men in thick flannel jackets even defying the cold blast of the stormy Forth at midnight in mid-winter, that the progress might be unchecked. And the steel tangles looked more mysterious than ever did the network of a building bridge before, for they stood out cold and clear in all the sharp contrast of dark shadow and brilliant illumination that the electric light alone can give. A hundred arc lamps and five hundred incandescent lamps gleamed on the bridge and in the shops, the largest outdoor installation then at work.

Every modern appliance was taken advantage of to get the bridge completed. There were telegraphs and telephones from shore to shore. There was a daily photographic record of progress. The quiet hydraulic press was brought in to do the work of a hundred noisy hammers; and there were compressors, accumulators, and rams hanging at every point of vantage. There were wire tramways and wire lifts, and there were steam winches and steam cranes, with jibs as manageable as a pelican's neck.

As the cantilevers were built out into space—one balancing the other and trusting to the other for its only support—with the cranes hanging over the furthest extremities, and lifting the material from the boats 300 feet below, the men looked like mice in a mill. They gave the scaling, but the mind failed to realise the colossal size of the structure, though to call it colossal is an insult, for the Rhodian figure could be hung in the waterway with the soles of his feet dangling half his height above high-water mark.

It was only when we were in the wilderness of work that the vastness of the construction was appreciable. The iron cage that looked like a bullet when aloft was found to be big enough for ten people when it dropped to take us up. The

holes in the platforms, in their long series constantly diminishing one within the other, looked like an opened nest of Chinese boxes, and the upper ones seemed much too small to let us pass; but they did! Higher and higher through the holes, deck above deck we went, and when we stood on the top we looked down and caught a glimpse of the water only here and there among the multitude of interlacements. Immediately below us were the screens to catch rivets and hand tools if they fell, as many of them were constantly doing; and further down we could see the covered ways designed to shield the workmen where the screens were missing. And around them, and between us and the river, hung such a complication of pillars and ropes and bars and wires as would never be forgotten.

As we moved outwards, right and left to the ends, it seemed as though our weight would overbalance the beam; but the ends have gone on lengthening, and further stretched their zigzags, and by the great 350-feet central girders have joined faces with the zigzags which stretched out northwards and southwards to meet them from the Queensferrys.

Mr. Arrol has clinched the last rivet, and the bridge is completed. And soon the trains will run and the journey to the north be shortened by an hour. Such is the value of time in these days. All this work for the saving of an hour! Yes, but for the saving of an hour to every passenger that crosses the Forth and to every bale of goods. And the sum of those hours will be considerable.

W. J. GORDON.

## A CRUISE AMONG THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

### II.—PENRHYN ISLAND.

WE next proceeded to Penrhyn Island, or Tongarewa, lat. 9° s., long. 158° w. All the islands we had hitherto seen were in the possession of British firms, populated by island colonists, and under the British flag. We now arrived at the first, properly speaking, inhabited island, and one governed by its own chiefs.

Penrhyn Island is a large atoll, very thickly grown with cocoanuts, of about nine miles diameter, enclosing a lagoon which only small vessels can enter. We anchored off the chief settlement, on the western coast—a village of about three hundred inhabitants. A few roughly-built coral piers afforded landing-places in the lagoon. The people displayed some curiosity on our boat approaching the shore, assembling in numbers at the water's edge, where their bright-coloured dresses lent a picturesque appearance to the scene.

One European lived here, keeping a general store, from which he supplied the natives with provisions and clothing, receiving in payment chiefly mother-of-pearl shells, the gathering of which forms the sole industry of this island. This gentleman introduced us to the three chiefs, one of whom was quite blind—a grey-bearded, venerable figure. These chiefs take it in turn to rule the island, relieving each other at short intervals. In difficult cases the three join in council and give judgment, from which there is no appeal. Punishments, rarely required, are imposed by fines or banishment. Christianity is the religion of the islanders, and its effect on them is remarkable considering that fifty years ago they were almost unapproachable savages. A large, well-built church and a good schoolhouse are maintained, both being conducted by a native missionary or minister trained by the London Missionary Society at Rarotonga. He showed us his institutions with some pride, and refreshed us with a drink of cocoanut-milk. He is supported almost entirely by the natives, and, moreover, collects from them a very respectable yearly sum, which is added to the Society's funds. This missionary has considerable influence in the island; but the morality of the people, in spite of their advantages, is at a low ebb; this was evident to even cursory and casual visitors like ourselves.

We were treated to an open-air concert by the women. They gathered under some cocoanut-trees in an open space, and squatted on the ground in two lines—a motley and picturesque group in their long, wonderfully-coloured gowns. Their black hair hung in two plaited tails down their backs, and in some cases was bound by wreaths of green leaves. One played a flute-like wooden instrument, applied not to the mouth, but to the right nostril, the left nostril being stopped with the forefinger of the left hand, which also held the flute. The fingers of the right hand stopped the notes. The music produced was dismal and unsatisfactory; two wavering notes, devoid of time or expression, formed the only tune played, although more than one performer attempted execution.

The singing was better worth hearing; curious, wild, and barbarous, very unlike the musical part-singing of the Sandwich Islanders. One girl started in nasal melancholy, then the chorus burst in, some taking parts after a fashion, others sustaining a deep note like the drone of a bagpipe; but the whole was distinctly in harmony. A few of the women certainly encroached on the bass register; none of their voices could be called musical according to our notions. The time was perfect, the style quaintly mournful and in a minor key, ending in a long-drawn note.

Encouraged by the applause we bestowed on their singing, the fair performers proceeded to further efforts, this time accompanying their singing with a kind of dance more dexterous than decorous. The lugubrious two-noted flute accom-

panied the proceedings throughout. They were a merry, laughing lot; good-natured, chattering, and friendly. The men, as usual among these people, took no part, but looked on in quiet good-humour.

In type all generally resembled those already met with, but they were considerably less refined in feature than some we had met belonging to other islands. Some of the men were finely built, symmetrical, and muscular; the women as a rule were devoid of beauty, except those who possessed the universal charm of youth.

The natives are expert divers, and are hired for other islands to dive for mother-of-pearl, besides procuring it themselves in their own island. We went out in a boat on the lagoon, and watched some of them at this occupation. The depth of water was not less than ten fathoms, but the diver shot to the bottom without a stone or other weight; and as we looked through a water-glass to escape the ruffling of the surface, we could see his bronze form moving rapidly about over the coral forests and grottoes sixty feet below us. These men sometimes stayed under water as long as two minutes.

Their prowess as divers is only equalled by their skill as fishers, and some of their feats appear incredible, but are related with such authority that there can be no doubt of their truth. Sharks of small size, though sufficiently large to be unpleasant, abound in these lagoons. The natives actually catch them by diving down to where they lie, close to the ground, putting a noose round their tails, and then hauling them on shore. It is solemnly said that they stroke the shark's back while manipulating the noose to lull it, but of course this cannot be verified. The fact remains that the sharks are hauled ashore tied by their tails! Porpoises are caught as follows: The natives pull in canoes outside the island, getting the shoal of porpoises between them and the shore, and gradually close in until the big, foolish fish are driven into the breakers, by which they are thrown on the beach, where the expectant women haul them up.

The following feat of *fishing under water* we ourselves saw performed at Penrhyn Island. A native, stripped to the skin, took in his hand a short line, ending in a hook. This he baited with raw fish, also filling his mouth with pieces of the same bait. He then dived down to within a few feet of the bottom, where numbers of a certain good red fish were basking. Once in the midst of them, he ejected from his mouth the pieces of bait, at the same time drawing his baited hook among them. The hungry fish snapped at the different morsels—including, of course, the baited hook—and in less time than it takes to describe, the diver returned to the surface, a fine fish dangling on his line.

We left Penrhyn Island the same evening, and shaped our course for the Suwarrow Islands, lying considerably to the westward. On arriving there, five days later, we found that the group really consisted of one atoll, but that only portions of the circular reef were above water, thus forming a series of islets irregularly distant, which, with the connecting reef partially submerged between them, enclosed a lagoon of about eight miles diameter. One only of these islets we found to be inhabited, and that by a few emigrant natives employed by the firm already mentioned as possessing Christmas Island. Diving for "pearl" shells was here also their occupation. At the time of our visit operations were suspended to allow the breed of pearl oysters to improve; consequently only three or four natives were living in the place, planting cocoanuts and maintaining the sheds of the establishment. The little settlement was very prettily placed in a grove of cocoanut-trees. A rich grass had been sown round the well-kept buildings, and a few flowers and fruit-trees gave a garden-like aspect to the spot, and varied the monotony of appearance common to the islands already seen.

A few days later, proceeding with our voyage, we arrived at the Harvey Group—two islands, which, with their foundation reef, also form an irregular atoll. A floating population of about thirty natives from the neighbouring island of Aitutaki, whose king claims possession of this group, was occupied in collecting and preparing copra. The usual native missionary (a pupil of the London Missionary Society) was with them, but no white men were on the islands, the natives working solely on their own account. We stayed here but an hour or two, and then shaped course for the island of Atiu.

We had now done with coral islands proper—that is, islands formed of coral alone—and were about to experience changes in scenery and people. The curious lagoon islands already seen had been interesting, not only because of the beauties of their formation, but also as *terræ incognitæ*, being rarely visited by travellers from the outside world, and as showing the industries (in copra, guano, and mother-of-pearl) that have been developed even in these remote spots by the all-absorbing whirlpool of commerce. We now passed on to the group known as the Cook Islands.

# DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

THE name of Dorothy Wordsworth is inseparably associated with that of her brother. What he owed to her self-denying affection, to her rare intellect, and to her profound love of Nature, the poet has acknowledged in words as familiar as they are beautiful. This "beloved sister," at the most critical period of Wordsworth's early manhood, came to him with the "healing power" which his noble verse has given so largely to others—

> "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares and delicate fears;
> A heart the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love, and thought, and joy."

Her influence was abiding. She had herself a poet's soul without his faculty of singing; and to her inspiring sympathy, expended without a thought of self, we are indebted for some of her brother's finest poems. Again and again she expressed the thought, which he uttered afterwards in song; and in prose as well as poetry Wordsworth used Dorothy's mind as if it were a portion of his own. She might have earned a literary reputation of no common order, but all her ambition was centred upon William, and her faith in his genius was unbounded.

Dorothy Wordsworth, the only sister of the poet, was born at Cockermouth in December, 1771, and, having lost both her parents in childhood, lived partly with a relative at Halifax, and partly under the care of her uncle, Dr. Cookson, a canon of Windsor, who, it is said, was a great favourite with the Court. It was not until 1795, when a small legacy left Wordsworth free to follow his own wishes, and to dedicate his life to poetry, that the brother and sister, bent on "plain living and high thinking," kept house together on £70 a year. Their first home was at Racedown Lodge, in Dorsetshire, and there began the acquaintance with Coleridge, which speedily ripened into one of the most memorable friendships recorded in literature. Rich indeed was the poetical fruit which resulted from this intercourse. Coleridge was already a married man, but his "pensive Sara," a good woman, possessed of many admirable qualities, was not, at least in her husband's judgment, sufficiently intellectual to appreciate his genius. It is not surprising, therefore, that Dorothy Wordsworth's sensitive nature and perceptive intellect should have charmed the emotional poet. "She is," he wrote, "a woman indeed—in mind, I mean, and in heart; for her person is such that, if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty; but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly that who saw her would say, 'Guilt was a thing impossible with her.'"

In addressing this dear sister in the lines composed near Tintern Abbey, Wordsworth alludes to the shooting lights of her wild eyes, and De Quincey, who was struck by her great sensibility and ardour, also observes that her eyes were "wild and startling and hurried in their motion." In De Quincey's judgment Mrs. Wordsworth was very much more of a lady than her sister-in-law, who "did not cultivate the graces that preside over the person and its carriage."

"On the other hand," he adds, "she was a person of very remarkable endowments intellectually. . . . The pulses of light were not more quick or more inevitable in their flow and undulation than were the answering and echoing movements of her sympathising attention. Her knowledge of literature was irregular and thoroughly unsystematic. She was content to be ignorant of many things, but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own most fervid heart."

In order to be nearer Coleridge, who then lived at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, the brother and sister removed to Alfoxden, three miles distant from that place. The house, which they took furnished, was a large mansion, standing in a park containing deer and commanding a beautiful prospect. There was an excellent garden, too, well stocked with fruit and vegetables; and how on an income of less than £100 a year the Wordsworths managed to secure such a country seat, Dorothy does not tell us. But we learn from the report of a visitor that it was hired for a trifle, and that an old woman living in an adjoining cottage attended to the wants of the inmates. It was a fruitful time for poetry, and intercourse with Coleridge was constant. "We are three people," he said, "but only one soul"; and when, two months after leaving Alfoxden, Wordsworth and his sister sailed for Germany, Coleridge was their companion. After a few days spent together at Hamburg, they parted company, Coleridge going to Ratzeburg, and Wordsworth and Dorothy to Goslar, where they had no society, and contented themselves with talking to the people of the house and reading German. On returning to England, some months were spent at Sockburn-upon-Tees, but for a long time they were undecided as to a future residence. At the close of the year 1799 they settled at Grasmere, and from that date the lives of Wordsworth and Dorothy are associated with the Lake country. Having mentioned these few incidents in a career very uneventful, so far as outward circumstances are concerned, it will be well to turn to Miss Wordsworth's own writings for indications of her character.[1]

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[1] The new and exhaustive biography of Wordsworth, in three large volumes, by Professor Knight, is especially interesting for the copious extracts from Miss Wordsworth's hitherto unpublished diaries; and to these volumes the writer of this paper is therefore largely indebted.

At Alfoxden, Dorothy began her first journal, in which we see already the minute and loving observation of Nature, and the intense joy in natural objects which inspired her brother's poetry. Winter has as many, or perhaps even greater, charms for her than the summer.

"A winter prospect," she writes, "shows every cottage, every farm, and the forms of distant trees, such as in summer have no distinguishing mark," and she observes that a real lover of Nature will find it a pleasure to give winter all the glory he can, since "summer will make its own way and speak its own praises." And yet again brooding on the same theme, she exclaims, "O, thought I, what a beautiful thing God has made winter to be by stripping the trees and letting us see their shapes and forms. What a freedom does it seem to give to the storms." The simplicity and lack of literary effort in Dorothy's journals adds greatly to their charm. Sometimes she is content simply to jot down with an artist's eye for colour what Nature shows her—the oaks thick with feathery sea-green moss, the hollies pendent with their white burden of snow, the springing wheat like a shade of green over the brown earth, the sheep glittering in the sunshine; but often we come upon passages, and these are the most beautiful, which show that Dorothy Wordsworth sees Nature also with a poet's imagination.

The germ of some of Wordsworth's loveliest poems is to be found in her journals. Two years, for instance, before his poem on the Daffodils was composed, Dorothy wrote: "I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above slates; some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing." The two were talking one day of the pleasure they always felt at the sight of butterflies. Dorothy said that when a child she used to chase them a little, but that, as she was afraid of brushing the dust off their wings, she did not catch them, and the sister's confession was repeated in the brother's verse. So also was Dorothy's statement that when a child she would not pull a strawberry blossom; and no doubt it was to Wordsworth's perusal of her Grasmere journal, two years after the incident occurred, that we owe "The Leech Gatherer."

"Blessings on that brother of mine," she writes with a sudden burst of affection, and it may be hoped that the loving wish was returned with equal heartiness, for never was poet more richly dowered with a sister's love, and, we fear it must be added, more exacting in his demands upon it.

Before his marriage to Mary Hutchinson, the homeliest household cares devolved upon Dorothy. At the same time, she was her brother's constant companion out of doors, and his amanuensis at home.

"There is no doubt," Professor Knight says, "that their long walks on the mountains, and the utter want of regularity, as to hours for meals, etc.—perhaps an inevitable element in that poetic household—injured the sister's health. The records in her journal (which are not published) giving signs of this are most pathetic; and while her ministry of service to her brother, is one of the most beautiful things recorded in the annals of literature, it may surely be said that the brother should not have accepted so much, and should have noted the injury she was inflicting on herself."

Wordsworth, though abundantly kind when occasion called for it, was not genial, and the Cumberland peasantry thought more highly of Dora. One of them said, "You could tell fra the man's faace his poetry would niver have no laugh in it." He was always "booing about," writing his verses, and, according to a Rydal farmer, "When a man goes in a family way he keeps together wi' 'em, but many's a time I've seed him a takin' his family out in a string and never geein' the deariest bit of notice to 'em; standin' by hissel' and stoppin' behind a-gapin' wi' his jaws workin' the whoal time; but niver no cracking wi' 'em, nor no pleasure in 'em—a desolate-minded man, ye kna. Queer thing that mun, but it was his hobby, ye kna. It was potry as did it."

According to the best local authorities, Dorothy Wordsworth was much more sociable and friendly. "As for Miss Wordsworth," says one of them, "she ud often coom into back kitchen and ask for a bit of oat-cake and butter. She was fond of oat-cake and butter till it, fit to steal it a'most. Why, why, but she was a ter'ble clever woman was that. She did as much of his potry as he did, and went completely off it at the latter end wi' studying it, I suppose. It's a very strange thing now that studying didn't run on in the family."

Strange, indeed, to the rustic mind. A carpenter brings up his son to the trade, why should not a poet do the like?

Dorothy's bright intelligence and genial ways made a stronger impression on the Cumberland peasantry than her brother's verse, for there's "potry as takes a deal of mastery to make out what's said"; but the warmth of Dorothy's heart and the kindness that beamed through her eyes were always easy to understand.

The little cottage at the town end of Grasmere was the poet's home for about eight years, and it was not until four of these years had gone by that Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, who had long been the friend both of the brother and sister. "She was the perfect woman nobly planned" and "with something of angelic light" immortalised in the famous lyric, and though, according to most accounts, far from beautiful, was blessed with "a sunny benignity—a radiant graciousness," such as De Quincey states he never saw surpassed. Wordsworth's career, by the way, was full of the happiest incidents, and the good gifts of life fell, as it were, into his lap without much exertion on his part. At a supreme crisis his sister came to comfort and sustain him, and at the very spring-tide of his genius Mary Hutchinson came to add a double blessing to his life. There never was a man more favoured, and one feels sometimes wickedly inclined to ask

whether his satisfaction in his "womankind" was altogether in accordance with their deserts. His affection, no doubt, wore well, like Mrs. Primrose's wedding gown, but of the first and passionate love that gives a new glory to the sky and new witchery to the earth Wordsworth knew nothing. Just before the wedding he started for a tour with his sister, and on the day of the marriage wandered into a churchyard to inspect the tombstones, and, before reaching Grasmere, wrote a poor sonnet wholly unassociated with love or matrimony. The sister's journals would be still more interesting if she were a little alive to her brother's defects, and could enjoy a kindly laugh at his expense. But the sense of the ridiculous and the humour that gives a zest to life were unknown either to Dorothy or William.

To the journals I will now return, for they reveal far more of the real character of the writer than is to be gained from other sources. Her sensibility was so great it was well that household cares, which included making bread and mending stockings, kept her from too much brooding. Sometimes the loveliness of Nature oppresses her, and she can hardly drag herself away, she is so sad; sometimes its solemnity "calls home the heart to quietness;" sometimes there is the simple enjoyment of natural objects, as when she writes, "I sate out of doors great part of the day, and worked in the garden. The little birds busy making love, and pecking the blossoms and bits of moss off the trees. They flutter about and about, and beneath the trees as I lie under them." Often her descriptions are a mere inventory of what she sees jotted down, so that the scene, with its colouring, may be brought once more vividly before her.

Here is an illustration or two. "It was a delightful day, and the views cheerful and beautiful. . . . The colours of the mountains, soft and rich with orange fern: the cattle pasturing upon the hill-tops; kites sailing in the sky above our heads; sheep bleating and feeding in the watercourses scattered over the mountains. They come down and feed on the little green islands in the beds of the torrents, and so may be swept away." And, again—the scene in this instance being viewed from a hill-top near Alfoxden: "The landscape wildly interesting. The Welsh hills capped by a huge range of tumultuous white clouds. The sea spotted with white, of a bluish grey in general, and streaked with darker lines. The near shores clear; scattered farm-houses, half-concealed by green mossy orchards, fresh straw lying at the doors; hay-stacks in the fields. Brown fallows, the springing wheat, like a shade of green over the brown earth, and the choice meadow plots—full of sheep and lambs—of a soft and vivid green; a few wreaths of blue smoke spreading along the ground; the oaks and beeches in the hedges retaining their yellow leaves; the distant prospect on the land side, islanded with sunshine; the sea like a basin full to the margin; the fresh-ploughed fields dark; the turnips of a lively rough green."

During the earlier period of Wordsworth's residence at Grasmere, Coleridge was living at Greta Hall, Keswick a house for ever associated with the memory of Robert Southey. He was dissatisfied with himself and with his wife, who, there can be little doubt, had already good cause to be dissatisfied with him. Dorothy, knowing nothing of the evil that was beginning to blight the poet's life, knew only that he was unhappy and needed sympathy, and her warm heart gave it to him in ample measure. Many were the walks and conversations they had together, and after a visit to Keswick she writes, on returning to Grasmere: "Every sight and every sound reminded me of Coleridge—dear, dear fellow, of his many talks to us by day and by night, of all dear things. I was melancholy and could not talk, but at last I eased my heart by weeping. . . . O! how many, many reasons have I to be anxious for him."

Within a year of Wordsworth's marriage he started, with Dorothy and Coleridge, on a visit to Scotland, Mrs. Wordsworth being unable to accompany them. The "Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland, A.D. 1803, by Dorothy Wordsworth," was published by Principal Shairp in 1874, and is one of the most delightful books of the kind in the language. The obstructions to Scottish travel in those days were not trifling, but Dorothy was untroubled by them. Sometimes food was scarce, and so occasionally were beds. The inns were often dirty and comfortless; often, too, the travellers were drenched to the skin, and struggled on through difficulties unknown to tourists in our day. Samuel Rogers was in Scotland at the time, and met Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Dorothy "making a tour in a vehicle that looked very like a cart." "Wordsworth and Coleridge," he says, "were entirely occupied in talking about poetry, and the whole care of looking out for cottages where they might get refreshment and pass the night, as well as of seeing their poor horse fed and littered, devolved upon Miss Wordsworth. She was a most delightful person—so full of talent, so simple-minded, and so modest!"

In the third week of the tour Coleridge left them, "being afraid to face such wet weather in an open carriage," and in the sixth and last week of the excursion they visited Walter Scott at Lasswade, and afterwards met him at Melrose on his way to the assizes at Jedburgh in his character of Sheriff of Selkirk, and to that town they accompanied him. Then when the business of the assizes was over Scott travelled with the Wordsworths in their car to Hawick, and scarcely passed a house of which he had not some story to tell. "I believe," Dorothy writes, "that by favour of his name one might be hospitably entertained throughout all the borders of Scotland"; and she adds, "We wish we could have gone with Mr. Scott into some of the remote dales of this country, where in almost every house he can find a home and a hearty welcome." And it was not his fame as a poet that made Scott thus welcome, for this was two years before he published the "Lay," but the irresistible charm of manner and warmth of heart which won the love of everyone who had the good fortune to meet him.

A regret has been expressed that, instead of a minute description of outward objects in this Scottish tour, Dorothy Wordsworth had not recorded the conversations between her brother

and Coleridge, but she had not in the slightest degree the art in which Boswell excelled, and it was natural that in keeping a journal never intended for publication she should do that which she felt herself the best qualified to do. The whole record of the six weeks' tour is written with the utmost simplicity. Throughout the volume there is as little indication of literary effort as in the paragraph with which Dorothy concludes her "Recollections":

"Breakfasted at a public-house by the roadside; dined at Sheffield; arrived at home between eight and nine o'clock, where we found Mary in perfect health, Joanna Hutchinson with her, and little John asleep in the clothes-basket by the fire."

The Scottish tour was made, as has been said, in 1803, when Miss Wordsworth was thirty-two years of age. In 1814 Wordsworth visited Scotland again, and on this visit took with him his wife and her sister, leaving Dorothy to keep house at Rydal Mount, the beautiful home to which they had removed in the previous year.

The next fact that broke the even tenor of Dorothy's life was a journey on the Continent in 1820 with her brother and his wife. The two women both kept diaries of this tour, and Wordsworth used them on his return in writing the series of poems which memorialised the tour. "It is hard to say," says Professor Knight, "whether the jottings taken at the time by his wife or the extended journal afterwards written out by his sister is the more admirable, both as a record of travel and as a commentary on the poet's work." Crabb Robinson, a highly accomplished man and a warm friend of the Wordsworths, accompanied them. He also kept a diary, and writes that he did not know when he had felt so humble as in reading Mrs. Wordsworth's journal—it was so superior to his own. He must also have been much struck with Dorothy's, for he advised her to publish it, but she replied, with her usual self-abnegation, that her object was not to make a book, but to leave to her niece "a neatly-penned memorial of those few interesting months of our lives." There was a time, however, when Miss Wordsworth did think of publishing her tour in Scotland, and the poet Rogers was consulted about it. "The fact is," her brother wrote in 1822, "she was so much gratified by her tour in Switzerland that she has a strong wish to add to her knowledge of that country, and to extend her ramble to some part of Italy. As her own little fortune is not sufficient to justify a step of this kind, she has no hope of revisiting those countries unless an adequate sum could be procured through the means of this MS." Rogers thought highly of the "Recollections," and Dorothy wrote to him expressing a hope that the book might produce £200, "a sum," she says, "which would effectually aid me in accomplishing the ramble I so much, and I hope not unwisely, wish for." The wish was never fulfilled, and seventy years passed away before the volume was published by Mr. Shairp.

In September, 1822, Dorothy made a second tour in Scotland with Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Joanna Hutchinson. The excursion lasted seven weeks, of which three were spent in Edinburgh. Still harping on the Italian journey, Dorothy wrote to Crabb Robinson, three years later, of a scheme for which "all their savings must be heaped up—no less than spending a whole winter in Italy, and a whole summer in moving about from place to place in Switzerland and elsewhere." This project was abandoned, and Miss Wordsworth's next tour was in England, and later on she visited the Isle of Man with her nephew. As usual, she wrote a journal on the occasion, which, if not otherwise remarkable, shows that in approaching old age the faculty of enjoyment was undiminished. This was to be her last pleasure-taking excursion. In 1829 she was keeping house for her nephew, John Wordsworth, then a curate at Whitwick, near Ashby, and there, for the first time in her life, she was taken seriously ill. She recovered slowly, and on her return, by easy stages, to Rydal, had a second attack. Henceforth Dorothy Wordsworth's life was that of an invalid, although for some time she did not altogether give up the hope of restoration to health. Writing to Charles and Mary Lamb, she says, "Wishes I do now and then indulge of at least revisiting Switzerland, and again crossing the Alps, and even strolling on to Rome. But there is a great change in my feelings respecting plans for the future. If we make any, I entertain them as an amusement, perhaps, for a short while, but never set my heart upon anything which is to be accomplished three months hence, and have no satisfaction whatever in *schemes*. When one has lived almost sixty years one is satisfied with present enjoyment, and thankful for it, without daring to count on what is to be done six months hence."

Dorothy's health was a constant grief to her brother. "Her state," he wrote, "weighs incessantly upon every thought of my heart." And in another letter, referring to Coleridge, he says, "He and my beloved sister are the two beings to whom my intellect is most indebted, and they are now proceeding, as it were, *pari passu* along the path of sickness—I will not say towards the grave; but I trust towards a blessed immortality."

Many a year passed away before the end came, for Miss Wordsworth survived her brother, but they were years of sorrow for those who loved her, and especially for him to whom through the glad days of early and later manhood she had proved a second self. Not long before he died, Mrs. Wordsworth said that almost the only enjoyment her husband seemed to feel was in his attendance on his sister, and that her death would be to him a sad calamity.

In 1805 Wordsworth wrote some beautiful lines addressed "To a young lady who had been reproached for taking long walks in the country." His biographer states that they were meant for his sister. If so, the poetical licence in the verses is considerable, for Dorothy was thirty-four, and had little prospect of showing, as a wife and mother,

> "how divine a thing
> A woman may be made."

And unfortunately the prophecy of a serene old age, "lovely as a Lapland night," was not his sister's lot. The long walks for which she had been reproached were one cause, it is thought, of the comparatively early failure of mind and body. When her brother was dying, Miss Wordsworth heard of his condition with composure, and after his death, upon being carried past the door where the body lay, she was heard to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" She survived the poet nearly five years, and died at Rydal Mount in January, 1855, at the age of eighty-three. "And now," to quote Mr. Shairp's words, "beside her brother and his wife, and others of that household, she rests in the green Grasmere churchyard with the clear waters of Rotha murmuring by"

JOHN DENNIS.

## "Thank You."

'Comme vous êtes bon . . . . .
"Non, je t'aime,
Voilà tout."
—*Victor Hugo.*

WHY do you thank me, dear,
Say I am kind?
Sometimes, alas, I fear
You must be blind.

Say, does the sun give thanks
To the flowers that lift
Glad faces on hedgerow banks
In the light, his gift?

Are thanks for your right hand meet
When it serves your need?
Do you ever bless your feet
Because of their speed?

Do you thank your eyes that see,
Or your ears that hear?
Then why give thanks to me,
My dear, my dear?

Do you know that you, yes, you,
Are light to mine eyes?
I love you, love you true,
How otherwise?

You let me into your heart,
Do you not know?
You made me of life a part,
A while ago.

What matters what I may do,
Or what I may give?
You know I would die for you,
As for you I live.

Then let me breathe with your breath,
To your need respond,
Till we come to the gates of death,
And the strange beyond.

EMILY H. HICKEY.

## CURIOUS PREHISTORIC BRICKWORK

### IN THE SEILLE VALLEY.

IT has been the custom, since the year 1852, for the various historical and archæological societies of Germany to hold a united meeting in some important centre; and this year the spot chosen for the union of these societies was Metz.

Amongst the various papers read there was one upon a subject which has hitherto received but scant attention from those who strive to probe the history of prehistoric man; a subject which the writer of the paper in question, the Abbé Paulus, goes far to prove to be of strange interest. It gave a curious glance into the lives of our forerunners ere Celt, or Gaul, or Roman had lived their lives and left their traces upon European soil. The title of the paper, "Les Briquetages de la Seille," may be translated, "The Brickwork of the Seille." This Seille is a little river, which visitors to Metz note as swiftly rushing round some of the stupendous walls and gates of that town; and it is in the marshy valleys that border the course of this river that this prehistoric brickwork is found. The little river springs from a small lake not far from the little town of Dieuze, which lies a short distance to the north of Avricourt; and it flows on through a valley oftentimes marshy but fertile. Back in the last century this valley attracted the attention of archæologists; and many down to our own date have written upon its antiquities—one writer, M. Schmidts, quoted by the Abbé, speaking of it as a veritable archæological museum. Five Roman villas have been

discovered there in a distance of twelve miles, Celtic posts *en vedette* on the heights, and important *tumuli;* and what touches the subject of the brickwork, immense masses of this material thrown into the marshes to create a solid foundation.

These bricks or tiles, to which the name of "briquetage" has been given, are of very various form, size, and colour. The different degrees of baking have given to some, colours varying from clayey yellow to a bright red, whilst time and the marshy soil have given to others a green or black coating. Some are smooth, whilst others bear still the impress of the hands of their makers —the marks of the fingers, and upon some even are the markings of the skin. Others have a rough surface, as though from the straw upon which they were probably laid before baking. These curious bricks differ in size as much as in form and colour; the largest vary from ten to thirty centimètres long and three to seven thick. The smallest may be compared to the bones of the finger, and many are extremely small. All these morsels, great and small, have been kneaded and moulded by the hand, baked, and then thrown pell-mell into the marsh without order or arrangement—exactly as we now throw stones to form foundations for breakwaters.

These particles thus thrown together, without any cement, form a substance now so hard that it is difficult to separate it with a pickaxe. Formerly, probably, this mass formed a platform above the marsh, but to-day one has to go deep into the marsh and earth to discover it. In some places it is still nearly on the surface, in others three feet below, and at Vic fifteen to eighteen feet beneath, whilst at Marsal it is covered by twenty-three feet of earth. The immense masses discovered of this "briquetage" are astounding. At Marsal it covers the whole of the town, and nearly the whole of the fortifications, and towards the west stretches beyond them for nearly a thousand feet; and so great is the area covered by it that in the districts of Marsal, Moyenvie, and Burtecourt, a surface is covered of 122 hectares, yielding a mass of no less than two million cubic meters.

The question now comes, Who erected, or rather laid down, this monument, and at what period in the world's history? To the Romans, Celtic Gauls, and prehistoric races has the work been attributed, and for very various purposes—for foundations, for an aqueduct, to protect the issue of salt springs, or for salt reservoirs. But to help unravel this question we must study the various stone and bone tools and arms that have been found in the district. These clearly prove that a population has re ted in this district—perchance then not marsh land, but a shallow lake country—in many points resembling the lake-dwellers in Switzerland and in Ireland. Important Gallic and Roman remains have been discovered above this "briquetage;" but at present the earth beneath has not been properly examined, neither have the masses of the brickwork themselves been carefully searched for articles of the period of their formation. Most certain it is that this enormous work was not all executed at one period. Probably successive races adopted the mode of their forerunners in obtaining solid foundations in marshy soil.

The fact that beneath the "briquetage," as far as it has been explored, no trace of Celtic or Roman remains have been discovered, whilst above it numerous traces of both races are frequent, goes to support what the Abbé upheld—that this work is that of the primitive inhabitants of the district, and that it was executed for two purposes: for foundations, and for the formation of salines for the manufacture of salt. The paper concluded with the hope that the works that are about to be carried out in the valley of the Upper Seille might yield further proofs of the antiquity and uses of this strange and enormous work of a prehistoric era.

Two other subjects were introduced at this congress of historians at Metz, which are well worth the attention of English readers, because they suggest that similar work should be more systematically and energetically carried on by our historians. The Archives Director, Dr. Wiegand, of Strasburg, gave an account of his four months' work amidst the Archives of the Vatican. Though compelled by time to adhere only to a certain period in the thirteenth century, he found a rich mass of material hitherto unknown relating to the history of Lorraine, and especially to the diocese of Metz; and he was able to bring back with him no less than three hundred and forty documents, some of them in full, and the remainder abridged. Another paper illustrated the great value of research amidst the archives of foreign lands for the history of our own country. This was upon the "Acta Nationis Germanicæ Universitatis Bononiensis," by Dr. Knod, who in an interesting manner demonstrated the influence that the University of Bologna had wielded over the history of law in Germany.

Our own history cannot be written without laborious research into the archives of other lands. The Archives of Prague and Bohemia especially would richly repay the searcher for facts upon the history of the English people; and the papers read at the Metz Congress might give a hint to our own Government to do what they can to stimulate research into foreign archives.

JAMES BAKER.

# THE MONTYON PRIZE.

## ITS HEROES AND HEROINES.



THE FÊTE DAY.

### JEAN VIGIER.

IT was the *fête* of Madame Vigier, always an event of some importance in the social life of the pretty little town of Aurillac. For not to be included in the *fête*—not, in short, to be on visiting terms with the Vigiers—was to argue oneself unknown and unknowable.

Monsieur Vigier was the owner of extensive ironworks, and was himself the artist of many of the more beautiful designs which made his productions celebrated throughout France. He had also several times filled the office of mayor in his native town, and was altogether a local magnate of the first importance. Madame Vigier, born a Desfaux, took the lead, in her own right, among

the provincial ladies, both from the circumstance of her aristocratic connections and from the wealth of which she had been the heiress. Monsieur and Madame Vigier were kindly and hospitable people, who accepted their position of social pivot without arrogance, and did as much as lay in their power with the greatness thus thrust upon them. They enjoyed spending their money upon their friends as well as upon themselves, and spent it freely, with a certain magnificent disregard of detail which seemed a natural accompaniment of their regal state.

So it came to pass that the *fête*-day of Madame Vigier, on the 15th of July, was always looked forward to as the cream of the summer festivities; while the *fête*-day of Monsieur Vigier, occurring at the beginning of November, ushered in the season of winter gaieties. The former was celebrated always in the country or summer residence of the Vigiers; the latter was the sign of their return to city life for the colder months.

The country house, situated some two miles from Aurillac, on the beautiful Auvergnese hills, had originally been the home of a family even more aristocratic than that of the Desfaux who had occupied it for the last hundred years; and still, with its castellated turrets and huge dove-cots, it presented many characteristics of the antique French château.

But at the moment when we make acquaintance with it, the many-angled rooms and the quaint-terraced gardens, to which flowered farthingales and powdered wigs would have seemed a fitting complement, are absolutely teeming with modern life in the newest of French (provincial) fashions, and noisy with the rattle of many unaristocratic tongues. All the *haute bourgeoisie* of Aurillac is assembled to honour the fortieth birthday of the fair châtelaine, and to enjoy a pleasant summer day's outing.

Before the gates stand a variety of carriages of all sorts and degrees of beauty and shabbiness, provided by the Vigiers for the conveyance of their numerous friends from the town to the château, and now waiting to convey them still further, for the notion has been conceived of celebrating this day by an excursion to a specially beautiful spot among the hills, where an entertainment, called by French Anglophiles a *pique nique*, is to take place. This, however, is in reality a much less risky and unsatisfying repast than that which corresponds to it in the English tongue, since it consists of a well-cooked *déjeuner* partaken of in Christian fashion and ordered a good many days in advance at an hotel, where, according to its own advertisement, ladies and gentlemen receive "every consideration."

But the hour which has been fixed for setting out on this excursion has long passed; the different guests have been assigned to their various vehicles, and still there is delay. A certain buzz, as of sentences suddenly broken off, begins to rise and fall at intervals in the little assembly. Looks of meaning are now and then interchanged. Madame Vigier passes rapidly from one group of her friends and acquaintances to another, and has always the same little speech to make: "It is really very strange that he does not come, but I think we must wait a little longer. My husband—yes, he went to business this morning. Something very important indeed, of course; but he promised faithfully to return by ten o'clock, and now it is past eleven—yes, it is very strange, on this day above all, and he always so punctual!"

At length, when another half hour has gone by, and excitement has worked itself into impatience, and veritable hunger is beginning to add its gaunt quota to the general discontent, a messenger arrives in haste with a note for Madame Vigier. "A letter!" she cries, turning pale. "What has happened?" and her fingers tremble so that she can scarcely break the seal upon which the Desfaux coat of arms is stamped.

Her guests crowd round her.

"What is it?"

"Do tell us!"

"Dear Madame Vigier, have pity on our suspense!"

"What can it be?"

But for a minute or two there is no response except the dead whiteness of Madame Vigier's face, which extends even to her lips; and when she tries to speak a sort of spasm seizes her mouth, and twists it so that her words seem spoken by some other person with a voice altogether strange.

She clutches the letter tight in her hand, and thrusts it in her pocket.

"Something—has happened," she says at last. "Monsieur—my husband, is detained on business. As for the day's amusement, it must be—postponed, my friends."

"Postponed!"

There is a dead silence, followed by a general murmur.

"How dreadful!"

"How vexatious!"

"What can it all be about?"

"Listen," says Monsieur Sers, the notary, cousin to Monsieur Vigier, and himself a big man in his way—"listen, my dear cousin. Keep yourself calm." Then, in a lower tone, "If this is any little misunderstanding between you and Vigier, do not, I intreat you, make too much of it. Let things go on as usual, and no doubt all will work right in time."

"It is no misunderstanding," says Madame Vigier.

"If any accident has happened to our good friend," says the Abbé Azémard, who, as curé of the parish, is also among the guests, "tell me, dear daughter, in what way I may be of use to you or to your husband."

"No accident has come to us," says Madame Vigier, in the same strange, hoarse voice. "It is far worse than that. It is—how can I say it?—dishonour—ruin!" And then, turning away from her crowding visitors, the poor lady wrings her hands like one in mortal agony.

"Tell them to go away. For pity's sake let me be alone," is the only boon she asks.

There is a little consultation in low tones among the assembled groups in the terraced garden.

Presently Monsieur Sers follows Madame Vigier through an open window into the house, whither

she has retreated with such an evident desire for solitude that no one has ventured to intrude upon her. Here, in a little three-cornered boudoir especially devoted to her use, he finds her plunged in tearless sorrow.

"We are all dreadfully grieved about—about this," he says. "But do not be too unhappy; keep up a good heart, cousin. Try and put a good face on it."

"I cannot," says Madame Vigier. "You do not understand—you do not know." And then she takes her husband's letter from her pocket, and reads some few lines of it.

"I dare not meet you all to-day," it runs. "Before evening everyone in the town will know, not only that I am a ruined man, but that I have ruined many who have had confidence in me. Let my name be blotted out and forgotten. You will never see me again." Other words of half-frenzied love and prayers for forgiveness follow, but these Madame Vigier does not read aloud.

Monsieur Sers is mentally thanking his stars that no money of his is invested in Monsieur Vigier's business.

"It is very sad—terrible!" he says. Then, after a moment's silence, "And what is to be done with all these people?" he asks.

"They can go home, I suppose."

"They will spread the news of the disaster far and wide."

"It will soon be known."

"Perhaps not. Matters may be much better than you or Vigier think. In any case, my dear cousin, it seems to me unwise to make too much noise about it. As for the picnic, *you* will not go, of course."

"There must be no picnic."

"Tut, tut, my dear creature! As to that, don't you know the *déjeuner* has been ordered and must be paid for? So, say I, why let the flies have the eating of it? The carriages are all in waiting at the door. I think the best plan will be to pack off all the party as arranged, and keep as cheerful as we can under the sad circumstances."

"Do as you please, then, only leave me in peace!" cries the poor lady. "Peace, did I say? Peace and I will never know one another again!" And, sitting down on a low chair, she buries her face in her hands, while Monsieur Sers steps out again into the sun-lit garden to make arrangements with the eagerly-expectant groups who, on the whole, are more anxious about the *déjeuner*, which seems slipping from their hungry grasp, than anything else.

As he steps out on tiptoe, as if from a chamber of sleep or death, there comes creeping very softly in by the same window a little figure with its finger on its lips and tears in its brown eyes. It is the figure of a little boy about eight years old. He stands for a little while quite still upon the threshold, while the tears roll quietly down his pink cheeks. Suddenly Madame Vigier gives a deep groan, and then the boy, unable to restrain himself longer, runs and throws his arms about his mother, and sobs out his passion of distress on her bosom.

"Maman, maman, what is it?" he cries. "They tell me you are unhappy. But I thought when I looked in that you were asleep, and I was so afraid of waking you. But now you are awake, dear maman, tell me what makes you sad, and let me comfort you."

"Poor little one!" says Madame Vigier, stroking the child's brown hair. "As if thou couldst do anything!"

Just then several ladies who are of the pleasure-party find their way to Madame Vigier, who receives them with such a tearless white face, and with such a stern dignity, that they scarcely venture to offer a word of condolence; moreover, they are, one and all, rather doubtful of the propriety of the step to which they are being urged by their hungry male relatives—namely, of carrying out the original plan of the *pique nique*. After all, the feminine mind is not so much concerned by the affairs of the stomach as is that of the lords of the creation.

Foremost of the group is Madame Sers, who, warned by the well-known tones of an impatient voice outside, tries to expedite both condolences and adieux.

"Sers thinks we had better go for *your* sake," she whispers to Madame Vigier; "but for my own part I would far rather stay and take care of you."

"I will do that," says little Jean, who still holds his mother's hand, and stands by her side like a little page in waiting on a poor dethroned queen.

"Thou, Jean? Nonsense!" says Madame Sers "Thou must come with us; a day's distraction will do thee good. Thou must come with thy brothers, who are eager to be off."

At this moment the head of one of the elder boys appears at the window.

"May we go to the *pique nique*, mother?" he asks. "Monsieur l'Abbé says that father is not ill, or anything—only detained by business."

"Yes, that is so," says Madame Vigier. "Yes, you may go—if you care to."

"Thanks, maman. *Au revoir.*"

And after some few kindly-meant, if not very well-advised, expressions of sympathy and regret, the little group of impatient ladies also take their departure, carrying little Jean off with them by main force. And Madame Vigier is left alone—free now, as she believes, to indulge herself uncontrolled in her despairing grief. She gives way to a passion of sobs, lying with her arms thrown across a table and her face buried in her hands. Weeping unrestrainedly for awhile, she is suddenly startled by hearing the echo of a sob close to her, and by feeling the touch of a warm little hand on her bowed neck.

"Is it you, my child?" she asks, rousing herself. "I—I thought you had gone—with the rest."

"No, no, maman darling," said the little fellow. "I ran back as soon as no one was looking. I did not mean to go. Did I not say I would take care of you?"

This little speech was the keynote of the boy's life.

When Monsieur Vigier's affairs were looked into it was found that, by sacrificing the greater

part of her own fortune, Madame Vigier could redeem her husband's good name. This, without a moment's hesitation, she resolved upon doing. Her own personal inconvenience or suffering seemed absolutely to have no weight with her. She was scrupulous beyond what her friends—and especially her cousin and adviser, Monsieur Sers the notary—considered either necessary or advisable; but nothing less than a full payment of her husband's debts could satisfy her. After all, she had a queenly heart; she had reigned gaily enough in her little kingdom, but nobly, and she would rather have left herself without the price of a piece of bread than have felt that a stain of unfulfilled obligation rested upon the name which had hitherto been honoured by all.

A very few months, then, after the terrible revelation of the *fête*-day the Vigier family were to be found established in a small *appartement* in Aurillac, where, amid the wrecks of former splendour—chiefly received as presents from grateful and admiring creditors—they were prepared to make a fresh start in life. A small, very small, sum of money still remained in Madame Vigier's hands. Monsieur Vigier, who had been induced to return home by his wife's earnest entreaties and energetic action, was already overwhelmed with orders for the artistic designs in which he excelled; the three elder boys were put into positions to earn their own living, and little Jean was, by the Abbé Azémard's interest, admitted as a scholar at the *lycée*, or college, of Aurillac, although he was somewhat under the proper age. But he was a very clever child, and seemed well able to hold his own with boys much beyond him in years.

Altogether, thanks to the brave-souled and devoted wife and mother, the Vigier family seemed to be starting fairly again on a career of honourable, if modest, competence. Madame Vigier's own courage and determination were unflagging, and she held her head as proudly, and did the honours of her tiny third floor with as queenly an air, as that with which in former years she had graced her richly-gilded *salon*.

Upon her husband, however, the effects of their changed fortune were sadly apparent. It would have been better for him, perhaps, had he carried out his original intention of "never being seen again." The effort to take up the old life afresh under such different conditions, and above all with the knowledge that his wife and children had been sacrificed to his thoughtless imprudence, was too hard for him. His health, which had never been robust, now failed altogether, and with it the energy which his new circumstances rendered so necessary.

For a year or two he struggled on, with a white face and a constant cough; and then, growing suddenly weaker, took to his bed, from which he never rose again. Through his long illness he was nursed by his devoted wife with the greatest tenderness; and upon him she expended almost to the last shilling the little sum of money which alone stood between her and absolute want. During this time she endeavoured to eke out their resources by herself earning a little money as a seamstress; but even this last resource was failing, as a new and crowning misfortune began to make itself felt. Her eyesight was becoming very dull, and it was feared, by a doctor whom she consulted on the subject, that before long she would lose it altogether.

So sad were the circumstances of the case, that after Monsieur Vigier's death a meeting was held by two or three of the more intimate friends of the family, to consider what steps could be taken to assist the unhappy widow. But the only result of the consultation was a proposal to get Madame Vigier admitted as an inmate of the asylum for blind and indigent persons.

"It seems to me," said l'Abbé Azémard, who was at the conference, "that amongst us we ought to be able to raise such a little sum as would provide the poor lady with some home more suited to her position."

"As for that, our position is, I imagine, what we are able to support ourselves in," said Monsieur Grostête, who was a well to-do manufacturer, and had been one of Monsieur Vigier's largest creditors. "If I were to be beggared to-morrow, I don't suppose my position of to-day would keep me from starving."

"Of course," observed Monsieur Sers, "one is always extremely sorry for those who fall into misfortune; but really, as for the Vigiers, one may say they brought it upon themselves, and one cannot have quite the same feeling about them."

"*He* may have done so, but surely Madame Vigier behaved in the most noble manner in sacrificing her own fortune," returned the Abbé.

"Umph! well, that is true, in a measure. At the same time, it was all done quite against my advice," said the man of law. "She had no right to strip herself and her children to pay anybody's debts; and if people choose to canter off on those Quixotic hobbies, they need not expect their friends to have much sympathy with the troubles they plunge themselves into. For my own part, I think it was not only absurd, but unfair; and so I believe the sons are beginning to think."

"The sons!" echoed the abbé; "surely they should consider their father's honour as their own."

"Honour I don't know much about," put in Monsieur Grostête, in whose employment two of the elder boys were; "but it is probable they would find their mother's money more useful than their father's reputation. They are good lads enough, and I have done what I could for them. But they are young fellows with their own way to make, and it is not likely they could burthen themselves with the support of a blind woman."

"The little boy Jean is a nice child," said the abbé; "he is doing well at the college, and I mean to charge myself with his future. I should be glad to do something for the mother too, if I could."

"She may be thankful if we can get her an immediate admission into the blind home," said the other; "and if you want to be generous, Monsieur l'Abbé, you might give her a few sous a week to buy sugar."

"I shall be sorry to see Madame Vigier wearing the dress of charity," observed one of the party who had hitherto kept silence; "but I don't see what else is to be done."

"After all," observed another, "that is a mere matter of sentiment, not to be considered by any reasonable person."

The blind infirmary was decided upon, and Monsieur Sers undertook to inform Madame Vigier of the arrangement which was being made for her, and of which, he said, he felt sure she would see the desirability.

Madame Vigier received the news in absolute silence; and Monsieur Sers, who was not a very observant man, did not notice that her hands were rather tightly clasped together, and that the corners of her mouth quivered. It was, of course, a merely sentimental grievance; but a pang did for a moment shoot through the poor lady as she thought of herself in the guise of one of the afflicted beings whom in happier times her alms had often consoled.

"We all think that you will be pleased, and be grateful for the arrangement; and, of course, it is entirely by favour that you can obtain an immediate admission," says Monsieur Sers. "And we are all pledging ourselves to look after the future of the boys."

"Ah, my children!" sighed Madame Vigier; "indeed," she went on, "I am not ungrateful for your interest in us, but it will be a real grief to me to find my poor little home broken up, and to be for ever separated from my sons."

"That is nonsense, my good creature; what use could you be to your sons now? Think of that. You could only be a burthen and a clog on them."

"They ought not to look upon their mother in that light," said Madame Vigier.

"Tut, tut! do not be touchy, cousin; see, I am not touchy—I am not hurt because one of our family has come to live upon charity, though I confess it is a trial to me. But you must be sensible, and learn to look at things reasonably."

"It is less of myself than of my children I am thinking," says the poor mother.

"For that matter, you might have thought of them before, and not been so foolish as to squander your fortune upon a worthless fellow who—"

"Monsieur Sers," returned the lady, with dignity, "my husband was my husband, and he is dead. I am contented to take all the consequences of having acted honestly."

Monsieur Sers rubbed his hand over his bald head thoughtfully. "After all, it is a pity," he said; "as a rule there is too little honesty in the world. Occasionally we find too much. It is a pity it is not more equally distributed among us."

"Perhaps so," said Madame Vigier, a little bitterly.

The arrangements made were at once agreed to by Madame Vigier's three elder sons, who were indeed in no position to maintain their mother in what may be called comfort, and who did not appear disposed to resent the notion of her becoming an object of public charity. A sort of idea had also grown up in their minds, instilled by certain of their acquaintance, that by giving up her money to pay their father's debts she had sacrificed their interests in an unfair manner, and they on their side were not inclined to commit any Quixotisms for the sake of keeping their mother from the poor-house. The only person much moved by the idea was little Jean, the schoolboy.

Monsieur l'Abbé Azémard, his friend and patron, took the trouble to go himself to see the lad, and break what he felt sure would be painful news as kindly as he could.

He found Jean hard at play in the recreation ground, where he was leader of the sports, as in the schoolroom he was at the head of his class.

The abbé drew him aside and told him in a few kind words what was thought best for his mother, at the same time assuring him of the interest he would take in his welfare and progress, as an earnest of which he slipped a twenty-franc piece into his hand.

Jean's face grew very pale and then very red as he listened, and big tears gathered in his eyes. It seemed to him for a moment that he must have swallowed something which had choked him; but he gulped it down, and then, speaking with effort, said,

"Is this what is decided upon?—that my mother is to become a pauper! Can it be possible that my brothers agree to that?"

"Yes, Jean—they have scarcely the means of earning their own living, and they do not see—"

"Stop, Monsieur l'Abbé," cried Jean, interrupting. "Surely they have forgotten me! I will support my mother, I will never let her go to the poor-house."

"You, my dear child, what could you do?" said the abbé, kindly, but smiling. "You are—let me see—how old?"

"Monsieur, I am ten!" said Jean, proudly; "and I will support my mother."

"How?"

"You must let me think a little, Monsieur l'Abbé; but do not fear—God will help me, and I shall find a way. This gold piece you have been good enough to give me I will take, if you will allow me, *as a loan*. Then there is the gold watch you presented me with last year, and some books and other things that I have. Oh! I shall do very well, Monsieur l'Abbé, do not fear."

"My dear boy, all this is very nice, and does you honour, but after all it is mere childishness; you have yourself and your own future to think about. Stay where you are at the school—where you are doing well, and where I promise to look after you. You have the chance here of becoming a clever man. You may be a lawyer, and in time get to be a judge; or you may be an officer, and one day find yourself a great general; or a priest, if you like it better, and end by being a bishop. Then, when you have made your way in the world, you can take your mother out of the asylum, and keep her for the rest of her life."

"But, Monsieur l'Abbé, how many years do you think it would be before I should be a judge, or a general, or a bishop?" asked Jean.

The abbé hesitated. "Umph, well, you are ten years old now, you say. In twenty years, if you are intelligent, you may hope to be occupying a good position."

"Twenty years!"

"Well, say fifteen. Even in ten years' time, you will be a man."

"And my poor mother is to be an object of charity, breaking her heart among strangers, for ten, for fifteen, for twenty years! No, Monsieur l'Abbé, I mean to take care of her *now*."

It was in vain that the abbé pointed out the impracticability, the absurdity of the idea. Jean was not to be turned aside from his resolution. The little child seemed suddenly possessed with the energy, and the force of will, of a man.

"I will go home with you now to my mother, Monsieur l'Abbé," he said; "and we will talk things over. I will see my brothers, and ask them what they mean to do. But if they are unable to take charge of my mother, I *must*."

In the most businesslike fashion little Jean set to work to consider ways and means. His mother's self-possession quite forsook her when she came to understand the manly self-devotion of her youngest child, and she could only clasp him to her breast and rain tears upon his curly head. But Jean gently disengaged himself. "Dear maman, do not cry. There is nothing to cry about. I will take care of you, and God will help us," he said.

The elder lads, unmoved by the touching example of their younger brother, professed themselves unable even to help towards their mother's maintenance, and urged upon her strongly to accept the offer of a refuge in the blind-house.

Madame Vigier herself implored little Jean to allow this arrangement to be carried out, rather than spoil his own career; but at length, borne down by his persistence, and the charm of his clinging affection, she yielded herself to his guidance, the more readily as the Abbé Azémard pledged himself to restore Jean to his studies if "the mad scheme," as he called it, turned out a failure.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," said Jean, "it will not turn out a failure; but I thank you all the same." And Jean was right.

In a very short time the boy had formed his plans. First he realised all of his own that he could possibly turn into money—his watch, his clothes, and his books. This, in addition to the abbé's gold piece, made what seemed to him a sufficient sum upon which to start in business.

He engaged for himself and his mother a small room, into which a kind neighbour carried such poor sticks of furniture as still remained unsold; and then Jean, laying in a carefully selected stock of cakes and sweetmeats, arranged them on a tray and started on his career as a pastry merchant. He had a schoolboy's knowledge of schoolboy tastes, and not being troubled with any foolish pride in the matter, but only with a pride of his own of far deeper nature, he took up his station outside the gates of the college in which he had been a scholar. Here in a very short time he found a ready sale for his goods. Jean was personally known, and, moreover, respected; and though some of the lads were prepared to treat him with scorn and derision, by far the greater number, having heard the story of his determination to fight the battle of life for his mother's sake, approved of him, and, so far as buying goodies went, were prepared to uphold him.

At the end of the first day little Jean found himself what he justly considered rich. He had sold all his goods and doubled his outlay.

"Maman, if we go on like this we shall soon be millionaires," he said, as he poured the sous one after another into his mother's lap.

Every day was, of course, not quite so prosperous; yet, as a rule, little Jean managed to dispose of his purchases to advantage. He frequented not only the college precincts, but he took advantage of the hours when the boys' thoughts were perforce turned into less delectable channels, to make himself known in other parts of the town—in the market place, on the Cours d'Angoulême, and before the doors of the theatre; in short, in all places where he thought it probable that the desires of men, women, or children might run on tarts and sweetmeats. He was untiring; he seemed to be ubiquitous; and, more than all, he contrived to do a very fairly good trade. The confectioner who supplied him, finding him such a regular and punctual customer, was found willing to make special arrangements with him, so that Jean was furnished with a regular succession of special dainties with which to tempt the appetities of his customers.

In the meantime Madame Vigier was able to increase the stock-in-trade by the addition of knitted cuffs and comforters, which she could make very well even with her failing sight; and when winter came these sold rapidly, the money which was gained from them being carefully separated from the rest by Jean, so that it might be devoted exclusively to obtaining some little extra comforts for his mother.

Jean was at last able to pay back the gold piece which he had borrowed from the abbé, and he was so persistent in the matter that the good man felt himself compelled to accept it. But the next morning a watch and a large heap of books were delivered at the boy's lodging. Welcome gifts enough to him, more especially as they were accompanied by a kind and appreciative letter, in which the abbé offered to help Jean on with his studies, if he could manage to devote two or three evenings a week to the purpose. This Jean was delighted to do. He would wait about the door of the theatre till the audience were all seated, then he would deposit his tray of pastry, take his books, and be off for an hour or two's hard study at the abbé's house, returning in time to greet the theatre-goers as they poured out, hungry and tired, from the evening's entertainment.

In this way, keeping up his studies for some years, and snatching every spare moment for reading, Jean managed to acquire an education sufficient for and suitable to the position which he intended to attain—that of a merchant; for of course he had altogether and definitely abandoned, with his college career, any idea of a learned pro-

fession. But he did not intend to remain an itinerant sweetmeat-seller all his life; and when he had been about four years occupied in this way—that is, when he was fourteen years old, and growing a big, strong boy, all the stronger, perhaps, for the active open-air life he led—he determined to enlarge his business.

It was near Christmas time, with Christmas and New Year's presents to be taken into consideration, and having considered them, Jean invested in a small stock of toys—things that could easily be carried, such as balls, tops, marbles, and whistles. For these he at once found a ready sale, and was forced to renew his stock almost daily. Now and again he added other small articles, such as pencils, pens, knives, scissors, and note-books. These he calculated upon disposing of among the college boys, who, though now a new generation, had received Jean warmly as a legacy, and adopted him for their own.

The memory of his noble and disinterested conduct had become a possession of the school of which all the scholars were proud, and Jean was frequently entrusted by them with commissions for larger and more important articles than such as he could carry on his tray. Moreover, they spoke of him to their parents, who were for the most part glad to encourage a youth who had shown such distinguished filial piety. The good name of his mother also stood him in good stead. In short, in one way or another, there was scarcely a person in Aurillac and the neighbourhood who had not heard of Jean Vigier, and who did not regard him with admiration and respect. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that when the Abbé Azémard, who throughout continued to be Jean's kindest and warmest friend, suggested that the boy's name should be forwarded to Paris as a candidate for one of the Montyon prizes of virtue, the notion should be warmly taken up. And the result was that an exceptional sum of 8,000 francs was granted by the French Academy, accompanied by a very gratifying letter of approval.

This large sum of money reached Jean just at the time when he was revolving anxiously in his mind the possibility of getting a settled place of business, and thus affording his mother not only a more comfortable home but also some interest and occupation, for though now completely blind, she had become so handy and able to do things for herself that she was as well qualified to take an active part in life as other people with more sight and less intelligence. But up to the present time Jean had had no means of renting or stocking a shop without running into debt in a manner which was terrible to him to think of. At the same time this was now the one ambition of his life. Night and day his thoughts dwelt upon it, and he would calculate and add up again and again his poor little savings, and rack his brain to think how the thing he so longed for could be done. There was a shop in the High Street of Aurillac to be let—a little shop with two small rooms behind it, which had a special fascination for Jean, and before the closed shutters of which he had many and many a time stood gazing, as though some wonderful sight was to be seen there; but in the end he had always turned away without seeing anything, and always with a mournful shake of the head or a muttered "No, not yet; we shall have to wait."

Now, however, with three hundred pounds and more in his pocket, all doubts and fears vanished, and in a very short time the shutters were taken down from the front of the little shop, and the name Jean Vigier was painted in fine white letters over the window, while the little rooms behind were fitted up by Jean with every sort of comfort and convenience for his mother's use. Jean was now a man of five-and-twenty, arrived at an age when, according to the computation of his old friend the abbé, he might, had he remained at the college, have been entering the higher walks of his profession. One of his former schoolfellows, a son of Monsieur Sers, had just been admitted a member of the faculty of advocates.

"See," said that young man, meeting Jean one day—"see what you too might have become had you stuck to your books."

"True," returned Jean, "but in the meantime my mother might have broken her heart. I prefer my mother to my books, Monsieur Sers."

"Some people have no ambition," returned the young advocate, shrugging his shoulders.

But Jean had not yet reached the full height of his ambition, which in truth was no less than to restore his mother to the position of affluence which she had once occupied; and to this end he steadily applied himself.

It was a work which necessarily involved not only many years of labour, but also the exercise of much self-denial and of great business talent. These two qualities had already been shown in no small degree by Jean Vigier, the boy and itinerant sweetmeat-seller. As Jean Vigier, the merchant, they did not fail him. He had in his progress towards fortune, like most other men, some signal aids and some special hindrances. The chief aid was a not inconsiderable sum of money bequeathed to him by his constant friend the Abbé Azémard, whose death occurred only a short time after he had had the pleasure of seeing Jean in possession of the Montyon prize-money. In his will the abbé said, "I leave Jean Vigier heir to all that I possess, since I know that in his hands money will become a blessing and not a curse."

Among the hindrances which befell Jean in his progress towards wealth was the necessity of helping on his elder brothers, each one of whom received very substantial assistance from him, the elder of the three being received as an inmate into his house, and nursed for several years with much care and tenderness until his death.

Nor was Jean Vigier's benevolence confined to members of his own family. He had a tender heart and an open hand, and showed an especial interest in any young men or women struggling to support the elder members of their families.

Yet he grew rich, and when he died—a bachelor, and having survived his aged mother only a short time—he left a large fortune to be distributed among the charitable institutions of his native town.

L. G. SÉGUIN

# ANIMAL "MANNERS."

BY the word "manners" in this connection I mean good manners, of course. That some animals have very bad manners all who know them must own. Nothing can be worse, for example, on this point, than the behaviour of a pig. See a number of pigs called together to partake of their food. What eager grunts! What a selfish rush! What squabblings and jostlings! What grievous complaints! What a total absence, in short, of all the usual marks of civilisation in feeding! Many years ago a very distinguished artist drew a picture representing a number of pigs feeding together from a trough. All who saw the picture admired it much, and praised it to the skies —all but honest Hodge, a country fellow better acquainted with pigs. "Who ever seed," he said, "pigs feeding together, and ne'er a leg on 'em in the trough?"

I much fear that this observation is just. I fear, also, that it is enough to condemn the race on this question of "manners."

All animals, however, in this respect are not on the level of hogs. Some, on the contrary, exhibit a clear advance on them in regard to this point. Amongst these I always consider that we may give a place to our cows. The hog is so greedy that he thinks of nothing except securing his food. Even when he fights, it is wholly with that object in view. The contest is over as soon as he gets at his trough. And the squabble of to-day, therefore, has done nothing to settle things for to-morrow. But those who know cows know well that it is otherwise about them. You see a herd of them, say nine or ten, scattered here and there in a field. Milking-time has come round. The milkman is at the gate in order to call them away. One by one they seem to catch, and to respond to, the call. They raise their heads, they cease feeding, they slowly converge to the gate. How do they go through? In a definite order, which has been long ago settled between them, and which is now never infringed. "Old Brindle" goes first, "Young Brindle" is next, "Beauty" moves third, "Spot" follows fourth—and so on to the last. I remember these names, and this order among them, in a herd I knew once. And I remember, also, as a boy, with other boys, trying to set this order aside; and what dire confusion and even temporary danger we occasioned thereby! On this matter of precedence cows are as rigorous as the Court Marshal himself.

Not, however, that we can therefore pronounce their "manners" to be altogether the best. As sometimes happens in higher quarters than theirs, there is more of punctiliousness than of true civility, by a good deal, in their conduct. For a better illustration, therefore, let me turn next to the despised "nation" of cats. I knew a cat once which I always regarded as a kind of model cat in this line. At one particular time in the history of the family to which she belonged, its members were under the necessity of occasionally beginning their evening meal without the presence of one of their number, who was engaged elsewhere at that hour. On all such occasions pussy was present, and sat in the absentee's chair. And there she remained, also, with perfect gravity, so long as he continued away. The moment, however, that his well-known knock was heard at the door, and that some of those present began, in consequence, to rise up from their seats, pussy too did her part by jumping down from her own. That was recognition the first. Then, with those that went out, she went out too into the neighbouring hall. That was recognition the second. Then, with those that saluted him, she saluted him also—of course in a way of her own. That was recognition the third. And all this, as I can bear witness, without any "cupboard love" in the matter. Like those others I have spoken of, she gained nothing by the attention she showed. Her supper was safe —she knew that, whether she showed it or not. No! it was only politeness, true politeness, which prompted her conduct. "We are all glad to see you again" — that is what she meant by her "rub."

Let me refer next to another cat deserving similar praise, as I think. This happy pussy may be said to have had the run of two houses at once. The houses in question—which were next door to each other—were inhabited in that cat's time by two families which were very closely connected together—so much so that the houses were furnished, in consequence, with an internal means of communication between them. It was thought well, however, that the particular door which provided this mutual internal access should be a door, as it were, by itself, being so contrived as to require holding open as well as pushing open if anyone wished to go through. So the pussy of those days, and of that double territory, found to be true. Never was that door left open like others. Never also did she find herself able to push it open herself. All she could do, therefore, when she wished to pass through, was to wait till someone passed by; and then, as it were, to try and coax that person to hold it open for her. Often and often, and that very distinctly—as a not infrequent passer-by—was I "asked" this in those days. And often and often did I stop a moment, in consequence, to do as pussy desired. But never did I do so, that I can remember—this is the point to be especially noted—without being thanked for so doing. Whatever her business, whatever the emergency, pussy never omitted, after she had passed through, to stay and give me a "rub." Always she found leisure, that is, to say in effect, "I am much obliged to you for this help." Do all we human beings, even if considered polite, always do as much in our way? We are ready enough, often, to ask favours. Do we always acknowledge them too?

In the case of dogs, again, I have also met with specimens exceedingly "well-bred" in this sense. A certain dog of my own, when I lived in the country—a black-and-tan English terrier, which

went by the name of "Garry"—was quite eminent, indeed, in this way. Like other dogs of the very special sub-breed to which he belonged, it might almost be said of him that he "smiled." Certainly at times he used to move the skin of his countenance, and allow his teeth to be seen, much after the manner in which men do when they indulge in a smile. Certainly, also, we knew he was pleased, as we know the same about them, by the manifestations thus made. Nor was it difficult to discover, further, that Master Garry had a code of his own—like men again—on this point. It was not, on the one hand, on every occasion; neither was it, on the other, to every person, that he condescended to smile. I remember one occasion especially which drew him out, to a special extent, in this line. After being away from home for some days, I had returned rather late to the house, and had gone to my bedroom, being very tired, almost at once; first, however, having taken off my travelling shoes, and leaving them side by side in the hall. The faithful Garry, at the time of my return, was away from the house, having gone out for the day with a brother of mine to whom he was greatly attached. The two came back not long after I had retired to my room. Immediately on the door being opened, Garry caught sight of the shoes. Immediately after he was smelling at them, and capering round them, and twisting himself about, and scuttling and whining, after the frantic manner of dogs. Then, suddenly, he was off and up the stairs and at the door of my room, sniffing there eagerly, and appealing earnestly for leave to come in. This being given by my brother, who had followed him up, he was at the side of my bed in a twinkling, standing up on his hind legs, and gazing up at my face, and whining again, and "smiling" and wagging his tail as though he wished it to come off—I, on the other hand, caressing, and patting, and "poor-dogging" and "good-fellowing" him to the full. After which, but after which only—as though only then satisfied with the amount of attention which he had paid to me as his master on so interesting an occasion as my return to the house—he went to his supper in peace. Hunger second; politeness first—that was his code. I am afraid it is not every dog's code. I am sure it is not that adopted by every man!

But Garry was polite also—and I think more of this much—even to those he disliked. I had a pupil in those days whom we will speak of as Charles. I believe, indeed, that that was his name, though we did not call him thereby. For some reason, I never rightly knew what, he was not a favourite with old Garry. To tell the whole truth, he was not exactly a favourite of my own. I do not think, however—wonderfully quick as dogs sometimes are in discovering and sharing the prepossessions and prejudices of their owners—that this was the true secret of Garry's aversion. I rather imagine that it had arisen from the manner in which Charles had been in the habit of worrying the dog (when in his society) by such a multiplicity of calls and commands, and such an excessive amount of (probably well meant) attention as had interfered sadly with those "private ends" which all dogs of any character, whether sane or insane, generally have in view in their walks. At any rate, whatever the reason, there was no doubt of the fact. Garry did not at all like going out with Charles for a walk. Garry, in fact, would always "get off" it if he possibly could. Knowing this, I was rather surprised, when going out for a walk myself one day, to meet these two ill-assorted companions coming back from a walk. But I was not so surprised, knowing all that I knew, to see in what guise they came back. Charles was walking ahead. Over his arm was a great-coat which he always carried that way, his reason for this peculiarity being (as I was informed) that if the coat was carried in the usual way, on his back, it would have tended to obscure, if not wholly to conceal, the symmetry of his person! Garry came after, apparently wholly blind to the surpassing beauty of the prospect before him, and looking exactly, as dogs often do when disturbed in their minds, as though he expected before long to be hanged. This look, however, was changed in a moment when he caught sight of myself. Over he came to me with a degree of alacrity which said in so many words, "Here's a splendid chance of escape; if you don't mind, master, I'll leave him and accompany you, and let him be hanged in my stead." That this was exactly polite on his part I am not able to say. Poor Charles certainly did not deserve hanging just then. But that Garry also felt this in some measure himself, and was not altogether satisfied himself with his conduct to Charles in this instance, I think he afterwards showed. For the time, he accompanied me in my walk (how could I forbid him?), and for the time seemed also to enjoy himself much, and to be wholly oblivious, in fact, of all matters except those in front of his nose. But when he and I had come back to the house together, as we did after some little time, he seemed then to bethink himself with much seriousness of the past; for, going up at once to where a longish row of great-coats and outer garments were hanging up in the hall, he singled out the very great-coat which Charles had taken out and brought home on his arm, and stood on his hind-legs, sniffing at it as though to make sure. Then, having made sure, he trotted away spontaneously to the pupil-room at the back of the house with a curious mixture of sprightliness and dejection in his demeanour which seemed to convey the idea, "I really feel that I ought to apologise to this disagreeable chap. I fear I *left* him rather abruptly. Perhaps, if I voluntarily *seek* him out now, it will be some sort of amends." Considering the somewhat strained nature of the relations between them, what true politeness there was in that thought!

It ought, perhaps, to be added, to "Garry's" honour, that though this was a special instance, it was by no means a solitary instance, of politeness on his part. A sister of mine informed me quite recently that more than once he had left her in old days when out walking together if they happened to come across the brother before mentioned going out fishing for the day; but that in all such cases Garry invariably singled her out, when he came back in the evening, for attentions

of the most conspicuous kind in the way of wagging and "smiling," as though to make up to her for his previous desertion.

Let me close this paper by making mention of another somewhat similar case. The hero of this was also a dog—a spotted Dalecarlian or coach dog—the property of a well-known livery stable keeper in the small seaside town in which I once lived for a time. As is the case, I have understood, with most dogs of that breed, this particular specimen of it had the reputation of being somewhat surly and unsociable in disposition. On one occasion, indeed, I remember being rather earnestly warned by his owner not to attempt to caress and "pat" him, as I was thinking of doing. "It's not the kind of thing, sir, that he likes. Most probably he will only snap at you if you attempt anything of the sort." This makes the little story I am about to relate the more worthy of note. This surly fellow was found in time—possibly the fact may have accounted in part for his general unsociableness—to have something wrong with his eyes. A veterinary surgeon was, therefore, called in. The dog was suffering from cataract. He would soon be quite blind. An operation was necessary. Should it be done? It was done, and done successfully. "Spotty," in time, was himself once more. "Spotty" was more than himself, in a sense. He now developed qualities and showed intelligence never suspected before. The doctor I have spoken of used to visit the town in which his dog-patient resided about twice in each week. In entering the town, and again in leaving it, he had to cross a particular bridge, which was looked upon by all men as a kind of boundary between the country and town. The dog, on his part, seemed to know this too, and to know the days also—which some of his fellow-citizens certainly did not know—when his benefactor came in. Witness his constant practice, from that time forward, whenever the doctor did so, of meeting him at the bridge. Witness, also, the curious fact that he always then accompanied that doctor all about the town in the professional visits he paid. Witness, finally, that, when these visits were over, he (as it were) saw him off again at that bridge. Many a time have I myself, in a measure, been an observer of this. Many a time have I stood and admired both that doctor and dog—the doctor diligently driving about from place to place in his gig, the dog assiduously keeping company with it, as such spotted dogs do!

The main thing, of course, in this little narrative is the lasting gratitude it displays. Truly beautiful it is to see that poor undemonstrative brute showing his thankfulness thus—truly charming also to see how the kindness done him makes another dog of him, as it were. Unsociable by nature, he values for ever after the society of that man. And yet, for myself, I confess that I admire almost as much the special discrimination he showed. You see our poor friend had to consider his owner as well as his doctor. If much was due to the latter, something was also due to the former. He had to show attention to the one without neglecting the other. He had to be true to his benefactor and to his stables as well. How judiciously he did both! So long as the doctor was engaged in doing good in that dog's own neighbourhood the dog was his attendant throughout. When the doctor leaves that neighbourhood, and begins his return to the country, the dog is at his service no more. The stables, now, are his care, and, therefore, his place. What clear judgment! What well-defined care! What true courtesy, shall we say! Amongst human beings it marks the highest good-breeding to do the right thing towards all. There is nothing better, in fact, in this connection than to "render to all their dues." May we not regard our poor spotted friend as having at least approached to that mark?

W. S. LEWIS, M.A.

## CHINESE MATTING AND ITS MANUFACTURE.

BY JOHN R. JACKSON, A.L.S., ETC., CURATOR OF THE MUSEUMS OF ECONOMIC BOTANY, ROYAL GARDENS, KEW.

CHINESE matting has lately come into very general use, in place of the Indian rush matting and other fabrics previously introduced for floor covering in this country. The manufacture of this matting forms one of the most important industries in China, where enormous quantities are made both for export and for home use.

The plant which furnishes the material for these mats is a kind of rush known to botanists as *Cyperus tegetiformis*, an abundant weed on the muddy banks and in the shallow creeks of the Canton river. The plant is also common in Bengal. In China it is grown in fields, in which narrow channels are made to allow of their thorough watering with the rising and receding tides. The best positions are where the water is brackish but not too salt.

Dr. Hance describes the cultivation of the plant as follows:—"In the 5th moon (June) the young slips are planted, and after one and a half or two months those which have grown are taken up and replanted in rows, as is done with rice. No other care is needed than the occasional weeding of the ground, which is usually manured with bean cake, the marc or refuse of *soja* beans from which the oil has been expressed, a substance largely imported from Northern China as a fertiliser. The plant can be cut on the 5th Chinese moon of the succeeding year, and again three months later, but if only cut once in the year, in the 8th or 9th

moon (October, November), it will attain a height of six to seven and a half feet. In subsequent years the matting plant sends up fresh stems, only requiring to be kept clear of weeds and to be manured; but it gradually becomes coarser and more dwarfed, so that after the lapse of five or six years it is necessary to plant fresh shoots. After being cut down the triangular culms or stems are split in two with a knife and exposed to the sun, the edges, in drying, curling up and meeting together, so that each piece or half section of the culm appears cylindrical in shape. These are sorted according to colour and length and made up into bundles. The paler kinds are reserved for white matting; those of lower quality are dyed."

The cutting of the rushes extends from June to September; those cut in the latter month are the longest and best adapted for the manufacture of the wider musters of matting. The cutting of the rushes is done by men who are well paid from a Chinese point of view, receiving about 250 cash, or about one shilling, per day. The reason of the high rate of pay is that the cutting must be done at the hottest part of the day, and requires to be completed quickly to ensure as much as possible uniformity in the culms. After cutting and splitting, as before described—the last process of which is done chiefly by women and children—the stems are taken to the factory, where they are carefully sorted and made into bundles two or three inches in diameter, and placed in large earthenware jars holding about ten gallons of water, where they are allowed to soak for three days, after which they are taken out and dried in the sun for a day. In their prepared state the stems fetch from one and a half to two taels, or from eight shillings to eleven shillings per picul of 133 pounds English, and are bought up in the country by the matting makers of Canton and other places where the manufacture is carried on.

At the matting factory the stems are roughly sorted by women and children into various degrees of fineness, and afterwards by skilled workmen, the paler culms being used for white matting, and the others being put aside for dyeing. By far the largest quantity of matting made is white, next to this are chequered patterns, and after these innumerable fancy designs.

Of the dyes red is by far the most used. The dyeing is done in wooden vats. The time occupied varies according to the colour, but on an average about three weeks are required, the stems being soaked in the dye three times for about six days each time, and dried after each immersion. This is the case with red dye, which is made of Sappan wood chips in the proportion of fifty pounds to about one hundred and fifty gallons of water. After the water has cooled it is poured into earthen jars, and mixed with two pounds of alum to about forty gallons of the decoction. At the first soaking the dyeing solution is mixed with equal quantities of pure water, the second time with only one-third, and the third time the solution is applied without the admixture of any water.

For producing a yellow dye the flowers of *Sophora japonica*, the "hui-fa" of the Chinese, are used. The dyeing occupies considerably less time than the red, being immersed three times and for three days only each time.

For green dye the leaves and young twigs of a plant known as the "zam-yip," or blue leaf, are used. This plant is at present unknown to botanists. The dye is obtained by soaking the leaves in water and adding alum and sulphate of copper. The process of dyeing green occupies a period of from seventeen to twenty-two days.

Purple, pink, and some other colours are produced by the use of aniline dyes imported from Europe; these are said to penetrate the straw better than native dyes and to produce a faster colour.

The loom used for weaving the reeds is of very simple construction. The warps are made of Chinese hemp two and a half yards in length; the reeds are woven while damp and consequently pliable, a piece of bamboo cleft at one end to hold the reed, which is pushed between the strings of the warp by an attendant at the loom, taking the place of a shuttle. The matting is woven in lengths of two yards and then dried in the sun, and finally over a slow fire. To prevent shrinking it is stretched over a frame, where all irregularities are smoothed down with the hand, the projecting ends of the warp are trimmed down to a length of about three inches, and twenty pieces of matting are joined into one continuous length of forty yards, which forms an ordinary roll.

For shipment the rolls are carefully wrapped in a coarse plain straw mat, and marked and numbered.

A more elaborate form of loom is used for weaving damask mattings. In this process a third assistant is required to regulate the pattern.

The weavers are paid according to the character or fineness of their work. The commonest kinds of matting are woven by young boys, apprentices to the trade, who are paid at the rate of a cent to a cent and a half per yard, while an experienced workman commands as much as five cents per yard for fine work.

The quantity of matting annually exported from Canton is from 100,000 to 120,000 rolls, more than half of which goes to the United States, where cool and light floor coverings are in great demand; the rest finds its way to Europe, South America, Australia, and the Cape of Good Hope. The value of the trade in China is roughly estimated at from half a million to six hundred thousand dollars annually, and in a report on the trade of Ningpo for 1887 it is stated that the export of matting continues to increase.

Chinese matting recommends itself for use in this country for various reasons, not the least of which is its cheapness. Millions of yards are disposed of in this country every season, not only for bedrooms, but also for sitting-rooms, as the matting can be made up and fitted to any sized room like a carpet, and during the summer months it is deliciously cool and agreeable, and is moreover very clean and the designs are both varied and pleasing.[1]

[1] I am indebted to Messrs. Treloar, of Ludgate Hill, for much of the information in this paper, and for the inspection of a series of beautiful Chinese drawings, on native rice paper, showing the rich colours and tasteful designs supplied by the artists for the mat making.

# Varieties.

## School Life in the Black Forest.

BY AN "OLD BOY.'

The majority of parents nowadays, intending a commercial life for their sons, send them abroad to learn German—a language which is now indispensable to a business career. The University towns of Germany are usually chosen as being the most favourable for this purpose, comprising, as they do, all grades of social life, and thus affording ample opportunities of hearing the language as it is spoken by the different classes of society. Some twenty years ago there were probably but few fathers who entertained the idea of sending their sons to learn German in the Black Forest (except perhaps Heidelberg). Now, however, it is different, and the number of boys and girls who have had their education in the Black Forest must be considerable.

A few hours in the train from Strassbourg (*vid* Offenburg) brings one to the foot of the range of hills which have earned their name from the deep colour of the pine woods, which completely cover them, giving them a uniform smooth look like that of velvet, as they stretch away as far as the eye can reach. Here, up a steep zig-zag and drawn by two powerful engines, the train winds in and out of ravines and precipitous valleys in a most confusing manner—sometimes describing a complete circle in a tunnel. Soon after passing Triberg, a very pretty watering-place, the train stops at Somerau. This is the highest point on the line, considerably over two thousand feet above the sea-level. The next station is Königsfeld-Peterzell, a lonely-looking spot, with hardly more than half a dozen cottages in sight. Three miles from here, following the broad, well-kept road through the forest, a village comes in sight, entirely surrounded by pine forests, and apart from which stands out a large, square-looking building.

This little village, the picture of neatness and cleanliness, is a settlement of the religious sect called the "Moravian Brotherhood," and here they have established one of their large schools, which are now so well known in almost every country of Europe. Over two thousand feet above the sea, with the purest air imaginable sweeping up from the forests all round and a naturally invigorating climate, a healthier or more suitable spot could hardly have been chosen. The large building which looks so out of keeping with the rest of the village, is the boys' school, and opposite to it, on the other side of the village—which forms an exact square—stands the girls' school, equally large and ugly.

These Moravians, who labour so hard in the missionary field of Labrador, carry on a no less noble work at home, viz., that of training the minds of the young in the true wisdom of God. Their lives are as simple and happy as they are devoted and energetic, and their system of education is based on religious principles, not of the sentimental but of the true kind, which aims at educating the soul as well as the body. A few particulars of the mode of living in this Black Forest school would, I think, prove interesting to some, and, as one who has lately resided there, I propose to give a short description of it.

We numbered in all some eighty or ninety boys, consisting of English, German, French, Swiss, and a few Italians, and were divided into four rooms for indoor living, over each of which two masters presided. Rising at 5.30 a.m., each room, numbering twenty odd, followed the master at a helter-skelter pace down to the lavatory, where, in deep silence, the process of dressing was completed. Anyone who, through ill-luck, was a minute late either in dressing or leaving the sleeping-room, was put on half-rations at breakfast. This meal was at seven o'clock, and consisted of dry bread and basins of hot milk, which were swallowed (not the basins) at a marvellous pace, those who could eat the fastest devouring more than their share of bread, which was limited to two pieces each. The result of this was a stern decree by which our soppy breakfast was considerably curtailed. Just before breakfast, I should have mentioned the "Prayers," consisting of a portion of Scripture and a hymn.

The morning classes, all conducted in German, were over at twelve o'clock; these were devoted mostly to the study of French, which was thoroughly taught, mathematics, and Scripture history. There were also classes for natural science, and various specimens from the "museum," or lately brought in out of doors, were always at hand, thus making the teaching interesting and practical at the same time.

At twelve o'clock every one took his knife, spoon, and fork in to dinner, and after the usual hot-water soup, cleaned and scraped his plate for the next course. Every alternate Sunday we had a third course, consisting of fruit; and to clean our plates for this luxury a second piece of bread was provided. We English grumbled a good deal at the idea of eating soup, meat, and fruit off the same plate, but after a week or so we looked on it as a matter of course, and took a pride in cleaning our plates better than our Swiss or German neighbour; these, however, always beat us in one point, viz., they devoured the said piece of bread that had performed the sweeping duty; we did not! Of course, we were all so arranged that no two fellow-countrymen should sit together, and be tempted to talk their mother tongue. The punishment for the slightest infringement of this rule was very severe, and it was rarely broken except by newcomers. There was no corporal punishment; and I fancy we dreaded half-rations, walking alone in silence, or copying pages of history in the German characters, more than an occasional flogging.

The food—all-important question—was certainly excellent, though simple; the meat had all the blood squeezed out of it, and was frequently soaked in vinegar; no whims or fads were allowed, and we had to pass up our plates for saurkraut or Strasbourg sausage — ay! and eat it too, whether we would or no. The afternoon classes consisted of history, geography, and various studies in the German language, such as essay writing, grammar, and so forth. At 8 p.m. we ended the day, as we had begun it, with prayer and a hymn, and then retired to the lavatory, where, under the vigilant eyes of our respective masters, we prepared for bed.

Then, amid silent hand-shakings and whispered good-nights, we assembled at the foot of the stairs till the master on duty, urging on some loiterer, led the way up to the sleeping-room. This was at the top of the building, and very well ventilated. We slept on hard little beds, packed close together like soldiers in a barrack, with here and there the larger one of a master. Twenty minutes later all was silent but for the murmured jabberings of the different languages and the stealthy tread of the masters as they paced the room. About eleven o'clock they, too, came to bed, and with them any luckless wights who, as a punishment, had been made to work on at impositions not completed during the day.

Such was, as regards indoor life, our daily routine. The exercise depended upon the season of the year. In winter, arrayed in high boots and with woollen caps to cover our ears—for it was bitterly cold—we used to play football, often in half a foot of snow and on a ground frozen as hard as iron. But our chief delights were sledging and skating, which we enjoyed from December till March, though the snow often remained on the ground as late as May, usually concluding the season with an ice festival or a long sleighing party. In summer we went for charming walks, exploring the beautiful forest glades, which would lead us deep, deep into the almost trackless interior, the glades dwindling down into footpaths, which in their turn grew smaller, and finally running up some monster pine, would leave us lost completely as to our

whereabouts. The monotony of the fir trees was agreeably relieved by a carpet of exquisite mosses, often a foot in thickness. There was an artificial pool near the village, where we used to bathe, all in silence, so far as speaking was concerned. The heat was very considerable, and violent thunderstorms were of frequent occurrence and a great source of danger; every house was provided with several lightning-conductors, and a volunteer fire brigade was in constant practice. Behind the school there was a sandy yard with covered-in galleries on either side for wet weather, and here we spent many a hot half-hour trying—sometimes with moderate though never with exhilarating success—to instil into the foreign mind the art of cricket.

But the events we, one and all, looked forward to with the greatest interest were the walking expeditions. The first of these, called the "Little Journey," we made in the early spring, within the limits of the forest, and spending three days in exploring its beautiful valleys, mountains, and curious little lakes. The effects of light and shadow in the forest depths, when everything was fresh and sweet after the severe winter, were most enchanting. The second tour, the "Big Journey," was undertaken by those boys, chiefly English, who remained at Königsfeld for the summer holidays. It lasted eight days, and we usually went into Switzerland or the Tyrol; now and then a good walking party would get as far as Chiavenna or the Italian lakes. Oh! how intensely we enjoyed those outings, able to converse in our mother tongue and revel in liberty after what we considered very rigid discipline.

The actual school life was very strict; lessons had to be thoroughly mastered or half-rations was the result. The brain was appealed to through the stomach! No one was allowed out of the room without leave, or into the village without a master by his side. On Sunday we were permitted to spend twopence-halfpenny in sweetmeats, which a selected "officer," under the supervision of a master, brought in a basket from the baker's. On Sunday afternoon, too, we were allowed to speak in our own languages. The Church observed many feast-days. On Easter morn, at four, we tramped out, a yawning lot, to the cemetery, where, in the full glory of the rising sun, a short service was held. Theoretically, this was, no doubt, very appropriate, but we differed as to the advisability of putting it into practice. On the last night of the year we assembled in the church, which, by the way, was exceedingly plain and simple. At eleven the preacher commenced his sermon, but, as the first stroke of midnight rang out from the church-tower, the band and organ in the gallery burst forth in triumphant strains, interrupting the discourse of the preacher, and also, I fear, the sleep of several of his listeners! Human nature cannot subsist from 5.30 a.m. to 10.0 p.m. (on bread and milk) without going to sleep!

We addressed all the masters as "Brother," and the females connected with the establishment as "Sister," and certainly they took a brotherly and a sisterly care of us, helping us onward, upward, caring for the soul as well as for the mind.

I feel sure that, of all the men who have spent part of their boyhood in one of the Moravian schools, there can be but few who, on looking back on their simple life there, do not recognise with heartfelt gratitude the unselfish efforts and the devoted labour of the Moravians for their real happiness in this world and the world to come.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

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### Recent Asiatic Exploration.

At a recent meeting of the Geographical Society of Paris, M. Milne-Edwards, of the Institute, in the chair, M. Venükoff communicated a report of the progress of several Russian expeditions. Colonel Pievtzov had explored a large region of north-west Thibet, starting from Yarkand. Another Russian explorer, Grum-Gvjimailo, had arrived at Kashgar, and was proceeding eastward towards Chinese Turkistan, but had difficulty in obtaining Chinese passports. The Pamir region, Shignan and Badakshan, on the border-land of Russian and Afghan territory, have also been explored. The Russians have political as well as commercial objects in their geographical explorations. The question of Asiatic railways is always under consideration at St. Petersburg. Two lines are now in progress, that of Russian Turkistan, between Samarkand and Tomsk, and the Siberian line between Zlatoust and Vladivostok. The two lines will cross at Tomsk; their total length will be nearly 7,500 miles, including the 900 miles already constructed between Samarkand and the Caspian.

M. Milne-Edwards at the same meeting announced the arrival in Paris of M. Pavie, French Consul at Luang Prabang. He said that M. Pavie had for three years been exploring the north of Siam and the Laotian provinces, with the view of finding the easiest routes between those regions and the sea. He had discovered a route which could be traversed in nine days, four of which would be occupied in navigation, and five on horseback, thus connecting the commercial centres of Siam with the French possessions in Tong King. Another French traveller, M. Bonvalet, accompanied by Prince Henry of Orleans, spent a week at Kuldja, most of the time being devoted to negotiations with the Chinese authorities for the journey to Lob Nor. They left Kuldja on September 6, taking the road by the Yulduz River to Karashar. Hence they would go, by the route traversed in 1885 by Mr. Carey, of the Indian Civil Service, to the once mysterious Lake Lob. From Lob Nor they would travel, possibly by General Prejevalsky's route, across the Altyn Tagh and Chaman Tagh Ranges to the plains of Tsaidam. From Tsaidam, apparently, the travellers cross the range to which Prejevalsky gave the name of Marco Polo so as to strike the upper sources of the Kin Sha Kiang, which river they hope to follow to Batang, the Chinese frontier post on the main road from Pekin to Lhassa. From Batang (printed Bhotan in a Russian paper) they go to Yunnanfu, skirting the China-Tibet frontier, and so onwards to Tonquin.

The indefatigable Dr. Lansdell has been over a vast space, some of it new ground, and will no doubt in due time publish a full description of his last Asiatic travels. In the "Times," at the close of last year, his arrival at Khoten was announced. His friend, Captain Telfer, R.N., in the "Times" of Oct. 22 says he heard from Dr. Lansdell on Sept. 9, on his way home by Hong Kong and Madras. He had travelled after returning from Khoten to Yarkand, "over the Karakoram to Leh, through Cashmere to Pindi; then down through principal towns to Calcutta, and up to Darjeeling and to Katmandoo, in Nepal. Next to Rangoon, Mandalay, Penang, Singapore, Saïgon, Annan, Tonquin, Hong Kong, and Chinese ports to Shanghai, Tientsin, Pekin; thence to Chemulpo and across Corea on horseback, and so to Nagasaki, Kobe, and by rail to Kioto, Tokio, and to Nikko."

We have given many notices in recent volumes about African explorations. This brief summary shows that the geographers and travellers are not neglecting Asiatic regions hitherto little known.

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**The Comets of 1889.**—Five comets have been discovered during the present year (1889), but of these the last only was visible in any part of the world to the naked eye. It was detected by Mr. Davidson in Queensland, on the 21st of July, and was then nearly as bright as one of the stars in Charles's Wain; but though rapidly moving northerly, it had so much diminished in brightness before it was above the horizon in Europe, that it could no longer be seen without telescopic aid. Its orbit being parabolic, even astronomers will never see it again; and indeed, but one of the comets of 1889 will return to these parts of space. This was discovered by Mr. Brooks at the Smith Observatory, Geneva, in the State of New York, on the 6th of July. Its brightness increased subsequently until it was about three times as great as at the time of discovery, but even so it was not visible without a telescope. It was nearest the sun on the 27th of September, and as it is moving in an elliptic orbit, which it takes nearly eight years to complete, we may look forward to another appearance of it in the summer of 1897. Of the other three comets of 1889, one was discovered (also by Mr. Brooks) on the morning of the 15th of January, but was only seen on that one occasion, so that no determination of its path was possible; two were detected by Mr. Barnard, at the great Lick Observatory in California, on the 31st of March and

the 23rd of June, but they were both faint objects, not to be seen without telescopic aid, and moving in orbits either parabolic or very nearly so, so that they are not likely ever to return to the neighbourhood of the sun.—W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S.

**A Surrey Naturalist.**—We regret to record the death of the veteran Surrey ornithologist, Mr. William Stafford, of Godalming. Mr. Stafford was one of a group of self-taught men, village naturalists, two of whom—the late Edward Newman (author of "British Butterflies and Moths") and J. D. Salmon ("Flora of Surrey"), his friends and fellow-townsmen—have become well known through their published works. Mr. Stafford never published anything, but—like the late Mr. Newbould, the eminent botanist—his great local knowledge was chiefly dispensed through others of more literary habits. The vertebrate fauna were his favourite study, and he was the chief authority on the birds of Surrey, of which he has left a magnificent and unique collection, obtained by himself during more than fifty years of observation, and stuffed and mounted in cases with his own hand. He was a skilled taxidermist, a very fair painter of small landscape sketches in oil, and an excellent folk-lorist of his county. His homestead at Godalming, a room in which was for some years occupied by Inskip the painter, was the resort of every naturalist of note who passed through Surrey, desiring to avail himself of the most exact knowledge of the birds and reptiles. His earlier fellow-workers have long since passed away, but there are many who still remember with gratitude his kindness of character and the fulness and freshness with which he gave his knowledge to his many visitors. He reached his eightieth year, tended affectionately by his daughters in his old age. He died peacefully on the 21st September last, and was buried at Godalming.

**Mr. Gladstone on Sunday Observance.**—At the Sunday Observance Congress, held in Paris under the presidency of M. Léon Say, letters were read from President Harrison and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone wrote:—"It seems to me unquestionable that the observance of Sunday rest has taken deep root, both in the convictions and the habits of the immense majority of my countrymen. If it appears to many of them a necessity of spiritual and Christian life, others not less numerous defend it with equal energy as a social necessity. The working-class is extremely jealous of it, and is opposed not merely to its avowed abolition, but to whatever might indirectly tend to that result. Personally, I have always endeavoured, as far as circumstances have allowed, to exercise this privilege, and now nearly at the end of a laborious public career of nearly fifty-seven years, I attribute in great part to that cause the prolongation of my life and the preservation of the faculties I may still possess. As regards the masses the question is still more important; it is the popular question *par excellence*."

**Columbus.**—In celebration of the approaching fourth centenary of the discovery of America by Columbus, the centenary committee at Madrid have offered a prize for international competition for the best historical essay on the subject of the discovery and its consequences. Competitors may write in English or in several other specified languages, and must send in their contributions by the 1st of January, 1892. One prize of £1,200 is offered, and another of £600. The terms of competition are published by the committee, and sent to the foreign offices in various countries. It is said that among the illustrious visitors to the United States in 1892 will be the Emperor of China, who proposed to go this year, but was induced to postpone his visit till the grand year of 1892.

**At the Sign of the Seven Stars.**—The Manchester papers recorded the demolition last summer of "the oldest public-house in Great Britain," known for centuries as "The Seven Stars." It had borne that sign for above five hundred years. It was in a densely-peopled part of the city, but latterly blocked with modern warehouses. Formerly there was a subterranean passage from the passage to St. Paul's Church. Withy Grove and Paradise Row are names redolent of the ancient locality. The "Seven Stars" referred, of course, to "Charles's Wain" or "The Plough," the constellation of Ursa Major known by these and many other names. Apart from astronomical use, the Seven Stars appealed more practically to popular use in olden time than since clocks with night-chimes became common. The readers of Shakespeare, for instance, will remember the scene in an early act of "Henry IV." At the inn at Rochester a carrier appears in the yard with a lantern in his hand, and shouts to his mate, "Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day I'll be hang'd: Charles' Wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!" In literature and poetry there are innumerable references to the Seven Stars in relation to times and seasons, and so familiar a name would well be given in olden days to a resting-place for travellers.

**Mr. Plimsoll's Programme.**—At the Seamen's Congress at Cardiff, Mr. Plimsoll was one of the leading speakers, and he showed himself as zealous as ever in seeking protection for seamen. He advocates: (1) Official checks on overlading; (2) more efficient inspection of laden ships; (3) compulsory water-tight compartments; (4) better food and berths in trading ships; (5) extension of the Employer's Liability Act to shipowners; (6) prevention of undermanning; and (7) reform of marine insurance, so as to allow no ship and cargo to be insured beyond its value.

**Newcastle-on-Tyne in the Days of John Wesley.**—Those who know Newcastle and the Tyne as they now are will read with surprise and amusement an extract from the Journal of John Wesley, under date June, 1750: "After preaching I rode on to Newcastle; certainly, if I did not believe there was another world, I would spend all my summers here, as I know no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness." A more remarkable testimony to the beauty of the country near Newcastle is the fact that Martin's famous picture of the "Plains of Paradise" is a view of the Gateshead slope and plateau taken from the opposite side of the river, in Benwell parish, three or four miles from the city. When the wind is not from the east, and the smoke of the factories does not obscure the Tyne valley, the view is as lovely as in the days of Wesley and Martin.

**Molokai and the Lepers of the Pacific Ocean.**—"The Honolulu Friend," while giving due honour to the self-sacrificing labours of Father Damien, says that injustice has been done to the Hawaiian Government, which has for many years done all in its power for the relief and comfort of the lepers at Molokai. In a letter from the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, it is also stated that "it is incorrect to describe that island as a heathen and neglected place before the Roman Catholic Mission. It is one of the most thoroughly and successfully worked stations of the London Missionary Society," and Mr. Gill adds that "many of the lepers are members of Protestant Christian churches, and some of them teachers and preachers of the Gospel."

**German System of National Insurance.**—The plan long under consideration in the German Imperial Councils of national insurance for old age and infirmity among the poor has now been matured, and the law will soon be in active operation. The general principle of the system is to provide a sum payable at the age of seventy to all persons insured, or at an earlier time if incapable of work through accident or infirmity. The funds are provided by contributions levied in early life, supplemented by grants from the State. The details of the contributions levied, and other working arrangements of the system, are given in the Act, a translation of which has been published in this country, and ought to be issued in cheap form. An abstract appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of September 13th. A careful study of this Act will prove of great service in discussing similar systems proposed by Canon Blackley and other advocates of national insurance in our own country. The sum to be provided for distribution is not sufficient to be a complete provision for support, but is only regarded as a welcome supplement to what is available from personal savings, or friendly help from relatives of the aged and infirm. The system is not compulsory for all persons, but is compulsory for those whose contributions can be secured; from those who are in employments yielding certain pay or wages in early years. The arrangements for collection and administration of the funds seem simple, and if found to work as easily as is expected, could be readily and effectively

managed by our Post Office system, which has already, by its admirable organisation, undertaken so many schemes for the benefit of the working classes in the matter of savings banks, insurance, and other provision for age and infirmity. The German system does not interfere with existing benefit or insurance agencies, but supplements their benefits, and the same independence would be secured if any national system were realised in this country. It is estimated that not fewer than twelve million persons will ultimately be benefited by the German national insurance scheme, and the cost of management and administration by the Government would not exceed one shilling per head, or a maximum of £600,000. In England this would be regarded a small amount for so great a national benefit. The German plan is certainly a great step in the direction of State Socialism, and if adopted in England, with requisite modification, would be an important auxiliary to our Poor Law system.

**Millet's Pictures.**—Madame Pommery, the wealthy proprietor of the Champagne vineyards associated with her name, has purchased from M. Bischoffsheim, Millet's famous picture, "The Return of the Gleaners," and has presented it to the Louvre, as a national "solatium" for the loss of "The Angelus," which has passed to America.

**The Emperor of Germany and the Minister of the United States.**—When Mr. W. W. Phelps, the new American Minister, presented his credentials to the Emperor William, he made a short address, expressing his hope that there would be a continuance of the friendship between the two countries. The Emperor received the minister very graciously, and on hearing his speech he replied in English, and with evident warmth of feeling. "From youth," he said, "I have greatly admired the vigorously advancing community of America, the study of whose history has always excited in me a special interest. Among the many qualities of Americans, their spirit of enterprise, their sense of order, and, above all, their inventive genius, arrest the attention of the world. Germans feel themselves the more drawn toward Americans because they are closely connected by many ties of kinship. The prevalent sentiment of the two peoples is that of relationship, which tends to strengthen the friendship between them."

**Hailstones of Extraordinary Size.**—On August 20th, 1889, one of the most terrific hailstorms ever witnessed in Southern Europe broke over Polvelite, near Grusbach, in Moravia. Many of the hailstones which fell were bigger than a man's fist, and weighed 3 lb.; the smallest were as large as hen's eggs. The downpour lasted seventeen minutes, and during that time £100,000 worth of property was destroyed. After the storm, three men, two women, and three children were found dead in the fields, and numbers of people received injuries. The size of the hailstones was great on this occasion, but nothing compared to those of other storms of which there is authentic record. On October 5th, 1831, at Constantinople, masses of ice fell five or six inches in diameter. Generally the form of hailstones is regular, as if the accretion of ice had been gradual before falling; but at other times it appears as if large tracts of vapour are suddenly congealed and masses of ice descend. Some of these have been 20 lb. or 30 lb. weight, and instances have been reported of ice-blocks weighing several cwts. On the 10th July, 1783, a storm occurred over a large part of the south of France, preceded by almost total darkness In one district, out of sixty-six parishes, forty-three were utterly desolated and twenty-three lost half their harvest. Arago, the Astronomer-Royal, estimated the loss from this single storm at 25,000,000 fr. Hail Insurance Companies are common in all parts of rural France.

**Depopulation of France.**—In 1789 France had a population of twenty-nine millions. In 1889 the population is thirty-eight millions. England had in 1789 twelve millions; in 1889, thirty-eight millions. During the century she has moreover sent out above six millions of emigrants to all regions of the world, thereby greatly increasing her influence, wealth, and power. Germany had in 1789 a population of twenty-four millions, five millions less than France; now she has nearly fifty millions, or twelve millions more than France. Russia in 1789 numbered only twenty-five millions; in 1889 her population is nearly one hundred millions, a four-fold increase in a century. The United States of America, thanks mainly to European immigration, has multiplied still more remarkably. In 1789 there were only three millions, now there are nearly sixty millions. France, in 1789 the first in population, has fallen to the fifth rank in numbers! It is still one of the five great nations, but if the present rate continues, France must before long sink to be a nation of second or third rank in power.

This is a serious prospect. If the depopulation, or the disproportional increase, goes on as now, it will be a question not of the strength or supremacy of France, but of its existence as one of the great European powers. In another century Germany will be able by mere force of time, without war or conquest, to subdue France by overrunning the country with waves of population. The increase of foreigners in France is going on with accelerated velocity. In 1873 there were 700,000 foreigners, in 1886 they numbered 1,200,000. It is a peaceable conquest going on, yet an invasion as formidable as that of the barbarians in the fifth century.

The average number in a family is, according to the last census, only three children. The average in other European nations is four or five. In thirty of the Departments, or a third of the whole of France, there is decrease, and increase only in a few, while some of the Departments give an average of only two children in the family. Thus losses are not repaired. Of the causes of this sterility and this depopulation we are not going to speak, leaving that question to physiologists, statesmen, and moralists. But that there are remedies for the evil, and possibilities of a better state of things, we know from the statistics of certain Departments, notably Brittany and those in the central plateau of France, where the population does increase, and where the average of children is four in a family. Still more notable is the increase of the French in Canada. In 1763, when French Canada was ceded to England, there were only 60,000 French; now they number 1,500,000. The English are gradually diminishing in proportion to the increase of the French population in Canada. These French Canadians, the most fertile race in the world, mainly sprang from Normandy, now the most sterile part of the old country. The study of the conditions affecting population may well occupy thoughtful men in France.

**A Novel Pilgrimage to Rome.**—A body of no lesss than twelve thousand working men has been received at Rome by the Pope. The Pilgrimage was organised by Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims, and M. Harmel, a great employer of artisans, and a devoted friend of the Church. His workmen live in a semi-religious fraternity, attending mass every morning, and obeying rules in their community as if they formed a religious order. While so many of the working class in France are socialists of atheistic opinions, the success of M. Harmel's efforts is to be regarded as on the side of order and of religion. We are quite of Dr. Johnson's opinion when he said that "even superstition is infinitely preferable to scepticism." It is at least so in regard to public and social life."

**Bogatzky's Golden Treasury.**—Mr. John Thornton, the philanthropist, whose praise is celebrated by William Cowper, thought that a new English edition of "Bogatzky's Golden Treasury" might be published with advantage. The first edition available in this country was the translation from the German, published in 1754. Of this and subsequent editions a full account is given in Mr. Kelly's recently published "Life of Bogatzky," especially that edition by the Rev. Roger Bentley, of Camberwell; upon whose edition Mr. Thornton worked in making further alterations. In the preparation of his edition Mr. Thornton sought contributions from his friends. Thus, he wrote to Mr. Bull of Newport Pagnell, "Send me a pearl for the 'Golden Treasury' for January 31, on Matthew xiii. 5, 6." He subsequently wrote about this contribution, "I thank you for 31st January pearl, and annotations accompanying it, and I shall hope by a convenient opportunity you will proceed to Feb. 16, 'Let not sin reign, etc.,' Rom. vi. 12. Berridge I will as little spare as Watts, when I think him not more edifying (he refers to some of the verses of Dr. Watts appended to meditations in the former edition). One may find blots on the sun; what we are most used to we like

best. Now, let a Churchman (I don't mean a nominal one) have all the candour you can wish him, yet the church will be uppermost; and so some degree of jealousy (I should better like a softer, prettier name) will arise when he peruses what comes from those of any other persuasion; and this is equally the case with Methodists, Dissenters, Moravians, and others. We all discern it in others, but it is our blind side that is rarely perceived by ourselves." From this letter, quoted by Josiah Bull, in the life of his grandfather, William Bull, it appears that contributions were obtained from various hands. Mr. Josiah Bull refers to "a marked copy" of the book, from which it appears that four original papers were written by William Bull, and others amended by him. Mr. Thornton himself had some; others bear the names of John Newton of Olney, Roger Bentley of Clapham, and others. It would be interesting to see this "marked copy." The Rev. John Kelly, in his "Life of Bogatzky," refers to a copy presented by Lady Lucy Leslie Melville (afterwards Lady Lucy Smith, of Wilford, Nottingham) to Mr. Unwin, son of Cowper's Mrs. Unwin, we suppose. Lady Lucy's mother, the Countess of Leven and Melville, was the only daughter of John Thornton, which accounts for the book being in the hands of the Leven family. An edition has lately been published by the Religious Tract Society, with brief memoir prefixed by Mr. Kelly. After the Bible no book has had wider circulation in Germany than the "Golden Treasury."

**League against Atheism in France.**—A correspondent thus refers to the National League against Atheism lately organised in Paris, to which we recently alluded in the "Leisure Hour": "In the first days of June last year, I noticed in the *kiosques* of the newspaper women and in the hands of the street newsvendors (there are no newsboys here, for all are men) a new weekly journal called 'La Paix Sociale' ('Social Peace'). Thinking it might be another of the socialist papers, I had the curiosity to buy it, and was pleasantly disappointed to read under the title the words, 'Organ of the National League against Atheism.' It contained a manifesto and a programme, the latter signed by a name no less eminent than that of Adolphe Franck, of the Institute, president of the League, the former followed by a list of its officers and honorary members. Among the list I found the names of M. Jules Simon, senator and member of the great French Academy, as honorary president; M. Rousse, of the French Academy, and M. Waddington, of the Institute, as vice-presidents; Baron Turckheim, as member of the finance committee; M. Leon de Rosny, professor in the school of Oriental living languages and in the section of religious sciences at the Sorbonne, as member of the lecture committee; among the honorary members, the Duke de Broglie and MM. Durny and Marmier, all three of the French Academy; a priest, a pastor of the Reformed Church, and a grand rabbi; finally, among the foreign honorary members, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and General Tcheng-ki-Tong, Chinese *chargé d'affaires*. This list speaks for itself."

**The Chicago Fire Brigade.**—The volunteer fire brigades in the great cities of the United States are famed throughout the world, and have often been described by English travellers. Captain Shaw, of the London service, some years ago made an official visit to the States, and drew up a valuable report on his return. He speaks with sincere admiration of the number, zeal, and efficiency of most of the corps seen by him, but said that there was a little too much tendency to public parade and "demonstration." This may be found necessary among volunteers to keep up public interest in the service. A very valuable and impartial statement lately appeared from a Frenchman, M. Passy, who was sent by his Government to inspect and report upon educational matters in the States. The terrible catastrophe of the burning of the Opéra Comique and other disastrous fires gave additional reason for perfecting the service of the fire-engines in Paris, and M. Passy's account of what he saw at Chicago, where the organisation is of rare perfection, since the great fire in that city, has attracted much notice.

M. Passy describes the central station, or office, as connected with every fire-station by telegraphic wires. A pair of fine horses are kept always ready at each station, harnessed, and close to the engine. Two men always are on guard night and day. In whatever quarter a fire breaks out, the tidings rapidly reach the nearest station, when the electric button is touched, and the alarm forwarded to the central station. "The horses, on the bell sounding, dart towards the pole of the engine carriage, and by a marvellously-planned arrangement an alarm-bell, by the same mechanism which causes the sound, fastens the traces to the harness, causes the plank on which the drivers sleep in their clothes to tilt over, and the men on to the back of their horses." On the other hand, a board placed at the side of the engine indicates the quarter where the fire has been signalled, which is reached in very few minutes. "I did not time it by my watch," says M. Passy, "but I am sure that the interval between the bell sounding and the start from the station was not many seconds. The whole process was gone through for our inspection, just as at sea an alarm is sometimes given to keep seamen on the alert and to afford practice. We might have imagined that a repetition of the process was about to be given for our satisfaction, but this time it was a real alarm signal that we heard. All was done as I have described, only there was a number shown upon the table indicating the quarter where the fire had begun. In a few seconds the engine was out, and the horses were on the gallop across the city." We learned afterwards that it was not a serious fire, and was extinguished very speedily, thanks to the perfect organisation of the system.

**Mansfield College, Oxford.**—The formal opening of Mansfield College, on the 14th and 15th October, 1889, marks a new era in Oxford. The College is not connected with the University, except by its locality and its purposes, but it is an important event, in so far as Nonconformity now holds a visible and recognised place in academic and theological training at Oxford. The classes and lectures are for theology only, in its several departments, and the College gives no preparatory teaching. The students are graduates already, from various Universities besides Oxford and Cambridge. They will receive training for the ministry in different denominations, but the existing scholarships and fellowships can be held only by members of the Congregational body, to which the foundation is due, the nucleus of the endowment being transferred from Spring Hill College, Birmingham. The Rev. Principal Fairbairn is a Congregationalist. Of the resident tutors, two are Oxford and the other two Cambridge graduates. The speeches of the Master of Balliol, and other eminent Heads of Houses, showed the generous spirit in which the new college is welcomed. There were also distinguished representatives of the Universities of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and of Yale College, U.S.A. The buildings are worthy of Oxford, which is saying a good deal, and high praise is due to the architect, Basil Champneys, a son of the late Dean of Lichfield. The genius of the whole place is well indicated by the statues and the mottoes which adorn the college. High up in the centre of the tower, at the main entrance, is a statue of Milton. Over the gateway is the motto—DEUS LOCUTUS EST NOBIS IN FILIO. Other appropriate mottoes appear in various parts of the building; and the twelve statues which adorn the chapel, executed by Bridgeman, of Lichfield, attest at once the orthodoxy and the catholicity of the founders of the college.

**Shipbuilding in Wood, Iron, and Steel.**—Lloyd's Register was in the habit of preparing for the use of its committee a quarterly return of vessels building and repairing. While a distinction was maintained between the different classes of vessels, sail and steam, steel, iron, and wood, the vessels were dealt with in totals as to number and tonnage. From that statement it appeared that the total number of steamers constructed, or the construction of which was commenced in the years 1885, 1886, and 1887, was as follows:—In 1885, 281, of which 151 were of iron and 130 of steel; in 1886, 194, of which 57 were of iron and 137 of steel; and in 1887, 291, 35 being of iron and 256 of steel. The number of sailing vessels constructed or in course of construction was, in 1885, 116, of which 89 were of iron and 27 of steel; in 1886 the number was 50, 39 being of iron and 11 of steel; while in 1887 the number was 30, 12 being of iron, and 18 of steel. From those figures he drew the following conclusions:—That steel as a material in the construction of vessels is rapidly superseding iron; that sailing vessels, even of the larger type, were found unable to compete with the newest type of

steamer; and that composite and wooden sailing vessels for mercantile purposes had ceased to be built. These results had been brought about within the last few years, and were an evidence of the earnestness with which the British shipowner was ever ready to avail himself of the most approved modes of construction, even although he was thereby depreciating his existing property, for it was true of shipping as of other industries—that to stand still was to go back.—*Lord Brassey.*

**Architectural Politics.**—At Chester Cathedral one of the most extraordinary and significant of the corbel caricatures of statesmen is to be seen on the south-east angle of the south transept. It represents Mr. Gladstone, armed with a long crowbar, with which he is industriously engaged pulling down the edifice of the Church, while Lord Beaconsfield is vigorously endeavouring to prop it up. The artist and sculptor have given a most life-like representation of the two distinguished statesmen. According to Sir Gilbert Scott, the architect, Mr. Hanley, the sculptor, under the sanction of Dean Howson (who was probably unaware of the proceedings), was responsible for this historical illustration.

**Kuroda, Prime Minister of Japan.**—Of Count Kuroda, the new Japanese Premier, the following incident is recorded, showing his generosity towards a fallen foe in his earlier career. The expiring efforts of the retainers of the Shogun, or Tycoon, in the war of 1868, was made in the island of Jeso. Seeing that the game was up, so far as the main islands of the Japanese Empire were concerned, Ennomoto, the commander of the ex-Shogun's fleet, sailed away from Yokohama in the month of October, 1868, with about 3,000 followers. After some delay they reached Hakodate, in Jeso, drove out the officials, and took possession of the place. A Republic was proclaimed, with Ennomoto as head, the various Ministers being elected by the votes of the fighting men. Universal suffrage was declared to be the basis of the Constitution, and later on a President was to be nominated, curiously enough, by the Mikado. These visions were soon dissipated by the arrival of an Imperial force under General Kuroda, who has now been made Prime Minister. After tedious operations, Ennomoto and his force surrendered towards the end of June, although they were aided by certain French naval officers. The Government in Yeddo decided that Ennomoto should lose his head for his conduct, which, I presume, was treated as high treason, inasmuch as he intended detaching a portion of the Japanese Empire from the sovereignty of the Mikado. Kuroda remonstrated against this treatment of his gallant antagonist, and, finding that his representations were of no avail, he declared to the Cabinet that if Ennomoto were executed he (Kuroda) would forthwith commit suicide. As there was no doubt that he would do so, Ennomoto was respited; he entered the Imperial Navy, and subsequently was Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Minister of Marine.

**Munkaczy's Picture of "Christ before Pilate."**—This great picture by the Hungarian painter has also gone to America, having been purchased for 500,000 francs by Mr. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, a well-known Christian philanthropist, and now Postmaster-General of the United States in President Harrison's Ministry.

**The Free Library Movement.**—It is very satisfactory to note that this movement continues to make steady progress. Between the passing of the first Public Libraries Acts in 1850 and 1879, only 84 districts availed themselves of the Acts. In 1886, when the first edition of Mr. Thomas Greenwood's "Free Public Libraries" was published, the numbers stood at 133, and now it has reached the respectable total of 190. A very large number of towns, and nearly the whole of the villages in the United Kingdom and Ireland, still remain, however, to adopt the Acts, and so establish in their midst these useful institutions.

# Household Queries.

**Temperance Drinks.**—*Can you give me a recipe for a wholesome temperance drink for cold weather, for consumption in places where hot water cannot be obtained?*—To say the honest truth, it has always seemed to us that the desire for temperance "drinks" was rather a sign of weakness, and it sometimes leads to unexpected results. Very recently the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated in Parliament that the Excise had been compelled to stop the sale of certain teetotal drinks on the ground of the alcohol they contained, some of them having more than average London porter; and he added that the experience was that they were popular in proportion to the alcohol they contained. Some lime-juice "cordials" (not all) contain sal volatile, and even ether, both of which are worse stimulants than alcohol; and others iron, which is a most invaluable tonic, but ought to be prescribed by the doctor, and not the grocer. We have the authority of Sir Henry Thompson that nothing is really more "wholesome" than good water flavoured with the juice of a lemon, and a little of the peel to taste, choosing youngish hard lemons, and not soft ones. Sweet drinks are not quite so wholesome. For them there are the many fruit syrups; or you may mix 5 lb. lump sugar, 5 oz. citric acid, and forty drops essence of lemon, in two pints boiling water, stirring till all is dissolved, and straining; add a large spoonful (to taste) to a glass of water. If the liver wants a slight fillip, you may use nitric acid instead of part of the citric, and if iron is needed, some tincture of perchloride of iron, which will give a rough taste; but ask your doctor about either. By the reference to cold, a warm-tasting drink is probably hinted at, or aromatic flavours. Oil of cloves, of carraways, of nutmegs, have all been used; so has pepermint. For mere warmth, capsicums and ginger are the best, and either may be infused in such a family syrup as the above, but the exact selection must depend upon taste. A little gentian or bitter orange-peel will give a bitter tone if preferred. For certain states of stomach bitter and nitric acid are an assistance, *but should not be adopted without advice.* Lime-juice is as wholesome as lemon when it is fresh, which can be known by the taste.

**Burglar Alarms.**—*We are troubled by burglaries in our neighbourhood. Is there any cheap system of alarms, electric or other, available for a lonely house?*—The best and cheapest alarm to neighbours or police is a large hand-bell or policeman's rattle, used out of window, which may be alternated with a policeman's whistle, costing 1*s.* 6*d.* Inside the house, the cost of a "system" is proportionate to the extent. Any electric bell-fitter, and many amateurs, would easily fit a system with a "push" in every room and passage, or as many as desired, any one of which would ring an alarm at the head of the bed occupied by the responsible person, who would then have to use the others when awakened; or at a greater expense it might work directly an electric gong outside, as railway signals are worked. Or it is easily arranged that the opening of any given door leading to valuables will sound an alarm; but in this last case the secret might perhaps become known, and then might be frustrated.

**Washing Art Muslins.**—*What is the best way of washing art muslins to preserve their colours?*—They must be only washed and ironed, and never starched at all; some are better even not ironed, but simply pinned out to dry. No soda must be used, nor even strongly alkaline soap. About a teaspoonful of vinegar to every quart of water, has a considerable effect in keeping the colours from running. The more delicate articles should if possible be put into cold water, and washed speedily one at a time, finishing each off before wetting another.

**Stains in Tablecloths.**—*How can stains of tea, coffee, or fruit be removed from tablecloths?*—Fruit stains should have plenty of salt well rubbed in all over them. at once; then

they will all come out in washing. Coffee and tea stains are best soaked in cold water as soon as the cloth is taken away; if left to dry first they must be soaked in cold water, and soaped and rubbed a little in the same before the ordinary washing treatment; hot water fixes them.

**Worn Leather Bags.**—*Can you tell me of any preparation for renovating a leather bag which is rubbed at the edges?*—Chez-lui would be about the best of the black enamels for such a purpose, or the edges might be blacked with any ink made from copperas. Brown's satin polish also takes on leather pretty well, but soon wears off. Really, it is impossible to make a good job of such things; it is like inking a poor clerk's coat. The dislike to these worn edges has made the natural colour cow-hides so popular lately.

**Smell of New Waterproofs.**—*What is the best way of getting rid of the odour of new waterproof garments?*—It is the keeping them folded flat which retains the odour. Wearing out of doors a few times rapidly removes it, and the same effect will soon be produced by hanging the garment, opened right out and free from folds, in some place where there is a current of air.

**Breakfast Diet.**—*Can you suggest a wholesome variety of food for our breakfast table? The family physician prescribes a good meal at the beginning of the day, but the appetite of some in our house languishes.*—Where strict economy has not to be studied, there should be little difficulty, but it is well, if possible, for the mistress to have in her mind a sort of dietary routine for some ten days or a fortnight. Some cookery books give special chapters on breakfast and supper dishes; in others hints may be got from the list of *entrées*. Presuming that nitrogenous and "relishy" articles are chiefly meant, there is a wide choice in bacon, fried or broiled; ham, ditto and cold; chops and steaks; sausages, hot and cold (the latter not distressing bilious people); pickled pork; cold tongue; *patés* or potted meats (which are quite wholesome if turned out *at once* on opening the tins); sardines; kidneys and sweetbreads; fish fried, or smoked fish broiled; omelettes, and eggs boiled and poached; various kinds of seasoned meat pies. Any of the above may of course be wholesome or unwholesome for different people. The well-known "excellent substitute for butter at breakfast" put *on* butter, may get down another slice, and is most wholesome; dry toast, allowed to get cold, may sometimes be eaten after everything else. If more bulky farinaceous food is desired, and appetite fails for porridge, hominy, or bread-and-milk (which should be attacked first, if at all), potatoes mashed, or cold ones roughly mashed and done with pepper and salt in the frying-pan, will often be eaten with some of the above, and so will tomatoes nicely grilled or stewed. And, finally, it helps along to drink coffee made with three-fourths of boiling milk, making the coffee rather strong, of course.

**Round Games.**—*Can you tell me of a few harmless, sensible round games for young people of from fourteen to eighteen years of age suitable for winter evenings at home?*—Were there more demand on this column than there can be at present, this would be rather too large an order, but as winter is coming on we will do our best. In the same circle games cease to attract unless they furnish some real exercise for the mind; but some which rapidly "use up," may go on by varying the details. There is *Clairvoyance*, for instance, carried on by two players to puzzle the rest, who have to find out how the guesser, who has been out of the room while an object has been fixed upon, knows it from a long catalogue named by the other. This is usually played by the interrogator naming some object with four legs, last before the object meant. Once known to the circle, that is over; but the game may be carried on by the two agreeing on any other signal, and thus it becomes an ever-new exercise of observation. The old and worn-out "I love my love," may take a new interest now and then as "The Parson's Cat," especially if, as far as possible (though it is no part of the rules), humorous or successively contradictory adjectives are sought, thus, "The parson's cat is an angry cat." "I'm sure she is not; she is a most amiable cat." "I beg your pardon; she's an awful cat!" "It's too bad; she is an admirable cat," and so on; T, of course, bringing in Tom and Tabby. Many of Jacques' sets of cards for round games are ever amusing, such as "Happy Families," in which the players have in turn to collect by demands on the others, based at first on guess, and then gradually on memory and inference, the whole family of Pill the Doctor, Bones the Butcher, and so on, from a miscellaneous and at first unknown distribution. Each may go on demanding so long as the player addressed has the particular card demanded. Such games are both amusing, and a really useful exercise of important faculties, especially that of concentrating attention. The old game sometimes known as "Twenty Questions," and sometimes "Man and his Object," in which an outside player has to hunt down an unknown object by specific questions, answered solely by "Yes" or "No," never loses interest if there is skill in finding objects, and is good training for judgment and analysis as well as memory, the inside players also often getting needed lessons as to correctness of statement. It may be varied, and absence out of the room avoided, by any player thinking of the object, and all the others in turn putting the questions. "What is my thought like?" in which every person must give a reason for his random guess when the chooser of the thought has declared it, is another capital game, not worn out in spite of its age. "Throwing light on the subject" is another good game, a word being chosen which has many similar-sounding meanings widely different, as "star." Then either a shut-out player asks each of the rest what the word reminds them of, or each in turn may ask one who has chosen it; the successive answers being based on different meanings, from which the word has to be tracked down. "How, when, and what" is a variety of this idea. Childish as they seem, even the class of games based on the "Do-as-I-do" idea increase the power of observation. Capping rhymes on papers passed round will amuse occasionally, and amusement may be got out of arithmorems and other word-puzzles such as abound in so many papers, acrostics, etc. When a good geometrical puzzle turns up now and then, that will help. The old juvenile geographical tours, played with a teetotum, may assume a new interest if a good map out of the humdrum track be selected and prepared by one of the family; then another, and so on. But the best geographical game is called "Travelling," and needs no apparatus. The first player sets out from—where he likes. He says where he means to go, the conveyances he shall use on the way, what he will buy when there, and to whom he will give it as a present when home again, any error entailing a forfeit; as, if he names a conveyance not used in the locality, or an article not produced, or gives it to an obviously unsuitable person. The second player must start from where the first left off, and so on. Word-making, making as many as possible (or it may be played as getting rid of the most unattached letters) from a certain number of alphabet letters shuffled to each, and the remainder drawn one by one in turn (face downwards) from the pool in the middle, is deeply interesting to many people, and may be varied by giving power to each, as his turn comes, to claim any words from others which he can convert into *longer* words by adding odd letters of his own. We cannot mention various literary games, and have purposely omitted such well-known, childish, and bustling games as the "coach" or "postman" tribe. There are several books devoted to this kind of pastime. It is a good thing to encourage hobbies which can be shared; thus, a lantern and photography will furnish different tasks to half a dozen members of a family.

## Astronomical Almanack for December.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | Advent Sunday |
| 2 | M | ☉ rises 7.48 A.M. |
| 3 | T | Venus the morning star |
| 4 | W | ☉ sets 3.51 P.M. |
| 5 | T | Clock after ☉ 9m. 3s. |
| 6 | F | Venus rises 6.12 A.M. |
| 7 | S | Full ☽ 9.52 A.M. |
| 8 | S | 2 Sunday in Advent |
| 9 | M | Pegasus S. 5.45 P.M. |
| 10 | T | ☽ greatest dstnce. from ⊕ |
| 11 | W | Andromeda S. 0.39 P.M. |
| 12 | T | Length of Day 7h. 50m. |
| 13 | F | Aries S. 8.31 P.M. |
| 14 | S | ☉ rises 8.1 A.M. |
| 15 | S | 3 Sunday in Advent |
| | | ☽ 3 Quarter 2.58 P.M. |
| 16 | M | ☉ sets 3.49 P.M. |
| 17 | T | Oxford Mich. Term ends |
| 18 | W | Daybreak 5.57 A.M. |
| 19 | T | Camb. Mich. Term ends |
| 20 | F | Twilight ends 5.58 P.M. |
| 21 | S | Mich. Law Sittings end |
| 22 | S | 4 Sunday in Advent |
| | | [New ☽ 0.52 P.M. |
| 23 | M | ☽ least distance from ⊕ |
| 24 | T | Orion's belt S. 11.15 P.M. |
| 25 | W | Christmas Day |
| 26 | T | Bank and Genl. Holiday |
| 27 | F | Clock before ☉ 1m. 28s. |
| 28 | S | ☉ rises 8.9 A.M. |
| 29 | S | Sun. after Christmas |
| | | ☽ 1 Quarter 5.16 A.M. |
| 30 | M | Saturn rises 8.42 P.M. |
| 31 | T | ☉ sets 3.58 P.M. |



Yours very truly
Henry Eccles

*By permission, from a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

# SENIOR AND JUNIOR:

## A COUNTRY TOWN CHRONICLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "GREAT GRANDMAMMA SEVERN,' 'THE CHILCOTES, ETC.

### CHAPTER IX.—TEA AND TATTLE.




MARY KELYNGE BEGS MR. HALLETT NOT TO SEND HER AWAY.

A WEEK or two had now passed since the grave had closed over old Mr. Hallett, and Melchisford still occupied itself with the theme.

"The million in London devour an event and demand another to-morrow," writes Walpole of an age that was even less greedy of novelty than ours; "three or four families in a hamlet twist and turn it, examine, discuss, mistake and repeat their mistake, remember their mistake and teach it to their children." So in Melchisford the genteel world still breakfasted and supped upon the nine days' wonder, and still found room for surmise and conjecture that was a great deal more confident than knowledge.

The whole affair—the old man's sudden end, the uncertainty as to the existence of the young man, who might any day appear to extinguish his cousin's pretensions—had the flavour of mystery that is infinitely more piquant than ascertained fact.

It gave an additional relish to the afternoon tea which Mrs. Smee dispensed to a group of ladies assembled in her drawing-room. Mrs. Smee, whose husband had the health of half the county in his care, was one of the leading ladies of the town, dividing the honours with Mrs. Hallett and Mrs. King, the vicar's wife—a trio that was set apart by virtue of their husbands being professional men, for in Melchisford, as in the greater world, there is a strict line drawn which may not be overpassed.

Mrs. Smee, who was well connected, felt herself a little above her company, but she did not like it the less for that. It was quite well known, for instance, that she was the only person present who habitually had a late dinner. Everyone else had dined at two, and was going home to preside

at the family tea and muffins at six o'clock—but what of that? One must suffer something for fashion's sake, and no lady who respected herself would have missed the five o'clock libation.

"It's a queer thing when you come to think of it," said Mrs. Bartlet, the auctioneer's wife, "Mr. Hallett dying so suddenly as that, all in a minute, as you may say, and never thinking of it himself, or else he would surely have had the decency to die in bed; it almost looks as if—"

"Come, come," interrupted Mrs. Smee, good-humouredly, but with the air of one accustomed to dominate the company, "you surely don't mean to insinuate that the girl murdered him? I am afraid Melchisford isn't equal to a tragedy. Dr. Smee was present at the inquest, and he said there couldn't be a moment's hesitation as to the verdict. Even an Eastshire jury couldn't blunder over it"—she allowed herself the sarcasm.

"Of course we all believe in dear Dr. Smee," said young Mrs. Esher, who was a frequent and paying patient; "some of us wouldn't be sitting here if it wasn't for him."

There was a little murmur of adhesion, and Mrs. Bartlet blushed, feeling that public opinion was against her.

"I only said it was strange," she vindicated herself, "Miss Kelynge being the one to find him and all."

"I daresay she would rather anyone else had found him," said Miss Leigh, who, as the daughter of a deceased vicar, felt herself entitled to be heard. "She looks as if she couldn't manage to kill a fly without trying ever so many times. I saw her the day she arrived—a poor washed-out, red-eyed, scared thing."

"Hush, hush, my dear!" cried Mrs. Smee; "we shall all perhaps be discovering that she is a beauty a year hence."

"The Halletts seem to think her one already, to judge by the way they shut her up," remarked Mrs. King, who was sufficiently mundane in her tastes to enjoy a gossip. "I called at once—of course, as a clergyman's wife it was my duty—but she was invisible. They spoke of the shock to her nerves, and said she was seeing nobody, but I saw her driving with Hester the very next day. We shall be told presently that the Red House people have proved the relationship they are always hinting at."

"We are all related if you go far enough back," said Mrs. Smee, with a laugh. "I don't think our friends at the Red House will be in a hurry to press the claim for a year. An uninteresting young woman with two hundred a year and no social position would scarcely meet their ideas."

"Well, I don't know." Mrs. King pursed up her lips, and looked as if she could impart a great deal if she would. "Young Mr. Andrew called at the vicarage the other evening to ask my husband if he might consult the register; and that white-faced clerk of his has been taking rubbings of the stones in the old burial-ground for a week—"

"Andrew Hallett is a very clever young man," said shrewd Mrs. Potter, "and perhaps it has occurred to him that there are other ways of securing a relation than by making her out to be your cousin."

"We must protect her from his wiles," said the hostess, gaily. "Mr. Andrew mustn't have it all his own way when there are other young fellows in Melchisford who might envy his chances. If only my boy were grown up! But unfortunately he is still in petticoats, and I'm afraid Miss Kelynge wouldn't consent to wait till he becomes alive to the value of his opportunities."

Mrs. Potter, being the mother of two tall sons, found the pointedness of this remark rather offensive. She reddened, and said stiffly, "I daresay if she owns Hallett Place she will have plenty of choice. A girl with money is never without admirers."

"So it is said, but I find for my part that a woman's choice usually depends on what she can get. I tell the doctor that I would never have looked at him if an archbishop or even a dean had turned up; but a country girl, heiress or no heiress, has to be satisfied with anything in the shape of a man that crosses her path, and thankful if she isn't left an old maid," said the little woman who, if she had married the dean, would probably have written his sermons.

"The question is—are we to call?" asked Miss Leigh, who objected to stray from the practical.

Everybody looked at Mrs. Smee, who had risen to serve her guests.

"Am I to give the verdict?" she asked, looking round on her seated audience, and enjoying this evidence of her ascendency. "Well, I should say we ought to call forthwith. It is clearly our bounden duty to be civil to a possible heiress (we can drop her with an easy conscience if she turns out to be the nursery governess), and we must support Mary Hallett. It is a very trying position not knowing whether your egg is going to hatch into an ugly duckling or a swan. I should have gone to the Red House this afternoon but that nurse is busy at this moment trimming my second best bonnet with a bit of black ribbon I happened to have by me. It was a mercy, as I remarked to the doctor at lunch, that I hadn't to buy it, with that risk of the nursery governess in the background."

Melchisford, it will be seen, suffered from no lack of candour in the discussion of its neighbours' affairs, but it did not at all detract from Mrs Smee's enjoyment to know that the voice of criticism was busy with her own fair fame as her guests walked home together. On the contrary, she considered it quite a fair retaliation, and it gave a greater zest to the sketch which she outlined for her husband as she sat with him after dinner while he smoked.

"Emily, Emily, your tongue runs away with you!" said the doctor, laughing in spite of himself. "You ought to consider my position; you will scare away my best patients. Mrs. Potter will go over to Rose; you see if she doesn't."

"No, she won't. You may be very good at curing people's complaints, Henry, but I am cleverer than you at diagnosing their motives. Mrs. Potter will have an illness on purpose—a nice, mysterious, lasting complaint—to call you

in. She knows that those two lanky, red-headed boys of hers can only meet the heroine here; they don't visit at the Red House."

"For goodness' sake, Emily, let me hear no more of that girl!" cried the doctor. "I am sick of the whole affair; I haven't a patient who hasn't worn the topic to death the last week or two. If you won't let her alone, I'll be driven to poison her!"

"I wouldn't—at least, for a year!" laughed Mrs. Smee; "I would establish myself as her private consulting physician. It's the only thing we can do since poor little Harry isn't even in knickerbockers yet. There, see; I've filled your pipe, and if you are very good I will sit by you while you smoke it."

"I won't have you if you go on talking."

"What a monster of hard-heartedness! You shouldn't have brought me to Melchisford, Henry, if you intended to forbid me the study of human nature; there is positively nothing else for a poor woman to do."

Sanctioned by Mrs. Smee's example, Melchisford at once flocked to pay its respects to the young lady at the Red House.

Some of the visitors were fortunate in seeing her, others had to go away satisfied with the knowledge that she was out driving with Hester. Opinions about her varied, but most of the ladies were at one in agreeing that her merits were really very trifling, and that for the owner of such brilliant prospects her mourning was ridiculously dowdy.

"You could see at a glance that it was made at Slipperfield," said Mrs. Bartlet, who got all her "things" from Madame Julia's in town; "it hadn't a scrap of style, and crape a yard deep for a granduncle! That's what these country dressmakers always do, they've no idea of proportion."

"It isn't grief for the granduncle, my dear," said Mrs. Smee, "nobody but a lunatic could mourn for that sour old man; it is a yard deep of gratitude for the chance of sixty thousand a year. If anybody would leave me a quarter of the sum I would cheerfully go about in sackcloth and ashes, and make the doctor do it too!"

"Hester ought to have been the heiress," said her old schoolfellow, Mrs. Esher. "She grows prettier every day, and in that black and white she looks as if she had come straight out of a Paris bandbox."

"Hester will do very well without the wealth," said the doctor's wife; "she will marry a consumptive young curate, and devote herself to dirty children, and never find out to the end of her life that she is a beauty."

On the whole, it gave the visitors a thrill of satisfaction to discover that they could afford to patronise Miss Kelynge, a member of one of the oldest county families, with not a word to say for herself, and with a gown that would disgrace a housemaid.

What mother among them, as she looked at her own daughters, but felt a thrill of gratified satisfaction? Emma and Jane and Mary, with their slim waists and their dresses cut in the latest style that Melchisford knew, with their pink cheeks and their laughing lips—the dear, unsophisticated girls carried off the palm with the greatest ease; there was no fear, at least, that Miss Kelynge would be a dangerous rival when she left off black and appeared at the Corn Exchange dances. And on the strength of this comfortable conviction Mrs. Potter allowed her daughters the new summer jackets they had set their hearts on. Mrs. Barker, on the other hand, put a veto on the chip bonnets with which Matilda and Sophy had hoped to surprise their friends at the coming flower-show, holding Miss Kelynge up as a shining illustration.

"The best people," she remarked, sententiously, "are always the plainest in their dress. As for the Potters, everybody knows that he began life by sweeping out his shop, so there's an excuse for them to be smart."

Of these opposing bests, Matilda and Sophy would no doubt have preferred the new bonnets, but it was well known that Mrs. Barker never spent a shilling where sixpence, "supported by a maxim," would do instead.

It was all very provincial, no doubt, and yet possibly the feelings that stirred the good folk of Melchisford are not wholly unknown in Belgravia, where, as in Dante's "Paradise," there are many grades and degrees and fine distinctions of class, and those on the lower ledge are not always perfectly respectful to their neighbours who have climbed higher.

Perhaps it would have surprised no one so much as Mary Kelynge to know that all this stir and flutter was made about her. She was quite as humble as if her father had handled the besom in the front shop instead of serving her Majesty and dying for his country. She had inherited none of the parental valour, and anybody might have snubbed her without hazarding her resentment. She was a great deal more afraid of Melchisford society than it was ever likely to be of her, and was quite innocently ready to give it the credit of being very genteel indeed.

When it was impressed upon her that she must return all the calls after the lapse of a certain number of days—there is no such strict upholder of etiquette as your little country town—she was almost scared into a real illness.

"Must I go?" she questioned Mrs. Hallett; "wouldn't it do for me to send cards?"

"I'm afraid not," said Mrs. Hallett, hesitating how to frame her reason so as not to give pain. "It is a little place, you see, and we have all known each other for a great part of our lives; people might think—"

"They would think you proud, in short," said Hester, merrily; "that's what mother means, though she doesn't like to say it."

"But I am not proud," cried Mary, with a kind of gasp.

"I know it; if I had thought you were, I wouldn't have dared to be mother's interpreter. You are not proud, and so you must call on everybody."

After that the ordeal, of course, had to be faced; but Miss Kelynge came out of it with so little distinction that Melchisford talked the more, and

hinted that Mr. Hallett must have better grounds than he allowed for supposing her the heiress, else he would scarcely encourage such a wooden young person to linger under his roof.

"He is no more benevolent than the rest of us," said Mrs. Smee to her husband in the privacy of their own room; "even I, who am a very tolerant person, as you know, couldn't find her stupidity the least interesting under a board of £500 a year—"

The doctor was shaving his chin at the moment of this confidence, and he looked round with such a threatening attitude at the introduction of the forbidden topic, that Mrs. Smee prudently fled, and presently made her peace with hot coffee.

Perhaps some hint of the general talk reached the lawyer's ears, for one day, when Mary Kelynge had been his guest for a month or six weeks, he sent a polite request to be allowed to speak with her in his private room.

The summons of course had its terrors for her. She had never felt at ease with the master of the house; his old-fashioned, rather pompous gallantry disconcerted her; his attentions embarrassed her, and now when she found herself alone in his presence she had scarcely courage enough to take the seat he offered her.

The room which Mr. Hallett claimed as his own was a little dark den that looked upon the stable-yard and back premises. All the comfort and luxury of the house seemed to have stopped short at its threshold. It was austerely furnished, an old-fashioned writing-table drawn up to the window, a chair or two, a portrait of Mr. Pitt above the mantelpiece, turning up his nose at the indignity of his situation. It was here that he examined the house and stable accounts; it was here that the servants came twice a year to receive their wages, with a lecture thrown in, perhaps, or a word of condescending praise, according to his mood; it was here that Andrew junior had had chastisement administered to him in his boyhood, after the bracing fashion of the times. Miss Kelynge knew nothing of these associations, but the bald air of the room hinted sufficiently at its uses—nobody was likely to come here for pleasure.

"Sit down, my dear Miss Kelynge," said the lawyer, advancing to meet her as she faltered on the threshold. "I have asked for a word or two with you here, where we shall be quite private and undisturbed. I won't detain you."

Suddenly as he spoke, Mary, who had been drooping and shrinking in her chair as if she were a criminal awaiting sentence, sat up, and actually looked the lawyer in the face.

"Is it about—" she coloured warmly—"have you heard anything of the young man—my cousin?"

He looked at her with an inward wonder that made no record on his face.

"I believe she hopes he will turn up," he said to himself. Perhaps he despised her for a fool, except that it does not come natural for a lawyer to despise a client with so handsome a rent roll. He answered her question at once with becoming gravity.

"We have no news at all; once or twice we have seemed to have a clue, but it has failed so far. My son, I think, has kept you informed of the steps we have taken to find the young man?"

"Yes," said Miss Mary, and found nothing more to say.

"There are of course eleven months, or, to be more exact, ten months and twelve days yet to pass, on any of which he may appear, before you can feel yourself to be undisputed mistress of Hallett Place, and it is about the disposal of your time till then that I wish to consult you. Have you any preference for spending it in one spot rather than another—in London, perhaps, or abroad? Or you might like Hallett Place re-opened, and some young folk there to keep you lively?"

"Must I go to any of these places?"

"Not at all," said the lawyer, with a smile, "you are entirely free to choose. Dr. Shepherd and I are, as you know, trustees, but our control is confined to the management of the property. There is, as you are aware, an ample income set aside for you, and it is for you to decide where and how you would like best to spend it—until matters finally arrange themselves."

"Mayn't I stay here?" she asked, timidly. "I—I have got used to it, and if I am not in the way—"

"My dear young lady," said the lawyer, blandly, "you honour us by the proposal. Nothing would give my wife and me greater pleasure than to offer you a home for the short time that you will require one; but this is a dull place—young people, I hear, find it far from lively. At your age a gayer scene would be more natural—"

"Oh, don't send me away," said Mary, beginning to melt into her pocket-handkerchief; "don't send me away from Hester and Mrs. Hallett and all of you. I should be frightened to death among strangers; oh, please, Mr. Hallett, let me stay."

The lawyer was not very obdurate. Perhaps he did not really wish her to go, but only to ease his conscience by saying to all the world—"She had her free choice, she preferred to remain with us; I could not very well shut the door in the young lady's face."

He insisted, however, that she should take a day or two to think the matter over before finally deciding—as if any amount of thinking was likely to consolidate a mind of her fluid order—and Mary, glad to escape at this price, feebly consented.

When Mr. Hallett came into the drawing-room an hour later there was a preoccupied look on his face which his wife was quick to perceive. She wished he would not busy himself with accounts when the day's work was over. She poured out a cup of tea, and took it to him as he sat in an easy-chair facing the garden.

"Miss Kelynge tells me she is going to remain with us, Andrew," she said, presently.

"Well?" he questioned, with a touch of impatience.

His wife looked at him with some surprise in her mild glance.

"I am very glad for my part," she said; "it is company for Hester, and Mary is no trouble in the world; you wouldn't think she had been brought up as a fine lady—but you—don't you like it? Do you think she will be in the way? She offered to pay a board—"

"Board be hanged!" said Mr. Hallett, angrily. He jumped up suddenly, and walked to the window, looking out rather eagerly, as if at something that had attracted his attention; but when she by-and-by followed him there, aware that she had said the wrong thing, and anxious to make her peace, the landscape was bare of human interest and all untenanted in its twilight beauty.

"Mary," he said at last, and he spoke rather sternly, "remember if she stays with us it must be as our guest—there must be no question of payment or of favour from her. It must all be free—entirely free. She is my ward, and it is as my ward and guest she must remain, if she chooses to stay."

"That is how I should like it best," said Mrs. Hallett, relieved and yet perplexed. "I never gave a thought to a board till she herself mentioned it. Poor thing, she has had a sad, dull life; we must be good to her."

### CHAPTER X.—"WHAT DOES HE MEAN?"

YET five minutes before, when Mr. Hallett went to the window, two figures had been distinctly visible on the lawn. How came it that they disappeared so suddenly, vanishing almost before there was time for recognition?

The night was still and fair; in the little study where Mr. Hallett and his guest had met it had been gloomy enough, the high walls of the court overshadowing it, and the mingled odour of kitchen and stable charging the atmosphere; but in the old garden day seemed to linger loth to go, and night came on with a slow foot. The strong, searching incense of spring flowers filled the serene air, a faint star or two began to show against the pale blue of the sky. It was so benign a night, though it was still but May, that all the windows were wide open, and if the young people had been laughing and chatting on the lawn you could not fail to have heard them.

"Where is Hester?" asked her father, suddenly.

"She is upstairs in her own room," Mrs. Hallett answered, with a little anxious pucker of her placid brow. "It is strange that the child likes to be so much alone."

"Don't she and this other girl get on, then?"

"Oh, yes," said the mother, with a hint of pride; "Hetty is very good to her—Hetty gets on with everybody; but our daughter is clever, Andrew; she takes after you—she has ideas."

"Pooh," said the lawyer, "a woman shouldn't have too many ideas. You mustn't let Hester get any nonsense of that kind in her head; cleverness is all very well for an ugly woman. I wouldn't have crossed the street for you if you had been a clever woman, Mary."

"No," Mrs. Mary acquiesced, quite humbly. She felt somehow as if she were to blame because Hester loved to draw, and read, and dream in the solitude of her own room. She loved her girl none the less dearly that she sometimes wished her a little different—a household fairy, with an apron and a duster, perhaps, and feminine views as to the superiority of man.

The lawyer only gave voice to the general opinion when he summed up against women with ideas. Melchisford was old-fashioned in its prejudices, and had a fine native distrust of feminine ability. Mrs. Smee, the doctor's wife, who was the cleverest woman in it, was more feared than liked. Even little, bustling Tom Howard, who had surgeon-dentist written in big letters on the window over the draper's shop, and who pulled any number of teeth for a shilling apiece, had been heard to say that when he went in search of a wife he wouldn't choose one of your chattering Greek and mathematical women to sit at the end of his table—"as if," cried Mrs. Smee, "the whole of Girton and Newnham were ready to rush at the little monster!"

So Hester was out of the fashion when she preferred study to the dances in the town hall, and her own young dreams and aspirations to the chatter of her girl friends.

"She ought to be here," said her father, with a sharp note in his voice; "it isn't respectful to me; on the few nights when I am at home my daughter ought surely to be here to amuse me."

"I will fetch her," said Mrs. Hallett, going out of the room quickly, the pink a little deeper in her cheeks. In her secret heart she might suffer jealous pangs of all those unshared dreams that Hester wove alone, but she could not bear to hear her blamed. What mother could?

"Miss Kelynge is stupid enough"—she allowed herself to be unjust in her momentary annoyance. "I wonder if Andrew would like Hetty to be like that?"

Hester shut her books, and came down obediently, and played to her father till it became too dark to distinguish the keys. He sat in his chair and listened in a preoccupied fashion; but when Hester paused he motioned her to go on. The music seemed to soothe him and to allay some inward irritation, though he could not probably have distinguished one tune from another.

He did not ask where Miss Kelynge was, because the question would have been superfluous. He knew where she was and who was with her, and while he seemed to be listening to the music his ear was really strained to catch the fall of steps on the gravel of the terraced walk. What did Andrew mean? When two people prefer a dual solitude to company, and the shaded obscurity of woods to the unsheltered lawn, it is not as a rule very difficult to arrive at their meaning. Hester, too, was asking herself what Andrew meant as she played the little tunes her father liked. Could it be that he was falling in love? Even the most just and generous woman finds it a little difficult to estimate aright the attractions of another woman. "What can he possibly see in her?" Is not that the first thing the girls say when Tom falls in love with Kate or Jane? Hester was both

just and generous, but she could not honestly pronounce her new friend very captivating.

"She is very nice, of course," she said to herself, in comprehensive feminine phrase, "and I like her very much indeed; but I should have fancied Andrew would have preferred a livelier disposition, and a prettier face. I don't think he can be in love—unless—unless—"

She reined in her fancy sharply at this juncture, however, and would not permit it to wander any further in a forbidden direction. She played louder to silence its whispers, and, under cover of the vigorous chords, the two culprits stepped in at the open window.

It was much too dark to see Miss Kelynge's blushes, but it was easy to discover by the frightened tremor of her voice that she felt herself to be a little in disgrace.

"My dear young lady," said Mr. Hallett, rising to give her his chair, "do you think you are wise to risk the night air without a wrap to protect you?"

"I—I didn't think of it," faltered Mary.

"It is my fault," said Andrew, from the window. "I took Miss Kelynge down to see the new plantation by the lower pond. We expected Hester every minute to join us laden with shawls. Hetty is so afraid of anyone catching cold, I even expected her to bring my great-coat."

Hester paused in her playing, but she said nothing.

"Why, dear, you won't take any harm," said comfortable, unsuspicious Mrs. Hallett; "the air is as mild as milk. But if you should feel the least hoarseness, you know, Barnes shall make you a hot drink and bring it to you when you are in bed. There's nothing like taking a hot drink in time—"

"It is time for prayers. Ring the bell, Mary," said the master, cutting short these benevolent offers rather unceremoniously.

So the lamps were lit, and the servants flocked in and the books were opened. Mr. Hallett was not very often at home to conduct the family worship, and so the ceremony lost none of its impressiveness. He read (as many people do) in a tone of voice reserved peculiarly for the Bible—at once solemn and drawling. Andrew junior used to sit fuming and biting his nails, and Hester's finer ear was offended; it was only their mother who followed the service with simple devoutness, and who thought with tears in her eyes of her own good father and the Sunday evening prayers at the bank-house over the way.

To-night in the course of reading the book opened at one of the lesser prophets, and as Mr. Hallett read in his stiff, slow, pompous way Mary Kelynge shrank and blushed and trembled in her corner, and felt as if all the denunciatory woes were being hurled at her head. The servants were looking at her; one or other of them, no doubt, with that spying faculty our domestics have, had seen her going with Mr. Andrew to look at the new plantation, and carried the tale to the kitchen. It is there everything is known a great deal sooner than in the drawing-room; and while Mrs. Hallett was innocently praising Andrew for being so good-natured and kind to their guest, the cook, housemaid, parlourmaid, and the boy who cleaned the boots, had made up their minds that Mr. Andrew had secret information about the death of the real heir, and was courting the owner of all the money.

"And she would need it too, if you ask me,' said the cook; "such a figger as never was, and a colour like a dishcloth that has been washed without being put through the boil."

Miss Kelynge dutifully swallowed the gruel Mrs. Hallett made and brought up with her own hands, and meekly pinned a stocking round her throat to avert any possible evil consequence of the night air; but it was not her chest that was in danger; it was not cold that made her shiver and tremble, and sent her pulses beating in the silence of the night, when her mind travelled over the events of the day.

Events? The course of history in Melchisford never offered anything worthy the name. "If it weren't for a death now and then there would be no life in the place," Mrs. Smee used to say, with that peculiar humour that her townsfolk scarcely knew how to appreciate. Of outward incident life in Melchisford was as bare as the desert of Sahara; but there is an inner history for each of us where very surprising and lively events sometimes occur, and where all sorts of bustling emotions are set at play.

Mary was very silly, of course, sillier than most young women in this experienced age, to dwell as she did upon a hand-pressure, a look in the eyes, a murmured word, to be conscious as she was, down to her very finger-tips, of one young man's presence the moment he came into her neighbourhood.

People call a sensation such as this by very different names—old-fashioned folk call it falling in love. Andrew Hallett would have laughed aloud if anybody had suggested that his gallantries were likely to have this result. He would have told you that girls have an insatiable appetite for homage—that they expect that sort of thing from every young man, and are offended if they don't get it. Perhaps he was right in the abstract. He might have given a flower to Sophy Barker, or hung over the piano singing duets with Lucy Potter, without waking in the breast of either immediate visions of a wedding ceremony in St. Peter's; but as for the young woman in question, incidents of this kind had not been plentiful in her experience, and she was so little used to society that she could take nothing as a matter of course.

And, indeed, Andrew's behaviour might have deceived even the experienced. He met her by accident half a dozen times a day, the nearness of the office favouring chance encounter in corridor or passage; he asked her to do little services for him, to sew a button on his glove, to look up a reference for him in one of the forgotten poets.

Truth to tell, she did neither task very well; her fingers trembled and bungled over the sewing of the button on the big yellow glove, and she spent hours fluttering over the leaves of the most

unlikely books in search of that important quotation.

In spite of those well-stocked shelves in the library at Hallett's, she was but slightly tinctured with learning. When she proposed to Hester in a timid way that they should examine the archives there Hester looked a little haughty.

"Of course, if you wish it," she said; "but why should you take so much trouble?"

"But it is no trouble."

"Andrew knows nothing of Marlowe, and cares less."

Mary looked extremely shocked at this heretical suggestion.

"He wants to find that passage particularly," she said, "and I should like to help him if I can. He is like a—he is so kind to me."

"Is he?" said Hester, gravely. "Of course, if you wish it we shall go."

Was Andrew really and truly kind to her, or could it be that he was honestly falling in love with her? It took a little effort of the imagination to picture this young conquering Adonis—for this was how Andrew was looked upon in Melchisford—a victim to Miss Kelynge's very modest charms. Hester scarcely gave a thought to her own beauty, though she was glad of the gift; but she could not deny that Nature had been very unkind to her friend. That dead flaxen hair, that mottled complexion, those eyes that had cried away all their brightness, were scarcely likely to ensure her many victories; and then, too, she had not those qualities of mind that severe female moralists find so much more admirable than a complexion and a pretty mouth and nose. She was very imperfectly educated, and had never so much as heard of the Restoration dramatists in whom Andrew had professed such a sudden interest. Indeed, when at his request she tremblingly copied out the passage for him, the half dozen lines held quite as many mis-spelt words.

Andrew, however, took the paper with the most lively expressions of gratitude, and put it carefully in his pocket-book, though it is to be feared it afterwards went to light his pipe. He hung over the piano when Mary was at last persuaded to play "Warblings at Eve," which represented all her conquered territory in the realm of music.

It was a very inadequate performance, but Andrew was as effusive as if he had been listening to the skilled execution of a Liszt or a Chopin. He was so complimentary that even his mother looked up from her work vaguely surprised and puzzled.

"I'm no judge," she said to her daughter when she went to her room to bid her good-night. "I never had any skill at the piano myself; but you have had the best masters, Hetty, and you can tell. Would you call that good playing?"

"No, mother."

"And yet Andrew seemed so pleased, and he is a judge," Mrs. Hallett went on, still busy with her wonder; "perhaps it is you and I who are wrong, Hetty; Andrew has such a good ear, and Mr. Boase used to say, you know, that his voice was good enough for the stage."

Hester looked at her mother's kind, unsuspicious face, and her own doubts seemed to her all at once very traitorous. She was sitting up in bed, and she suddenly put her arms round her mother's neck and laid her head on her shoulder. Her long hair made a veil for them both.

"Perhaps, perhaps," she whispered; "I should like to feel sure that I was wrong."

"But I like your music best all the same," said Mrs. Hallett, releasing herself with a laugh. "There, my child, lie down, and let me tuck you up as I did when you were little, and you and Andrew slept in your little cribs side by side. Dear, dear, to think how you have grown since then!"

Andrew's surprising behaviour was not lost on his father. The older man's eyes saw all that was going on, and not an attention on his son's part but what was observed by him. He watched the pair furtively at dinner, when Andrew gaily insisted on filling Miss Kelynge's glass, or peeling her apple, or cracking the walnuts for her. He accepted his son's excuses in silence, when the young man left the elder to his after-dinner glass of port, and sauntered with his cigar on the lawn. Andrew went out alone, but in a minute or two Mr. Hallett knew that he would be joined by a short stumpy figure in black, with a white shawl muffling its neck, and the voices would presently sound fainter and further off.

At first Hester was sometimes of the company, but latterly she sat sewing with her mother, and was ready to play to her father when he joined them in the drawing-room. Mr. Hallett was generally rather gloomy and silent when he came into the room, and an irritable line was deepening on his forehead. His wife, who always suffered an undercurrent of fear lest something should be going wrong at the bank, never dared to question him, though she used all her simple arts to soothe him, but it was not solely business that was ruffling the lawyer's soul and irritating his temper.

He held his peace however, until one day he seemed unable to restrain himself any longer.

A basket of fruit had been sent from Hallett Place; it was brought into the dining-room when dinner was over and the ladies had retired, and when father and son were for a moment alone.

"These are what I call grapes," said Andrew junior, with conviction; "we can't come near them. I'll take some of her own property out to Miss Kelynge; I daresay she'll let me share it."

"You are very attentive to Miss Kelynge."

Andrew, who was in the act of conveying a grape to his mouth, put it down, and looked at his father.

"Do you object?" he asked; and somehow the question seemed to make Mr. Hallett a trifle ashamed of himself.

"I object to your making yourself ridiculous," he said, testily.

"I am sorry my conduct presents itself to you in that light," said Andrew, who at times could use a phrase of dignity too. "It's the more unfortunate because I was really doing my best to please you."

"To please me?"

Andrew looked down at the fruit and carefully rearranged it, but when he spoke it was with great cheerfulness; not at all as if he minded the charge of being ridiculous, as most young men would mind.

"You remember, sir, you yourself in this very room recommended me to be civil—you put it pretty strongly, if I am not mistaken."

"I pointed out to you that Miss Kelynge was our guest, and that it became you, as my son, to be respectful to a lady who is in a very trying position."

"Yes, it's a trying position," Andrew assented, with the frankest candour; "you see, sir, I hadn't thought of it in that light till you pointed it out. It's all a toss up. In a month or two she may have to turn out and be a governess, or a companion, or something of that sort—it's rough on a woman—one can't help feeling for her. If it had been Hester—"

"We are not talking of Hester."

"No, Hetty is pretty safe, and besides she has you and me to look after her; but this poor Miss Kelynge—upon my word, it's a shame—"

"You are doing your best to console her."

Mr. Hallett's tone was contemptuous; the father was perhaps for once ashamed of the son.

"Yes," said Andrew, reflectively, "I do my best. She is good enough to take me as a friend—or a brother; a woman, and a helpless dependent woman as she is, must have someone to turn to. I've no doubt she will expect me to find her a situation when—the catastrophe comes," he ended, gaily.

"Very probably. Pray don't let me keep you from your—friend."

His voice had still an edge of contempt, but he did not look up. His eyes, indeed, were fixed on his plate, and it is just possible part of the contempt was for himself.

Sometimes it is as well to be able to dispense with words. Had the father meant to say—

"Don't go too far till you are sure"?

And had the son meant to reply—

"You may trust me for that"?

It is just possible. If it were so, how much better it was, and what a saving of their mutual self-respect, that they should understand each other without the clumsy medium of words.

### CHAPTER XI.—DOUBTS AND SUSPICIONS.

LAVINIA MOSS soon found frequent occasion to drive into Melchisford. Indeed, there was scarcely a day of the year when the gig which Mr. Moss still retained was not in requisition to carry half a dozen Mosses or Drinkwaters into the county town on one or other of those errands that are so important in feminine eyes.

But whether it was new ribbons, or laces, or gloves, or what not in the way of finery that the farmer's scanty means went to buy, the shoppers invariably ended the town visit at the bank-house.

The Drinkwaters were quite as welcome as the Mosses there; John Mellish would sometimes look out over the wire blind of his private room, and see them trooping up the steps, and hear them, too, a bevy of laughing, red-cheeked, bright-eyed girls. He never grudged them the free hospitality of his home; they were company for their Aunt Mellish, who had no great choice of society in Melchisford; and for himself he liked their smiling looks, their readiness to take a jest, even if was a little broad, their chatter, which all at once made the silent house so gay.

Uptairs the board was unfailingly spread with the best the house contained for the hungry troop with their keen country appetites. Hospitality was a tradition with the Mellishes; indeed, a private banker is compelled to be an entertainer, much as a doctor is compelled to have a good house and a brougham—for the sake of his credit. If he has losses he must never reveal them by any change in his style of living, for since the amount of his capital is unknown to the public, anything, however slight, that lessens the general belief in his soundness would immediately affect his financial stability.

The Mellishes had always kept open house, though since John Mellish's marriage the social standing of the guests had somewhat altered.

Lavy Moss had three or four sisters and as many cousins at her heels when she walked into her aunt's drawing-room one morning in June. It was natural for Lavy, who was the eldest, to walk first, and the others obediently fell behind.

"Well," said Aunt Hannah, allowing herself passively to be kissed by half a dozen pairs of lips, "how's your father?"

"Oh, he's all right," said Lavy, with fine indifference. "They're killing; father says he'll send you a loin of pork."

This was naturally a great item of interest to Aunt Hannah, and she had many questions to ask about that and other matters.

"How many pounds of butter did you churn last week?"

Lavy answered, with a yawn, that she had not the remotest idea.

"You want me back at Chalk End." Hannah shut her mouth very firmly.

But at this the troop protested.

"It's a great deal jollier to have you here," said Sally Drinkwater; "we should be moped to death if we hadn't the bank-house to come to."

Mrs. Mellish was not a person of many words; she accepted the protest in silence, though, like the parrot, she may have thought the more.

"I want you to send little Hannah over to stay for awhile," she said, turning to her eldest niece. "I've been talking to Mr. Mellish; he says she can come here and go to school."

"She can't be spared," said Lavy, rather sharply. "If you're in want of company, Aunt Hannah, I'll stop for a day or two. You can lend me what I need, and if there's anything going on Tilly can bring my blue gown in with her on Wednesday."

"Your father will miss you."

"And a good thing if he does; he'll think the more of me when I get back. Now, you girls, hurry up, and don't be all day eating. The cob is wanted to take the milk to Bylands, and you've got to get home before tea."

"What's come over Jerry?" asked Aunt Hannah.

"Derrick let him down and broke his knees," said Lavy, shortly, seeming for once to be aggrieved at these repeated frowns of fortune.

"If I had been there," said Hannah, in a subdued voice, but with a curious glitter in her dark eyes, "it wouldn't have happened."

Lavinia brushed the crumbs from her lap and stood up. "I don't see how you can be so sure of that," she answered. "Anyhow, it has happened, and the cob is wanted, and the girls must go."

"You're in a great hurry to get rid of us," said Sally Drinkwater, in an offended tone.

"Yes," Lavinia nodded, "I am in a hurry; I've told you one of the reasons why. I'm not going to tell you the other, so you needn't wait for it. Come here, Katie, and let me tie your hat; Jane, you sit still, and don't wriggle, or you'll fall out of the gig."

"Oh, I know very well what it is," said Sally, spitefully.

"Very well, since you know, there's the less need to stay."

Thus she admonished the troop, and drove it, deaf to all remonstrance, downstairs before her. The other girls liked the lively scene from the bank-house windows just as well as she, but Lavinia, by right of her seniority, as well as by her force of character, had the art of being obeyed.

She stood for a moment on the doorstep after the well-packed dog-cart had disappeared round the corner, looking with a fixed stare at the tall red house opposite. Her handsome face had rather a hard expression, and she held her head well up after the manner of one who has come to a fixed resolution.

Mrs. Mellish had not gone downstairs; she had witnessed the outset from her seat in the window, and she still retained it when Lavy returned to the room. Lavy looked round her, and, selecting a chair from the prim row placed at a nicely calculated distance from each other against the wall, drew it brusquely forward to the window and sat down with her knees almost touching her aunt's.

"Now," she said, "you may as well tell me everything."

Mrs. Mellish looked at the girl in silence for a minute or two, but she made no pretence of not understanding the question.

"They never come to this side of the house; I've seen him at times, and I've seen her, but never together."

"Oh, I daresay he's too clever for that. He knows that you are here to see what you can see, and that I'm sometimes here to hear it." Lavinia threw out her hand with a gesture of contempt. "They keep it all for the garden and moonlight nights, I know." The blood came up hot into her face, and her eyes seemed to blaze with the suddenness of her passion. "They'll let you see nothing that they can help; but you're a relation, you've the right to go and come. Why don't you go and find out?"

Mrs. Mellish shook her head faintly.

"It wouldn't be any good. Hester and her mother would keep me in the room with them. I went once"—she spoke in a lower voice—"you know the cottage old Mr. Barnard had till he died?"

"Yes."

"It belongs to the bank. I got the keys and went there. I saw them together."

Lavinia got up so suddenly that she nearly tilted over her chair. "Very well," she said, "I can do that too. I'll get the keys from uncle, and go to-night."

"Your uncle will wonder."

"Pooh! I can make Uncle John do anything. I'll go round by Wright's Lane and get in at the back, I know the way, and I know the window that overlooks the garden. It's perfectly fair," she cried out, suddenly, as if someone had accused her. "If he's been playing me false, haven't I a right to know it? and do you suppose if I went a hundred times to the house I'd ever be allowed to find out? They're proud, Hester and her mother, they think themselves above us; they want Andrew to have the heiress. Miss Kelynge has money and family, and I have only good looks and brains. I suppose he thinks it's for him to choose, but he may find out his mistake."

At that moment Mrs. Hallett's face was seen at the opposite window. There was no pride in it, there was nothing but kindness, touched with a hint of anxiety, perhaps, in the glance which she fixed on the lower windows, where her brother's head would presently appear.

Mrs. Mellish got up from her seat and rearranged the curtain in its proper folds.

"Mr. Mellish will be coming to dinner in a few minutes," she said, as she lifted back her chair to the appointed spot.

"Then," said Lavinia, "I'll go down and speak to him."

She ran downstairs to the first floor, which was given over to the uses of the bank. An elderly clerk, the last of the staff, was leaving her uncle's private room when she reached it, and she nodded a bright good afternoon to him. Having made up her mind to a course of action she had recovered some of her habitual lightheartedness, and was quite ready to return her uncle's cordial greeting.

John Mellish, a florid, fair man, with the sanguine temper of his complexion, looked a trifle careworn and worried; but the lines in his face relaxed at the sight of Lavy. Lavy was a fine, handsome young woman, a pleasant enough sight in any man's eyes.

"Well, my lass," he said, "have you come to take me upstairs to your aunt? Wait a minute, till I lock this drawer; there's nothing in it, but it's a good habit to lock everything."

"I want you to unlock something, Uncle John."

"Is it your father's pocket, my dear? I'm afraid you won't find much in it." A passing look of worry crossed his face. "There's a hole there that lets everything run out."

"Oh, no," said Lavy, with an easy assumption of indifference, "it's only old Barnard's cottage, in Wright's Lane."

Mr. Mellish stared at his niece, and then he laughed in a very hearty fashion.

"Why, my girl, are you thinking of getting married, and setting up house?" he asked. "Perhaps you've a notion of making up to my old cashier, Whitehead. I've seen him looking at you out of the corner of his eye. The house in Wright's Lane is the perquisite of the head clerk when he takes a wife, you know."

"Uncle John," said Lavinia, seating herself on the arm of the office chair, and speaking half authoritatively, half coaxingly, "never you mind what I want it for; but you may set your mind at rest about your precious clerk, it's not to see whether I would share it with him. He would need to have a palace to offer me before I would consent even to consider him as a husband."

"Well, what do you want to see it for?"

"Never mind that; women hate to tell everything."

"That's a true word." He laughed again. "If it's nothing but the buying of a twopenny ribbon you like to make a mystery of it."

"If you lend me the key I'll bring it back to-night before supper," said Lavinia, sticking to the point.

"The place is smothered in dust"—he tried a last faint remonstrance; "nobody has set foot in it for months."

She knew better, but she did not correct him.

"I won't take any harm," she said, easily, aware that she had gained her point.

Mr. Mellish, indeed, was not very difficult to persuade, and his good-nature allowed him to suppose that Lavinia wanted to use the old house for some harmless purpose of her own. Even if she meant to keep a tryst there he found nothing in the suggestion that greatly shocked his sense of delicacy or propriety. His knowledge of women was superficial, and his marriage had not helped to raise his standard, or to cultivate in him that finer sensitiveness on their behalf that is the essence of chivalry. He had conducted his own brief courtship sometimes in the dairy, and sometimes in the barn, at Chalk End—where he had followed the active little woman who had kept matters straight while she ruled there. The Mellishes had never been "stuck-up," as the Halletts were sometimes accused of being. It was well known that the first owner of the bank had raised himself to that honourable position, and the second was like him in a certain homeliness of aim and view, that his more polished brother-in-law found antagonistic.

Perhaps he had that streak of commonness in him which only the third generation of prosperous tradition is supposed to remove; at any rate he saw no harm in Lavinia's wish to keep her secret safe from prying eyes.

He had so persuaded himself, indeed, as to the shrewdness of his guess, that when he was washing his hands in preparation for the five o'clock dinner, now steaming on the dining-room table, he said to his wife,

"I suppose it's young Hallett who is fooling with Lavy?"

"She's a good-looking girl," said Mrs. Hallett, with characteristic prudence; not even to her husband would she betray the secret hopes of her own people.

"A strapping wench—would make two or three of you, my dear. Well," he said, with a sigh, "Hallett and I don't pull over-well together, but I don't care if she catches young Andrew; if the girls don't marry it will be a poor look-out for them."

"Is there anything wrong at Chalk End?" asked his wife, looking up at him with a sudden light in her dark eyes.

"No, no, nothing new; but Caleb's very unfortunate," he sighed. "To think that he could leave the hay-rick unthatched, when any child might have foretold it would rain!"

"Lavy said nothing of that."

"Pooh! Lavy's a girl, with nothing in her head but the thought of a sweetheart. But Caleb's to blame; half the hay's blackened, and good for nothing, Moult tells me; and I hear that the colt's down, and broke its knees so badly that it's not worth an old song. Caleb's too easy; it's downright wicked with all that family of girls—"

"I ought to be there," said Hannah, for the second time that day.

"Well, I think I've got a word to say to that," said her husband, with recovered good-humour. "Come away, come away to dinner; there's Lavy fretting her life out to be off to her sweetheart."

## CHAPTER XII.—AN OPPORTUNE MEETING.

LAVINIA was not so impatient as her uncle supposed. She had arranged her plan of action, and she could wait the fitting moment to put it into execution.

The rain which had spoiled Caleb Moss's hay was a memory of yesterday, put to shame by the bright serenity of to-day. It would but draw a subtler scent from the roses, and double the attraction of the garden where they grew. Lavinia could not have chosen a better night for her purpose had she waited a year.

She was, however, in no immediate haste to set out. John Mellish adhered to the fashion of his youth, and dined at the hour of five, surely the most inconvenient a man could hit on; the Halletts had, on the contrary, moved on with revolving custom, and were some two hours later in meeting at the family board. Lavinia knew the laws of the Red House, though she had never been a guest there, and she was inclined to scorn them.

"It's all because they like to think themselves better than other people," she said; "they can't even eat their dinner at the same time as other folk."

"Well," said Mr. Mellish, tolerantly, "I can't see how you can make out that they're any better for waiting on hungering; there's nothing to my thinking so trying to a man's temper as an empty stomach."

"Mr. Hallett is different from you, Uncle John; he would die sooner than eat his dinner at five o'clock."

"Well," said the banker, speaking philosophically, "Mary wasn't brought up to these ways, but a wife has to please her husband."

"That's as old-fashioned a delusion as your dinner-hour, Uncle John—I for one don't mean to go by it."

Mr. Mellish laughed once more.

"Wait till you get a husband," he said; "it will be time enough then to make up your mind."

Something in this remark seemed to displease Lavinia, for she said no more. Mrs. Mellish also was silent—but that was so usual an occurrence that no one took any notice of it; and the banker, who made a serious business of dinner, devoted the next quarter of an hour to the dishes before him—except when he spared a moment to rally Lavinia on her mysterious interview.

Dinner over he retired into a large, well-worn easy-chair, and drawing a silk handkerchief from behind the cushion, spread it over his face, and deliberately gave himself over to sleep. Mrs. Mellish sat opposite him, and drew out her work. In this silent after-dinner hour she had knitted innumerable stockings for the younger Moss girls, whose faculty for wearing out the knees and toes of their garments was only equalled by her zeal. On the principle of supply and demand she appeared to be provided with work for the rest of her natural life.

Lavinia withdrew to the window and looked out. Her uncle's ill-timed jests had irritated her, and she was now devoured with impatience; the enforced silence chafed her almost to the point of rebellion.

To have to sit still when you are young is quite as disagreeable as to have to stir about when you are old.

Life seemed scarce worth living, ordained as her uncle ordained it. In an hour or so he would wake up and call for tea, after which he would either drop into a neighbour's house, or a neighbour would drop into his, the casual visit having whist at sixpenny points as its object, and a hot supper garnished with the old anecdotes to conclude the day. Lavy looked round once or twice at her aunt's silent, rigid little figure, motionless but for the busily moving fingers. It had been thought great promotion for Aunt Hannah to quit the farm for the bank-house; perhaps it was, but it was promotion to dulness, descent rather to abysmal depths of dulness in the girl's eyes. Naturally Lavy asked more of life than to keep a husband's house in order, to cater for his hearty appetite, and to hold her tongue while he slept off its excesses.

"When I marry I shall taste the full sweets of liberty, and wring pleasure of its last drop"—that is virtually what every girl of Lavy's type says to herself. Lavy's little matrimonial scheme was not without its ambition. Andrew Hallett was the finest gentleman she knew—the best, take him all in all, who was ever likely to cross her path, for in these days lords of Burleigh are but few.

When, therefore, this bold, good-looking and dashing young man, who had a reputation for being the best match in Melchisford, came more and more frequently, on one pretext or another, to the farm, Lavinia was not slow to meet him half way. She did not blush or tremble, or hide herself when she heard the sound of his horse's hoofs; on the contrary, if she chanced to be doing anything about the farm (and she was often employed in this way) she retired upstairs instantly to put on her best gown and her newest ribbons in his honour. She took the visit frankly as for herself, with no pretence that it might be for Sally Drinkwater, or any one of the sisters or cousins; and she knew how to make matters pleasant for the visitor, bringing out the home-brewed ale for his refreshment, singing lively ballads when he was inclined for music, in a voice that was naturally fresh and tuneful, or sauntering with him round the neglected farm premises.

Andrew, whom rumour allowed to be rather a killing young gentleman, and who had practised a good deal of mild flirtation with the Miss Barkers and the Miss Potters, found this direct dealing rather novel and amusing.

When he had whispered some tender nothing into Emmie Barker's ear as they sang duets together, in preparation for the Barkers' musical evenings, Emmie would drop her head and blush; but when the same experiment was tried on Lavinia Moss she looked at him straight in the eyes with her bold, frank glance, and accepted the phrase as if he meant it. Perhaps he did mean it, and yet even he felt that matters had become more serious than he quite liked when he kissed Lavinia under the maple tree. Lavinia was not a girl who could be kissed and straightway forgotten. She considered herself pledged to Andrew Hallett, and no doubt she would hold him to his bond.

If she seems very unmaidenly, it may be remembered that she had no mother to arrange the little matter of her future for her, while she could count on no help from her father. It would have puzzled Caleb Moss to account for his own marriage, and it certainly never entered his muddled, absent head that his daughters could possibly want husbands. He was considered an authority on pigs, but the genus woman was a sealed book to him, in spite of his large opportunities of study; therefore poor Lavinia had to depend on her own exertions. Many girls have to be their own fathers and mothers when the question of their settlement in life comes up, and they do not necessarily make the worst wives because they desire to secure the best possible bargain for themselves. Lavinia meant to make Andrew a very good wife; and surely she loved him, else why should she be so wildly jealous at the bare suggestion that another woman might claim him?

The Red House gave forth none of its secrets, though she never took her eyes from it. The youth and gentility of Melchisford might saunter on the pavement below, the most attractive bargains might display themselves in Barkers' window, Lavinia had no eyes except for the opposite row of windows. The office blinds were drawn, and the work of the day was over for the Halletts, father and son. She pictured the family at dinner—the ladies retire, the gentlemen are left to their wine—they did everything genteelly in that establish-

ment; she could hear the soft tinkle of Hester's piano; she saw Miss Kelynge lay down the bit of embroidery that never got any further, and go blunderingly out of the window. (Mary was certainly not a good intriguer; she must needs go heavily, as if she wanted to attract rather than elude notice.) And then—and then—when Lavinia's fancy reached this point she clenched her hand and set her mouth in a hard, straight line.

Presently Mr. Mellish pulled the handkerchief off his face, and sat up, remarking, with the habitual unveracity of the after-dinner napper, "Yes, yes, I've heard all you've been saying; I've just been shutting my eyes; you didn't disturb me at all, but I heard every word."

"Then you've heard a great many secrets, uncle," cried Lavinia, getting up and coming forward to the table. "Aunt Hannah, mayn't we have some tea?"

"Yes, wife, let us have tea; here's poor Lavy dying to keep her tryst."

"How clever you are to-night, Uncle John," cried the girl; "we can't hide anything from you. Perhaps since you have found out all my secrets you'll be coming to Wright's Lane to betray us?"

"No, no, my lass; you stick by your lover if he's worth holding on to, and I'll never interfere. You've got nothing to look to, you girls, but a husband apiece, and the sooner one of you gets settled the better I'll be pleased."

"Then you don't want to know who he is?"

"You're a clever lass, you won't take the wrong one."

"Not even his name? What a delightful want of curiosity!"

"I'll hear it when the banns are proclaimed, I suppose," said Mr. Mellish, with the air of having said something funny; "unless you mean to run off with the fellow?"

"Now, Uncle John, you are beginning to become inquisitive. I had better sing to you, in case you should find your curiosity stronger than you think."

Lavy indeed wanted an outlet for the restlessness that devoured her. Now that the moment was at hand when her lover's perfidy might be revealed to her, she felt all her veins tingling and her pulses throbbing. She sang song after song with an energy and force that elicited hearty applause from her uncle, who liked a good stirring tune, especially if his ear was familiar enough with it for him to whistle a subdued accompaniment. What very unrefined taste, to be sure! But would the banker have been happier or worthier if he had been hypocrite enough (as some of us are) to pretend that he could appreciate nothing but classical strains — Wagner, perhaps, and his school?

The music was stopped by the simultaneous entrance of Mr. Barker and Dr. Rose, who came in with that air of not having at all intended to come, and being quite surprised to find oneself there, that was considered good manners in Melchisford. John Mellish, too, received them with as amazed an uplifting of his eyebrows and as hearty a hand-shake as if he had not met them for a year, though, as it happened, they were sharers of his toddy and his whist two or three times every week.

Mr. Barker gave Lavy a big, limp hand to shake, but the doctor hoped Miss Lavinia would not deprive the company of her voice.

"You mean that you hope I'll stop singing, doctor," said Lavinia, who by reason of her blunt candour was rather a favourite with the woman-hater. "You needn't be afraid, I don't mean to let myself be pressed."

"Lavy has got to call on a friend," said John Mellish, looking at the girl with a twinkle of fun in his eyes. "Sit down, gentlemen; any news in the town to-night?"

This was Lavy's chance, and she took it. Her aunt followed her silently out of the room when she had supplied the wants of her guests.

"You'd better take my big cloak," she said to Lavinia.

"Why, it wouldn't come down to my knees!" cried the girl, with a laugh. "You are such a mite, Aunt Hannah. No, I'll go as I am."

"But if anybody should see you?"

"Well, if anyone should, what then? *I* am not playing a double game, that I need be afraid to be found out. If he is—"

"Well?" questioned Mrs. Mellish, with the same inscrutable look in her dark eyes.

"Then he will find that he has got you and me to deal with," said Lavinia, recognising that in this little woman she had an ally who would not forsake her.

"You'll be home by ten? Mr. Mellish likes to lock up by then."

"I'll be back before that; they have prayers at ten over there"—she waved her hand in the direction of the opposite house.

She was soon ready, for the summer night demanded no extra wraps. A natural candour made her shrink from setting out on her errand in disguise, though it was not strong enough to save her from the meanness of spying on her lover in secret. There is nothing that so distorts the moral vision as jealousy, and Lavinia had easily enough persuaded herself that she was justified in taking any step that would reveal the truth to her. From her lover she knew instinctively she need not look for it. "If it is in his interest to throw me over, he will do it without scruple," she said to herself, bitterly; "but he will find it isn't only his interest he has to consider."

The little house in Wright's Lane was the only vantage-point from which the garden at the Red House could be overlooked. On one side the yard and kitchen premises, and on the other a high brick wall and a row of old and full-grown trees, hid it from prying eyes; only where it was fenced by the lane was it open to observation.

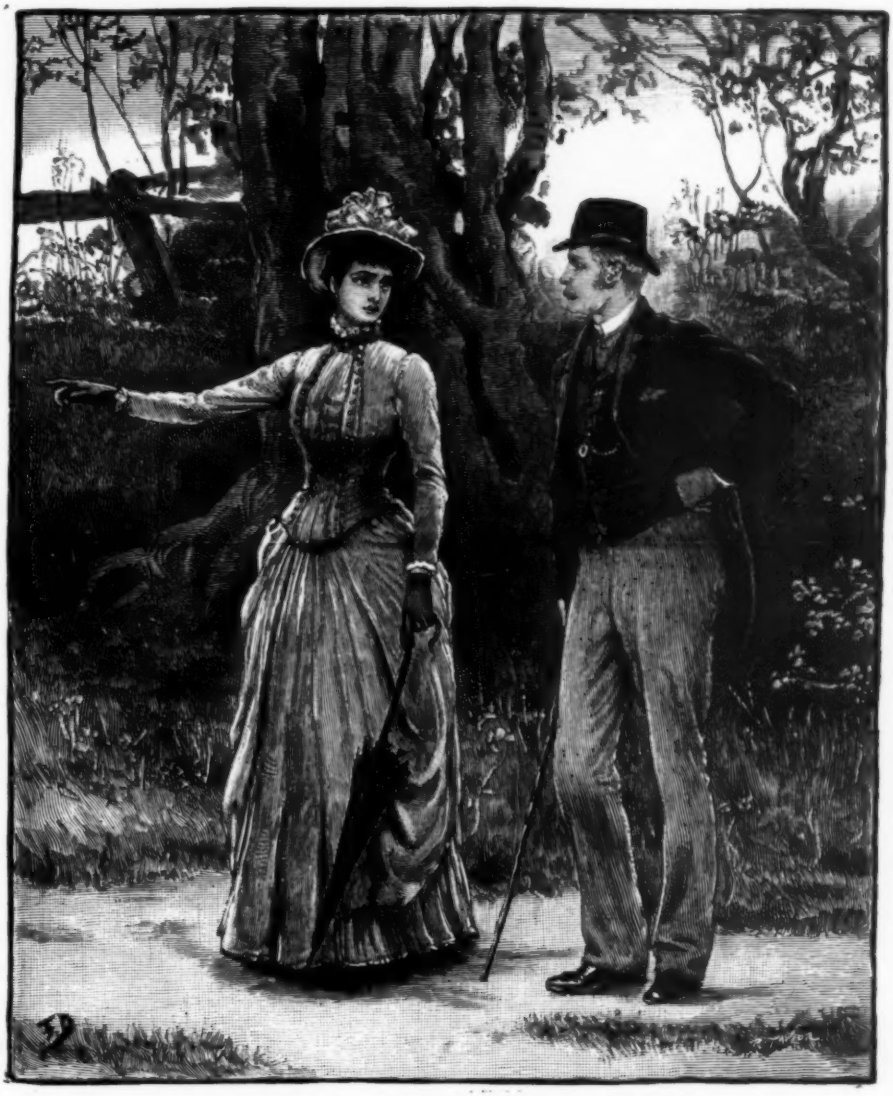
Wright's Lane was a mere *cul-de-sac*, however, leading to nothing but the little old house which was part of the bank property, and which had been so long unoccupied that it could scarcely be considered a source of offence. John Mellish had talked of letting it since his head clerk preferred to live in the town, but the house was old-

fashioned and dull and damp, and a tenant was not forthcoming.

"I would rather buy it than that he should let it," Mr. Hallett had said; "the gardener's cottage is getting too small for him with all that tribe of brats. But if Mellish knew I wanted it, he would find some way of getting out of the bargain."

"Well, sir," laughed Andrew, "I don't know that he would be far wrong."

The evergreens, however, were not as yet grown, so that Lavinia had not their thick shade to dread. She walked quickly through the town, nodding now and then to an acquaintance, but not stopping to exchange any words. Melchisford was



LAVINIA EXPLAINS THAT SHE WAS GOING TO SEE FOR HERSELF.

"He's not likely to let it in a hurry," said Andrew junior, who had come down with his father to this extremity of the long garden to look at the new plantation; "and those evergreens will soon enough screen the view, though they won't add to the attractions of the house."

"He'll be sure to say we did it on purpose," growled the elder Hallett.

quite accustomed to the sight of Lavinia and her sisters, and so her presence in the town caused no surprise. She soon left George Street, and struck into a byway crossing the river (Melchisford calls it a river, though ignorant strangers have been known to mention it as a ditch) by a little footbridge. The river was caught in Mr. Hallett's garden, and widened into quite a respectable little

pond before it was allowed to go on again, and it was here that Mr. Hallett was trying experiments with the new shrubbery.

She made quite sure of reaching the house unobserved; indeed it was such a dull little lane that led to it, and such a melancholy little house when you reached it, that the married bliss would need to be very solid indeed that could have survived its dreariness, and no one would have dreamt of walking in its neighbourhood for pleasure. Lavinia was therefore the more startled when in the gathering dusk she saw someone approaching. She had unshaken nerves and a fine courage; she would have faced even the headless lady of Hallett's with a calmness that would be of the utmost value to the psychical-research people. It was only where her pride, or her jealousy, or her love, perhaps, was involved that her feelings were intense enough to set her pulses throbbing. She was not afraid of any ghost, unless it might be the ghost of love—dead and vanished love. Was it that she should presently see stealing through the young bushes—a darker shadow in the tender twilight? She was not afraid of man either, but she was annoyed, fearing this intruder might detain her, or discover her errand.

He was within a yard or two of her now, and she suddenly exclaimed, "Tom, you here?"

"Lavy, is it?" answered Tom's cheery young voice. "Well, this is a queer place to meet." He was shaking hands with her heartily. "Didn't the doctor tell you I had turned up? Got an off day, and brought Dot down for an hour or two to see Hester. The doctor has gone to your uncle's, and I promised to catch him up."

"He is there, I left them together; but how do you come to be in Wright's Lane, Tom?"

"I think I should rather ask how you come to be here, Lavy. You can't be making for the short cut I've just taken—I came over the wall at the bottom of the Red House garden. You remember the elm at the corner, where the robin used to build? You can reach the top of the wall by climbing the tree, and then it's only a question of jumping down—I can manage that yet, though I'm not so light as I was twelve years ago. But you can't scale the wall from this side—there's scarcely foothold for a fly."

"I wasn't going to the Red House," said Lavinia, slowly. Could she tell him what she purposed doing? There was a something of frankness and sincerity about this young fellow that almost compelled confidence; and yet anything that was mean or underhand had a way of looking more unlovely when you unfolded it to him—so that it came to be a kind of punishment as well as a relief to make confession to him. Lavy's cheeks glowed with sudden shame as she looked into this honest young face, lit with goodwill, and pleasure, and kindness that went out to all the world.

"But you will go and see Dot?" he was saying; "she didn't know you were in town, or she would have run across to have a word or two with you. I've to take her back to-night; the principal was obdurate on that point."

Lavy said nothing, but she turned away with a gesture that was significant. The smile died out of Tom's eyes at once.

"Lavy, what is it?" he said, laying his hand on her shoulder; "you are in trouble, my dear, and you may as well tell me all about it, and let me help you, if I can. Come, Lavy, we have known each other since we were no higher than my stick, and you've got me out of a good many scrapes before now—can't I work off some of that debt? I'm good for listening, anyhow."

"Tom," she turned on him suddenly, "you've been to the Red House. You must know—you must have seen—"

"What must I have seen?"

"I will tell you what you saw. You saw Andrew Hallett whispering to another girl as he whispered to me, saying the same things, perhaps; only—only—he couldn't tell her, even he, that she was pretty, could he?" Her smile was very bitter. "But what does that matter? You can fool a girl in a hundred ways; we are so ready to listen and to believe and to give our hearts. I will tell you where I was going, Tom. I was going to the cottage"—she pointed along the dusky lane—"at the foot of the Red House garden to watch, to see for myself, to make sure. They go down there to do their love-making, and I should have been witness to his falseness."

"You didn't mean to do it, Lavy; you only thought of it. You wouldn't have done it."

"Yes, I would; I would go now, only there is no need. You have told me everything."

"I?"

"You can't deny it." Her voice was almost fierce.

"I—I was with Dot, you know;" but the evasion came awkwardly from him. He hung his head—he had boldly asked for Lavy's confidence, but he did not in the least know how to console her; for it was all true. Though he had been with Dot, perhaps because he had been acting the happy lover himself, he had eyes for this other pair who played the same rôle—all the world might have seen it, that courtship in the green garden. Yes, Tom could not deny it, but that only made his position worse. He could not counsel Lavy to forget a lover who had proved himself worthless, since it was evident that her affection had all turned to hate, and to pour railings and vituperation on the false Andrew—what would that be but to add fuel to the flames of her anger? Tom had never before felt himself in such a plight, and it might have been a lesson to him to avoid asking young women to confide in him in the future; but it is to be feared he was incapable of learning to withhold his sympathy when it appeared to be called for. A sympathetic temperament has it inconveniences.

"Never mind, Tom," said Lavy, with a grim smile; "you don't know what to say, so don't say it. It isn't pleasant to be scorned, to be thrown away like a useless thing that has served its day. Well, I know that, so we won't discuss it. As for Andrew Hallett, we needn't discuss him either."

"Forget him, Lavy; let him go—he isn't worth spending a regret on."

"Oh, I am not going to break my heart for him," she said, with concentrated bitterness. "No, I'm not going with you, Tom; I'm going to take a walk—I want to be alone. And you needn't say anything about me at the bank-house—Aunt Mellish knows where I am."

"But I can't leave you like this," he urged. "Come and see Dot; we've to go up by the last train, but I'll bring her over to your uncle's if you'll go back with me."

"Not to-night," said Lavy, shortly; "give Dot my love; you needn't tell her you know, Tom. Dot wouldn't understand."

No; Tom hoped, as he stood gazing ruefully after the girl's retreating figure, that Dot would never have cause to suffer a heartache on his account. But then unfaithfulness to Dot was not among conceivable contingencies.

His strongest and most urgent impulse, as he saw the proud, erect figure disappearing and losing itself in the windings of the lane, was to scale that unscaleable wall and administer a sound thrashing to the dastardly lover dallying with his new mistress in the cool twilight garden. It would not be the first time Andrew had felt the strength of young Tom's arm; indeed, there was a legend still circulated in the Melchisford Grammar School of a terrific fight, in which the plucky little lower-form lad had challenged his senior, and had come off the hero of the occasion. Andrew had not loved Tom since that remote day, and Tom, remembering the circumstance that gave rise to that early encounter, was perhaps not wholly unprepared to find his old schoolmate playing the scoundrel now. But to thrash Andrew, delightful task as it would have been, would not restore Lavy's lost self-respect, or increase Mary's innocent satisfaction in her conquest. No, that pleasure must, at least meanwhile, be foregone. Tom thrust his tingling fists into his pockets, and allowed discretion to get the upper hand of valour by withdrawing from the scene of temptation.

Meanwhile, not a hundred yards off, Andrew and his new companion were sauntering down the grassy slope that led to the pond. The house could not be seen from this hidden corner, nor could Hester's gentle music reach them. It was a green solitude such as love favours, and where the foolishest whispers were safe; but for the moment Andrew was silent. The truth is, our hero was getting a little bored by this nightly necessity for sentimentality which he had laid on himself, and took such opportunities as offered themselves to relieve its tedium. If Mary had only been even passably good-looking it would have been easier. Why was she so confoundedly plain? He half resented the poor girl's lack of comeliness, as if it were a personal injury. A woman ought never to be ugly. No doubt Mary would have elected to be pretty if she had had her choice; but Nature had settled the matter for her in very unkind fashion. Andrew's comparison was not unjust, though it was ungallant, when he likened her to a doll—one of those primitive dolls of a less sophisticated age that were cut out of one piece of wood, except for a rudimentary arrangement of the joints. She was almost as stolid as that treasure of forgotten nurseries; her joints seemed to work with the same jerking stiffness, and the colour in her face was laid on in one dull splash of red. Perhaps that was why he so seldom looked at her as they lingered in the garden, and why he was glad to find a vent for his boredom by flinging pebbles into the pond. He could see Mary Kelynge quite as well with the eye of imagination, for what he saw in her was sixty thousand a year, a fine old place, and a wife who would do as she was told and think as she was directed.

But presently he braced himself; he turned to her and bent his head, speaking with that air of devotedness he knew so well how to wear. He took the limp hand she never seemed to know what to do with in his own. How the colour burned in her face—the poor heart, how it beat! Why did not valiant young Tom spring over the wall and come to this poor victim's rescue? The truth is, neither he nor Lavinia knew how skilfully Andrew was steering between the lover and the friend: how nicely he was balancing his sympathy and calculating his affection, so that at the year's conclusion he could either drop at once into the avowed lover, or become merely the good-natured friend, according to the position Miss Kelynge was then called on to assume. In short, he was a great deal too clever for either of them.

When she got back to the bank-house her aunt was hovering on the stairs waiting for her, but Lavinia brushed brusquely past her. Her uncle's voice came cheerily from the open door.

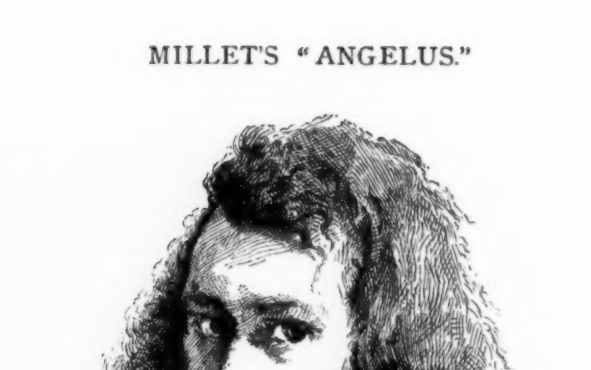
"Well, Lavy, my girl, have you secured him?" But his only reward was the sound of the key turned sharply in her bedroom door.

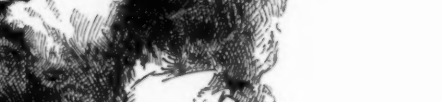
"She's tired," said Mrs. Mellish, going back to her husband; "she doesn't want any supper."

"Ho! ho! So there's been a bit of a breeze! Well, well, lovers' quarrels soon blow over."

Mrs. Mellish said nothing.

## MILLET'S "ANGELUS."





MOST people who read the newspapers will have heard of the recent competition between France and America for possession of Millet's celebrated picture called "The Evening Angelus." The United States, which now absorbs so many of the great European works of art, was represented by two bidders, one of whom, it is said, was purchasing for the Museum at Washington. France, probably ashamed of her neglect of Millet during his lifetime—shown by the fact that the Luxembourg possessed but one of his works, and that the most unimportant conceivable—made a desperate sacrifice to retain this, one of the most characteristic efforts of his genius.

The great school of which Millet is perhaps the most eminent representative arose in France about 1830. As it considered Constable its precursor, his bold apothegm, "I intend to paint in God Almighty's style," devoutly construed, may serve equally well to indicate its aims and intentions. It believed the academic style and teaching ruinous and misleading. Nature, and Nature alone, should be the artist's master, and it claimed for every artist the right to interpret Nature according to his own personal impressions.

Without concerning themselves with politics, its professors were animated by a sentiment distinctly democratic. The banner under which they worked was inscribed with the words, "He hath put down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of a low degree." In the trunk of a willow-tree, in the banks of a suburban stream, in a corner of a copse, in a turn in the road, in any scene or object, however humble, they expected to find all the sweetness, the grace, the fragrance of Nature. It was in reality a movement akin to that which in poetry produced the English Lake school. There was the same delight in communion with Nature, the same love of simple ideals, the same disdain for what the world thought grand, the same belief in sympathy between man and the rest of the universe, the same supreme interest therefore in that portion of humanity which approached nearest to Nature: shepherds, woodcutters, and rural labourers of all sorts.

The rise of the lowly to consideration was thus heralded in England by a burst of idyllic poetry, the note of which has long been recognised as among the truest, purest, and most powerful ever struck; and in France by an Art

equally strong, simple, and still more profoundly touching, an Art which has influenced French and American painting as that of Wordsworth and Coleridge has influenced English and American poetry.

The leaders in this movement were nearly all of them youths, sons of artisans and small tradesmen, in some cases artisans themselves; most of them spent great part of their lives struggling with poverty. Jules Dupré painted chimney-pieces for fifteen francs. Théodore Rousseau sometimes sold a *chef d'œuvre* to get a little tobacco, Paul Huet, Lavieille, and Chintreuil for a time lived on the brink of starvation, while Millet and his wife were once two days without food, and for many years in frequent want.

Of all these men it might be said, to use Jules Dupré's own words, "He who rises, isolates himself." Of Paul Huet, Michelet wrote: "One day he painted a small water-bird sitting alone in a little bay, hidden by the woods. Looking at the picture, I said, 'It is himself.'" One of the very earliest of the school and a true type of the rest, this timid soul passed his short life in material misery and bodily weakness. From eighteen to twenty he lived on an islet in the Seine not far from Sèvres, a wild place, but just the spot to see extraordinary moonlight effects and others equally so of sunshine mingled with or after rain. Paul Huet did not see a Constable until two years after he had ceased to live on the isle Séguin, but his style was analogous.

While on the one hand it is very interesting to note the powerful influence so intensely English a painter as Constable has had on French Art, it is equally so to reflect that England did not recognise his great genius until France discovered it for us, and had actually presented him with a gold medal when his house in London was filled with unsold pictures which he had invited a careless world to see "gratis." Does Constable's success in France warrant us in believing that as early as 1825 there was a sentiment in the Paris Art-world ready to welcome the painter who went to Nature for his style? It is more than doubtful. More probably it was something like the interest Athens felt in the preaching of the Apostle Paul. The English painter's style was fresh and unique, and stirred for a moment the dead enthusiasm of a worked-out volcano. At best, Constable's success was like one of those genial weeks in early springtime which are to be followed by a long period of cold winds and biting frost. The followers of Constable got no gold medals and scarcely even the common decoration of every Frenchman of any repute until they were nearing the grave. Jules Dupré, who must to-day be named first among French landscape painters, entered the Salon in 1831, but was not admitted to the Legion of Honour until after the Revolution of 1848. Millet entered the Salon in 1840, but it was not until 1868 that the authorities recognised him as worthy the red ribbon given to endless people who make themselves known to the official world. When it was announced that Millet was named a chevalier of the Legion of Honour, the cheering was so overwhelming that the Minister of Fine Arts, Marshal Vaillant—it was under the Empire—did not know what to say. He was evidently taken by surprise. The year before they had just been in time to make Rousseau an officer of the Legion of Honour. He was on his death-bed, too ill to see the messengers who arrived with the news.

These men suffered, as all men must suffer who resist the ruling opinions of their day. They worked under a cloud. Their pictures were constantly refused admission to the Salon. As late as 1859 the jury at the Salon refused one of Millet's greatest efforts, "Death and the Woodcutter." The critics sneered at their work, and the public believed the critics. Thus these men, one of whose pictures is now a small fortune to its possessor, at times wanted the necessaries of life.

Corot said to his pupils, "Be conscientious; all Art lies there." This is exactly what these men were. They painted what they saw, no more and no less, and utterly repudiated as contemptible every trick of style, however popular. Millet and Rosseau lived in the woods like two seers, to whom disciples were drawn, anxious to know the true secret of Art. Millet was the more austere figure of the two.

Among those who visited them was the celebrated Art-critic, William Burger, who, as Thoré, a genius of the Revolution of 1848, had been driven out of France at the *coup d'état*. On his return he came to Barbizon to see his old friend Theodore Rousseau. Millet was a little shy and did not take to the visitor kindly, but one day he was drawn into quite a leading position in the conversation. The question discussed was whether the subject was of importance or not in a work of Art. Thoré affirmed that it was; the two painters, on the contrary, declared that the grandeur was in the thought itself, and that everything became great that was employed in a great cause. To illustrate what he meant, Millet said, "A prophet is sent to threaten a people with a judgment overwhelming in its destruction, and this is how God speaks by his mouth: 'I will send you palmer-worms and locusts, my great army.' And of their ravages the prophet gives such a description that no greater desolation has ever been imagined. Do you believe," continued Millet, "that if instead of 'locusts' the prophet had spoken of 'the war chariots of the King of kings,' he would have given a more powerful impression of the intensity of the scourge—a scourge so vast, so complete, that it extends to everything? The field is wasted, the land mourneth, the new wine is dried up, the old languisheth. Howl, O ye husbandmen and ye vine-dressers, for the wheat and for the barley; for the harvest of the field is perished." See how majestically the purpose of this desolation is made apparent, and how profoundly the imagination is struck by this Biblical method.

Well might Millet wax warm over this controversy, for on its solution depended the vanity or wisdom of his life. Indeed it affects the whole school, for the merit of most of its work turns on this cardinal point. What constitutes



THE EVENING ANGELUS. By J. F. Millet.

the elevation of a work—its subject or its thought? For answer, compare Millet's "Sower" with David's "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," Millet's "Woodcutter" with Paul Delaroche's "Charles I," and the veriest tyro in Art must admit that the real grandeur of a picture depends on the thought rather than the subject.

The Angelus is a splendid illustration of this truth. Lamartine has thus described the moment it represents:

"C'est l'angelus qui tinte et rappelle en tout lieu
Que le matin des jours et le soir sont à Dieu,
A ce pieux appel le laboureur s'arrête,
Il se tourne au clocher, il découvre sa tete,
Joint ses robustes mains d'où tombe l'aiguillon,
Elève un peu son âme au-dessus du sillon,
Tandis que les enfants, à genoux sur la terre,
Joignent leurs petits doigts dans les doigts de leur mère."[1]

The scene depicted by Millet was the Evening Angelus, and the main object he sought was to make the beholder think that he heard the very sounds of the distant bell floating through the air. Of course, it can only thus sensibly affect those accustomed to hear the Angelus from infancy. This had been the case with the painter, whose whole life, and, above all, his childhood, had been peculiarly affected by religious feeling. Thus the picture is, in the fullest sense, a production of the painter's soul, and reflects impressions which at that solemn moment in the day had possessed himself, his parents, and the long line of his peasant ancestors. The two simple figures, types of the great host of human workers, are standing in the midst of their labour, repeating the traditional words, "*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ.*" The extreme simplicity of the composition, and the vast, featureless country, are characteristics, both doubtless intentional, in a work which strives to make us feel the borderland between earth and heaven. But the chief medium through which the painter worked is the atmosphere—the least material of earthly things. Alfred Sensier,[2] who was one of the first to see the painting, says: "It is bathed in the light of the setting sun, one of those closes of day when earth and sky are all alike glowing and empurpled, and at the moment when the general tone of things has reached its most perfect harmony."

The Angelus was offered to speculators and amateurs in vain. After two months it was at last bought by M. van Praet, a Belgian Minister of State. What was given for it we cannot say, but a thousand francs would have been at that time about as high a figure as Millet ever got. After having passed through some hands, the Angelus was bought in July, 1889, by the French Government for no less a sum than 553,000 francs.

The picture was painted in 1859, and in the January of that year Millet wrote to his friend Sensier:

"It is a frightful thing to be thus exposed before these people—not so much because one's self-love suffers, as that one cannot get what is wanting. . . . We have wood for two or three days, but we do not know how to procure more, for they will not give it without money. . . . I am suffering and sad; pardon me telling you what I do. I do not claim to be more unhappy than many others, but each feels his own trouble. If you can worry the people who have any order to give I shall be more than ever obliged to you. . . . I am working at the drawings of Alfred Feydeau. Send me the money as soon as you receive it, for the children cannot remain without fire. . . . ."

In a once popular little book—Todd's "Truth made Simple"—a vivid picture is drawn of a world where all went by chance. Surely in Hafed's dream there is no illustration which can outdo this. A lavish nation gives more than half a million of francs for a picture which a few years before the author painted in constant fear lest his wife and children should die of starvation and cold; and—absurdity upon absurdity—not a penny of this preposterous sum benefits those whose sufferings enabled the picture to be produced, but this rain of gold is poured into the lap of some lucky speculator.

And yet there were men in Millet's own day who appreciated his greatness. Among them was William Morris Hunt, whose "Talks about Art" have been published in this country as well as the United States; Lavieille, the faithful delineator of Night; and Diaz, the painter of Sunshine. The latter, like Chintreuil, a master in this same school, overcame by persistent study of Nature defects that threatened to stop all artistic progress. The earlier works of Diaz were sombre in tone, dull in colour, heavy in touch, wanting both in brilliancy and transparency. In 1844 he saw one of Millet's works. "Here," he said, "is a new man at last—one who has the knowledge I should like to have, and the movement, colour, expression. Here, indeed, is a painter!" And Rousseau appears to have still more deeply interested Diaz. His hair was already grey, and he had been painting many years, but Diaz was not too proud to go and sit at the feet of anyone who would teach him how to paint better. He went to Barbizon, found Rousseau very reticent; but when the latter went out he followed him. At last he had courage to penetrate to the spot where Rousseau was sitting, and to ask him how he managed to paint such sparkling greens and cool greys. Rousseau explained to Diaz how he mixed his colour. It was nothing much, but what he said changed a man who could only paint Nature in a dull and heavy way into an artist, whose works seemed absolutely deluged in sunshine. Jules Dupré said, "No one knows better than Diaz the laws of light, the magic, and, so to speak, mad dance of sunlight

[1] Translated thus—

"The Angelus rings and everywhere recalls
That of each day morn and eve belong unto God,
At this pious call the labourer stops his work,
Turns towards the belfry and uncovers his head,
Joins his powerful hands, from whence falls the goad,
Raising for a moment his soul above the clods,
Whilst his children on the bare floor, bending their knees,
Link their little fingers in those of their mother."

[2] A helpful and devoted friend of Millet, and the author of a richly illustrated book on his life and works, from whence we derive our sketch of his portrait. A translation has been published by Macmillan and Co., and a more desirable possession for a young artist it would be difficult to imagine.

among the leaves and the underwood." And then he heaps up epithets and struggles with words to convey his idea of the works of Diaz. They are prisms, peacocks' tails, rainbows which dazzle one's eyes; a sparkling glitter, a cloud of luminous baubles, of golden atoms, as if a kaleidoscope were shaken; a mass of spangles, of precious stones, of flock-silk and unravelled chenille. Imagine the power that could effect such a transformation! How had these simple men got it? Simply by divesting themselves in their art of all worldliness, and having faith in Divine teaching alone. They were determined "to paint in God Almighty's style"—let us use the words reverently—nothing less, even if they and their families were starved to death.

Just as English society failed to see anything in Constable until the French Art-world discovered his greatness, so French society left Millet to starve until it was reported in Paris that a rich Englishman had settled in Barbizon and was buying up all his work. Then a halo began suddenly to surround his *tristes affaires*, people began to think there was something in them, and thenceforward their repute began slowly to rise.

But it was never great, either for him or for Rousseau, for they were not of the world, and the world cannot be expected to love those who will not even disguise their hostility by a decent veil of jocularity or cynicism. The world is more frivolous than bad-hearted, and not at all averse to the truths Millet wished to teach when agreeably administered in a syllabub of racy humour. But this peculiar ability, so overflowing in their English contemporaries—Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, and the author of "The Song of the Shirt"—was absolutely wanting in these two austere painters. "Do you know," said Thoré, "that they are terrible, Millet and Rousseau! They are like rocks; their ideas are immovable. They are just like two fakirs, and nothing can make them modify one of their opinions."

The fourth and fifth decades of this century will ever be lovingly remembered as a great period which produced quite a legion of noble souls deeply sympathethic with the sufferings of the poor and laborious. In some countries, like our own, this spirit shone most brilliantly in literature, but in France its highest achievements are to be found in the works of the painters at Barbizon. "Les Misérables" is one of the great books of the century, but even "Les Misérables" will not compare for true sublimity with some of Millet's paintings.

No whims in painting ever touched Millet; he held fast with stern tenacity to his doctrine—Nature, and Nature alone, is the artist's master; and he worked so indefatigably in her school that he arrived at expressing the suffering so profound imprinted in the very soul of things. And thus his works possess the very power that natural scenery and the humanity most closely connected with it have over the reflective soul. They elevate and purify in compelling us to be one with all that bears the burden of life.

RICHARD HEATH.

## New Year's Gifts.

WHAT shall we ask for, this New Year?
What are the gifts we count most dear?
What the desire and what the need?
What shall we ask who have passed to-day
Another landmark upon the way
High Love has decreed?

What should we ask for, verily?
The ear to hear, and the eye to see,
The tongue to utter, the hand to do;
The feet of swiftness; the spirit brave
To work and suffer, we fain would have
In the year that is new.

To laugh true laughter with those who laugh;
To weep with the weeping; to be the staff
For wounded and weak; and ourselves to rest
On hearts that are fain our hearts to bear,
And yearn so greatly to have their share
In giving the best.

Faith to take it and lift it up,
Even the awe of the dreadful cup;
Courage the mingling myrrh to refuse;
Patience to drain the bitter thing
Love only, after the swallowing,
With sweetness endues.

Or humbly to wear on the front the crown
Of love and honour and fair renown,
Taking duly the sweet and the good;
And, rightly judging, in all to know
Whether the keeping or letting go
Be as God would.

Oh, we know not what we should ask,
Holiday fair, or heavy task,
The rush of the race or the lying still;
So let us pray, nor pray in vain:
*Bid us, O Father, have our gain*
*In doing Thy will.*

EMILY H. HICKEY.

# THE CENTENARY OF THE ROTARY PRINTING PRESS.

WITH this 1890 the hundredth year will pass since machine printing, rotary printing, and printing by steam were first given to the world. Amongst the constantly growing crowd of centenaries and jubilees with which we are troubled it would be difficult to find one better worth remembrance. We are never weary of telling of the miles of paper that go roaring through the London presses in the small hours of the morning, but the true story of how it all came about seems to be little known. It is not to be found in the cautiously worded statements in encyclopædias and technical manuals; and it is only by much recent research among British and American specifications and other contemporary authorities that we have been enabled to correct errors of detail and date and supply missing links so as to realise the actual circumstances of the case. The story is not uninteresting, and it has much in it of what we are pleased to call human nature—the human nature tainted with meanness which we all profess to be so anxious to get rid of. In its way it is quite a stage drama, with its struggling inventor ruined by his own ingenuities, its middleman, and its tolerably honest second hero yielding to a sudden temptation and saving his reputation by an act of downright knavery, which he trusted never would be found out.

Some of us may be familiar with Nicholson's areometer; many of us have read of the Count Beniovski, or Benyowski, and his remarkable adventures in Siberia, Madagascar, and elsewhere; and more of us have heard of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street; but it may be news to learn that the inventor of the areometer, the translator of Beniovski's memoirs, the author of the Royal Institution prospectus, and the inventor of cylinder and rotary printing by steam were one and the same man. This was the William Nicholson who in his day did an immense amount of miscellaneous literary and scientific work, who, with Carlisle, discovered the electrical decomposition of water, and of whom the biographical dictionaries say: "Wisely as he could decide questions involving the interests of others, he rarely was successful in undertakings of his own."

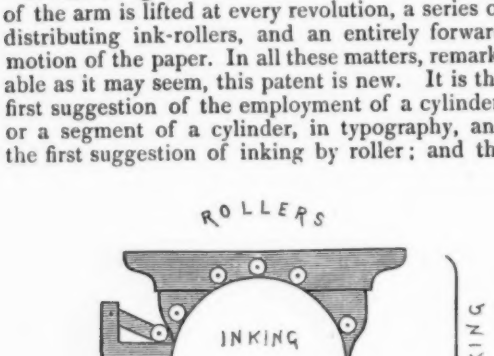
He was the son of a solicitor, and was born in London in 1753. In early boyhood he was sent to school in Yorkshire, where he certainly did not waste his time. But, Fellow of the Royal Society as he afterwards became, the spirit of adventure was fervent in him, and nothing would suit him but to go to sea. So in 1769, when London was full of Wilkes and Liberty, the discovery of the "torporific eel," and the ravages of Hyder Ali—"India stock fell above 60 per cent. in a few days"—Nicholson, in his sixteenth year, shipped on board an East Indiaman, and in her he made three voyages out and home. Giving up the sea, he entered the service of Josiah Wedgwood, the Staffordshire potter, and by him was given an agency on the Continent for the sale of the well-known ware. But the charms of the pottery trade, like those of the sea, failed to satisfy him, and, leaving the Continent, he came to settle in Soho Square as the keeper of a mathematical academy and a writer of books.

He translated, as we have said, the memoirs of Beniovski, "from the original MS.," a translation which had the singular fate of being translated into Hungarian, that Beniovski's countrymen might for the first time read of their hero in their own tongue. He translated, also from the French, a "Life of Hyder Ali," Chaptal's "Elements of Chemistry," Fourcroy's "Elements of Natural History," and Venturi's "Experimental Inquiries Concerning Fluids." He wrote a "Description of the Steam-engine" and "The English Mechanician," which were translated into French; and he also wrote a "Description of London Public Buildings," "The Art of Bleaching by Oxygenated Muriatic Acid," a "First Principles of Chemistry," an "Introduction to Natural Philosophy," and a well-known "Dictionary of Chemistry" (which was the basis of Dr. Ure's); but he did not write "The Navigator's Assistant," which was the work of a namesake of his at Chatham. In addition to all this, he projected and edited "Nicholson's Journal of Science," which lasted for seventeen years; and in the first volume of this, at the conclusion of his description of his invention of the printing machine, he very neatly remarks that "new undertakings are generally brought forward by the inventor—a man strongly prejudiced in favour of his leading pursuit—together with a moneyed friend, who hopes to speedily increase his capital from the abilities of the other."

Among his patents is one for making files by machinery; another is for a steam blast, on the injection principle, for furnaces and stills. How he came to invent a printing machine we have not discovered; probably, as a writer of books, it was suggested to him by the difficulty experienced by his printer in keeping a promise with the existing machinery. All we know is that he set to work on it in December, 1789, and that on the 29th of April, 1790, he took out his patent. The specification was sealed on the 29th of May of that year. It is No. 1748, and it is printed and can be found in its proper box in the Patent Library, or it can be bought for sevenpence at the Patent Office in Cursitor Street; or—and this is an important point in our story—it will be found in Vol. v., p. 145, of "The Repertory of Arts" for 1796.

Our illustration is from the drawing in the specification at the Patent Office. It will be seen that we have here three cylinders—one for the ink, one for the type, and one for the impression

—an ink-trough, from which the roller at the end of the arm is lifted at every revolution, a series of distributing ink-rollers, and an entirely forward motion of the paper. In all these matters, remarkable as it may seem, this patent is new. It is the first suggestion of the employment of a cylinder, or a segment of a cylinder, in typography, and the first suggestion of inking by roller; and the




1790 - PATENT No. 1748.

machine, so the specification says, can be driven "by steam," which is the first mention of the application of that new power to any method of printing.

The presses this one was designed to supersede were the old wooden hand-presses, on much the same principle as those in which we squeeze linen. The type was inked by being dabbed over with leather balls; it was laid flat on the bed of the press; the paper was laid flat on the type; the flat platen came down to give the impression; the power was got by means of a screw and a lever; and the paper was drawn out on the same side of the press as it went in at.

The patent covered the wide area of printing on paper, and fabrics, and floor-cloth. In type-printing, with which we are alone concerned, it showed how the type bodies could be shaped, like the stones of an arch, so as to fit into frames or chases adapted to the surface of a cylinder—which cylinder could be of wood, "or metal," another important suggestion. For the inking arrangement we may as well have the patentee's own words: "I distribute or apply the ink by causing the surface of a cylinder smeared or wetted with the colouring matter to roll over or successively apply itself to the surfaces of the type, or, in short, I may also apply the type to the cylinder. . . . . I apply two, three, or more small cylinders, called distributing rollers, longitudinally against the colouring cylinder, so that they may be turned by the motion of the latter; and the effect of this application is that every lump or mass of colour which may be redundant, or irregularly placed upon the face of the colouring cylinder, will be pressed, spread, partly taken up, and carried by the small rollers to the other parts of the colouring cylinder, so that the last will very speedily acquire and preserve an even face of colour." Nay more, "if the colour be very thin, I apply an even blunt edge of metal or wood, or other material, or a straight brush, or both, against the colouring cylinder, for the purpose of rendering its colour uniform." What a step is this from the ball method! "I perform all my impressions by the action of a cylinder. I cause the paper or material to be printed on to pass between two cylinders, or segments of cylinders, in equal motion, one of which has the assemblage of types on its face, and the other is faced with cloth or leather." And the way in which this can be done is shown in the numerous drawings in the specification. We have the machine all cylinders as given in our illustration, and, what was then of greater practical value, we have a machine in which the wedge-shaped type is abandoned, ordinary type used in a flat chase, and the bed of the press travels backwards and forwards, the impression being given, be it understood, by a cylinder, or a segment of a cylinder, having grippers for taking the paper round and releasing it. In fact, we have not only the principle of the rotary press, but that of all the modern printing machines clearly set forth.

A noteworthy invention! But in this country it did not meet with success. Either it was before its time, or the inventor could not find or trust "the moneyed friend hoping to increase his capital from the abilities of the other." But though the patent hung fire in England, it had not escaped the keen eyes of the wideawake Yankee. Isaiah Thomas, of "The Spy," the printer who set type at seven years old, who fought at Lexington, and sent Paul Revere on his midnight ride, wrote a history of printing in America. In the original edition of that excellent work, published at Worcester, U.S.A., in 1810, a copy of which is in the King's Library, we read that—"Some years since, Doctor Kinsley, of Connecticut, who possessed great mechanical ingenuity"—he invented a pin-making machine and a brick-making machine—"produced among other inventions a model of a cylindrical letter-press. It was a subject of much conversation among printers, but was never brought into use. The invention, however, did not originate with Kinsley. Cylindrical letter-presses were invented in 1789 by William Nicholson, of London, who obtained a patent for them in 1790. Kinsley's model was from Nicholson's plan with some variation. Nicholson placed his formes of type horizontally; Kinsley placed his perpendicularly; his method was not calculated for neat printing. Nicholson's presses were used, and, it is said, made excellent work. These presses require but one person to

work them, who is able to perform as much and more work in a day than two common presses. The workman applies a sheet of paper to the forme, turns the cylinder by a handle, the impression is made, and he has nothing more to do than to take off the printed sheet and put on another white one, thus continuing to print. The forme is blacked by the revolution of rollers properly prepared for the purpose."

The "Doctor Kinsley" was Apolios Kinsley. He patented his "cylindrical letter-press;" and the "some years" was sixteen years, the date of the patent being 16th November, 1796. The specification did not pass unnoticed. Not long afterwards there came the wheel-press of Benjamin Dearborn; on 1st February, 1810, there was patented Sawin and Wait's "circular printing machine"; on the 28th January, 1811, Sawin and Wait patented their "cylindrical press"; and then came other inventions on Nicholsonian lines.

Meanwhile Nicholson had sunk into difficulties, "owing to his many unremunerative inventions," and been lodged in the King's Bench. And here we can drop the curtain on the first part of our story, in which we have had the invention of the machine, its neglect in this country, its appropriation by the Americans, and the ruined inventor in prison for debt.

The second part begins at Luther's town, Eisleben, in Saxony, where Friedrich Koenig was born in 1775. There, in his little printing office, in 1806, Koenig and his friend Bauer were at work on the problem of how to print by steam. The problem as it presented itself to them was: Given the flat type and the flat platen, how are we to ink the type and bring down the platen on it so as to get just enough power and dwell, and no more? For years they had been at work, and at last they had found something which they thought "would do." But no German capitalist would hear of steam printing, nor would any Russian, as Koenig found on journeying to St. Petersburg; and as a last resource they resolved to try London. To London they came, and in Thomas Bensley, a prosperous printer of the day, they found their friend and capitalist. The machine they suggested seemed to him impossible, but he saw in it the promise of something better, and Koenig started to try again—this time at Bensley's expense. In 1810 the new machine was within sight. It was on the old principle of the platen and the flat chase, but it had the inking cylinders which had been introduced into printing by Earl Stanhope for his well-known hand-press, and, in 1807, patented by Brown.

The planning of the machine had been kept secret; to patent it the secret must be revealed. What was the best thing to be done? "Oh!" said a friend of Bensley, in reply to a general inquiry about patents, "want to know about patents? There's old Nicholson, in the King's Bench; he has had patenting enough—he ought to be able to give you a hint or two!" And, knowing nothing of the Nicholson proposal of 1790, off went Bensley and Koenig to interview the penniless man. They told him the nature of their invention. "Why!" said Nicholson, "I solved the problem twenty years ago!" "You did?" said Bensley, aghast. "Yes, and patented it. You will see it in the fifth volume of the Repertory of Arts." Bensley was "staggered," Koenig "could not believe it to be true," and off they went abruptly "to the nearest public library," and looked up the Repertory, and read the specification. "I thought it nonsense," said Bensley, "and could not wade through it!" "I read it through," said Koenig afterwards, in his published statement, "but after a few days I had forgotten Mr. Nicholson and his project!"

Bensley and Koenig saw Nicholson no more. They patented their invention on the 29th of March; its specification, No. 3321, boldly begins, "A is a press with a plattin, as in other presses." Nicholson sent them in a bill for the interview, and they paid it. In April, 1811, more than twelve months afterwards, they managed to print something on the machine they had made: the job was sheet H of the Annual Register for 1810. Of this sheet 3,000 copies were thrown off.

But that was all the machine could do. It was never used again. It was a failure. Koenig was sorely pressed; he was on the verge of ruin; he had been on the wrong scent entirely; the platen was impossible. Why not try Nicholson's impression cylinder? Nicholson was old, and poor, and friendless, and could do nothing; besides, it was only an idea, and anybody might have an idea! Why should he not have one? And he did—the same idea in fact; and he took it without a word of acknowledgment; and he even continued to claim it for his own, when he was at length asked for his answer. "Were you not aware of what Nicholson had done?" asked Cowper. "Sir," said Koenig, "I made a point of not reading anything that other persons had done in order that the machine might be entirely my own invention." "But," said someone, later on, "you had read the specification and seen the drawings?" "Yes, I did read it; yes, but it was not worth remembering, and the cylinder is my own invention, sir!" And at the same time it had already been attempted by others without the desired effect!

The platen was abandoned; the cylinder took its place; the machine was built, and it was a success. It was patented on October 30th, 1811, No. 3496. In the specification, "A is a press with a plattin" was now replaced by "B is the printing cylinder." It was completed on December 12th following, and by it there were printed sheets G and X of Clarkson's "Life of Penn"—the first sheets printed with an entirely cylindrical press—the papers of the "Protestant Union," and sheet M of Aiton's "Hortus Kewensis."

The machine was brought to the notice of John Walter the Second, the inventor of the "leading article," who was then sharing the ownership of the "Times" with his father. Walter had been thinking of such an invention for years. He had applied to Marc Isambard Brunel, of block-making machinery fame, to help him; but Brunel had not seen his way to solve the problem. In 1804 one of his own compositors, Thomas Martyn, had devised some such machine, when the pressmen had revolted and smashed it.

But Walter was not a man to accept defeat from those he employed, or discredit a principle because an example had failed; and soon he had another reason for looking about him. At the end of May, 1810, his pressmen went out for higher wages, and his compositors struck, not only for higher wages, but against the use of a new type then being introduced. Fortunately the strike took place on a Saturday. Walter, with a scratch team, had a day before him in which to print his next issue, and, to the surprise of the strikers, the paper appeared as usual on the Monday. The men were savage and revengeful, and for months the pickets kept the new workmen in peril of their lives, until in November twenty-one of the most violent were put on trial for conspiracy, and nineteen were found guilty.

Once again did a strike perform its useful function in improving machinery. Walter was only too glad to look at anything which lessened manual labour. He accepted Bensley and Koenig's invitation to see the press at work in Frith Street, Soho; he thought there were good points in the German machine, and, knowing nothing of the Nicholson episode, or Sawin and Wait, he delighted the partners by giving them an order. A new press with improvements was put in hand. Koenig and his friend Bauer were at work on it for three years in a building adjoining the "Times" office. Once, a significant anecdote tells us, they found the difficulties insuperable—the Nicholsonian notion was a delusion, then, after all?—and, disheartened, they slunk away, and no one knew what had become of them. But when they were sought out and brought back in three days, they found that John Walter had taken the matter in hand for himself and overcome the obstacle. Another patent was obtained—that of the 23rd of July, 1813, No. 3725. In it Koenig not only appropriated the cylinder, but also, by a similar process of unconscious cerebration, "the principle of affixing a board or any straight body against a cylinder for the purpose of spreading the ink," so that the machine had now the impression cylinder, the inking rollers, the straight-edge, and the travelling table of 1790.

The work progressed, in secret all the time, for Walter was mindful of Martyn's fate. On Tuesday, the 29th of November, 1814, at six o'clock in the morning, the pressmen of the "Times," who had been kept waiting on pretence that late news was expected from the Continent, were astounded to see him enter with the day's paper already printed. "It has been printed by steam in the adjoining apartment," said he. "I shall not want you any more. If any of you are violent, I have force at hand to suppress you; if you are peaceable, your wages shall be continued till you get another situation."

Six months afterwards, on the 21st of May, 1815, Nicholson died in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury. "He made no claim," said the "Times," ten years afterwards—that is, as far as they knew. But, broken and dying "in great poverty," he was hardly in a position to make a claim with success, even if he had had an opportunity in prison of reading the new specification. The Koenig's patent on which he had been consulted was that of a platen machine, and this "Times" affair was built in secret, so that he only had the last half dozen months of his life in which to learn, from hearsay, that the new machine was no more like the old than chalk is like cheese.

Koenig was triumphant, but his triumph did not last long. He set to work on a machine for Bensley that would print both sides at once, and he patented it on Christmas Eve, 1814, No. 3868. It was a mere double of his single machine. But notwithstanding a florid prospectus in the best Barnumese, it proved to be too cumbrous to be saleable, and a quarrel broke out between the inventor and the middleman. There were recriminations; the cylinder was as much one's as the other's, and finally the capitalist took to advertising *Bensley's* machine! And in less than two years from that November triumph in Printing House Square Koenig shook the English dust from his feet and went back to Germany. With the "Times" machine he had run dry of ideas; he produced nothing else worth mentioning; and, as there were swarms of inventors and adapters all alive to the new condition of things, the march of invention soon left him by the wayside making money in Bavaria.

When he left the "Times" Augustus Applegath took his place. To Applegath printing owes much. He had a fine field for experiment, and he availed himself of his position to introduce every new idea he thought workable. The consequence was that in a very short time Koenig's machines were so improved that their own builder would not have known them. With Applegath was associated his brother-in-law, Edward Cowper. In 1812 Cowper and Applegath were in partnership as printers, printing tracts for the Religious Tract Society in Nelson Square, Great Surrey Street. On the 9th of July, 1816, Edward Cowper, then calling himself "ironmonger and mechanist," of Newington Butts, took out the first patent for curved stereotype plates. The description of his method is briefly as follows. A mould is taken in plaster-of-paris, and a plate cast in the usual way. The plate is then heated equally either by placing it in an oven, or over a charcoal fire, or immersing it in boiling oil, or by any other convenient method. The plate is then laid on a level board, with the face downwards, interposing between the plate and the board some soft substance—three or four folds of flannel will answer the purpose. The board, the flannel, and the heated plate thus arranged are passed together between two cylinders—a common rolling-press will answer the purpose.

A very different man was Cowper to Koenig. At the close of his specification he says: "As the method of printing by means of cylinders has been known some time, I claim no exclusive right to the use of cylinders as cylinders, nor for inking or colouring by means of rollers as rollers; but I claim the bending or curving stereotype plates, and printing with the same, paper never having heretofore been printed with curved stereotype plates."

On the 5th of March, 1818, Cowper, now calling

himself "a printer," took out another patent, this time witnessed, strangely enough, by Bensley, in which his new perfecting machine was fitted with the distributing-table and "end motion" of the composition inking-rollers. In 1815 Forster had found the Staffordshire potters dabbing on their patterns with lumps of glue and treacle. He took the mixture and made it into inking-balls. So said Forster. But Edward Dyas, printer and parish clerk of Madeley, in Shropshire, had another story to tell. Once upon a time, in his hurry, he had upset a glue-pot he had been using; and so intent was he on his work that he could not find his inking-ball, and in reaching out for it he seized the semi-liquid glue and with it inked a forme. So pleased was he with the result that henceforth "he used no other." And a completer and more doubtful version tells us how the same absent-minded Dyas popped the glue he was using into the treacle he was having for tea, and so discovered the advantage of combining the softening influence of the saccharine with the resiliency of the colloid. Whether it be Forster or Dyas matters little; enough that it was Cowper who stuck the glue and treacle round a core and gave us the composition roller.

So many were the improvements and additions, that in 1827 the much-altered Koenigs were removed from the "Times" office, and new four-cylinder machines took their place. Twenty-one years afterwards Applegath reinforced these by the two monster machines with vertical cylinders which we may regard as closing the first era of newspaper printing by steam.

W. J. GORDON

"If I were a beautiful bramble hedge,
I should not like to be set to grow
On a dusty road's ungrateful edge,
Where carts and cattle go to and fro.
The dust would cover my leaf and flower
Till they looked as white as the virgin's bower
That climbs and clambers by every way.
The children, out on their holiday,
Would pluck my berries before they were red;
And my leaves would wither, before they were shed,
At the touch of rude hands!" he said.

'If *I* were a beautiful bramble hedge,
I would be sad if I had to stay
'Mid elms and meadows where flowering sedge
And iris gleam by the water way,
Where the white sheep feed and the skylark sings,
And perfect peace has folded her wings—
Where no one passing would ever be
Made glad at the sight and the thought of me—
Where my berries would turn to black from red,
And my leaves would wither and fall down dead,
With no one to care!" she said.

"But in the winter, when skies are sad,
And berries are gathered and leaves are red,
Would you like the world to see, unclad,
Your ugly, cruel, black thorns?" he said.
"Folk might see my poverty! Should I care
If it made their own less hard to bear,
If my thorns might speak of the lovely hours
Of scent and sunshine, and summer and flowers?
Folk might say, 'Though the hedge looks brown and dead,
Yet the May will blossom, the rose be red,
When the hedge grows green!'" she said.

E. NESBIT.

# THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

## THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.



THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

ON the 24th of April, 1865, the Russian Imperial family was plunged into mourning, for on that day died at Nice the Crown Prince Nicolai Alexandrowitch, after a painful illness, due to the effects of an unintentional blow inflicted by the present Czar in the course of some rough horseplay. This Czarewitch, a handsome, refined-looking man, had gained, thanks to his talents and personal charms, the love of his people, a people intensely, one might almost say fanatically, devoted to its royal house, which it looks on as semi-divine. It had been anticipated that this heir, who held enlightened modern views, would realise during his reign the hopes of progress so long caressed in Russia. And now a fatal blow, dealt by his own brother's hand, had laid him low on the very eve of his marriage, for he had been already betrothed with all form to Princess Dagmar, the bright, pretty, charming daughter of clever old Queen Louise of Denmark. The news of his illness had brought her to Nice, and here she tended like a sister of charity the man who loved her truly, and whom she loved in return. Nicolai's brother, Alexander Alexandrowitch, was also often by that bedside, devoured by remorse, deeply distressed at the certain loss of his elder brother, whom he adored and admired. It was a few hours ere the demise that the dying man turned to his brother and promised wife, and spoke his last wishes. Was it his purpose to testify his regard for his brother, to compensate his bride, at least, for the loss of a crown? Who can tell?

"I leave to you, Alexander Alexandrowitch," he said, "the heavy but glorious succession to the Russian throne; but I should like to add to it, also, a legacy more precious still, which will help you to bear its burden." So saying, he took the hand of the Princess Dagmar and placed it in that of Prince Alexander. "Marry her; it is my dying request and wish. And you, my dear bride, your destiny will be accomplished all the same; you will be Empress of Russia."

And thus it was. Eighteen months after the death of the Czarewitch, his brother and successor, Alexander Alexandrowitch, married Marie Sophie Frederique Dagmar, Princess of Denmark, who, in becoming Czarina and Grand Duchess of Russia, had to renounce her Protestant faith and her familiar baptismal name, to figure instead as

Marie Feodorowna,[1] the Russian rites admitting of no Christian name that does not appear among the nomenclature of its saints.

But Princess Dagmar was too true a woman, and had too sincerely loved her first betrothed, easily to accept the substitution he had imposed with his last breath. The mere title of Empress was not enough to attract or console her. It was only after long months of mourning that she at last consented to obey his desires. That she did not forget her first love is proved by the fact that one day, unexpectedly finding herself before a portrait of the dead Czarewitch, which had been purposely and maliciously put in her way, she fainted with emotion. Nor could her husband feel hurt at this touching fidelity, for was it not a guarantee the more for the affection his wife had sworn to him, and which from that hour to this forms the happiness of their two lives? For it was no easy crown Princess Dagmar was called to wear. Was it some inkling of the difficult fate in store for her that made her, on the morning of her departure from her father's palace, draw from her finger a diamond ring and scratch on the window-pane of her little simple bedroom, "My beloved Fredensborg, farewell"?

But whatever the Princess may have thought, the world holds that she has benefited by the change, for the present Czar is a noble and more sterling character than his brother. As a woman the Empress has every reason to be content. No breath of scandal or intrigue has ever clouded her marital relations; it is impossible to find anywhere a more affectionate and devoted couple than the Emperor and Empress of Russia.

Alexander Alexandrowitch was born at St. Petersburg in the Winter Palace, March 10th, 1845, the second son of Alexander II by his first wife. For reasons not quite apparent he was slighted by both father and mother, so that his infancy and youth were sad. His education proceeded upon strictly military lines, as is customary for the younger sons of the Imperial house, and he himself often expressed his pleasure to think that he was not the heir. "I am the *loustic* of the family," he would say; "I have no need to learn." Destined by education to be an officer of the Guards, not dreaming of other fate than to enjoy existence, guiltless of all scientific instruction, and of acquaintance with foreign tongues, so requisite in his exalted position, having none of the needful knowledge for governing, his position was indeed rendered difficult, when, at the age of twenty, he found himself suddenly, by his brother's death, heir presumptive to the Imperial crown of all the Russias. He had till then held himself much aloof from the Court. A man of uncompromising honesty, he made no effort to hide his indignation at the immorality and corruption rife there both among his relations and their surroundings. He was thoroughly out of touch with the *régime*, the tone that then prevailed, and, notwithstanding all her coldness towards him, he was further deeply shocked by the neglect to which his mother was subjected. When a few weeks after her demise (1880) her husband legitimised his union with the Princess Dolgorowky, the relations between father and son became more strained than ever.

The next year (March 13, 1881) occurred the tragedy on the Newsky Canal, when Czar Alexander II was murdered, and his son found himself upon the throne sooner than he had expected.

No one better than he grasped the difficulties of his position and his inadequacy to fill it, for the virtues of a private citizen, all of which he possesses, are but too often opposed to certain qualities required of a monarch. Hence he was possessed at first with an extreme timidity, which, joined to the native reserve and mistrust of his character, was not calculated to facilitate matters or to render him immediately popular. Indeed, with all his good qualities, Alexander III is not and cannot be a popular idol. Already on the death of his brother the force of circumstances had obliged him to put his hand without delay to his new duties, to interest himself in everything, to conquer his natural inclination for a merry idle life. Putting aside false shame, he admitted his ignorance, and became once more a schoolboy to fill up the lacunæ of his early education. Above all, he set about learning the science of government, for the serious side of his nature made him at once take seriously the duties that would devolve upon him.

Brought up among young officers, who had already begun the reaction against German sympathies, the Czarewitch had embraced these views. His marriage with a Princess of Denmark, the hereditary enemy of Prussia, had further fomented these antipathies. The Czarewitch was therefore soon pointed out as a zealous partisan of the national and Slavonic cause, as preached by Katkoff and his friends. These views often provoked severe conflicts between the Emperor and his heir presumptive, the one indolent and *laisser faire*, the other desirous to be respectful and conciliating, but withal easily roused to anger and hot-headed. When the Franco-German War broke out, the Czarewitch, together with all "young Russia," took part for France, and thus once again he was in acute opposition to the views of his father, an ardent admirer of his uncle, the King of Prussia. It not unfrequently happened that the Czarewitch left the dinner-table when the Emperor proposed a toast to the success of the Prussian arms. In the end, however, the disorders of the Commune shook his sympathy for France and for liberal ideas. He separated from his Slavophile and Gallophile friends, saying, with a sigh,

"It is thither such ideas lead."

Yet, notwithstanding the scant sympathy between father and son, Alexander III felt deeply the disaster that ended his parent's life. Not being a man of the mould of his forefather Nicholas, who could have beaten down Nihilism by the energy of his acts and the terror of his look and word, is it astonishing that he could not overcome the emotions aroused by the horrible deed,

[1] Marie, daughter of Feodor, this being the Russian form of Frederick.

and that hence during the first year of his reign he lived in almost complete retirement at his favourite country seat of Gatschina, near St. Petersburg, with his dear faithful wife and little children as sole companions? But the people grumbled, and quite low uttered the word "Coward!" when the Emperor made a rare appearance at St. Petersburg, followed and surrounded by a strong guard. It was further whispered that he wore chain armour under his uniform. Certainly, people were not permitted to approach him freely, as had been the case with the father. Nor was it evidently quite needless thus to surround himself with precautions, for various Nihilist attempts to blow up Gatschina, to murder now the Crown Prince, now the whole Imperial family, were not calculated to reassure a nervous and mistrustful spirit, inclined towards all the hereditary melancholy of the Romanoffs.

It was only after some while that the Imperial family reoccupied the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, and recommenced those brilliant *fêtes* in which the Empress shines supreme. Marie Feodorowitch loves dancing, elegance, and gaiety to an excess that often draws down on her the reproach of serious spirits. The length of her dressmaker's bills, the costliness of her stuffs, the length of her trains even, provoke occasional remarks from her husband, who loves economy, and wishes his wife to set a good example in curbing the almost Oriental love of luxurious dress that prevails among the female portion of his subjects. But the Empress heeds his wishes little in this respect. Nor can she resign herself to the ravages of time and grow old with grace. Cosmetics and artificial aids to beauty are too much employed by the once simple Dagmar, who made and cut her own and her sisters' little cotton frocks. And it is to please this taste for gaiety in the wife he loves that the Emperor tries to second her in her pleasures, though he prefers a retired life; and often, after having for form's sake made a brief appearance at some *fête* where his wife dances madly, he will retire into his cabinet with some favourite general and discuss grave themes.

Those who have not witnessed a Court *fête* in Russia cannot imagine the gorgeousness and pomp that prevails, Oriental and almost barbaric in its crudity of colour and its overlading of ornament. Great variety too is produced by the many national costumes, stiff with gold and silver embroidery. The ceremonial that obtains is autocratic in its rigidity of etiquette. In all official Court ceremonies the ladies have to wear an adaptation of the national costume of the Russian Boyardes, consisting of a diadem crown with precious stones, to which is attached a long soft veil of white tulle, a low-necked dress with wide-hanging sleeves, and a long train of velvet embroidered with gold, which opens in front over a petticoat of white satin worked in silver. Those ladies who hold no official rank at Court may choose the colours of their costume according to their fancy, but the maids of honour, to the number of two or three hundred, wear their train and diadem in scarlet velvet, and on their shoulder the initials of the Empress in diamonds on a blue ribbon. Each one of the Grand Duchesses has her especial colour fixed for her by rule, which must also be worn by ladies of her Court; and the etiquette is so strict on this point that even the slightest deviation in *nuance* provokes a serious reprimand. These *costumes d'honneur* are a heavy expense, representing a sum of one to two thousand roubles, and are often handed down from one family to another.

If the ordinary Court festivals admit of such luxury, and are submitted to such rigid etiquette, what is the splendour of public ceremonies!

Among these, during the present reign, the coronation of the Emperor in the mother city of Holy Russia, on the 27th May, 1883, has been the greatest; a marvellous phantasmagoria, where all the traditional treasures of the Muscovite Empire, all the wealth and brilliant colours of Asia, were displayed to do honour to a day solemn above all others. Very visible was the emotion of Alexander III, seated on his little white horse, his faithful companion in the Turkish War, as he entered triumphantly into Moscow, the people shouting frantically, and the fifteen hundred bells of the city filling the air with their brazen harmony. On arriving at the Kremlin Square seven thousand chosen voices, accompanied by a monster orchestra, intoned the grand national hymn, the Prayer for the Czar. "I truly felt, as I heard the strains," said the Emperor, "that I was wedding my people." Behind him followed the Czarina, clad in a cloak of silver, and seated in a golden coach, accompanied by the tiny Grand Duchess Xenia, whose baby hand threw kisses to the soldiers and the crowd. Careful observers noted that Marie Feodorowna's face wore a look of anxious tenderness as her eyes followed her husband, who was traversing the crowd, and truly fervent may have been her prayer for his safety as they both knelt, according to usage, in the celebrated sanctuary of our Lady of Iverskoi, which they passed on their triumphal route. The same ceremonial of alighting and kneeling to pray was repeated before the venerated *Rosto* of the Saviour, where every passer-by is expected to uncover before the image of Christ, which, according to tradition, arrested an invasion of barbarians. It is said that when Napoleon I entered Moscow, he determined to brave the established rule, but as he passed with covered head under the sacred arch a gust of wind carried off his hat, so that he was forced to pass bare-headed before the sacred image.

Great were the hopes and fears that revolved round this important day in Russia. Intensely superstitious as are its people, they saw presages of all kinds in various incidents that occurred. Thus, the day was rainy—a bad sign; but each time the Imperial couple traversed the Kremlin Square, as they passed from one cathedral to another, the sun broke through the clouds as though to salute them on their passage, while during the great banquet that followed the coronation one of the Kremlin pigeons—the bird held sacred in Russia as an emblem of the Holy Ghost—came flying through a window of the great hall, and, after whirling about in bewilderment above

the gilded crowd, alighted on the Imperial daïs, beside the two-headed eagle; "wisdom and sweetness beside might and force," said the people.

But, although everything went off well, the Imperial family were relieved when, at the end of the two brilliant and exciting days of the entry into Moscow and the coronation, the Emperor regained his private apartments safe and sound, and could remit to his treasurer the crown of diamonds and the ancient heavy sceptre of Holy Russia, surmounted by the famous Orloff diamond, the largest in Europe. After all these Court *fêtes*, with their fairy splendour, their solemnity, came the turn of the people. Among other popular festivities was a banquet where five hundred thousand individuals each received, in presence of their sovereign, a basket containing a large meat patty, a sweet dish, a bag of bonbons, and a goblet on which was engraved the arms of the Czar. In the latter they were to drink the beer that flowed in rivers. It is only in Russia, where space is abundant, that similar *fêtes* can possibly be conceived or carried out without either disorder or crowding. Eight days after, on the same immense ground, was held the great military review, where all the regiments of the Russian army were represented; and those who have seen these splendid Russian troops, with their suppleness, their discipline, their force of resistance, feel assured they would not prove wanting in the hour of battle.

"Hail to you, my children!" cried the Emperor, as his eye surveyed the scene.

"We will do all we can to content your Majesty," replied the soldiers, in chorus.

Then began the defile, which, for the splendour of accoutrement, the variety of national types and uniforms, has not its equal in Europe. Here were the Presbajaisky, the first regiment formed by Peter the Great, and recruited among the friends of his childhood; the Sémémowsky, all blue-eyed; the Paulowsky, with *nez retroussés*, the favourite regiment of Paul I, decked with large golden mitres lined with red; here, too, the infantry of the line, the artillery galloping past with a noise of thunder; while last of all, in a cloud of dust, arrived the Cavaliers of the Guard on their superb steeds, wearing their winged casques. They halted before the Emperor and Empress, and then divided to give place to the Blue and Gold Guards of the Empress, to the Grenadiers and Lancers, the Red Hussars of the Emperor, and many others, more than we can name, not to forget the fiery Cossacks on their mettlesome little ponies, who carried off the prime honours of the day, ending the *fête* with their marvellous equestrian games and feats.

Military discipline has improved much under Alexander III. A soldier himself, he knew where lay the strength and weakness of his army. For example, he insists that the young officers should become the instructors of their men, not only in matters connected with the service, but in the arts of reading and writing. Thus these brilliant youths are no longer useful merely for balls, but are also of active service to their country.

We repeat, whoever has not seen Russian *fêtes*, of whatever nature, can form no idea of their sumptuousness, which recalls the marvels of the Arabian Nights, and which has, at the same time, a touching and patriarchal character. The sentiments of religion and of submission to authority are profoundly rooted in the hearts of the Russian people; their love for their God and for their Czar, who to them is the representative of God on earth, are for them almost identical. On their part the present Emperor and Empress are unassuming in their private life and habits, full of kindliness for their people, among whom they love to mingle without pomp or *entourage*. A thousand traits of their familiarity are related, and of the childlike simplicity with which the populace falls down in the dust to kiss the traces left by the Imperial carriage. They call their sovereigns Batouschka and Matouschka, which means little father and little mother. They admire the monarch with his martial bearing, his herculean strength and muscle, his eyes that look straight and clear, the expression of regal goodwill that at moments lights up his somewhat too placid face. The charming Empress, vivacious, good, and graceful, gains all hearts by her sweet smile, exercising a fascination in which the woman triumphs over the sovereign. A Pole, whose nationality ensures his good faith, once said, "If the enemies of the Czar knew the Czarina, they would not have the courage to make him weep."

In this huge empire, containing so many discontented subjects, no word is ever spoken against the Empress. She carefully keeps outside of politics; indeed the Emperor does not confide them to her knowledge; but she shares his German antipathies and his liking for France. While remaining Danish, she has known how to become Russian besides, and to embrace Russian interests, and such public influence as she has over her husband is always exerted for good. She is a tender and anxious helpmate to him in his difficult position, who never leaves his side, accompanies him on all his journeys, shows no weakly fears of the charged mine ever under their feet, and keeps up his spirits by her own buoyancy of temperament. Like her mother, she often visits the public schools; but as her visits, unlike her mother's, are always announced beforehand, the girls are prepared to answer the questions her Majesty will put to them in French, and which are almost always the same. The ceremony ends by giving the pupils a three-days holiday in the name of the Emperor. A great number of charitable institutions are under her protection, and wherever and whenever there are hearts that suffer they turn hopefully to Marie Feodorowna. Her *rôle* in this great empire is to console, to enliven, and to make herself loved. A brilliant woman of the world, who likes to shine and to enjoy herself, the Czarina is neither light-minded nor frivolous. She is, above all, a good wife, a good mother, and a true friend. She has tried hard to conciliate the hearts of her husband's family, with almost all of whom he is on bad terms. He is too upright, too conscientious and

straight to tolerate the frequently crooked ways and somewhat Oriental notions of honour of his relations.

We have said that the Court *fêtes*, beloved and encouraged by the Empress, are brilliant in the extreme, and yet it is said that they are less splendid than under the former reign. The present Emperor is economical and discourages useless expenditure. He is said to have inherited this trait from his mother, who, though charitable to the poor, was too parsimonious for a sovereign. Alexander III has reduced by a third all the allowances of the Imperial family, has diminished and even abolished the innumerable heavy pension and favour lists with which his house is weighted, and which, during former reigns, had attained the proportion of a huge system of abuse and *exploitation* of the rich and squandering upper class at the expense of the poor and hard-working taxpayer. And undoubtedly the Emperor has done well in this, though those whose means have been thus straitened are naturally loud in their laments. The chief to complain have been his brothers, who love good living and gay society. Nor must it be overlooked that the Emperor began by setting a good example, reducing his own private budget and cutting down useless expenses in his household; and almost incredible tales are told of what useless expenses may mean in a Russian and an Imperial household. Thus, in the days of Nicholas, the Empress, having a cold, once demanded a tallow-candle, to apply to her nose that homely remedy. None was to be found in all the palace; but henceforth, in order that a similar lack might not recur, it was decreed that forty pounds of tallow-candles should be bought monthly. Whether bought or not does not appear, but until this reign the item figured in the Imperial household expenses. It is told of the present Czar that he often goes out alone early in the morning to inform himself of the real price of provisions in order to check the accounts laid before him. He never loses an opportunity of asking what some homely domestic item costs.

One of Alexander III's salient characteristics is his rigid honesty, his hatred of the money malversation practised, under previous reigns, by Government employés, great and small, malpractices that in his father's time attained enormous proportions and excited public indignation. Mistrustful of those interested influences which had caused the misfortunes of his father, Alexander III has known how to surround himself with men irreproachable on this score, but who, unfortunately, on the other hand, do not permit any truths, any requirements of modern times, not in conformity with their own ideas or in harmony with the Emperor's views, to come to his knowledge.

Few persons have any idea how conscientiously the Emperor of Russia works, of the care with which he examines every paper submitted to him for signature. Yet this very care, this very attention to items, is utilised to their own ends by those surrounding him and by his ministers. These latter encourage him to absorb himself in the examination of petty Government details, while depriving him of the conduct of more important concerns. For Alexander, himself a straightforward man, incapable of double dealings, not only by instinct, but also by small brain power, never suspects when he is played upon. A sort of Chinese wall separates the monarch from all those who could transmit to him the thoughts and wishes of his people, who could instruct him as to the reforms they have a right to demand, for the internal administration of Russia is an evil that cries aloud to Heaven. Therefore, though he has the most earnest desire to be a good monarch, full of the mission to which he firmly believes he has been specially called by God, conscious of such responsibilities as he has realised, only afraid of doing what seems to him to be wrong, little is to be hoped for Russia under the *régime* of the present Emperor. His absolutist leanings, narrow-mindedness, and consequent self-sufficiency, close to him all the quarters whence he could have learnt a lesson from his great-uncle, William I of Germany, who, though not himself a great man, knew how to surround himself with great minds, and to allow them free action. Aware of his want of perspicacity regarding men, Alexander III shrinks from mixing with them. He is afraid lest some word should escape his mouth which might be turned against him by indiscreet reporters. He tries to do his duty to the best of his ability, but this ability is, unhappily, much circumscribed; a fact of which he is dimly aware, but of course cannot estimate to its full extent. It is unfortunate, therefore, that he insists on directing in person the internal and external policy of the empire. Of course, not even he could do without a helper. He required a careful, intelligent co-worker, *au fait* with all a Czar has the right to ignore, aiding him by his memory and good sense, and able, if need be, to give him advice, but at the same time not aspiring to impose this advice nor to attempt to influence his master. This co-worker and chief interpreter of Alexander's thoughts in the matter of foreign policy is found in M. de Giers, a coadjutor with whom his employer is entirely satisfied.

The bearer of a German name, M. de Giers is an excellent Russian patriot, and, though the Emperor knows it not, he does exercise influence over him, if only by keeping in check the overpreponderance of the Slavonic party, whose chief is M. Pobedonostzeff, proctor of the Holy Synod, and former tutor to the Emperor, a man in whom he confides. M. Pobedonostzeff does not lack intelligence, but his mind is of the narrowest; he is a fanatic and a reactionary, whose ideal is that Russia should become again what she was in the days of Peter the Great. He would draw an impassable barrier between her and Europe. Individuality, independence, he holds in detestation. According to him, all good Russians should spend their days crossing themselves before the sacred images and bowing before the Czar. It has been said of him that he is a Slav Philip II. Happily for Russia, the headstrong nature of the Czar prevents his succumbing to this man's influence. Alexander likes to make up his own mind, and

the very fact that M. de Pobedonostzeff presents him with conclusions cut and dried weakens his power to sway his Imperial master. The Emperor does not arrive at decisions quickly; but when he does, like all limited intelligences, he holds to them with tenacity, and, even though circumstances may have changed meanwhile, no power on earth can induce him to relinquish them. Incapable of taking other than short views, it is this which makes him to a certain extent dangerous to Europe, for he might bring himself to imagine war was a necessity, and then declared it would be.



THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

To see the Emperor to best advantage, he must be sought in the bosom of his family. Indeed, whatever he may think of his divine mission, nature cut him out for a simple bourgeois. Both he and his wife are never happier than when they can leave all State cares behind them, throw off the yoke of etiquette, and live for their children at Gatschina, at Peterhof, or, best of all, in Denmark, in which country the Czar unbends in a manner never seen elsewhere. There is not so great a romp as he among all his nephews and nieces; he is master of all the childish revels. To these Princes and Princesses the autocrat of all the Russias is simply "Uncle Sasha," and cries of "Uncle Sasha! Uncle Sasha!" resound all over the place. A favourite pastime of his is to stand amidst the merry throng and challenge them to pull him down. But they never succeed, either separately or united. The Czar has most wonderful strength of muscle. He can bend a horse-shoe or strangle a bear by mere force of hand. Once while in Denmark, when a conjurer was showing his skill, the Czar offered to produce a specimen of his own abilities: he took a pack of cards and tore them through with the greatest ease. At Gatschina he loves to go fishing with a harpoon by torchlight. Like Mr. Gladstone, he is fond of felling trees, but, unlike that gentleman, he equally enjoys sawing them into lengths.

The Czar has five children, three sons and two daughters. The Empress has her daughters much with her, and has not even a so-called governess for them. Her own personal attendant and her lady of honour serve also for them. In part, this

springs from the Emperor's love for simplicity of life, but in part also that they try to surround themselves with as few people as possible, so that as little as may be concerning their private life should transpire to the outer world, of whom they are, and not without good reason, much afraid. The Empress superintends in person the education of the two little Grand Duchesses, Xenie and Olga, aged respectively fourteen and six. The Emperor in his leisure moments tries to do the same for his boys. Especially he loves to give them music and dancing lessons, for he thinks himself a great musician, and has a predilection for the cornet-à-piston. One day a minister, busy reading to him an important document, beheld the Czar vanish suddenly to intone in the adjoining room a rhapsody on his favourite instrument. "Excuse me," he said, returning after half an hour, "but I had so lovely an inspiration." He takes care, however, that they should also have better instruction than he can give them, remembering how his own education was neglected, and how disastrous this has been for him. His eldest son is his especial care, but the Czarewitch seems to have little aptitude for study, and rarely satisfies his masters, either by his private conduct or by his application. Nor has he in his person any of the fine bearing of the Romanoffs. He is pallid, frail, and nervous, and great anxiety is felt concerning his health.

The Emperor is subject to attacks of uncontrolled fury. Even the Empress herself has to suffer under them. It was such an attack that gave rise to the story which went the round of Europe that he had killed one of his aides-de-camp. The following is the correct version. It was at the time that great Nihilist excitement prevailed, and in the Imperial household plots and sinister attempts were beheld in reality and in imagination. Now the aides-de-camp are forbidden to smoke in the Emperor's ante-chamber when on duty. It happened that after dinner one of the gentlemen, finding the time long, lighted a cigarette. Alexander came up unexpectedly at that moment, and, seeing a spark and smoke in the dim light of the falling day, without stopping to consider the innocent cause of these phenomena, thinking himself the object of a Nihilist outrage, fell upon the officer, shaking him with fury, the frightened aide-de-camp meanwhile crying aloud for help. A moment, of course, sufficed to clear up the matter, and the officer soon recovered from the effects of the Emperor's angry violence. Still, the world reported him dead, and the Emperor heard of this. He therefore took occasion on their next public meeting to address his so-called victim with, "Mon cher, how do you find yourself since I killed you?" Like his grandfather Nicholas, from whom he inherits this tendency to rage, he is often sorry after, and tries to make good his errors.

A favourite pastime of the Emperor's is the theatre, and in connection with this a fact recently occurred which is yet another proof of Alexander's tenacity in having his wishes carried out. A new opera by Rubenstein, "The Merchant of Kalaschinkow," had been prohibited by the ecclesiastical censorship, although the Emperor had accorded permission for its performance. The theatrical manager complained to the Czar, who was greatly annoyed that the censorship had acted without advising him. He resolved to judge for himself, and caused the opera to be played for him alone; and, finding nothing objectionable, notwithstanding the ecclesiastical veto, commanded its public representation. It may be that this opera found special favour in the Czar's eyes because its music has, beyond all else written by Rubenstein, a truly Slav character, for Alexander is loud in his boasts of loving and admiring only what is Russian. He values the national artist Bogoluboff highly, who is his *peintre attitré*, as well as the Hungarian Zichy, who is his personal friend, and often accompanies him on his journeys, for the Emperor has a certain love for the arts and artistic things.

Well is it for the Emperor that he is so happy in his domestic life, for from his relations, whether brothers, uncles, or cousins, he derives little pleasure. Indeed, with his eldest brothers, Wladimir and Alexis, his relations are most strained, and the Czar makes no pretence of concealing his sentiments towards them. He thoroughly disapproves of their mode of life, their conduct, and the people with whom they associate. What further particularly offended him was their failure to return to Russia on hearing of the horrible railway disaster at Borki. The catastrophe had been so terrible, and the destruction of the Emperor, the Empress, and their children so narrowly averted, that it was only natural to suppose that the Czar's brothers would hasten to his side for the purpose of congratulating him on his providential escape. The Czar considers his brothers as the first among his subjects, and that they above all must not neglect the honour and consideration to which he holds himself entitled. Indeed, the Imperial household statute exacts that each member of the family owes to the reigning monarch, as chief of the House and as autocrat, "entire respect, submission, obedience, and subjection." They, however, preferred to remain at Paris, and none of the Czar's relatives were present at St. Petersburg to take part in the unparalleled display of loyal enthusiasm which attended the popular welcome-home of the Imperial party after the accident.

The Grand Duke Wladimir is married to a Princess of Mecklenburg. She has proved the first Princess who, marrying a Russian Grand Duke, has evaded the law that obliges these ladies to embrace the Greek faith. On her arrival at the frontier she was met, as is the custom, by a pope, who sprinkled her with holy water. She recoiled in horror, asking if by this act she was made to enter the Russian Church by force, for she would not be forced, but would only cede to convictions formed after studying the Russian dogma. It seems that these convictions have never come to her, and she has remained a Protestant in defiance of the Imperial household law. This lady is popularly regarded at St. Petersburg as a secret agent of Prince Bismarck. She tries to ingratiate herself with the

Empress by giving many balls. It is she who has introduced the game of roulette into St. Petersburg *salons*, for which she has been much criticised. Over her husband she exerts great influence, and employs it to inflame the ambition of Wladimir, who thinks himself the first personage of the empire. Both husband and wife are jealous of the Emperor and Empress. Wladimir had been the favourite of his mother, who thought to prophesy when one day she announced, after the death of her first-born, "It is Wladimir who will be Emperor, not Alexander." For the good of Russia, it is well that this so-called prophecy has not been fulfilled.

The Empress has a preference for the society of her sister-in-law Elizabeth, Princess of Hesse, daughter of the late Princess Alice of England, and wife of the Grand Duke Sergius, a charming young woman, devoid of social influence, but whose amiability wins all hearts. She is not happy in her union with the most unpopular of the Emperor's brothers.

The Grand Duke Alexis, the sailor-prince of Russia, is a gay cavalier in great favour with the ladies. The fifth brother of the Emperor, Grand Duke Paul, is a permanent invalid, and rarely at St. Petersburg. His future marriage with his cousin, the Princess Alexandra of Greece, has been greeted with sympathy in Russia. The only sister of the Czar is the Grand Duchess Marie, Duchess of Edinburgh. She much resembles her elder brother in disposition, having not only his narrow views, but his uprightness, his almost physical horror of a lie. Neither attractive nor gracious, of inexpressible hauteur of manner, she has not known how to make herself popular in England, but those who know her in her small circle of intimates esteem her.

The Emperor's three uncles, Constantine, Michael, and Nicholas, have almost vanished from Court circles since this reign, and have lost all influence. Constantine is ex-vice-King of Poland, where he and his wife made themselves cordially detested. Under the former reign he was always at the head of the opposition factions. He and his brother Nicholas disgraced their position by the gross scandals in which they were implicated at the close of the Turkish War, when they were shown to have been the recipients of enormous bribes from fraudulent army contractors. The notorious Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinowitch is virtually exiled from Russia, holding a post as chief of a regiment in Turkestan.

Grand Duke Michael, married to a Princess of Baden, is the only one of the Czar's uncles who is above reproach. The worthy couple, however, always live in the Caucasus, where they have made themselves beloved.

A favourite Imperial residence is the castle of Spala, in Poland, where Alexander III usually spends the month of September to enjoy the shooting. But this palace has yet another attraction, for close by is the little parish whose Roman Catholic priest, Ludovic Zumdowski, is an old and devoted friend of the Czar's, whose acquaintance he had made while Grand Duke, hunting in these parts, and for whom he conceived a real affection. Indeed, he often came here for the sole purpose of conversing with his friend, so often, truly, that the late Emperor, Alexander II, fearing the influence of a Polish priest over his son, forbade these visits. But once in power himself, Alexander III made every effort to persuade his friend to come to St. Petersburg, and when he absolutely and repeatedly refused, not wishing to quit his humble parish for the great world, the Emperor built himself this castle of Spala, where he can enjoy his friend's society and forget State cares and ceremonial. This priest is a good, simple-minded man, of some intelligence, energetic, and fond of action, who in his youth had seen the world. It is to this man that the Czar confides his secret cares and joys, with him that he confers without reserve. It is known that Zumdowski makes use of his influence to solicit favours for his poor, but is he also the political counsellor of the monarch? Does he hope to obtain some day concessions in favour of Poland? He loves France and detests the Germans. Does he help to augment this bias in Alexander III?

The chief friends and companions of the Emperor, General Tcherevine and Count Daschkoff, are equally Russophile, Francophile, and Teutophobe. It cannot be denied or overlooked that Slavophile leanings accentuate themselves more and more in Russia, and are encouraged by both Emperor and Empress, though with prudent reserve on account of their positions. The feeling is chiefly hitherto devoted against German immigration. The country is overrun with these strangers, who have penetrated into all departments, but who have never identified themselves with the people among whom they live, but whom they too openly despise because of their inferior education. Russians on their part accuse the German Socialists of having been the first in Russia to sow the seeds of discontent and revolt against authority. In reality, it is an antipathy of race which even the German-loving Alexander II could not overcome, and which threatens any day to become a cause of European carnage. Happily, an aggressive policy is not in favour with the present Czar, who is a man of peace and prudence. It is to be regretted, however, that in their zeal to russify Russia the Czar's advisers insist on forcing the Russian religion upon the people's consciences in those districts that have ever been Catholic or Protestant, such as Poland and the Baltic Provinces. The former are accustomed to oppression, to the latter it is new; and this may drive them into the arms of Germany. Curiously enough, this mistaken policy is not pursued in the newly-acquired Asiatic possessions. Here the people are allowed to retain all their privileges and the free exercise of their religions. The Government has even gone the length of restoring ruined mosques and building new ones where these were lacking. Trade is encouraged, works of irrigation are founded, railways are built, sterile tracts are rendered fertile. Hence in these lands the name of the "White Czar" is blessed among the peoples, who under him taste of security, freedom, and juster rule than under their former masters.

Another fanatical Slavophile in the immediate vicinity of the Czar was the late Count Tolstoi, who was Minister of the Interior. Of upright nature, energetic, full of his duty towards God and the nation, going straight to the goal he fixed for himself without flinching, the great aim of his life was to stem German preponderance, to make the Greek religion triumphant, and to enable Russia to live on her own resources. To him is due indirectly the great increase of Nihilist views among the students, to whom he made himself hateful while Minister of Public Instruction.

For modern ideas cannot be wholly excluded even from Holy Russia, notwithstanding censorship of the press, tampering with private letters, espionage of all sorts and kinds. Nor does the Emperor himself wish to restrict education; he only wishes that its results should lead to given conclusions, and this is not possible. As the homely proverb has it, "You can lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink." Slavophile and retrograde thinkers cannot be made to order. During the present reign primary schools have increased in number in St. Petersburg from sixteen to two hundred and fifty, and they are beginning to penetrate even to the villages.

One of the first acts of Alexander's reign was to destroy in part the work on which his father based his claim to national gratitude—*i.e.*, the liberation of the serfs. He declared that the Government would not continue to buy up the land for the peasants, as had been done since their liberation, affirming that the peasants abused this privilege to satisfy their own cupidity, and that, further, it too much impoverished the proprietors. Instead, he has founded a Mortgage Bank, out of which the State furnishes the nobles, at little cost, with the means of keeping up and cultivating their lands, for since work is free it becomes daily more costly even in Russia, whose peasants emigrate in numbers to Asia. Yet another bank, also under State protection, supplies the peasants with facilities for paying their rent and buying land. Manufactures have, too, been encouraged under this reign, and made great strides; and the inexhaustible mineral wealth of Russia is at last being turned to some account. Still, much remains to be done in Holy Russia, and the accident at Borki, which has opened the eyes of the Czar to the careless—not to say dishonest—administration of his railways, may also make him perceive that in other departments also there is much that halts.

This railway accident, which some persons tried to convert into a Nihilist attempt, but which was undoubtedly a *bonâ fide* case of gross mismanagement, seems likely to have important results for the land. It has certainly immensely increased the popularity of the sovereigns, who, themselves hurt, behaved with admirable fortitude and self-denial in aiding those more severely injured. For once etiquette broke down, and master and servants were men and women together. There were twenty-one dead and thirty-six wounded on this occasion from an accident, the mere result of jobbery and bad workmanship on the one hand and servile adulation of the Czar on the other, no one having the courage to tell him that on this bit of the line the train must not go at the full speed he always demands. When the shock occurred, the Empress, with a scream of despair that rang in the ears of those that heard it for many a long day, cried out in French, "*Où sont mes six?*" meaning her husband and five children, while the Grand Duchess Xenia, thinking it must be a Nihilist attack, called out, "Do not kill me, do not kill me," and ran for protection to an officer. Among the dead were many of the Czarina's favourite attendants, for whom she has never ceased to mourn. She herself received a deep wound on her arm, a fork having run into it, for the Imperial party were at table at the time.

This wound has left behind it a nervous trembling of the arm, while the accident itself proved to have given her nervous system a severer shock than at first appeared, when she bore up so bravely. A sad period of nervous prostration followed, and some feared for her the fate of her sister Thyra. This terrible malady has, however, been averted; the Empress's naturally good health and high spirits have reasserted themselves, and whenever occasion offers she dances as madly as ever, and continues to hold receptions and *fêtes*.

A loss to the Emperor, at Borki, was that of his pet dog Mahzutcha, a Siberian long-haired greyhound, who always slept at his bed-foot, and was his constant companion in his study. When audiences lasted longer than pleased the Czar, or Mahzutcha, she had the habit, on a sign from her master, of pulling at the coat-tails of the importunate visitor. Among the few objects not smashed to atoms in the Imperial carriage was a picture of the Saviour. The Emperor's superstitious nature at once beheld in this a sign. He had the picture reproduced in gold, together with his own and his wife's initials, and presented a copy to each person present at Borki. His superstition has been further nourished by his almost miraculous escape. He regarded it as an indication that the Almighty visibly protects him, and since that day he no longer fears Nihilist attacks, and has abandoned almost all the precautions with which he used to surround himself. And the populace, yet more ignorant and superstitious, hold this view even more strongly, seeing in the escape at Borki yet another demonstration of the truth of their favourite saying, "God loves the Czar."

Russia, and especially ignorant peasant Russia, adores its Emperor. The Moujik figures to himself his Imperial master with head surrounded by a golden nimbus, clad in flowing gown, with three fingers raised in benediction and seated upon a throne of rubies, side by side with the Trinity. When they see the Czar and Czarina in flesh and blood it is often at first a shock to them. But all Russia does not consist of benighted Moujiks. This vast empire is also brim full of discontented subjects, who crave reforms and insist that they will have them. What Russia needs, however, is not a constitution, it is not ripe for that, but a different system of administration.

The Russians themselves do not know precisely what they do want, nor what they lack, but they are advancing and developing daily. The people begin to feel their power as an entity in the State, begin to comprehend that they have the right to be something else than a parcel of ignorant boors, who blindly obey and blindly worship.

From the day of Alexander III's accession all eyes turned hopefully to him. The late Emperor had made himself most unpopular, especially during the last year of his reign; it was hoped his son would inaugurate a new era. And certainly no Czars of late have taken so serious a view of their part, were filled with so great a sense of responsibility and moral obligation towards their God and their subjects, as the present Emperor. He knows that he was called to the throne by dynamite, that he lives and reigns under its constant shadow; but he does his duty unappalled, goes about his work unperturbed, though aware that it is but too probable that his father's fate may be his also, for his ideas run counter to modern aspirations and desires. He cannot, on that account, however, modify or alter them; he believes them to be the right and true ones, and his subjects must accept them so long as he holds the reins. The most kindly and unassuming of men in private life, in public matters his mind is that of an insufferable autocrat. There is also something quixotic in his character, which makes him think it dishonest to take long views and to calculate probabilities. Neither will he listen to the counsels of expediency. When any particular act seems to him clearly wrong, he will not do it, be it ever so convenient. He is level-headed, conscientious, healthy of mind and body. Had he more initiative, larger, broader views, and a little more confidence in himself—for this autocrat, strange to say, is the most diffident of men—he might prove a great ruler for Russia. But to be this many prejudices, personal and public, would have to be vanquished, many ancient traditions must be set aside, many things established centuries since overturned. Will Alexander have the courage, the will, the inspiration to carry out all that is asked, hoped of him? Will he find enlightened advisers able to aid him? That is the question. The desire to act for the good of the people is not wanting; but can such desires overcome natural shortcomings?



THE CROWN OF MONOMACHUS, USED IN ALL RUSSIAN CORONATIONS.



## CHILDREN AND THE POETS.

IS it true, as some modern writers tell us, that life in these busy and anxious days has lost much of its freshness, that we have less capacity for enjoyment than our fathers, and that the simple pleasures which they found the sweetest have no longer the power to charm? Is it true that as knowledge advances, and the world grows daily richer in variety of interest, the feelings become less sensitive, and the craving after excitement more intense?

Questions such as these are of course far more readily asked than answered. We cannot see enough of the age we are living in to estimate it rightly, and amid a multiplicity of voices the loudest is the most likely to attract attention. When dyspeptic magazine-philosophers doubt whether life is worth living, it does not follow that the vast bulk of Englishmen who are neither writers nor dyspeptic, have any uncertainty about the matter. There are jaded men, no doubt, who from moral or intellectual causes are joyless and unhopeful; but for most of us life, though often burdened with sorrow, is full of delight, and many there are, happily, to whom sorrow itself is the most faithful harbinger of joy. And how can life lose its brightness and men and women look upon it with weary eyes while it is still gladdened with the happy voices and sweet faces of children? They give a spirit of youth to everything, and their wistful joy and sense of wonder, their simplicity and trustfulness, their winning ways and innocent mirth, help to make their elders hopeful and happy too; for "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The place children occupy in modern literature is, I think, a significant proof that if they are not loved more than in earlier days, there is in our time a far stronger expression of the interest they excite.

Poets and prose-writers unite in doing honour to the little ones and in trying to give them pleasure, but this was not the case to any large extent until the present century. Greek poetry and Greek art gained little, if any, inspiration from the sweetness and simplicity of childhood. Virgil, the most musical of Roman poets, and, as he has been well styled, the tenderest of poets, is unmoved by the charms of children; and long after Christianity had invested child-life with a new meaning and beauty the lesson was but slightly understood. The painter learnt it before the poet. Raphael taught the world, as Reynolds taught it long afterwards, the loveliness of infancy; but poetry had no song to utter on this theme; and even Shakespeare, whose largeness of nature comprehended every subject, with two or three beautiful exceptions, has little to say about children. Spenser, "our sage and serious poet," the sweetest and most musical of singers, leaves them almost wholly out of his song; and, although Milton writes quaintly "On the Death of a Fair Infant," and alludes more than once to children, there is no indication that he cared about them. It is otherwise, however, with his great contemporary, Jeremy Taylor, whose sympathy with childhood is seen in many allusions in his "Life of Christ," and in the following familiar passage: "No man can tell but he that loves his children how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society."

George Wither, a prolific poet of the period, who died in the same year as Taylor, and who has not yet received all the praise he merits, has written a charming cradle song; and, by way of alluring my readers to the poem, I will extract three stanzas:

"Sleep, baby, sleep! What ails my dear?
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

"While thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be;
Thine eldest brother is a King
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

"When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes He took delight;
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in His sight.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Henry Vaughan, a sacred poet of rare gifts, who also belonged to the seventeenth century, writes of childhood as the "dear harmless age," and in his remarkable poem, beginning,

"Happy those early days when I
Shined in my angel infancy"

he suggested the thought, derived originally from Plato, which Wordsworth enlarged upon with such magnificence in his "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." "Men," said Dryden, "are but children of a larger growth;" and it is only of these full-grown children with beards on their chins that he condescends to write. The Queen Anne men, too, as a rule, regard the little ones with slight attention; but Prior has some charming lines "To a Child of Quality"; and Sir Richard Steele, who, with a thousand faults, was one of the most loving of fathers, pleasantly writes of his children's little ways, and has also a few exquisitely tender passages that owe their pathos to the recollections of childhood. One in particular describing a wife's sorrow over her dead husband, while her little child beats the coffin with his battledore, is hardly to be surpassed for tenderness.

Bachelors are not supposed to have much liking for babies and small folk; but Dr. Watts' "Cradle Hymn" is beautiful, and in life as well as verse. Oliver Goldsmith showed a graceful fancy for all young creatures. Dr. Johnson, large-hearted though he was, preferred reserving his affection until they were full grown. The record of a child's ignorant sorrow at the loss of a mother is touchingly described by Cowper in lines familiar to all readers, and Blake, a very child at heart, sings more than one child's song with a sweet but uncertain voice.

It was not, however, until this century opened that the claims and charms of children were recognised in literature, and, in spite of the good work done by Jane Taylor, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, and others, it is only within the last twenty or thirty years that books for children, or about them, have filled a large and prominent place upon the shelves of libraries. Long before this, indeed, Wordsworth led the way, and the poet, who never seems to have played with children or to have delighted in their society, proved by his "We are Seven," and many another lovely poem, that he understood child-nature on its poetical side. Scott, who, like Southey, was one of the most loving of fathers, and entered into all the joys and sorrows of his children, cannot be said to excel as the poet of childhood, and I think that the Waverley Novels depend as little for their interest upon the representation of child-life as the plays of Shakespeare. The distinguished poets who were Scott's contemporaries found but small inspiration in this theme, but during the last half century our literature, and the literature of America, is abundantly rich in poems of this character.

A traveller, by the way, has said that there are no children in America; but, if so, who reads the charming books for children that come to us from the other side of the Atlantic? The grown-up people, perhaps; and I confess that some of these books, thanks to the art of writers like Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Burnett, and many another author that might be mentioned, have given me fully as much pleasure as any American fiction written for adults. And one has only to mention the name of Longfellow, deservedly the most popular of American poets, to recall some of the sweetest lyrics, with children for their theme, known in these modern days. It is as if their poets, like our own, had been gifted with a vision of a garden of delights, the gates of which had been but partially opened to their predecessors.

Two interesting volumes lie before me which greatly strengthen this impression. The venerable poet Whittier's collection of poems, entitled "Child Life," consists, with but two or three exceptions, of poems written during this century, and almost wholly of lyrics belonging to the later portion of it. Indeed, so entirely modern is the character of this delightful book, that the appearance in it of such ancient classics as Cowper and Wordsworth seems almost out of place. Mr. Robertson's "Children of the Poets" is an anthology from English and American writers of three centuries, but eighty pages contain all the verse which the editor regards as suitable prior to Hartley Coleridge, the rest of the selection being taken either from recently deceased or from living poets.

If the period of child-poetry is limited, there can be no complaint that the supply of such verse is not sufficiently rich and varied. There is, I believe, no poet of mark writing within the last forty years who has left the children out of his song.

"Around the child bend all the three
Sweet graces—Faith, Hope, Charity,"

says Savage Landor, and may we not add that on the child are centred in these days the poet's three best gifts—imagination, fancy, and love?

It is very probable that childhood is not always so joyful a season as it seems in the retrospect,

for a child's little heart may be full to overflowing of some sorrow which his natural reserve prevents him from communicating. The fears of timid children may appear slight to their elders, but they are often vividly real, and need as much sympathy as our larger cares. Thomas Hood, in his "Retrospective Review," writes of his boyish days as if they were a constant source of enjoyment, and contrasts them, by the help of a string of puns, with his maturer years.

> "A hoop was an eternal round
> Of pleasure. In those days I found
> A top a joyous thing.
> But now those past delights I drop,
> My head, alas! is all my top,
> And careful thoughts the string!
>
> "No skies so blue or so serene
> As then; no leaves looked half so green
> As clothed the playground tree.
> All things I loved are altered so,
> Nor does it ease my heart to know
> That change resides in me!"

The feeling thus expressed may not bear severe scrutiny, but it is common to us all, and has been frequently uttered by the poets who look back to childhood as to a season of unclouded beauty. One peculiarity this season has, which is familiar to everyone, and has been beautifully noticed by Campbell—

> "The more we live more brief appear
> Our life's succeeding stages;
> A day to childhood seems a year,
> And years like passing ages.
>
> * * * *
>
> Heaven gives our years of fading strength
> Indemnifying fleetness;
> And those of youth a *seeming length*
> Proportioned to their sweetness."

And now, to begin at the beginning, let us see what some of the most modern of our poets have to say of the infant—"mewling and puking in the nurse's arms." Mr. Whittier opens his volume, not unwisely, with Mr. George Macdonald's well-known poem of questions to a baby and the baby's answers, which ends with the pretty couplet,

> "But how did you come to us, you dear?
> God thought about *you*, and so I am here."

Perhaps the most perfect picture of a baby we have from a poet's hand is given to us by Mrs. Browning in "Aurora Leigh":

> "There he lay upon his back
> The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
> To the bottom of his dimples, to the ends
> Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
> For since he had been covered over-much,
> To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
> Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
> The shepherd's heart-blood ebbed away into
> The faster for his love. And love was here
> As instant! in the pretty baby-mouth,
> Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked;
> The little naked feet, drawn up the way
> Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft
> And tender,—to the little holdfast hands,
> Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
> Had kept the mould of it—
> While we stood there dumb—
>
> * * * * *
>
> "The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide,
> And staring out at us with all their blue,
> As, half perplexed between the angelhood
> He had been away to visit in his sleep,
> And our most mortal presence,—gradually
> He saw his mother's face, accepting it
> In change for heaven itself, with such a smile
> As might have well been learnt there,—never moved,
> But smiled on in a drowse of ecstasy,
> So happy (half with her and half with heaven)
> He could not bear the trouble to be stirred,
> But smiled and lay there."

Lord Tennyson has caught the style of baby verse in his musical lines, "Little Birdie," and still more in the lovely song,

> "Sweet and low, sweet and low,
> Wind of the western sea,"

which many a young mother whose husband is on shipboard may have sung over her infant's cradle; and these stanzas, too well-known, perhaps, to be quoted, remind one that babyhood and infancy have given to the song of Victor Hugo, the greatest of modern French poets, its purest inspiration, and that his disciple Mr. Swinburne, after straying many a time into less healthful ways, has found refreshment from the clear atmosphere in which little children breathe. From "A Century of Roundels" I will take one called "Babyhood."

> "A baby shines as bright
> If winter or if May be
> On eyes that keep in sight
> A baby.
>
> "Though dark the skies or grey be,
> It fills our eyes with light,
> If midnight or midday be.
>
> "Love hails it day and night,
> The sweetest thing that may be
> Yet cannot praise aright
> A baby."

There are many such baby verses in the volume from which this is taken. Am I wrong in believing that they will impress the reader more as subtle exercises in a foreign form of verse than as the fruit of poetical emotion? Enough of babies, perhaps, and yet I do not like to pass by the capital lyric of "Willie Winkie," who runs through the town at night, "tapping at the window, crying at the lock," to ask if the weans are in bed; and

a mother who hears him, calls out that her baby boy will not go to sleep:

"Anything but sleep, you rogue!
Glowering like the moon;
Rattling in an iron jug
With an iron spoon;
Rumbling, tumbling all about,
Crowing like a cock,
Screaming like I don't know what,
Waking sleeping folk.

"Hey! Willie Winkie,
Can't you keep him still?
Wriggling off a body's knee
Like a very eel;
Pulling at the cat's ear
As she drowsy hums;
Heigh! Willie Winkie!
See! there he comes!"

I will not quote again from Mrs. Browning, but it would not be doing justice to this department of her art to pass by without mention such lovely poems as "Isobel's Child," "The Romance of the Swan's Nest," "The Deserted Garden," "Hector in the Garden," "A Child's Grave at Florence," and that passionate utterance of a woman's heart, "The Cry of the Children," in which the fire of her genius burns perhaps at its brightest. Truly Mrs. Browning is the poet-laureate of children. Lord Tennyson, too, when he touches on this theme does so with the inimitable charm, not readily to be described, but always to be felt, which for more than half a century has made his song so dear to us.

"The May Queen" belongs to his earliest poems, "In the Children's Hospital" to the latest. This poem of his old age has a pathos and tenderness which show how in all great poets the softer qualities of the woman's nature are linked to that of the man. A few lines only shall be quoted. A sceptical surgeon having muttered to himself, in reply to the Christian nurse who tells the story, "The good Lord Jesus has had His day," she continues:

"Had! has it come? It has only dawned. It will come by-and-by;
O, how could I serve in the wards, if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,
But that He said: 'Ye do it to Me when ye do it to these'?"

And then she goes on to tell how her little patient overheard the doctor say that he must operate to-morrow, but feared the child would never live through it. So poor little Emmie takes counsel of Annie, who lies in the next bed, and asks what she shall do; and she advises her to cry to the "dear Lord Jesus" to help her.

"'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie; 'but then, if I call to the Lord,
How should He know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!'
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she considered, and said,
'Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—
The Lord has so *much* to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it Him plain,
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane.'"

The doctor came in the morning, and the nurse went with him to the bedside.

"He had brought his ghastly tools; we believed her asleep again—
The dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane;
Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we care what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had past away."[1]

Mr. Coventry Patmore, one of the most popular poets of our day, whose finest work is perhaps the least appreciated, has written a short poem called "The Toys," so remarkable for its thoughtful pathos and depth of feeling that nothing but the fear of overstepping the allotted space prevents me from quoting it. A poem, however, that has found or will assuredly find its way into all selections can be passed over without loss to the reader.

The poems called forth by children, and the merry verses written for their delight, are far from being confined to great singers. The versifiers have been as successful as the poets. Of these some of the happiest are Mary Howitt, Mr. Stevenson, Mrs. Piatt, the author of "Lilliput-Levee," and the authors of "Poems written for a Child," one of whom is Miss Smedley, whose rhymes descriptive of "A Boy's Aspirations" give us a bit of boy-nature that most of us will recognise; but the "Aspirations" belong, I think, to a child of six or seven, rather than of four. Out of ten stanzas three shall be quoted:

"I was four yesterday; when I'm quite old,
I'll have a cricket-ball made of pure gold;
I'll carve the roast meat, and help soup and fish;
I'll get my feet wet whenever I wish.

"I'll go at liberty upstairs or down;
I'll pin a dishcloth to the cook's gown;
I'll light the candles and ring the big bell;
I'll smoke Papa's pipe, feeling quite well.

"I'll have a language with not a word spell'd;
I'll ride on horseback without being held;
I'll hear Mamma say, 'My boy, good as gold!'
When I'm a grown-up man sixty years old."

Mr. Stevenson, one of the latest writers of children's songs, is also one of the best. "The Land of Counterpane," and "My Bed is a Boat," are both admirable. I will quote the latter:

[1] This is the nurse's answer to the remark of the sceptical surgeon; but instead of *His* day, the "Children of the Poets" has the misprint of *this* day, which makes the most significant line in the poem meaning less.

"My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat,
And starts me in the dark.

"At night, I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
And see and hear no more.

"And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

"All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast."

This is just the kind of fancy which an imaginative child loves to indulge in, and the commonest objects will supply all that such a child needs to people his room with imaginary beings, and to make them act their little parts. Mr. Stevenson understands children, and the verses children like; and so does the author of "Lilliput Levee," as a delightful little poem, "The Child's World," proves:

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest.

"The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

"You, friendly Earth, how far do you go
With the wheatfields that bend and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

"Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
'You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!'

If we pass from the days of infancy and childhood to the happy years that lie between twelve and eighteen, the wealth of poetry suitable for youthful readers is well-nigh unlimited. Nearly all the great poets of the country have contributed to their delight, but they will prefer, I think, in the earlier period the poetry of action of which Sir Walter Scott is one of the strongest modern representatives. A schoolboy likes vigour better than sentiment, and prefers a poem full of eager movement to one that is reflective or descriptive. The rhythm of a lovely lyric like Tennyson's "Break, break," or of Gray's incomparable "Elegy," may attract him, but Drayton's "Agincourt," Campbell's "Hohenlinden," Mr. Browning's "Ride from Ghent to Aix," or Scott's splendid battle-pieces will create more enthusiasm. There are boys and girls who display in their school days a love of poetry which makes Spenser and Milton and Wordsworth as dear to them as Bishop Percy's ballads were to Scott at the age of thirteen; but these are exceptionally gifted, and it would be unreasonable to expect that the finest qualities of verse can be generally discerned by young readers. I well remember in my "salad days, when I was green in judgment," thinking that "Lalla Rookh" was superior to "Paradise Lost," and a false estimate of this kind matters little so long as an enthusiasm for poetry is awakened in youth. Lord Tennyson, who in his old age has equalled the finest work of his early days—for at no period has he written anything finer than "Rizpah"—has done much to make poetry dear to two generations of readers in their teens; and so, in a lesser degree, has Longfellow, a charming but far inferior poet. It is difficult to estimate the noble service rendered by these distinguished men, who, if they are dear to the young, are none the less beloved by readers and critics who have long ago renounced any claim to be called youthful. And, indeed, all noble verse that suits readers in their teens should be an equal joy to their parents. I have been examining with much interest the three school poetry-books compiled by Miss Woods, and have been struck by the fact that these volumes, intended for girls of the lower, middle, and upper forms of high schools, are every whit as well fitted for readers of mature knowledge and of advanced age. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise, for they contain many of the loveliest poems in the language.

When once a young reader has advanced beyond the stage of nursery rhymes he is on a level with his elders, and, like them, can wander at will in the enchanting land of poetry. Only by slow degrees will its full beauty dawn upon him, but a sufficient sense of that beauty may be gained early, and the delight will grow with the growth of knowledge. The anthologies that lead young readers along this pleasant road, where the greenery and blossoms of summer last all the year round, are among the most useful of volumes. They stimulate a taste for what is most noteworthy in literature, and point to "fresh woods and pastures new" at the very season when guidance is most needed.

JOHN DENNIS.

# LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

THE appearance of "The Life of Lord John Russell" recalls a name that will always hold a conspicuous place in the history of England.[1] That he was not only a great political leader, but a statesman of the first rank, is known to all. What were the special features of his character, and what the reasons of his being so famous, is not so well known to the present generation. He seems to belong to a bygone age, for there are comparatively few whose personal memory goes back to the time when he was one of the foremost men in England, and when the great measures were carried with which his name will be associated in history. It is now more than eleven years since his death, and nearly a quarter of a century since his official career terminated. Many events of world-wide interest have occurred since that time; other men and other measures have occupied public attention; new political parties have been formed; and it is therefore not surprising that the memory of the great Whig leader should have begun to fade. It was high time that his biography should be written, and the great services rendered by him to the nation should have an enduring and worthy record.

This task could not have fallen into fitter hands than the author of "The Life of Lord John Russell," who has wisely made this the title of his book, as a name more generally known than his later designation of Earl Russell, and as associated with the national events which made him famous in English history. "*Quorum pars magna fui*," he might, above all men, have said concerning these events. Mr. Spencer Walpole, as the author of "A History of England from 1815," is well versed in the political annals of the period covered by Lord John Russell's career. No biographer has ever had more abundant and more varied materials for the task undertaken by him. Apart from the public and official documents available, the author has had access to the manuscript letters, journals, and private papers in the possession of Lady Russell. The Queen has given permission to use the letters addressed to her and other letters in the royal archives. The representatives of Lord Aberdeen, Lord Clarendon, Lord Lansdowne, the Duke of Wellington, and most of the public men of the time have placed their correspondence with Lord John Russell at the author's disposal, so that, along with the Russell records from Woburn, and the letters and manuscripts from numerous official colleagues or personal friends, Mr. Walpole must have been almost embarrassed by the abundance of his materials. That he has managed to confine his work to two octavo volumes is to be regarded as a proof of great judgment as well as literary skill.

When he began his work an illustrious member of the Russell family spoke of the magnitude of the undertaking, for a "Life of Lord John Russell" must be a history of England and of the Whig party during half a century. "Anyone," says Mr. Walpole, "who shares this opinion will meet with nothing but disappointment in these pages. From the beginning to the end of my book I have endeavoured to recollect that I was not writing a history of England or of the Whig party, but a life of Lord John Russell; and I have been much more anxious to draw a portrait of the man than to write an account of the time." He has succeeded in doing both, and in so masterly a way that the reader has a lifelike portraiture of the man, and at the same time obtains a clear and most instructive summary of the events of the half century when he took part in public affairs.

Lord John Russell, born in Hertford Street, Mayfair, in 1792, was the third son of the Lord John who became in 1802 the sixth Duke of Bedford. The fifth Duke died that year, unmarried. The fourth Duke, who from the fall of Walpole to the rise of Rockingham took a leading part in politics, is familiar in history, and in the letters of Junius. Of older distinction is the Russell who drained the Bedford Level, and those Earls of Bedford who, in the reigns of the Stuarts, got grants of vast areas in the metropolis, the sites of which are marked by the squares and streets bearing the family names of Russell, Tavistock, Bedford, and many more, including Covent (or Convent) Garden and Southampton Street, the last named after Lady William Russell, daughter of the Earl of Southampton. "Strange," says old Malcolm, the topographer, "that a fifth of London should have been erected by this family within two centuries!"

Of higher distinction than all these was Lord William Russell, the patriot-martyr. The Lord John Russell of our time was the scion of a great and wealthy house, and has thrown fresh lustre on the historic name beyond all, except that one Russell to whom Moore referred when he wrote his "Remonstrance" to his young friend on expressing his purpose to abandon political life.

> "What! *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy name!
> Thou, born of a Russell, whose instinct to run
> The accustomed career of thy sires is the same
> As the eaglet's to soar with his eyes to the sun;
> Whose nobility comes to thee, stamped with a seal
> Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set;
> With the blood of thy race offered up for the weal
> Of a nation that swears by that martyrdom yet!
> Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted, and turn from the strife,
> From the mighty arena, where all that is grand,
> And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,
> Is for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command?"

Happily, Lord John did not abandon politics for literature, as was his intention when Moore

[1] "The Life of Lord John Russell." By Spencer Walpole. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

penned his poetic remonstrance. In more peaceful and auspicious times he was the chief agent in gaining for the English nation the blessings of civil and religious freedom, which his patriotic ancestor died on the scaffold to obtain.

Of the education and of the early training of Lord John a most interesting account is given by his biographer. It was a preparation for public life strange and almost unique. His earliest years he spent at home with his mother, whose favourite child he was, probably because from her he inherited the delicate health with which she was afflicted at and after his birth. In his old age he recalled these child years in a memorandum dictated by him to Lady Russell, in 1871. "I was very fond of my mother. I used to call her in the morning, and from that hour during the whole day she showed me the utmost affection. I used to delight in reading to her 'Plutarch's Lives' in the morning. In the middle of the day I worked at a little garden, following the directions which my father gave me in a little almanack, partly in print, and partly written by him for me. The place where I passed my early childhood was Stratton Park, in Hampshire (now the property of Lord Northbrook), where Lord and Lady Russell passed many happy years. When I was about eight years old Stratton was sold to my uncle, the Duke of Bedford, and Oakley, in Bedfordshire, was lent to my father instead; I never liked Oakley so well."

He did not stay long at Oakley, being sent to a private school at Sunbury, with his brother William. His mother died when he was at this school, in 1801, and his uncle soon after. His father was now Duke of Bedford, and the boys went home in the holidays to Woburn, or London, instead of to Oakley. In the second year after his first wife's death the Duke married a daughter of the Duke of Gordon, who proved an affectionate and careful stepmother to the children. He had great liberty, and his journals record his youthful enjoyment of shooting, hunting, and other rural sports. In September, 1803, the boys were sent to Westminster School, of the lessons and discipline of which, at that time, there is an amusing account given in his diaries and letters. Fagging was in full force then, and John was rather severely treated by his brother William, whose fag he was. In after years Lord William comforted himself with the reflection that Johnny would have fared far worse if a strange boy had been over him. It was because of his complaints about the "hard life of a fag," and the unwholesome food, that his stepmother insisted on his leaving Westminster, and being sent to a private tutor at Woburn Abbey, Dr. Cartwright, chaplain of the Duke, and brother of Major Cartwright, the famous radical reformer. His tutor took great interest in the boy, and gave him love not only for learning but for mechanical arts. The name of Dr. Cartwright is forgotten now, but it was by one of his inventions, the power loom, that handloom weaving was superseded and a complete revolution in manufacturing England begun. He also encouraged his pupil to write poems, including his first dramatic composition. The kind of education he got at Westminster may be imagined from the anecdote told of the Duke giving his son a short account to sum up, and being astonished by the boy's inquiry what those curious signs ½ and ¼ (halfpenny and farthing) meant!

In 1805 he was sent to board with the Rev. Mr. Smith, vicar of Woodnesboro', near Sandwich, where he had as fellow-pupils the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Hartington, the Duke of Leinster, Lord William Fitzgerald, and other boys of good families. The vicar, "Dean Smigo," as the boys called him, was a very worthy man, with a motherly wife and a number of pretty and lively daughters. The pupils had a pleasant time at Dean Smigo's, and were not too hard worked, as there were many holidays, including the birthdays of the master's many children. But Lord John was there only for a few months, from February till August, 1805, after which he spent six months at Woburn and in visiting at several country houses.

The schoolboy diaries of those years are very amusing, the most trifling details being given in some extracts, but occasionally there are glimpses of deeper thought, as when he had been on a visit to Mr. Fox, who spoke with levity about charges brought against Lord Melville as Lord of the Admiralty. On this Lord John wrote in his diary, "What a pity that he who steals a penny loaf should be hung, whilst he who steals thousands of the public money should be acquitted." Lord Melville was acquitted of the main charges, but the comment by this boy of fourteen was characteristic.

The last entry in that year, on his birthday, August 18th, records that "he played at cricket, and was 4 feet 9½ inches high, and 5 st. 3 lb. weight, 3¾ inches taller than last birthday," so "little Johnny" was beginning to outgrow his dwarfishness and feebleness. The extracts given from the diary in the following years show how rapid also was his growth in knowledge and intellect, freely criticising and giving his opinion on men and things as well as on books which he read. He also canvasses the merits of actors, being fond of dramatic amusements, and with abundant opportunity of gratifying his taste, both in London and Dublin, when his father was Irish Viceroy under the Whig Ministry, after the death of Pitt. He had also, before this, begun to take deep interest in political questions, and discusses them in his correspondence with great volubility and freedom.

In the holiday months of 1807 he had an extensive tour in Scotland along with the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. The places visited are familiar to every tourist in our day, but were within the reach of comparatively few at that time, when we consider the cost of travelling eighty years ago. From Ayrton, in Berwickshire, Lord John returned alone to Woodnesboro', and he paid for his place in the mail from Ayrton to London, £8 19*s.* 6*d.*; from London to Canterbury, £1 14*s.* 6*d.*; for a chaise to Woodnesboro', 15*s.*; guards, coachmen, and postboys, £3 13*s.* 8*d.*

Without reckoning the cost of food in a journey of three days and three nights, Lord John spent in mere travelling above £15 for a journey which a first-class passenger can now accomplish at little more than a quarter of the cost and in a third of the time.

When Lord and Lady Holland were at Woburn in July, 1808, they suggested to the Duke of Bedford that Lord John should accompany them on a tour they were projecting to the scene of the Peninsular War. To visit Spain was a delightful prospect for young Russell, not only as a land of historical romance, but on account of the stirring events of which it was then the theatre. In 1806 he had entered in his Diary, "How long Bonaparte will domineer over the world, and how long we can make head against him, God only knows, but the rapidity of his conquests is unexampled." The victories of Austerlitz and Jena had placed Central Europe at the feet of the Emperor, and the Treaty of Tilsit had made Russia his ally. England alone maintained the struggle with France. In the Spanish Peninsula the conflict had commenced. Lord Holland's party were at Corunna during the alarm caused by the retreat of Sir John Moore and the advance of the French, and they soon returned home. Lord John saw little of Spain on this first visit, but he went again when Sir Arthur Wellesley was the Commander of the British Army, and was with him in his frontier camp before he began his triumphant advance from Portugal.

Between the two Spanish tours the education of Lord John Russell was continued by his being sent to study at the University of Edinburgh. Here he stayed during the terms of three years, having the advantage of being a private pupil and of living in the house of Professor Playfair. At that time there were not a few young Englishmen who were sent to Scotland instead of to an English university. Lord Henry Petty, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, was living with Playfair's equally illustrious colleague Dugald Stewart, and a large number of young men, both Scotch and English, who in after years rose to distinction, then attended the college classes, and took part in the university debating societies. There could not be a better place for the development of young Russell's intellectual powers, as well as his political enthusiasm. He did not leave Edinburgh till 1812. He was an earnest and diligent student during the college sessions, and in the long vacations he was always moving about either in our own island or on the Continent. In the spring of 1815, after seeing Rome and Naples, he made the usual "grand tour," but with the singular episode of a visit to Napoleon, then in exile at Elba. He was with the Emperor for an hour and a half, in busy conversation all the time. Of Napoleon's personal appearance, and the impression made by this interview, he thus wrote in his journal:

"He has a dusky grey eye, which would be called vicious in a horse, and the shape of his mouth expresses contempt and decision. His manner is very good-natured, and seems studied to put one at one's ease by its familiarity; his smile and laugh are very agreeable; he asks a number of questions without object, and often repeats them, a habit which he has no doubt acquired during fifteen years of supreme command. To this I should also attribute the ignorance he seems to show at times of the most common facts. When he does not like what he hears, he turns away as if unconcerned and changes the subject. From this one might conclude that he was open to flattery and violent in his temper."

We must linger no longer on the opening of that career on which he was soon about to enter. His education, in the ordinary use of the term, had been irregular, and as to book-learning, not deep, but well calculated to develop his mind for active life. It is thus summed up by his biographer:

"If he had not much pretension to exact knowledge, his reading was wider than that of most of his contemporaries; and he had not merely a large acquaintance with authors of many nations, he had thought on what he read. His mind, too, had been enlarged by intercourse with superior men, and by the opportunities of foreign travel. Few men of his age, standing on the threshold of a career, had seen so much that was worth seeing. He had knowledge of every division of the United Kingdom. In London he had breakfasted with Mr. Fox, he was a frequent guest at Lord Holland's dinner-table, he was acquainted with all the prominent leaders of the Whig party, he had already become a member of Grillion's Club. In Dublin he had seen all that was best in society; in Edinburgh he had mixed with all that was best in letters. He had already made the acquaintance of Mr. Moore in one capital; he was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Jeffrey in the other. He had dined with Mr. Parr at Birmingham, with Bishop Watson on Windermere; he had walked with Sir Walter Scott along the banks of the Tweed, and he had passed a night in the poet's home at Ashestiel. He had travelled through the Highlands of Scotland, and had carefully examined the great manufacturing industries of England. Abroad his opportunities had been even greater. He had read his Camoens in Portugal, his Tasso in Italy; he had traversed the Italian Peninsula from Naples to Venice, he had journeyed through the length of Spain, he had ridden with the Duke of Wellington along the lines of Torres Vedras; he had watched a French advance in force in the neighbourhood of Burgos, he had gazed from a British position near La Rune over Southern France. He had conversed with Napoleon in Elba, and he had hurried home to denounce in his place in the House of Commons the inception of a new war. Was there another man in England, who had not completed the twenty-third year of his age, who had seen so much and who had done so much as Lord John Russell? His desultory education had been appropriately ended by his leaving Edinburgh without taking a degree. But the deficiency had been amply repaired. He had graduated in the University of the world."

Russell began his public life when still under age. He was returned to the House of Commons for the family borough of Tavistock. For several years he was almost a silent member, and seemed to take no great interest in the proceedings of Parliament. He continued to enjoy foreign travel, and was absorbed in literary pursuits; but he was watching the course of events, and was being firmly established in liberal principles, and preparing for his career as a reformer. In 1819 he moved a resolution for the disfranchisement of the defunct borough of Grampound, and for preventing corruption at elections. Three years later he moved four famous resolutions affirming the expediency of giving direct representation to great and populous places—such as Birmingham, Leeds, and Manchester. He carried with him 154 members of the unreformed Parliament. Not only the old Tory "boroughmongers," but Canning, Peel, and those afterwards called

"Conservatives," were against him. Canning said, however, in a celebrated speech, that if ever the reform of Parliament was carried, the triumph would be chiefly due to the efforts of Lord John Russell.

We have not space, nor would the neutrality of a literary journal allow of detailed notice of the many Parliamentary struggles in which Lord John was the leading spirit, and of the progress of his career as a reformer. Mr. Walpole gives a masterly sketch of the social and political condition of England when he entered public life, and of the condition of the nation when he retired from the House of Commons, and he shows how, from the darkest and least hopeful times, in the reign of George IV and of William IV, through the early periods of Queen Victoria's reign, Lord John Russell was the recognised leader of the Whig party, and the prime mover in every reform. Whoever might be at the head of the Government, and whether in power or in opposition, Lord John led the party of progress in the House of Commons. With his name, above all others, we associate the passing of the great Reform Bill, of Municipal Reform, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the admission of Roman Catholics, Jews, and other Nonconformists to every social and political right as citizens, and many other measures of "civil and religious liberty." The names of contemporary statesmen are associated with the passing of some of these measures—as that of Catholic emancipation, carried by the Duke of Wellington as the only way of avoiding civil war, the repeal of the Corn Laws, when Sir Robert Peel abandoned the cause of Protection, and the fiscal reforms which Mr. Gladstone carried to triumphant issue. But in these movements of progress little could have been done but for the long and consistent efforts of Lord John Russell. On the questions of slave emancipation, the education of the people, tenant right in Ireland, improved relations with the Colonies, and many more, his labours prepared the way for the success which others have got the credit for achieving. It is not merely for the measures which became law when he was twice Prime Minister, but for the steady, continuous movements of progress throughout his long period of official life, that his services to the country are to be remembered with thankfulness.

Administrative ability unfortunately attracts less attention than Parliamentary eloquence; and the capacity which a man displays in his office is forgotten when the generation who work under him passes away. It would otherwise be remembered to Lord John's credit that no man in the present century has acquired greater reputation as a minister. He was one of the best Secretaries of State that ever entered the Home Office; and in his short career at the Colonial Office he displayed a breadth of view and a sobriety of judgment which promised to make him the greatest of Colonial Ministers. His great speech on Colonial policy, in 1850, which is in reality an elaborate treatise on the rise, progress, and future of the Colonies, is an eternal proof of the thoroughness with which he had thought out every portion of the subject; while the continuous efforts which he made at the Home Office for the more rational treatment of crime by the construction of better prisons, by the introduction of improved prison discipline, by the gradual abolition of transportation, and by the establishment of a rural police, again afford a decisive proof that his desire was not only to administer, but to improve, what he found. Perhaps modern England owes as much to the improvements he thus introduced as to the passage of the Reform Act.

With regard to his position after the passing of the great Reform Bill, injustice has sometimes been done to his memory. He has been represented as opposed to further extension of political power to the people, and he was even called "Finality John." He never himself used the word "finality," it was a nickname given by less judicious reformers. He did use the words "Rest and be thankful" in a speech which gave wise and statesmanlike caution against too rapid and unguarded advance towards democracy. But he remained a true reformer to the end; and he was never tempted, as other political leaders were, to gain power and place by outbidding his rivals. He had a dread of mob-rule, and giving to mere numbers the influence due to other qualifications. He sought reform, not revolution; and the progress he advocated was always on the lines and within the limits of the Constitution.

It is to his praise, and not to his reproach, that it could be said of him "at eighty he retained the opinions and displayed the spirit on which he acted at forty years of age." The verdict of history has been anticipated by those best qualified to judge. When Mr. Gladstone was called for the first time to form a Ministry, he sought the aid of Lord John, offering him any post which would least disturb his desire for repose after long public service. "My political relations with you," he wrote, "began late in life. I moved to you, not you to me; and ever since we have been in contact—that is to say, during the last fifteen years—my co-operation with you has been associated all along with feelings of warm attachment and regard." This was written in 1867; and Mr. Gladstone adds: "Your fame is not a question of to-day's or to-morrow's popularity, but of the future at large. If you do not stand without a rival, I, for one, undoubtedly do not know where to look for your superior in the annals of British legislation. None of those we see, perhaps none of those we remember, will take so high a place. So long as you have been ready to lead, I have been ready and glad to follow."

Although Lord John did not accept the position offered in so generous a spirit, the mutual regard and affection was increased in after years; and we were told by the late Mr. Winterbotham, M.P., of the Home Office, that one day, in conversation, Mr. Gladstone said that, of all the names that would appear in the political history of England during the nineteenth century, that of Lord John Russell would shine with the brightest lustre.

Mr. Walpole refers to Lord John's fame as likely to rest rather on administrative ability than on parliamentary eloquence; but there were not a few occasions on which he rose to the highest strains of oratory. Of this it was that Lord Lytton spoke in the famous lines in the "New Timon," where he sketches the characteristics of the leading men of the House of Commons. After describing his usually calm and cool demeanour,

" But see our statesman when the steam is on,
And languid Johnny glows to glorious John ;
When Hampden's thought by Falkland's muses dressed,
Lights the pale cheek, and swells the generous breast ;
When the pent heart expands the quickening soul,
And, foremost in the van, the wheels of genius roll."

It was in debate that Russell had no superior, although others might excel in rhetorical display. Sir Robert Peel said to Lord Coleridge, speaking of his quickness and dexterity in reply, "Though bludgeons were not in Lord John's way, he can draw a rapier of the finest temper and polish, and run you through." Of this sharpness was the retort to Sir Francis Burdett, "The honourable member talks of the cant of patriotism; but there is something worse than the cant of patriotism, and that is the recant of patriotism." But it is more pleasant to speak of the nobler strains of eloquence, of which one of the finest examples was the peroration of the speech which carried the voice of the House for persevering in the efforts to suppress the African slave trade.

"I will not despond. I believe despondency itself to be a main cause of failure. Nothing but our being faint-hearted on this subject, and saying that we are unable to cope with the great evils to be met, will finally give a permanent sway and supremacy to the slave trade. There are, Sir, other considerations and other motives which influence the House in coming to a decision on this question. Sir, we have been blessed with great mercies during the past year. We have more than once had to thank Almighty God for the dispensation of His goodness. It appears, then, to me that if we were now to say that the trade in man—that this unhallowed and cruel traffic, against which England for nearly fifty years has been working by the efforts of her greatest statesmen and her best and bravest sailors—that if we were to decide to allow this trade to be pursued freely and unhampered—we should no longer have a right to expect a continuance of the signal blessings that we have enjoyed. I think, Sir, that the high, the moral, and the Christian character of this nation is the main source and secret of its strength; and that, if we give up this high and holy work, and proclaim ourselves no longer fitted to lead in the championship against the curse and the crime of slavery, we have no longer a right to expect the continuance of those blessings which, by God's favour, we have so long enjoyed."

Palmerston was delighted with this speech, and next morning he wrote a note of warmest congratulation—"Your course has been worthy the Minister of a great country, and the House of Commons has maintained its character as the organ of a noble people."

In some of his speeches and acts as Minister of Foreign Affairs, Palmerston himself did not display more generous and patriotic spirit than Lord John. They were rivals at one time, and opposed to each other on some points, but in the main they were animated by the same English and Christian spirit. Their friendship survived any temporary differences, and it was a touching proof of this that Lady Palmerston asked Lord John to unveil the memorial statue of Lord Palmerston, as being "his oldest and best friend."

In connection with the Foreign Office there is an amusing reference to the irrepressible and ubiquitous newspaper reporter, who sometimes caused mischief even before the days of "interviewing." Lord Palmerston consented to receive some deputation at the Foreign Office at the time when there was much sensitiveness on the part of the Austrian and Russian Governments as to the reception of rebel refugees. He did not take the precaution to see the "addresses" before they were delivered, and the Emperors of Austria and Russia were spoken of as "odious and detestable assassins." A report of the interview got into the newspapers, with these words, naturally offensive to the ambassadors of allied powers. The Queen also had expressed to Lord John Russell her annoyance at the effusive reception given to Kossuth by Lord Palmerston. Palmerston wrote an explanation to the effect that he ought to have seen the addresses, and also to have stipulated that no reporter should be present. "It seems," he continues, "that a trading penny-a-liner came as a member of the deputation, and as the price of his commodity would depend upon the number of lines it contained, he swelled it out into proportions incommensurate with the reality, and put words into my mouth about the nationality of countries which were nonsense."

Lord John forwarded this letter of explanation to the Queen, but he had himself already had a sharp passage of the pen with Lord Palmerston on a similar subject. He sent a letter to the Foreign Secretary, suggesting the impropriety of receiving Kossuth at an assembly to which he was invited. The bearer of the letter was to bring back a reply, which came pretty sharp both in time and tone.

"Panshanger, October 30, 1851, 6.0 p.m.

"My dear John Russell,—I have just received your letter of to-day, and am told your messenger waits for an answer. My reply then, is immediate, and is, that there are limits to all things; that I do not choose to be dictated to as to who I may or may not receive in my own house; and that I shall use my own discretion on this matter. You will, of course, use yours as to the composition of your Government. I have not detained your messenger five minutes. Yours sincerely,

"PALMERSTON."

On this occasion an open breach was avoided, but soon afterwards Lord Palmerston thought proper to express personally to the French Minister, in London, his approval of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, of the 2nd December and succeeding days. The correspondence which passed, and the Queen's severe and dignified memorandum, will be found in the "Life of Palmerston," and in Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort." There was never again any possibility of cordial co-operation between the two great statesmen, but Lord John's kindly feeling towards his old friend and colleague was renewed in after years.

Of the connection of Lord John with the Aberdeen Cabinet, under which the nation drifted into the war with Russia, it is not our purpose to speak. It has been truly said that this connection brought little profit or reputation to any of the persons concerned, and Russell himself needed all the pressure that a sense of duty and the representations of the Queen could bring to bear, to induce him to enter the Cabinet, and to remain in it. One of the Royal letters, printed by Mr. Walpole,

shows the high estimate in which both Russell and Palmerston were held. It was written immediately after the death of Palmerston.

"The melancholy news of Lord Palmerston's death reached the Queen last night. This is another link with the past that is broken, and the Queen feels deeply in her desolate and isolated condition how one by one of those tried servants and advisers are taken from her. . . .

"The Queen can turn to no other than Lord Russell, an old and tried friend of hers, to undertake the arduous duties of Prime Minister, and to carry on the Government."

This letter shows how deep and enduring was the regard in which the Queen held Lord John, to which she had given expression many years before, when he had reported to her Majesty the result of the decision in the House of Commons which led to the fall of the Whig Government under Lord Melbourne.

"Windsor Castle, August 28th, 1841.

"The Queen has received Lord John Russell's letter of this morning, containing the account of the division in the House of Commons.

"Long as the Queen was prepared for this event, she does not for that feel it the less painful. She is deeply grieved to have to part from those she has such confidence in; she trusts, however, that at no very distant period she will again see Lord John Russell in the office which he has filled so much to the satisfaction of both his Sovereign and his country.

"The Queen feels very grateful for Lord John's kind wishes for herself, and cannot conclude without expressing the lively interest she will ever feel in his personal welfare and happiness, as well as in his career in public life."

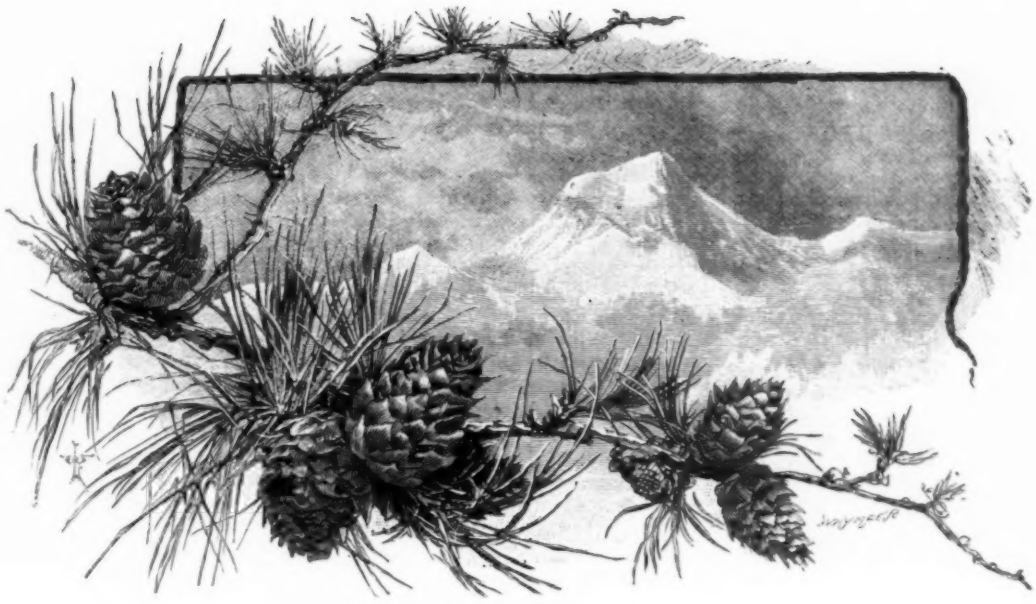
When Earl Russell sought a rural retreat for himself and family, it gave her Majesty true pleasure to place at his disposal Pembroke Lodge, in Richmond Park, where the venerable statesman closed his days. Among the memorable events witnessed in that delightful home, one was the reception of a deputation from London, on the jubilee of the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Act. The aged patriot spoke with much feeling and cheerfulness, and expressed his gratitude for having been permitted to do so much for freedom and his country.

Most people have heard of Sydney Smith's witty description of Lord John's self-confidence and courage. "There is not a better man in England," he wrote, "than Lord John Russell, but his worst feature is that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing that he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone, build St. Peter's, or assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command of the Channel Fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died, the church tumbled down, and the Channel Fleet been knocked to atoms." Sydney Smith adds that "his measures were often able and his motives always pure." That he made some mistakes, like other statesmen, is true, but, unlike some statesmen, he had the honesty and moral courage to own them. Very touching was the scene on his death-bed, when he said to his sorrowing wife, "I have made many mistakes, but in all I did my object was the public good." To Lady Russell, after his death, Mr. Bright wrote a sympathising letter, in which he spoke of his having "always observed in Lord John's public life a moral tone, a conscientious feeling, something higher and better than is often found in the guiding principles of our most active statesmen." The "Life" as presented by his biographer will show to all the world how great a statesman and how good a man his country possessed in Lord John Russell. Much of the book bears on questions still before the public, and contains lessons of wisdom, prudence, and patriotism to the statesmen and politicians of our own time.

Mr. Walpole has much to tell of the literary works of Lord John, but these have little interest in comparison with his political career. Of his numerous writings, those most worthy of remembrance are "The Memoirs of Charles James Fox," "The Life of William Lord Russell," "Inquiry into the English Government and Constitution," and "The Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore," edited for the benefit of the family. For Tom Moore he retained to the last his friendly feeling, and to him, as to many struggling men of letters, he proved a generous benefactor.

Many subjects we have to leave untouched in the record of Lord John's public career, nor have we space left for referring in detail to what will be to many the most delightful part of Mr. Walpole's book, the gentle and sweet home life which, from his first marriage till his retirement from office, forms the background of the stirring movements of his public career. His home was of the purest and noblest type of English life, and few readers can close the book without feelings of increased affection for the man as well as higher admiration of the statesman.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.



# A MOUNTAIN ROMANCE.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

I.

UNTIL my last daughter married and went off to India I had never known what loneliness meant. When the elder girls left me I had missed them of course, but it seemed quite natural to see them take flight, and I had always Maggie—my little Maggie! Now she too was gone. Her Prince Charming had dropped from the skies and won her with lightning speed. Almost before I had time to take breath I was left alone in my big silent house, too listless to leave it, life at a standstill, energy crushed. And, being supposed to be strong-minded, no one pitied my loneliness. Had I been one of your meek, mild, helpless, clinging little women, plenty of friends would have flocked round me. As it was, they all said, "Oh, Joan Stewart is so energetic, so full of resources!" Even my children seemed to think mother could get on very well by herself. I managed to live up to my character so far as to make no moan, but I was thoroughly hipped. Accordingly it was a delightful surprise one day when my brother, Christopher Crane, walked in. He had just come from Paris, seemed surprised to find me on the sofa, looked at me closely as I gave him Maggie's last news, and then suddenly said, "Look here, Joan, I'm off to Italy next week, to escape the season and finish my book in peace. Couldn't you come and take care of me?"

This was startling. I kissed him, sighed, and said I wished I could.

"What's to prevent you?" he asked; and somehow before five minutes were over all difficulties and doubts had been swept away. I had called him my good angel, closed with his offer, and felt a delicious sense of freedom quickening my pulse.

It seemed a return to the boy-and-girl days when we two had faced the world side by side. Since my marriage circumstances had kept us apart, and, though our love remained strong as ever, intimacy had slackened. Now, on this pleasant journey we picked up all the familiar threads, rediscovered each other, and found that years had changed us less than we supposed. There was much of the old Kit under the famous novelist's literary crust, while the old Joan began to reappear with a vigour surprising to herself before we were half way to Piedmont.

That was early in May; since then we had passed a happy month among the vines near Ivrea. Italian villa life was a novelty to both of us, and, with May Zanzi and her charming Italian Count at a stone's-throw from our door, we had the best of company within call. The peaceful hours rolled placidly on. Kit built up his book, unharassed by notes or engagements. I pottered about among the flower-beds, revived my faded Italian, wrote endless letters to my scattered children, and helped Kit with his proofs and references. Then later in the day, unless the Zanzis came to us, we dropped in on the Zanzis, and, lounging on their shady lawn or pacing the

terrace overhanging the river, held long discussions on books and men, politics, art, and society. May Zanzi was a cousin of ours six or seven times removed, so I was an adopted grandmother to her pretty babes—and almost to her pretty young self. We drove and rambled about the country together, explored old castles, made acquaintance with one or two interesting neighbours, and closed our gates against bores.

The scenery was enchanting. Just here the foothills of the Alps sank rippling into the plain. We were near the mouth of the Val d'Aosta, and beyond its rocky jaws rose a grand background of shadowed peaks and glittering snow-crests, grim precipices and gentle slopes. The flashing waves of the Dora coursed through the trees at the base of our hill, and, after gambolling about the walls of Ivrea in silvery arabesques, streamed away through the level land towards Turin. I rejoiced more and more in our nest, in our free, unconventional life. Age and care slipped from me; I felt ridiculously young, even began to talk of buying the little house among the vines and giving up the desolate London home. That was all in the first month; then the dream changed. The sun blazed more and more fiercely, the plain quivered with white heat; all day the cicalas' ceaseless note stabbed our nerves as with red-hot pins, frogs croaked all night, and the strange, flattened ridge of the Serra, thrusting forth into the plain, became odious to the sight—in spite of its geological dignity as an ancient moraine—when we thought of the cool wooded region it hid from our eyes. Our ink was always drying up, our fingers were always sticky, we had to keep our rooms airless and dark; we often fell asleep over our books, clothes became a burden, exercise impossible. We only sought our neighbours after sunset, and even then conversation flagged, our main interest being in iced drinks or the chances of rain. We were stupid and limp or wrathful and snappish. Was it always so hot here, we grumblingly asked, and were told, of course, that no such heat had been known in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. My daughters no longer made fun of the friskiness of my letters, but wrote me sermons on the folly of staying in a furnace instead of returning to our own temperate clime. We fumed and fussed, but how could we desert the Zanzis, who had refused a good offer for the little house in order to secure our companionship?

Then—I had almost said, fortunately—one of May's babies fell ill, and was ordered to the sea. Should we stay to roast alone? No, we would go also, but not to the sea. Friendship dissolves above 28° centigrade; we declined to brave the glare and crowd of a Mediterranean bathing-place; we would go to the mountains instead. Said and done. A day or so of preparation and packing, and one morning, soon after dawn, we were all at the Ivrea station waiting for our respective trains, the Count and family bound for Genoa, ourselves for the Val d'Aosta.

May and I were soothing the sick baby, when Christopher came to me with a startled face and hurriedly whispered, "Look there to the right! See what a resemblance!"

I looked as directed, and one glance at the slender girl standing beside an elderly nun was enough to explain my brother's agitation. Both face and figure were those of the girl-bride torn from him by death twenty years before. It was the strangest, most exact resemblance. I took Kit's arm and led him to a quieter part of the platform. This vision of the past had completely unnerved him.

"So like, so like!" he murmured. "If I could only hear her voice! It might be my Nellie herself!"

His emotion astounded me. So, this cheerful middle-aged man of the world, this humorous observer of life, was still faithful to the love of his youth, the brief romance of which he had long ceased to speak, even to me! But of course not to me! I had had troubles enough, it was true, but however keenly felt at the time grief always slips from me as water from a duck's back. I felt a twinge of shame for my slighter nature as I gauged the depth of Kit's fidelity.

A bell rang, a horn sounded, guards were shouting "Partenza!"

"Oh, Kit, we shall miss the Zanzis! We must say good-bye to them!" I cried.

In fact, the Count was already lifting his little girl into the carriage, his wife beckoning to us. She was speaking with the nun, and Nellie's double was smiling.

"Oh, Christopher—Joan! I want to confide these friends to your care. They, too, are bound for Pont St. Martin, and there is no ladies' carriage."

Kit silently bowed, but I hastened to express a hearty assent. A few minutes later the Zanzis were gone, and we were in our train with girl and nun on the opposite seats. After politely stowing their bundles and baskets up aloft with our bags, Kit withdrew to the further corner with an Italian newspaper spread before his eyes. It was upside down, but it served as a screen, and the flimsy sheet shook a little whenever Nellie's double opened her mouth, for her voice, too, was almost the same—soft and low, with a plaintive note in its cadence. But the nun and I did most of the talking, and the former's headgear of black hood and white veil, thrust forward in a poke, framed a face of quite unconventual vivacity. She was a teaching sister, she said; their house comprised among its pupils all the rank and fashion of the province. Her dear young charge had finished her education, and was returning to her home in the Val de Lys. Did I know the Val de Lys?

I should know it in a few hours, I replied, for we were bound for Gressoney St. Jean, near the head of the valley.

"Guardi!" and two fat, brown hands were raised in amazement. "Elena,"—so Nellie's double had even Nellie's name!—"dost thou hear, child, the Signori are going to Gressoney!"

The girl murmured her pleasure with a sweet smile to me and a timid glance towards the silent man behind the paper.

"I go only to Pont St. Martin," continued the

nun; "but Elena will not incommode you. Her father will meet her at the inn. Signor Denabian, you know," she added, *sotto voce*, "is one of the richest proprietors of Gressoney, a descendant of the ancient race that once held sway over a vast territory."

The poked veils nodded with quite a worldly emphasis as their wearer enlarged on the social standing of her pupil.

Fresh from perusal of guide-books to the quaint region we were about to explore, I nodded in sympathy. So this pretty girl in the modest stuff frock was the representative of the daring German Captain Denabian, whose prowess had won from his emperor, Otho III, somewhere in the eleventh century, the gift of the lands of Gressoney!

Meanwhile, losing her shyness, Nellie's double was gazing out on the landscape with pleased cries of recognition. It was six years since she had seen it, she told Kit, who had dropped his paper to let down the sash for her, and, though so happy with the kind sisters, she had often yearned for her mountains. The nun was amusingly shocked and surprised to see her pupil talking with Kit, and eyed the latter with a certain suspicion. Yet even convent decorum could scarcely take alarm at the mild courtesies of a stout, bald-headed, grey-bearded Englishman. It was almost comic to note how reverentially my brother spoke to this little chit of a schoolgirl. Her resemblance to his Nellie had raised her on a pedestal.

Arrived at our station, Sister Michela collected her pupil's belongings with businesslike promptitude and bade us farewell, with many thanks for our kindness. Signor Denabian would be waiting for his daughter at the inn, and she must hurry back to Ivrea by the next train. Nellie's double shyly returned my kiss, saying she hoped to meet me at Gressoney, and the couple presently disappeared, in a cloud of dust, down the straight white road through the vineyards.

We were detained some time at the station by having to telegraph to Ivrea for a missing box of books, and this loss recalled my brother to actualities from dreams of twenty years ago. It was a delicious morning; the leaping waves of the Dora gave a cool effect to the landscape, and the sight of the brisk, smiling muleteer arranging our luggage on pack saddles woke the holiday spirit in my matronly soul. Hunger, too, was strong within us, so, leaving the cavalcade to follow at leisure, we also drove off to the inn.

The little town of Pont St. Martin spreads among vineyards and gardens at the base of steep wooded slopes, and straggles up the side of a narrow gorge, through which the Lys torrent, spanned on high by a noble Roman bridge, comes leaping down to the Dora.

We were soon seated among the oleanders on the terrace of the "Golden Rose," and a dramatic hostess placed the whole resources of her establishment at our disposal. As these included black coffee, trout, and that ideal form of bread, crisp *grissini*, we fared well, and before long Kit remarked, in a cheerfully commonplace way, that the pretty Elena must be miles on ahead by this time. But half an hour later, while our mule-driver—or *cavallaro*, as he was styled—was fastening our bags to his packs, and I was watching the process with a certain anxiety, our travelling companions suddenly appeared at the further end of the balcony on which I was standing. Sister Michela came straight towards us. She looked flushed and annoyed.

Such a strange thing had happened, she said, hurriedly. Signor Denabian had been prevented from coming, and sent a message begging her to escort his daughter all the way to Gressoney. It was most vexatious, most bewildering! She had never, never mounted a horse in her life; she was expected at the convent! What the Mother Superior would say—*Basta!* And the poor flustered woman closed her lips with a snap and hurriedly crossed herself as she checked the evident temptation to express her sense of the monstrousness of Denabian's request. The girl stood in the background with meekly folded hands, but her pretty eyes sparkled with amusement, as though she already beheld the nun in the saddle.

Kit glanced at me, then, turning to Sister Michela, "If we could be of service—if you would trust the young lady to us," he stammered in laboured Italian, "we would take every care of her—see her safely to her father's door. She shall have my mule. I shall enjoy stretching my legs on a mountain road."

The nun caught his meaning at the first word, and it was curious to see the play of startled caution and relief on her honest countenance. She hesitated a moment, cast up her eyes, murmured a hasty prayer, and then, with the air of one taking a most adventurous and dare-devil resolution, closed with the offer. I added a few motherly assurances, and in reply she pressed my hand, declaring she knew she might trust her pupil to us—such staid, worthy people, and relations, moreover, of her kind friend, Countess Zanzi. If Signor Denabian and the Mother Superior should blame her—well, it could not be helped. The gentleman would not have to resign his mule, the horses had been sent. Raging beasts, they seemed to her, but Elena said they were lambs. In fact, two sturdy, placid animals were already by the gate with our mules. I glanced at our charge; she had remained demurely aloof, but, now the matter was settled, seemed pleased with the arrangement.

"You are not afraid to come with us?" I asked, with an encouraging nod.

"No, indeed—very glad," she replied, in her ready French, and clasping her hands with a charming little air of relief. "The ride is long, the way rough; dear Sister Michela would have been *killed!*"

So it was all settled, and I could see that we had risen many pegs in the estimation of our dramatic hostess and the other bystanders.

In a few minutes we were all mounted, and the nun, after taking Elena to her arms in true motherly fashion, and impressively bidding her return to the convent should trouble overtake her in the world, withdrew to the balcony, and stood waving farewells with a half-guilty air, and a few

tears trickling down her cheeks. Off we jogged in single file: first the pack mules bearing our poor trunks, roughly secured with ropes and sticks, then burly Kit, with his dust-coat flying loose, next Elena, then myself, the spare horse sent for the nun in the rear, and Beata, our nimble *cavallaro*, running to and fro along the line. It was a good thing that Sister Michela had refused to come, for, once through the crooked little town, we turned up a steep, slippery causeway, sharply zigzagged on the mountain-side, leading to the mouth of the gorge above the Roman bridge. It was a stiff beginning for the day's work. I could scarcely keep on my animal's back, expected to fall off at every jerk, and could give few glances to the fair valley beneath us, or to the growing army of guardian peaks. Our mountain-bred companion, however, seemed quite at ease in the saddle, and was chatting gaily in dialect with the youth at her bridle, who was evidently an acquaintance of old standing. At last the ascent



CHARCOAL CARRIER OF THE VALLEY.

came to an end; huge chestnuts shadowed our path; we halted to take breath, and Beata was again busy with the never finished task of re-adjusting the burdens on his mules. The glowing landscape of the Val d'Aosta was all shut out now. We were in a deep, narrow valley, with billowy forests of chestnuts on either side, above and around us. Far beneath, at the bottom of the gorge, raced the Lys, its white-crested rapids subsiding now and again into still, blue-green pools.

There was a ruined castle on a height across the valley, clustered brown roofs and slim white belfries peeped here and there among the trees; but we seemed almost out of the world in this cool sylvan solitude, where tiny half-hidden streamlets coursed past mossy rocks with melodious babble, and the sky seemed a scrap of blue enamel crossed by a network of chestnut leaves. The light came filtered through an emerald screen; but now and then we passed meadow slopes, where stately women, broad-browed, blue-eyed, and with red cloths knotted round their heads, stayed their work as we went by, to exchange smiles and jests with the *cavallaro*.

My delight in the scene soon drew Elena to my side. The girl's shyness was gone; convent manners left behind with the nun. It was good to see how frankly she rejoiced in her freedom, in her return to the mountains. Few questions were needed to extract the tale of her life. It was simple enough. She could not remember her mother; a kind old aunt had brought her up. She used to go sometimes to the village school, but in summer had spent most of her time in the woods and fields, clambering over rocks, mounting even to the snow with her cousins and Franz. Franz was her favourite playmate, he was so strong, so kind. In winter—oh yes, it was dull in winter, though on fine days it was nice to go sledging. But during the great snowfalls they would be shut indoors for weeks at a time, could not even go to mass, and generally lived in the stable.

Probably I showed some amazement at this, for the girl hastened to explain that there were no such stables in the world as those of Gressoney. I should see how clean and pleasant they were. The best people made *salons* of their stables, she added, with a touch of convent primness, and the poor folk always slept in them during the winter months. She had been very sorry to leave home. That was six years ago, when she was nearly twelve. Her grandmother had returned from Paris, been vexed to find her so ignorant, and made her father send her off at once to the convent. "Grandmamma was extremely despotic; everyone had to bow to her will." But she accompanied this remark by a mutinous little grimace, that gave no promise of implicit obedience for the future.

"Your father must have been very unwilling to part from you," I said, thinking how natural it was for the poor widower to prefer to let his child run wild at home.

"My father! oh no, he didn't care; he had forgotten my age. He is always occupied with his farms."

"Depend on it, he'll be glad enough to have you back; you will brighten his home," remarked Kit, very gently.

Elena smiled vaguely, but made no reply. She did not seem much attached to her father, I thought, and began to meditate on the fatal slackening of domestic ties brought about by convent training. Just then a village priest came trudging towards us down the path. He had a folded surplice on his arm, and a boy at his heels carried the little vessels used for the sacraments. He halted to say a word or two to our guides, whereupon Elena pushed hastily on with a little cry, and Beata explained that there was an accident,—someone hurt in blasting a rock further on.

II.

SURELY enough, at the next turn we came on the tragic sight. Just where the path dipped down towards the torrent, under a bower of chestnuts, where sunbeams flashed merrily through breaks in the foliage, stood a litter, the bearers of which had halted for breath. The poor victim lay stark and still, with blood-stained cloths about his head and a rough canopy of branches to shield him from the glare. The livid rings beneath his closed eyes seemed all the more ghastly by contrast with the streaks of gore on his tanned, brown-bearded cheeks. Strong, workman's hands, knotted and toilworn, rested passively on his breast. A young lad, with a miner's lantern still alight in his hand, leant huddled against a tree in an agony of grief. Elena Denabian had dismounted, was eagerly questioning the bearers, and when they shook their heads in reply I saw her quietly empty a very small purse into the pocket of the weeping boy.

For the poor man there was nothing to be done—he was past human help. Elena tearfully explained that he had been struck on the temple by a fragment of rock, was being carried back to his home, and she pointed to a cluster of sun-kissed roofs high up among the woods on the opposite side of the valley. "He has a young wife and several children," she added. "Imagine what they will feel! It is all too horrible! Why should death strike down the young, and in this peaceful, happy place?" And then she hurriedly crossed herself as if repenting these words of revolt.

"After all," remarked practical Kit, "the poor fellow may have some life in him still. A doctor was more needed than a priest. We might send him one from the next village."

The girl shook her head. "If not dead yet, he will be dead long before the Pont St. Martin doctor can get to him, and there is no other medical man in the valley excepting at Issime, four hours further on. No, not even at Gressoney," she added; her father and the syndic had agreed that the women would always be ailing if they had a doctor within reach.

Kit laughed. "Sensible people!" he exclaimed. "It speaks well for the healthiness of your native place, Signorina, but so Spartan a mode of life must be inconvenient at times. Is the Issime man ever to be found at home, and is he clever?"

Elena did not know; she thought there was a new one there now from Turin. And then she once more recurred to the spectacle we had just seen, and I grieved that the joy of her home-coming should have been damped by so dismal an experience.

Now the valley grew wilder at every turn. Our path sometimes skirted the water's edge, sometimes passed high above it by frail bridges across side ravines, where torrents thundered down to the Lys. Our guide told us that in winter these gorges were choked by hard snow and ice, and that he often had to strike out a new path much higher up when bearing the mails to and fro. It was a rough life, but he liked it. He always rode my mule, it was the most surefooted of all. He often slept on its back, leaving it to pick out the way. This cheery *cavallaro* was on the most confidential terms with his beasts, reasoning with them when they stopped to snatch tufts of grass, encouraging them up steep ascents, watering them at wayside troughs, and feasting them on dried chestnuts in the tumble-down village of Lillianes.

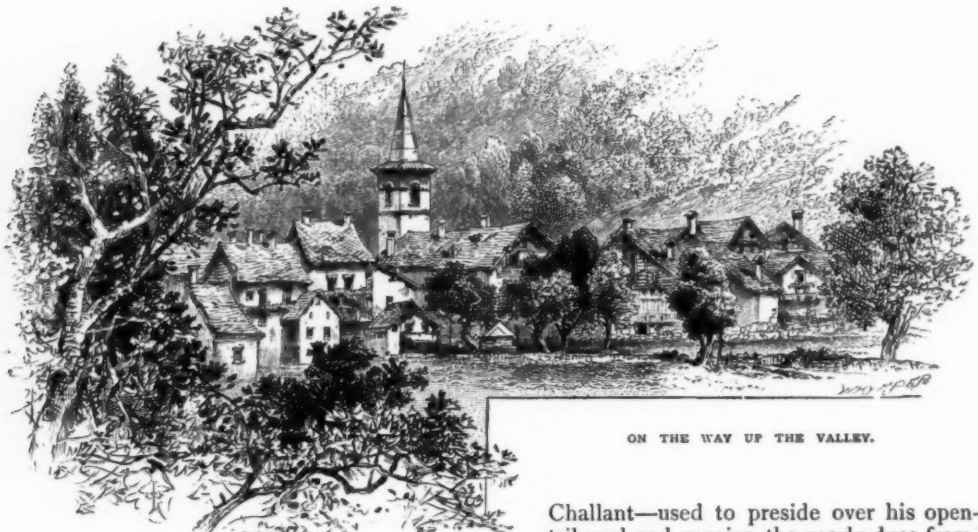
By this time we had forgotten our breakfast, and were glad enough when the bell-tower of Fontainemore came in sight. Passing through a labyrinth of huddled houses, terraced gardens, and yawning archways, we clattered over a high-peaked bridge to the inn, and dragged our stiffened limbs up uninviting stairs to the room where we were to lunch. Elena anxiously explained that this was not like Gressoney—we should find no dirt there. At first she refused to join us at table—had no appetite; would rest while we ate. But, remembering what she had done with her purse, we guessed how matters stood, and insisted on her being our guest. In fact, the child was as ravenous as ourselves, and did full justice to the meal. Now that she was flushed by her ride, the resemblance to poor pale Nellie was less apparent; but my motherly heart warmed to the bright young thing chance had thrown on our hands. She was a charming companion, with natural winning ways beneath the crust of convent demureness, and with all the legends of the valley at the tip of her tongue. There had been rich gold mines down at Lillianes, she said, until the lord of the place cheated the Church of its dues and cast the Pope's collector into the smelting furnace. From that moment, hundreds of years ago, the vein failed, and a curse had rested on Lillianes. We had seen how poverty-stricken it was.

In her turn she was surprised by our guide-book lore, and proud to find that so much was written on her valley in a foreign tongue. She was eager to hear about England—chiefly, I thought, from having heard it stigmatised as a pagan land, and she evidently regarded it as an Arctic region of eternal night. Kit excited her amazement by a highly-coloured sketch of an English girl's life, in which the pursuits of a Girton student were skilfully blended with those of a Belgravian fashionable and a sister of the poor.

"Can your daughters do all these things, Madame?" she asked, with a puzzled look in her violet eyes. "I thought English ladies only cared to climb mountains."

"My nieces do everything, and have dozens of babies into the bargain!" interposed the exaggerative Kit. "And as for mountains, you'll see my sister on the highest peak of Monte Rosa before long. You must come with us, Signorina."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the girl, crossing herself. "We, sir, fear the ice; it is no playground to us. Like the monster in a fairy tale, it claims its victims every year. There is no family in Gressoney that does not mourn for someone lost on the ice. My own grandfather perished in a crevasse twenty years ago, and ten passed before his body was found. I remember seeing it laid in the churchyard. Oh, the glaciers are terrible!'



ON THE WAY UP THE VALLEY.

and the girl shivered as though she already felt their breath.

We were in the saddle again by this time, and soon the steepness of the track stopped all conversation. We had stood on the bridge over the famous "Gouffre de l'Hellex," where the pretty Lys, transformed into a fierce cataract, tore its way through the rocks far beneath; we had seen new peaks—grey, purple, and snow-crested—start up on either hand; we had left the chestnut-glades behind, and were in a region of ashs, walnuts, and alders. The rock-walls above us were dark with pines; the rush of waters was ever in our ears, we were dazed by the sun, shaken and weary, before we reached the broad valley of Issime.

Here it was hard to realise that we were still in Italy. Every passer-by greeted us in German. The peasants working in the fields were tall, stalwart men, with red or flaxen beards, and strode about in clumsy wooden shoes. The buildings were equally Teutonic, having broad, shingle roofs, wooden balconies, and flower-gardens, neatly enclosed by green and white palings. Many of the houses were solid, well-kept, spacious mansions. Elena explained that nearly all the male inhabitants went abroad to make their fortunes, and then came home to live at ease. Their woods, pastures, and sheep-farms could not give employment to all, so these active Gressoney folk supply North Italy and Switzerland with engineers, road-contractors, masons and navvies, and regard Switzerland as their special El Dorado.

After the solitude of our mountain-path Issime seemed almost a town, and it is practically the capital of the valley. Its ancient, quaintly-frescoed church fronts a spacious green, on one side of which is the Gräfenstuhl, a high stone seat flanked by lower benches, where the feudal lord of the valley—generally some Count of the House of Challant—used to preside over his open-air tribunal and receive the yearly dues from his vassals. There was time to examine the place while our mules were being watered at the fountain. This mountain-girt centre, half town, half village, seemed curiously typical of half-developed social needs. It had a few arcaded stone houses and public buildings, flanked by lanes of rustic hovels; it had a mayor and corporation, but no hotel; wealthy inhabitants, but no shops.

We had just remounted, when a young man on a rough pony came in sight trotting down the road. Like everyone else we had met by the way, he had a word and a smile for Beata, bowed slightly to us, and seemed about to pass on, when, glancing at Elena, he started, and riding up to her seized her hand with exclamations of delight.

For a moment the girl seemed surprised, if not frightened, by his impetuous greeting; then a glad light flashed from her eyes as she cried, "Franz, dear Franz! Is it really you? But you are a man!"

"No doubt as to that!" whispered Kit in my ear; "a very fine one, too."

A rapid duet followed, and then our companion turned to us with a radiant face.

"This is my old playmate, Franz Bondaz. I thought he had gone away for ever."

Thereupon the young man raised his hat with quite a town-bred air, and said that, having heard the signorina was expected, he had been on the look-out for her and the nun.

"Why didn't you come to Pont St. Martin?" asked Elena, quickly.

The young man laughed—a cheery baritone laugh that was good to hear.

"Not so easy to play truant now, Lena, as in old times—too many patients to visit. Indeed, had I not waited for a glimpse of you I should be at La Trinité by now."

"Pray ride up the valley with us, doctor," said Kit, who seemed most favourably impressed by this new acquaintance.

"What!" cried Elena, "are you the new doctor from Turin? I am glad! Now you cannot run

away from the valley. Yet you always said you would go to the end of the world. What made you change your mind?"

"I can't tell you now," said Bondaz, gravely. "Much water has run to the sea during the six years you have been at school."

We rode on quietly for some minutes, when Elena suddenly reined in her horse, saying, "Oh, Franz, I had forgotten! You must not come with us!" and then she spoke of the dying man at Perloz.

He listened attentively, his eyes fixed on her sweet face, but shook his head and turned appealingly to me.

It was hard, he said, to have to say no to Lena's first request. He would have gone willingly, although Perloz was not in his district, but he was called to a serious case at La Trinité, and, in fact, would be obliged to leave us and hurry forward as soon as we reached easier ground.

We had just climbed up a stiff ascent, amid a chaos of fallen rocks, had left the fair vale of Issime, and were winding through the defile that is the natural gate of Gressoney. The Lys was thundering in wild leaps through a series of cauldrons fed by tributary cascades flashing into it on either side; and, in spite of the blazing sun, the air was deliciously cold and exhilarating.

Elena and her friend chatted rapidly in German until we reached a wayside shrine at the summit of the pass. Then, without even waiting to breathe his pony, which was plainly accustomed to a quicker pace than that of our luggage-laden cavalcade, the doctor raised his hat and clattered briskly downhill. The girl looked after him with wistful eyes. I remarked consolingly, that our journey must be nearly at its end.

"Yes, we shall soon reach my dear Gressoney; and it is so wonderful to me to find Franz here when I thought he had gone away for ever!"

"It is plain that he is a very old friend of yours," remarked Kit, in a fatherly tone.

"We were always together," was the simple reply; "and he used to stand by me against my big, rough cousins, who always wanted everything their own way."

"They will be meeker now, and content to obey you," rejoined Kit, gallantly.

"Even then, I shouldn't like them any better," replied Elena, with puckered brows. "They were as tyrannical as grandmamma herself. I *hope* they are not at Gressoney! But—ah, see, Madame, there is the Lyskamu! Is it not beautiful?"

The rock-walls had fallen back; we looked on a pleasant smiling vale, and a great glittering snow-crest rose before us, where pine-clad heights and serried peaks drew together at the head of the basin. Little hamlets lay dotted about on the plain, dark woods streamed down to the edge of the fields, and here and there we saw the silver flash of our river among the trees. Another sharp descent, and our course lay over fairly level ground, between bushes and rocks, past one or two villages, and there was the spire of Gressoney above a confusion of roofs.

Elena clapped her hands and looked round with joyful eyes. "That must be my cousin's new château," she said, pointing to an imposing building of composite architecture, half castle, half chalet, against the hillside; "and there, Madame," she added, "is your hotel close by it—that house with balconies on every floor."

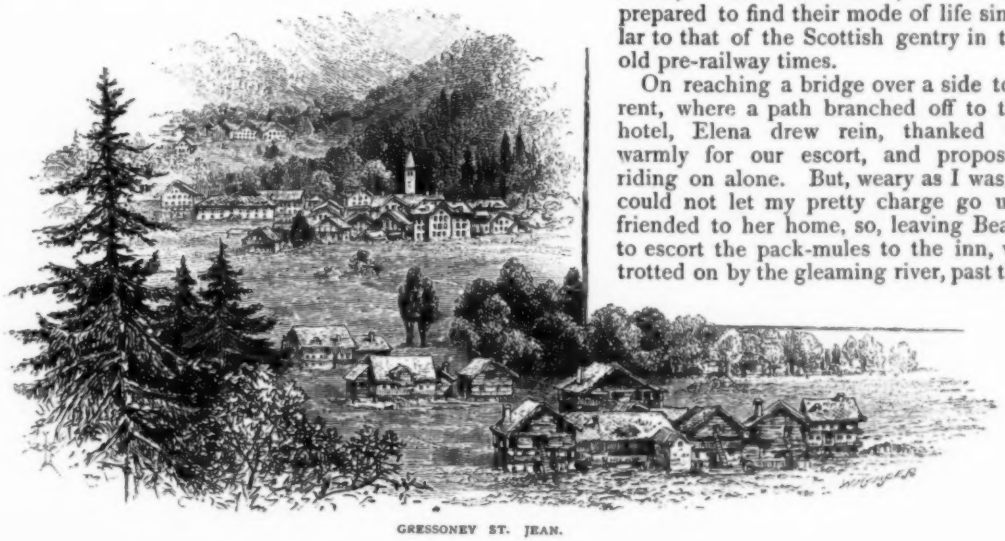
"And can you see your own home?" I asked.

No, she said; that was on the piazza near the church, and hidden by her grandmother's old house.

Kit rode to my side with a contented face. "We have found a true vale of rest, Joan!" he cried. "No fear of strong emotions here!"

I was too weary to be capable of enthusiasm, but I liked the look of the place, and our new friend, this lovable girl, gave it an added charm. We might see something of local life, instead of being reduced to Pension acquaintances. These Denabians would be interesting specimens, no doubt, of rural aristocrats, and I was prepared to find their mode of life similar to that of the Scottish gentry in the old pre-railway times.

On reaching a bridge over a side torrent, where a path branched off to the hotel, Elena drew rein, thanked us warmly for our escort, and proposed riding on alone. But, weary as I was, I could not let my pretty charge go unfriended to her home, so, leaving Beata to escort the pack-mules to the inn, we trotted on by the gleaming river, past the



GRESSONEY ST. JEAN.

château, and over a stout bridge to the village square. This was an irregular space, flanked by substantial houses, with a Gräfenstuhl, like that of Issime, against the further wall. At one corner of the square we saw a grey-headed woman craning over a balcony filled with bright flowers.

"Tante Luisa, Tante Luisa!" cried Elena, joyfully. "Franz has told her I was coming!"

Just as we drew up at the neat brass-handled door beneath the balcony, a queer figure ambled towards us from a side street. It was a bottle-nosed, hunch-backed old man, his head half buried in the collar of an enormous great-coat, concealing nearly the whole body of his horse under its wide green skirts. This figure blinked at us distrustfully with watery little eyes, and, nodding coldly to Elena as she leapt from her horse, said, in grating tones,

"So, you've come at last, Lena, no thanks to those foolish nuns. There, get indoors to your aunt. I shall be back soon," he added, waving her away, as, springing towards him she stood tiptoe, raising her sweet face for the expected caress. She shrank back at the harsh rebuff; her eyes filled with tears.

"Won't you thank this kind English lady, this gentleman?" she stammered timidly, "they have been very good to me on the journey."

"Your servant, your servant; much obliged," mumbled the old boor, with a half-nod to each of us, and, riding away up the side street from which he had emerged, afforded us an excellent back view of his big green coat and shapeless hat.

"Pray excuse my brother, he does not understand; we are most deeply indebted to you," said a gentle, quavering voice, and turning from contemplation of the noble Denabian, I saw Tante Luisa on the doorstep and Elena clinging round her neck. She was a withered little woman, dressed like a peasant, but her voice was refined, her face full of feeling. Kit and I said a few polite words, and as I bent down to kiss the dear young girl, Tante Luisa joined her in entreating us to come to drink coffee with them the following afternoon.

As we rode away, a tall, swarthy young man, with a gun over his shoulder, came across the square to the door we had just quitted.

"That is the Signorina's cousin, Baron Felsen," said our *cavallaro*, who had just rejoined us. "He is the richest man in Gressoney; half the valley belongs to him. People say he is to marry the Signorina, but his grandmother, the old baroness up at Chamonal, doesn't find him easy to manage. He, too, has a will of his own." And Beata accompanied his words with a gesture expressing little love for the village magnate.

"So that sweet girl's fate is already settled!" remarked Kit, meditatively. "There's material for a sensational novel in this primitive valley. An impossible father, a despotic grandmother, a fascinating doctor, a black-browed baron, and this blue-eyed innocent fresh from the convent. Poor little thing! I might have had a child just her age. I hope her people will be good to her Don't you pity her, Joan?"

"Oh! yes," I murmured faintly, "but I'm too done up to feel much interest in anything. Thank heaven, here is the hotel! We can rest at last."

Oh, the comfort of that perfect little inn! No angel could have ministered better to our wants than the charming hostess in red-cloth skirt and black bodice, who, welcoming us as though we were old friends, led us to dainty wainscotted rooms overlooking the valley. We were lulled to sleep by the murmur of falling water, and awoke new beings—albeit with some aching reminiscences of our nine hours' ride—to rejoice in the crisp air and jocund sunshine of this tranquil mountain retreat.

## Father's Room

WITH eager footsteps, every night,
Five little ones repair
To father's room, and with delight
They cluster round my chair.

And Bertie brings his picture-book,
And all in chorus plead—
While baby climbs my knee to look—
"Now, father, will you read?"

For nurse's step is still unheard,
Though she may shortly come;
And so—afraid to lose a word—
The rosy lips are dumb.

Stories of lions, and of men
Who crawl on hands and knees—
Truths written by a golden pen—
Their faith is great in these!

They deem all hunters carry guns
That never miss their aim;
Oh, tiny daughters, little sons,
My dreams were once the same!

Come, teach me how to rise above
My thoughts of doubt and gloom;
Come, children, with your faith and love,
And brighten father's room.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

# A CRUISE AMONG THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

## III.—ATIU AND RAROTONGA.

CONTINUING our cruise, we arrived at the island of Atiu, one of the Cook group, on the day following our departure from the Hervey Islands. An entire change of scenery relieved our eyes, somewhat wearied by the continual sight of coral and cocoanut. Atiu we found to be an island of some twenty miles circumference, rising in gentle ridge-topped hills to a height of 380 feet above the sea. It was discovered by Captain Cook in 1777, the natives then, as now, being remarkable for the friendliness of their disposition. The hill-sides showed plantations of cotton, banana and cocoanut, or, where uncultivated, patches of red-brown earth half-hidden among bushes and scattered trees. The valleys between the ridges and the level country by the sea-shore were full of luxuriant vegetation, which reached down to, and overhung, the grey volcanic rocks backing the sandy beach. The whole island looked cool, fertile, and inviting. Closely adhering to the shore was a fringe or belt of coral, about eighty yards in width, whose smooth surface was only a foot or two below the sea level. Upon its outer side the sea broke in a gentle surf—the wind being light—and each receding breaker showed the table-like edge of the brown coral, there descending precipitously to a vast depth. Even within a few yards of this belt we could obtain no anchorage, and accordingly had to lie "off and on," during our visit, abreast of the landing-place. The latter was only practicable for canoes, which could ride over or through the surf, traverse the shallow water covering the coral, and so reach the beach inside. Leading up from this beach, through the rocks behind, was a red road winding away in shade among the trees.

On our arrival, a few of the natives came off in canoes; others assembled on the rocks at the landing-place. The visit of even a small craft like ours was something of an event, for the vessels calling at this island, though regular, are infrequent.

With a companion I landed in one of our own boats, which took us to the edge of the reef. One of the natives came ashore with us, and carried us on his back over the reef to the beach. He was a burly, good-humoured fellow, whom we afterwards found to be the king's son, and heir to the local throne. Local, because no less than three chiefs ruled over the island—two kings and one queen, each governing a separate district independently.

Dropped in somewhat undignified style from the royal back, we greeted the natives assembled on the beach, who returned our salutation in friendliness, but with much curiosity. Walking up the road already mentioned, a few yards above the beech we found, under a big bread-fruit tree, the king, to whom an officious native introduced us. His majesty was a pleasant-looking man of massive build, attired in an Oxford shirt, a pair of grey trousers, and a straw hat. He received our remarks with genial guffaws, signifying rather approbation than comprehension. After the interview, brief by reason of mutual limitations of language, we proceeded on our walk, intending to reach the chief town, or rather village, about three miles distant.

The road leading thither was extremely beautiful, in this lower part winding through a wood of glorious variety and richness, whose trees shaded the way pleasantly. Beneath them, on either side of us, the ground was rocky and volcanic, forming dark nooks and curious grottoes, in which grew abundant ferns and spreading creepers, many of which ran gracefully up the tree-trunks.

Now and then we passed through a plantation of bananas or cocoanuts, characteristic of tropic scenery, whose wide and curving branches waved over our heads. Winding along the pathway towards us came groups of the island women, dressed in the loose, gaily-coloured gowns already familiar to us, and with flowers twined in their hair. They were carrying baskets of fruit down to the ship.

Soon we began to ascend a hill, the vegetation thinning as we mounted A cool breeze sweeping over the woods from the sea replaced the shade we lost. It was perfumed with the sweet smell of limes that grew here and there on the hill-side. Arrived at the summit of the ridge, the village appeared ahead of us, apparently surrounded with a palisade, or fence, for we entered through a rude gateway. The huts forming the village were scattered apart, each standing in its own enclosure, which contained bananas and cocoanuts, besides other less useful trees, such as the hybiscus (by the natives called *burao*), whose delicate, cup-like, yellow flowers strewed the ground, and a shorter dark-green tree, bearing a sweet-scented white flower, apparently a kind of gardenia. The whole aspect of this wooded village was exceedingly pleasant and pretty.

The huts were built of wood, and thatched chiefly with the leaves of the pandanus, which are largely used by these islanders for various purposes, such as making mats, fans, and hats.

Our appearance in the village attracted some attention, and we had ample opportunity of observing the natives, who assembled round us in great friendliness, evincing a merry, fun-loving, and withal gentle, disposition. As usual, the fair sex predominated in conversation, chattering and laughing among themselves, and speaking to us with a mixture of shyness and forwardness that was as charming as it was amusing. These natives were greatly superior to any we had yet seen; lighter as to colour, more delicate in feature, and symmetrical in figure. A

description of one girl will suffice for all, since the difference in dress was that of colour only. She wore the usual cotton gown, of pink striped with white, flowing from shoulder to heel. Her black hair, glossy with scented cocoanut oil, fell in two plaited tails down her back, and was bound with a wreath formed of white gardenias and separate scales of pineapple rind strung together, which emitted a sweet and powerful perfume. Behind each ear was stuck another flower, its red petals to the front. Her feet were bare, and their shape, like that of her hands, almost perfect.

All the women were similarly adorned with wreaths of flowers. The principal colours of their dresses were pink and dark red, but varicoloured stripes were also popular, and few devices were of the same pattern. The only garment worn beneath this gown was a "pareu," or waist-cloth, worn as a petticoat, which was either of scarlet or dark blue, and stamped with a gigantic pattern of leaves and other devices in white or yellow.

The men wore a variety of costumes; sometimes a coloured jersey, or a shirt flying freely outside trousers, though a gorgeous waist-cloth, similar to that worn by the women, often took the place of the latter; and in most cases their heads were similarly bedecked with flowers.

Christianity was here fully established, and a native minister conducted services in the Congregational method. The church was a large, but rather dilapidated, building of stone, and a substantial school-house testified to the fact that education was not neglected. The king's house was a large wooden building of two storeys, rudely furnished in semi-civilised fashion. Not far from it were some curious stone tombs of former kings.

Returning to the landing-place, we found that several of the natives, chiefly of the fair sex, had gone on board the ship—some on business bent, with fruit and shells to sell, others merely out of curiosity. Some of our men struck up music, in forecastle fashion, which filled our visitors with delight, and instantly set them dancing, a pastime of which they never seemed to tire. It was a matter of time to get them on shore again, but by dusk they were out of the ship, and we proceeded on our way, while they waved farewell to us. They are a merry, friendly, happy people, gentle and refined to a degree surprising, considering that not many years ago they were absolute heathens and undoubted cannibals.

We now shaped our course for Rarotonga, the principal island of the Cook group, arriving there a day or two later. Here another change of scenery appeared. The island, roughly oval in shape, and about twenty miles in circumference, is split up into rugged mountains and ravines, the former rising to a height of over 3,000 feet, and exhibiting steeple-like peaks, pinnacles, and tremendous precipices. Thick woods, rich and green, cover both hill and valley, except where the rocky peaks protrude. Clouds, at the time of our visit, clung to the mountain-tops, enriching the island with moisture, and feeding the mountain streams that ran down the steep valleys to the coast.

Partly hidden among the close-growing trees along the beach were nuts and houses, forming the settlement of Avarua. A fringing reef of coral extended round the coast, on the outer edge of which, about two hundred yards from the shore, a line of white breakers roared. Two gaps in the reef formed two miniature harbours, affording an anchorage for small vessels and a landing-place for boats. In one of these we moored very snugly.

A walk ashore showed that progress in civilisation had been made to a considerable degree. The queen, Makea (who, by the way, was married to one of the kings of Atiu), lived in a well-built house standing in a park-like enclosure. Close by stood a really fine church and large school-house. Behind the former, in a beautiful spot at the foot of a wooded hill, was the mission-house. The work of the mission, besides the general religious superintendence of this and neighbouring islands, included a college for training native ministers.

By the side of a well-kept road skirting the beach (which road extended completely round the island) stood several pretty houses in their own well-stocked gardens, the better ones occupied by Europeans; others, less carefully tended, by natives. A few shops of the "general store" description supplied the wants of the people.

We had occasion to stay here some days, in the course of which we came not only to know but to form friendships among the natives, and to appreciate the hospitality of the white residents. The more we saw of the natives, the more struck were we with their gentleness, refinement, and simple kind-heartedness. They were of course not without faults. Favoured by nature with a land supplying all their wants, the needlessness of work tended to make them indolent and sensual. They could prove themselves, too, to be dangerous; if once roused, we were told, never forgetting or forgiving an injury. But law and order prevailed, crime was rare, and immorality not apparent, at any rate, to the stranger.

Queen Makea hospitably invited some of us to dinner with her. Assembling at the "Palace," we met most of the Europeans of the island, nearly all of whom were married to native wives, who accompanied them. Many of the principal natives were of the party also, though on what principle of selection we could not tell, for there seemed no recognised distinctions of class among the people. Noticeable among the latter was the adopted daughter of the queen, an exceedingly handsome girl, familiarly known as "Jacky," who was a striking figure in her flowing gown of coloured stripes and flower-bound hair. Her classically regular features (betraying European blood), straight eyebrows, and olive skin would have furnished a painter with a perfect model for a Cleopatra.

Dinner took place in one of the lower rooms, and was served in European style, the national

luxury of baked pig forming a prominent portion of the *menu*. The queen did not sit down with us (the British Consul genially presiding), but appeared occasionally, beaming benevolence on the proceedings. At the doors and windows natives crowded in curiosity, trespassing unchecked upon the royal precincts, and encroaching, indeed, into the house itself.

After dinner we adjourned to another large room which had been deprived of its furniture and prepared for dancing. The walls were hung with wreaths and festoons of flowers, leaves, and pine-apple skin, perfuming the room. On the floor all round were seated a number of the native ladies, dressed in their best gowns and adorned with flowers. A harmonium, belonging to one of the white residents (whose sister played it), and a violin, played by another European, furnished the necessary music. Dancing soon began, in customary civilised fashion. It was a curious and picturesque scene—a wonderful mixture of civilisation and barbarism. The ladies, in their gay gowns, and dancing with bare feet, behaved with demure decorum, returning after each dance to their seats upon the floor. Conversation was of course limited, but perhaps no more lacking in brilliancy than the average small-talk of the civilised ball-room.

The heat of the room was great, free ventilation being prevented by the natives massed at doors and windows. The dances were therefore occasionally relieved by songs, chiefly sung by some of the Englishmen present. But the most interesting part of the entertainment was the singing of the native women. Songs, whether secular or sacred, are called by the natives "hímini," a corruption of the word *hymn*, introduced by the first missionaries. The "hímini" now sung were of a sacred character, being, in fact, native versions of Sankey's hymns.

The fair singers, about twelve in number, grouped themselves on the floor in the centre of the room, turning their backs towards the queen and the main body of the audience. This, it appears, is their custom—possibly through bashfulness—but the effect was amusing. Each song began with a short introductory solo of two or three bars, the remainder of the singers then bursting forth in a powerful chorus. The result was peculiar, barbarous but not unpleasing, caused by the deep, sustained, drone-like note of some of the women, and the curious timbre of the others' voices, which is difficult to describe. It was neither metallic nor mellow, but rather strident and narsh, not unlike that of a "breaking" boy's voice, loud, and deficient in expression. The general effect resembled something between a reed-organ and a powerful Jew's-harp, the latter being caused by the peculiar vowel sounds *é*, *o*, *ai*, *ah*, being peculiarly rich in sonorous vowels. Time was kept with precision, and the harmony of parts preserved, although the tunes were often altered so much that the original was barely recognisable. Princess "Jack" sang the solos and led the proceedings generally, her strange and powerful voice increasing the interest awakened by her remarkable appearance.

The affair broke up early; "God Save the Queen" was sung, and the large party quickly dispersed. We bade the kind-hearted Queen Makea "good-night" with sincere gratitude for the pleasant and interesting entertainment she had given us.

The general contentment and happiness of the natives struck us forcibly during our stay at Rarotonga. The island is divided into several districts each governed by a separate chief or "king" (sometimes a "queen,"), who makes his own laws subject to Queen Makea's approval. The Protestant religion is firmly established, and, judging from published extracts from their sermons, some of the native ministers maintain the religion with great intelligence. Marriages are celebrated according to the rites of their church. Limitations are placed by law upon the sale of liquors.

The products of the island are copra, cotton, coffee, and fruit, all of which are almost entirely in the hands of white settlers, the indolent natives not taking the trouble to pick their own cottonsince the market price fell. Cloth provisions, and general goods are imported in exchange.

A walk into the country filled one with admiration, not only for the beauty of the scenery, but for the fertility of soil, the plantations of bananas, pineapples, oranges, and cocoanuts, and the fields of taro, yam, and potato showing the generosity of Nature to this favoured island. Bread-fruit, mangoes, limes, and other useful trees grew wild.

One industry is maintained with some vigour, that is hat and mat making by the women. The materials used in this work are the leaves of the cocoanut, sugar-cane, and "pandanus"—the latter tree, common in these islands, having strong and pliable leaves which are utilised in many ways. The hats made by these women are really works of art, displaying an immense amount of delicate labour, skill and taste, and are made in great varieties of pattern. The mats are plainly woven with smooth strips of leaf, (some of which are dyed red,) and are largely used for flooring the huts, giving the latter a neat and clean appearance.

The interiors are scantily furnished, having little else in them besides plain wooden beds. Meals are eaten on the ground, as often outside the hut as indoors. For lighting purposes, "candle-nuts" are used, the tree growing wild all over the island. The dry nuts are strung on a leaf stalk, so that the burnt out one ignites the next below it, and the light given is sufficient for the ordinary purposes of Rarotongan domestic life, in which reading and writing form a very small part.

Our stay at Avarua was exceedingly pleasant, and it was with genuine regret that we bade farewell to the islanders, whose friendliness and simplicity had made a great impression upon us. Presents of fruit and flowers, and "home-made" hats of no small value were given to most of us on our leaving, and as we sailed away for Tahiti, we agreed that it would be long before we should forget the pleasant island of Rarotonga, fading into mist astern of us.

# THE WINTER LIFE OF ANIMALS.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

HAS the reader ever been in a blizzard, or what is nearly as bad, abroad among the hills of Scotland or Cumberland, or even on the bleak bare moors of Yorkshire, when a snowstorm has suddenly come on? People who live in the southern counties of England seldom see such a thing. But when it does take place, deaths in the snow-drift are by no means rare, for those who are out in the blizzard are often entirely without any previous experience of such terrible weather; they do not know what to do, they become nervous, flurried, frightened, then sink and sleep and die. I have weathered many a snow gale in the Highlands, and must confess to having felt a certain amount of pleasure in fighting the storm; and still more in my welcome home, the brightly lighted room, the happy faces round the fire, the cosy drawn window curtains, and—the dinner. Ah! that, indeed; while after an adventure of the sort, as one draws his chair up to the table he may well say with Burns—

> "The storm without may roar and rustle,
> I dinna mind the storm a whustle."

But on nights like this, when the snow gale is at its very wildest and worst, roaring round the chimney, rattling the casement, and dashing the mingled hail and flakes against the panes—when to open the hall-door but for a moment causes a feeling of suffocation akin to that a weakly child feels under a shower-bath—then somehow my heart goes out and away to the birds and beasts of the field, that cower shelterless in corners or shiver on the naked frozen branches of trees and hedges. After such a storm I have found blackbirds and thrushes hanging by the claws on the twigs from which they had dropped dead. I have seen dead deer on the forest borders, and hares in the ditches, while rooks and even larger birds have come hopping to my door to share in the sparrows' humble meal.

The destruction of bird and beast life during severe snowstorms is far geater than most people imagine, for we seldom find the dead, they creep into holes and crannies to die.

Seven or eight years ago a snowstorm of extraordinary violence, a blizzard in all truth, raged for about twenty-four hours in the Midland and Southern counties of England. In Berkshire, the day on which it came on is still alluded to as "that terrible Tuesday." The temperature fell low and suddenly; the wind was fierce and gusty; sometimes it seemed to blow from a dozen different directions in a minute. Suffocating ice-dust, as it is called, filled the air, and abroad in the fields the strongest man could hardly have faced it and lived. We noticed the effects of this storm for at least two years afterwards, in the scarcity of those birds that stay with us all the winter, and in the subsequent slow decay of trees. These last only died in parts where they had been twisted and frozen, and not all in the same year. Some struggled on for a summer, but succumbed to the frosts of the succeeding January. Let me here say, parenthetically, that the word "ice-dust," which I have just used, seems to be of Yankee origin, and is somewhat misleading. We have long known it practically in Scotland, and during two cruises to the Arctic regions I had reason to know it only too well, but we never gave it so fine a name. It is an impalpable powder, whirled about in the air, or blown along on the wings of the gale, and is in fact composed of the wind-tossed flakes of snow, broken up as they fall, or relifted after they have reached the ground. But it is this dust, coupled with the frost and debility from want of food, that kills our wild birds and other denizens of our fields and forests.

The winter life of animals in this country is not a very enviable one, and more happy are those birds to whom nature has given the instinct to fly away and be at rest in more genial climates than ours. The migration of the feathered race is far too voluminous a subject to enter into at present. Neither is it one that naturalists know everything about. I do not think, for example, that the sight of a flock of birds making their way in some certain direction at some particular time should be taken as conclusive proof that these birds always migrate so. We want to notice them not once but a dozen times, for all animals are subject to sudden whims, owing to influences we know nothing about. So, too, are migratory fishes, though this may seem like a digression. But did the reader ever hear or read of the wonderful herring panic, that took place on the eastern or north-eastern shore of Aberdeenshire? I have the story direct from an eye-witness, and there are doubtless people living who remember it. The herring shoals appeared to have gone suddenly mad, some said they were pursued by a foul fiend in the shape of a "kraken" or sea-monster. However, they threw themselves on shore in heaps, in ridges, in myriads. There was no doing anything with the multitude of stranded living fishes, and for a whole week at least carts from all the neighbouring farms were employed carrying them away for manure, the people being naturally afraid that a plague would break out as the fish decayed.

Down where I live at present, in the sylvan depths of wooded Berks, the oncoming of winter is very gradual. Nature goes slowly to sleep, but slumbers well when her eyes are really closed. In our gardens the flowers die very hard, especially the roses; they struggle on till it is far into November, and until the first hard frost kills their beautiful buds. But many good old-fashioned flowers go to sleep singing "Resurgam," and with their buds almost ready to bloom, then these are first up in spring. Early in November the leaves come earthward in showers from our deciduous




MOUNTAINEERS SEEKING SHELTER FROM A COMING SNOWSTORM

trees, and in much the same fashion year after year. First comes a day or two of soaking rain, then towards evening the sky gets bright and clear, and all night long the stars shine like diamonds, and many a long-tailed meteor goes flashing across the firmament or descends like an inverted rocket. Next morning the air is bracing, the ground is hard as flint, but there is neither breath nor motion, only a little whispering high up among the tips of the weird and stately poplars. Never a hush till sunset, perhaps, when the wind begins to moan and the trees give voice; they are singing their last song, for in less than forty-eight hours they are leafless and bare—with the exception of the oak, ash, and acacia; but the limes, elms, and gaily-tinted sycamores, that in summer were bee-haunted cloudlands of green, are now a mere network of twigs and branches, looking as hard and dark as if traced in ink.

We miss, now, many of our creeping or crawling garden favourites. The wasps that buzzed around me in autumn, and wanted to drink my red ink, who threatened to sting but never did, who carried away armfuls of my best plums and greengages, flies and caterpillars, and even the dogs' food, are all gone, dead or lethargic. Their representatives will come prospecting round in spring again, however. My gallant friends the stag-beetles have hid themselves deep down in the ground in the neighbourhood of old wood. The earwigs that swarmed two months ago, and are so great a plague, have gone to sleep in their cracks and blue-bottles in crevices. On a mild day moths and midges, or gnats, still flutter out. There is neither song nor poison in the latter now, and towards evening they seem to feel sorry they were ever born.

My sly "pawky" old toad has worked himself, stern foremost, far in under the green bank on which my garden wigwam stands, and here he will dream away the winter. In beneath the wooden floor of this wigwam sleeps also a hedgehog. He rolled himself in leaves first till every spike had half a dozen on it, then sunk himself among the earth and roots of the wild convolvulus. When days get long once more, and the primroses are in bloom, he will come creeping out, shivery, weak, and as lank as a weasel. In the gnarled old apple-tree yonder a dormouse has made his winter's bed, and none knows he is there but I.

While early winter is yet green the earthworms have a bad time of it in my gardens. They may be seen at any time hurrying up out of their holes in the path, and well they may, for some vicious tiger-looking larvæ have seized them by the tails, if I may so speak, and are eating them alive. They usually get diseased and die after this, or attempt a little migration, get caught in a shower, and succumb.

Where are the frogs that hopped about so merrily when summer days were fine, that used to stalk the flies so nimbly, so gracefully; that my little ones used to catch and kiss, or hold miniature race meetings with, or bring to me to be healed when they got in the way of John's scythe in the paddock, and were grievously wounded? They are asleep in knots and in bundles in the muddy bottom of the pond, or under the long green weeds in the still waters of the mill-dam.

Bats are always summer favourites with us down here. They wait at home in their caves, or under bridges, until the swifts and martins have quite done wheeling and singing in the air, then they come forth, but so swiftly do they fly, that, if your sight is not of the best, you may easily mistake them for swallows. They skim across the ponds like these latter, and like them, too, they first eat a fly, then, without alighting, sip a drop of water to wash it down. They come into our bedrooms at night, if a light is burning, and after flying around the room till exhausted, alight and patter about the floor. When the light is extinguished they mount a chair, and, spying the stars, fly away through the open window towards these. But they have gone to their winter's rest long ago, hanging in bunches head downwards, and wrapped round with their wings, like a Highlander in his plaid, and in their caves they will sleep till spring-time returns.

Spiders are exceedingly lively and energetic in the early days of November, but when the frosts of winter come they seek for shelter, curl their legs under them, and go to sleep—perchance to die. Household flies sleep in winter on very cold days, but come out in fine weather and take pot-luck with the family.

Our field-mice make themselves very cosy wee nests for winter. Who does not remember the words of our tender-hearted poet, Burns, on turning up the mouse's nest with the ploughshare?—

> "Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
> An' weary winter comin' fast,
> An' cozie here beneath the blast
> Thou thought to dwell;
> Till crash the cruel ploughshare past
> Out through thy cell.'

But it is time to say a word about the birds. The spirit of wanton destructiveness is not yet extinct. But the Wild Bird Act has done a little good, yet not so much as might have been expected. There is a close season for many of our beautiful feathered friends, it is true; but Tom, Dick, and Harry, towards the end of it, are counting the very hours, and it is hardly finished ere they are down like the wolf on the fold to maim and to murder. Again, almost every evening all the winter through, wretched, brainless boys are out around the hedges and the ivy with lamp and clap-net, and every sheltering bird is ruthlessly captured and killed right out, or reserved for gunning-matches.

This is not all yet, and the upper classes are no less guilty than the juvenile lower. Larks upon toast! So long as this is a favourite addition to our *menu*, so long will these charming song-birds be caught in thousands throughout the length and breadth of the land, and we shall soon have to go to very desolate places indeed if we wish to be charmed with the skylark's delightful music; or that of the woodlark, who often on sultry nights of summer sings among the clouds all the livelong night.

Well, now that winter has come we miss many birds that we were wont to see and hear in summer. The swallows, *et id genus omne*, have gone long ago. Our very last nests were hatched in October; after that we watched them while in training wheeling round and round in the sky, feeding the young while on wing, and every now and then alighting on the telegraph wires in myriads. No, I do not think that the swallows hybernate in caves of the hills. Some few may, but these are the sick and the delicate, and instances are not unknown of nests of young having been entirely clayed up by the parents, the young sinking into lethargy and sleeping through all the weary winter.

The rooks never leave us, though sometimes they are hardly pushed. They sleep in the forest lands and woods, but their favourite feeding-grounds are the fields and banks along the side of the Thames and smaller rivers.

In green winters we often have the lapwings in flocks till green leaves come again. They get plenty to eat among the mangolds and turnips. Sometimes I have noticed three different army corps in our field, each under the command of a leader. In the air it is wonderful how these can mix and mingle and get clear again, each bird doubtless keeping staunch and true to his own regiment.

It is well on in December while I write, the thrush is still in song, however, and he will sing away till the snow falls. But not even the snow will check the sweet notes of our beautiful robins. Singular to say, our robins come to be fed every day all the summer as well as winter, and bid defiance to our large army of Persian cats. The sparrows, like the poor, are always with us. The cocks make marital arrangements even now, though building or breeding does not commence till February. One particular sparrow sits with his *two* hens all night on a twig under the verandah.

Talking of winter, Burns says—

> "Ilk hopping bird, wee helpless thing!
> That in the merry months o' spring
> Delighted me to hear thee sing—
> What comes o' thee?
> Where wilt thou cower thy chittering wing
> An' close thy e'e?"

Well, the sparrows, at all events, have studied the science of hygiene to some purpose. They know well how to take care of themselves in winter, and to this fact with others I attribute their great increase in this and in other countries. Here with me they nestle among the ivy that clads the poplars, always on the lee side, they also fill their summer nests, make common lodging-houses of them, huddling together for warmth, and they build shelters that are not nests in the Wisteria trees and among the Gloire de Dijon bushes that trail over the stable walls.

Many of our blackbirds go away in winter, but a few always remain, and build about the same places every year. They build early in February, and we notice that they do not sing until the nest is completed, their rule being business first, pleasure afterwards. Wild geese, swans, ducks, etc., sometimes pass overhead in winter on their way to water, and quite a number of birds may be found about springs and ponds that do not freeze over, for here they can pick up food—notably the wagtail family—and in our copses we have wrens.

The starlings do not very often come to be fed; they prefer living with the rooks or with the sheep, which they keep clean as monkeys keep each other.

I must say that our birds are somewhat improvident. When no frost has occurred there are plenty of insects; yet they will eat all the hips or fruit of the wild briers, and commence upon the holly berries, wasting more than they eat. We feed them daily in severe weather, morning and evening. Most kind-hearted people do so, but they should do something more; let them, during snow, in their country rambles take a pocketful of crumbs and scatter them for the wild birds that never leave the woods or copses, or strew them near springs.

The snow seldom fills up the foot of a hedge, and here and beneath trees woodland birds find many a delicious tit-bit even when the wildest wintry winds are blowing. But nevertheless we cannot be too mindful or too kind to those shivering songsters that in the sweet spring-time fill our woods with music and our hearts with joy.

Our illustration depicts quite a multitude of wild and semi-wild mountaineers seeking shelter from a coming storm. If those Highland bulls will only admit them the deer will be cosy enough for a time; the sheep will force their way between their legs, and even that white hare and ptarmigan will find a corner. But, alas! as with our human shelters, hundreds will be turned away from the door.

The sheep will be buried perhaps for weeks, and finally dug out, living, trembling skeletons.

Not nearly enough of those shelters are built either in the Highlands or with us in England, and although in hard winters the deer are fed, they seldom get more than barely keeps the heart fluttering. What else have they to live upon? They scrape away the snow where not too deep and find frozen herbage beneath it, and they even eat the bark of the trees.

To come a little nearer home, let me conclude by saying that even our domestic creatures, such as dogs and fowls, are often too little thought about in winter. Dogs should never be left out of doors during severe snow-storms, they ought to have a warm dry bed either indoors or in an outhouse, and plenty of food and water. The pitiful howling we often hear of a night comes only too often from dogs who are starving of cold and thirst, the water-dish being frozen.

It is the same with fowls, snow sifting in through the crannies of their houses, their toes getting almost frozen to their perches, and their water frozen in the pans. Yet their owners wonder why they get no eggs!

Considering, then, all the hardships they have to endure, I think we cannot be too kind to God's creatures in winter.

# NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

## THE MOLECULAR THEORY AND INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE.

THE hypothesis of the molecular constitution of the matter, stuff, or substance which makes up the sensible material world around us, has claims to-day on average readers which could hardly have been urged a few years since. It may safely be said that the subject has now entered into the domain of industrial physics, as will be readily acknowledged by those who keep even a casual watch upon the manufacturing industries of the day, and the journals read by the workmen employed therein. The molecular theory is no longer a notion of philosophical students, or confined to the pioneers of scientific thought and speculation. The progress of metallurgical industry and of the science of engineering materials has made necessary a more exact and intimate knowledge of the properties of those materials, their powers of endurance, and their internal structure. In blast furnaces, rolling mills, and our great iron and steel industries wherever carried on, a new and larger interest is taken in questions which have hitherto been left in the hands of the chemist and the physicist.[1] A few elementary notes setting forth some of the later illustrations of an exceedingly difficult but fascinating subject may be of use to the general reader. So grand a cosmical theory, refined as it has been in late years by the labours of Clausins, Clerk Maxwell, Tait, and Thomson, until it now takes rank with the Newtonian theory of gravitation, can hardly fail to enrich and ennoble our mental conceptions as well as to advance material well-being.

The molecular theory, as it is somewhat elliptically called, is one of the many tenets of modern science which require us flatly to disbelieve the evidence of our senses. It undoubtedly asks us to reject the testimony of our own eyes and to fall back upon those higher faculties of mental investigation which control, regulate, and supplement the agency of the physical organs of sight. Demands like these need not astonish us when we remember that they began when Galileo publicly denied that the sun moved round the earth, and they have gone on increasing with every century's progress in scientific discovery. To-day this distrust of the uncorroborated testimony of our senses has been transferred from telescopic to microscopic objects, from the macrocosm to the microcosm, from the grander objects of the universe to the most minute, from the domain of molar to that of molecular physics. It is true that the minute and microscopically small in Nature is being followed up with wonderful skill and success by improvements in the "armed eye of science"; whilst astonishing mechanical feats are achieved in the subdivision and manipulation of material substances, of which Nobert's mechanically-ruled gratings with 112,000 lines to the inch and the splitting up of metallic gold into films of exactly the same fineness (just half the wave-length of violet) are examples. Yet the same microscope which can successfully partition a wave of light is utterly useless for the inquiry we have under consideration: it takes us hardly an appreciable distance on the path which leads to an estimate of the size of the visible molecule.

It is, in fact, fully recognised that the ultimate particles of the matter, stuff, or substance which make up the sensible and material world, though by no means inconceivably minute, are and will continue to be hopelessly beyond direct visual observation. Notwithstanding, from the point of view of the science of to-day, the conclusion is arrived at that the sight of those particles utterly revolutionises our old conceptions of material structure, and compels us to abandon our notions of solidity in matter. Instead of appearing compacted together in a fixed position they are revealed as to a certain extent independent of and isolated from one another. Moreover, instead of their being at rest, they would be seen in a state of perpetual motion. Whether in wood, stone, or metal—which have to be cut, sawn, broken, or otherwise violently treated to destroy their cohesion and break them visibly asunder—these particles would be seen in a state of individual freedom, with a motion of rotation, oscillation, or revolution within a determinable space.

Professor Mendeleef, the great Russian chemist, illustrates our subject by drawing an analogy between the constitution of the stellar universe and that of matter as we know it on the earth. Examined from a sufficient distance, the planetary system itself would appear as a concrete whole, and not, as we see it, composed of separate bodies. But as a matter of fact each planet and each satellite is instinct with motions which there is good reason to believe extend to the ultimate atoms of which they are composed; and, moreover, these motions may even exist, as Professor Tait has suggested, in the atoms themselves.

Let us now take another point of view. At a recent *soirée* of the Chemical Society of Great Britain, the amenities of the tea-table were pleasantly varied with an apt illustration of our subject. A piece of white lump sugar was submitted by an inquiring undergraduate to an eminent professor of physics as being in itself a simple, easy, and conclusive refutation of the molecular theory, so obviously were the constituent particles in contact. The professor at once denied the assumption; not one of the molecules of the "solid" lump before him was really touching another; all were separate, and we were looking at a discrete

[1] The Presidential Address to the Mechanical Science Section of the Newcastle Meeting of the British Association in September last by Mr. William Anderson, M. Inst. C.E., will be found to be full of instruction as to the newer attitude of industrial science to the molecular theory, as well of illustrative facts drawn from our manufacturing processes. Some of the newer statistical and quantitative data quoted in this article are taken from Mr. Anderson's paper.

mass. According to this theory, there is no such thing as a "solid" known to science. Neither the coldest iron nor the hardest granite is truly solid; like the lump of sugar, each consists simply of discrete disjunctive particles. Each body or mass is really porous; other material substances can and do pass through them, just as truly as a man may pass through a crowd of people without touching any of them, and emerge on the other side. Such was the dictum laid down by the professor; such tenets have now become the commonplaces of the men of science of to-day.

Let us now look at the nature of the evidence by which so revolutionary a theory is supported, and consider briefly some of the leading facts which are adduced as illustrations or proofs.

In the case put by Professor Mendeleef, we are asked to note the motion of a group of stellar bodies which at a distance might appear as a concrete whole, whilst the fact is that they are really separate from one another, and in motion; and we are then bidden to extend this generalisation to smaller objects lying apparently solid and inert on the earth's surface. If in responding to the professor's invitation, as we propose to do, we should find that metallic, stony, or other dense bodies are really not solid, but permeable, and able to take up, absorb, and find room for other matter without increase of bulk, or to permit the passage of other bodies through them, the illustration from the larger cosmos will well have served its purpose.

We may take our first illustration of the modern molecular theory from the fluids which we call gases. It was by studying the demeanour of gases and vapours that the foundation was laid for the theory which has now been extended to bodies in every stage of density. The now well-known "kinetic" theory of gases is a step so important in the way of explaining the seemingly static properties of matter, that it was scarcely possible to help anticipating in idea the arrival at a complete theory of matter in which all its properties would be seen to be merely attributes of motion. Researches from the days of Bernouilli, in the seventeenth century, down to the mathematical investigations of Krönig and Clausins, Rankine, and Clark Maxwell, have led to the establishment of the kinetic theory of gases, according to which a gas consists of free particles in quick agitation amongst themselves.

This kinetic theory of gases is an entirely modern view, and differs totally from its predecessors. A mass of gas is no longer regarded as an absolutely continuous fluid, as was commonly assumed, with no break in its continuity. It is compressible, and there is room in it for the infusion of other contents. The particles of gases, as compared with their own diameters, are widely separated from each other. Between the interstices, other gases can find room without increasing the original volume. Hence one gas will rapidly penetrate another, and blend evenly with it. Thus the pressure on the vessel containing the gas, whether it be a huge gasometer, a small glass tube, or an india-rubber bag, is due to the agitation of these particles and their impacts upon one another. Every surface in contact with a mass of gas is being constantly bombarded with the molecules: hence the pressure. The result deduced from the kinetic theory of gases agrees so remarkably with experiment, that it is now, in the words of Sir William Thomson, "accepted as a surest article of scientific faith."

The behaviour of the molecules of gases under different conditions has been the subject of an enormous amount of research and observation by minds of the highest order, and the results have been correspondingly fruitful. Indeed, the modern molecular theory of the constitution of matter was born with the kinetic theory of gases. Amongst the achievements which may be referred to are the determinations of the length of the free path of a molecule in the atmosphere and in gases confined within closed vessels; the number of impacts between the molecules per second, and even the approximate size of the molecules themselves. In high vacua, as in glass tubes from which the air has been so extremely rarefied as to exist at the pressure of only one sixteen-millionth of an atmosphere, an induction spark can actually be made to illuminate the places of the collisions, and to show the dark spaces or intervals between the successive impacts of the molecules, which constitute their mean free path.

Before leaving the subject of the molecular constitution of gases, it is all-important to the theory to notice that all known gases can now be compressed into the liquid condition. In fact, during the last twelve years, the so-called "permanent gases" have entirely disappeared from science. This result is of the greatest importance in illustrating a cardinal *datum* of the molecular theory—viz., that the various physical states of matter merge into one another by imperceptible gradations, and by the varying interstitial distances of the molecules.

Next to the gases, the liquids claim our attention. Have they, too, the interstitial molecular constitution we have seen illustrated in the gases, or do they form an absolutely compact, homogeneous, and continuous medium? It may at once be assumed that the molecules of a liquid, as compared with those of a gas, are comparatively close together, so that their free motion is impeded by frequent collision. Nevertheless, it is an induction of observation and experiment that the molecules of liquids are constantly moving about; the mass can take up and find room for other bodies without increase of volume.

Water at the freezing-point "occludes" above one and three-quarter times its own volume of carbonic oxide, and as much as 480 times its volume of hydrochloric acid, with an increase of volume in the latter case of only one-third.

Sulphuric acid absorbs as much as 600 times its bulk of methylic ether.

Liquids, then, are, in fact, more or less porous bodies, whose constituent particles are widely separated, have great freedom of action, and in many cases can find room in the interstitial spaces for volumes far exceeding their own.

Lastly, when we come to solid substances the

same phenomena appear. Solids, like liquids and gases, can take up other substances and find room for them in the interstices of their texture without increase of bulk. They "occlude" the molecules of gases in a most remarkable manner. Here are a few instances.

Platinum, the heaviest solid known, will take up five and a half times its volume of hydrogen.

Palladium will take up nearly 700 times its volume of hydrogen.

Copper will take up 60 per cent., gold 29 per cent., of hydrogen.

Silver will take up 21 per cent. its volume of hydrogen, and 75 per cent. of oxygen.

In each of these cases there is no increase of bulk as a result of the absorption of the additional molecules.

Again, the actual passage of molecules through solid bodies is illustrated in the following cases.

Red-hot iron tubes will permit the passage of gases through their substance with great readiness.

In certain cases liquids can make their way through metals, appearing on the other side. Petroleum will pass through a red-hot boiler-plate half an inch thick. Mercury, as is well known, will penetrate tin and other metals with great rapidity, completely altering their structure, their properties, and chemical compositions.

Space does not allow of the citation of numerous cases of the absorption of water by granites and greenstone, and other comparatively compact and impermeable rocks, as described by Professor Heddle. A familiar instance of the power of liquids to penetrate into the interior of hard minerals is seen in the process employed by German lapidaries for the purpose of imparting brilliant colours to agates.

In fact, the industrial science of to-day abounds with illustrations of the molecular theory. In the process of the manufacture of steel by cementation, or in case-hardening (we quote from Mr. Anderson's Presidential Address, already alluded to), the mere contact of iron with solid substances rich in carbon is sufficient to permit the latter to work into the heart of the former. In the formation of malleable cast-iron the carbon makes its way out of the castings with equal facility; it is a complete case of diffusion of solid substances through each other.

"Again, when by the agency of heat molecular motion is raised to a pitch at which incipient fluidity is obtained, the particles of two pieces brought into contact will interpenetrate or diffuse into each other; the two pieces will unite into a homogeneous whole, and we can thus grasp the full meaning of the operation known as 'welding.'"

Such are a few of the innumerable cases in which the industrial science of everyday life illustrates the molecular theory.

In this sketch we have purposely restricted ourselves to illustrations of the first great elementary postulate of our theme, namely, that there is no such thing in Nature as a solid in the old sense of the term, and that all the matter, stuff, or substance of which the sensible world around is composed — the earth's crust, the ocean, the atmosphere, and all their inhabitants—consists of particles which, however inert and compact they may look in the mass, really exist out of contact with and in a state of isolation from each other, and are moving with astonishing rapidity and freedom within a determinate space. Thus, however solid and inert a mass of stone or metal may appear to the eye, it has a comparatively roomy interior into which almost numberless molecular guests can be received. In the language of Professor Tait, there is no portion of matter whatever that is not capable of further compression.

A few instances in practical illustration of this microcosmic condition of matter have been given which the reader may perhaps choose to return to again in connection with Professor Mendeleef's analogy between the macrocosm and the microcosm as given in an earlier part of the paper.

The aspect of the subject we have chosen, fundamental as it is, by no means presents the whole of the molecular theory. For the present we leave it in this elementary stage. A subsequent paper would show why it is that the leading physicists and chemists have no hesitation in claiming the highest rank among cosmical hypotheses for this of the molecular constitution of the material world, and why it bids fair to rival in completeness and importance the Newtonian theory of gravitation itself.

### THE SCIENCE OF FLOATING ISLANDS.

Floating islands are among the marvels of antiquity, as may be seen in the classic pages of Herodotus, Seneca, and Pliny. They also figure in the writings of authors of modern date, Darwin having described them as in Lake Tagua-cagua, in Ohiti; and other writers mentioning similar phenomena near Gerdauen, in East Prussia; Lake Kolk, in Osnabruck, and elsewhere. Coming to our own country, there are the floating islets on Esthwaite Lake, in Lancashire; at Copesthorne, near Macclesfield; and lastly, the Derwentwater floating island.

The floating island, or islands, of Derwentwater, differ from all other floating islands hitherto described. For the best summary of information on the subject, science is indebted to the researches of Mr. G. J. Symons, F.R.S.[1] The differences are these: (I) All floating islands except Derwentwater are always on the surface; they are not connected with the bottom of the lake, and at some period in their history move from place to place. (II) Derwentwater islands are usually at the bottom, and float perhaps one month in four years; they are part of the bottom of the lake, and are always in one locality.

Careful examination shows that the Derwentwater floating island consists of a peaty mass several feet in thickness. It is, in fact, the highest part of a great blister-like upheaval of the peaty lake bottom. When this blister-like elevation subsides the island is submerged and disappears. The island only rises in hot weather. The immediate cause is the presence in the peat of

1 "The Floating Island in Derwentwater." Stanford, 1888.

an excess of gas. This gas may be collected by pushing an iron tube about fifteen feet long through the island, through which it rises, and may be received in a wide-mouthed bottle. It is this gas which floats and sustains the island on the surface. Recent analyses show that just as Dr. John Dalton found, seventy years ago, so now the gas consists chiefly of carburetted hydrogen, or marsh gas (identical with the fire-damp of collieries), and of azote or nitrogen. But whereas Dalton found their volumes equal, Dr. W. J. Russell to-day finds sometimes the one and sometimes the other to be in excess.

The facts thus collected have narrowed the problem to the issue, why is this Derwentwater peat the only peat that floats? The answer is to be looked for in further information of a partially geological character as regards the rocks at the bottom of the lake. Mr. Symons says, "We want to know (I) over how much of the area the base rock of the Skiddaw slates is absolutely uncovered except by water? (II) What is the area and the thickness of the clays and diatomite resting on the slates? (III) What is the area and thickness of the peat? These questions are themselves a contribution to the solution of the problem, reducing it to the simplest form, viz., What are the causes that give rise to the evolution of gas at this particular spot in the Derwentwater lake?

It may be added that the island did not rise during the present year. Its last appearance was in 1877, when it rose July 15th, sank July 24th; rose again August 12th, and continued at the surface until after September 2nd.

# Varieties.

### John Ericsson.

In the summer of 1889 passed away one of the greatest inventors the world ever saw, John Ericsson. Less notice was taken of the event than is bestowed on far smaller men. This was due partly to the modest and retiring nature of this son of genius, and partly to the fact of his having survived to an age when his works had well-nigh been forgotten, or at least been thrown into the shade by the more brilliant discoveries in recent electric inventions. He was eighty-five when he died.

A Swede by birth, he got his rank of captain of engineers by merit after seven years' service. Soon after, he emigrated, and was naturalised in the United States. It was he who by the building of the Monitor saved the honour of the American navy, and began a great revolution in naval warfare. But for the sudden apparition of the Monitor, the ironclad Merrimac might have laid every seaport in the Northern States in ashes, or levied ruinous contributions as conditions of safety. His later ship, the Dictator, led to the turret-gun ships, and the great rivalry in the art of attack and defence in ironclad vessels. He it was who first proposed to put the engine-room and propelling power below the water-line. He was the inventor of the screw propeller, though it was first put in use in England. He first constructed a wrought-iron gun, and strengthened it with bands, in which he was followed by Krupp and Armstrong. He invented the twin-screw propeller, now to be used in great Transatlantic steamers, but which he showed fifty years ago in a Thames river tug-boat. When a reward was offered in England for a locomotive that would travel at the speed of ten miles an hour. Ericsson built one that went thirty miles. Another gained the reward only because his engine pulled greater weight; freight, not passenger traffic, being then the chief source of railway revenue in England.

Engines for submarine warfare, floating forts, and other warlike inventions were made by him; but his chief delight was in contriving new forms and applications of power for industrial purposes. Some of his proposals are meant for the far future, as his "solar engine," to utilise the sun's rays as a motive power in times when coal shall become scarce and dear. On the banks of the Nile, in Upper Egypt, he dreamed of factories being erected with power many times greater than that now employed by all the manufactories of Europe!

In "Lippincott's Magazine" for July, 1889, an enthusiastic admirer has given an interesting account of his life and his works. The strangest thing is that when the great Centennial Exhibition was arranged, in 1876, Ericsson was utterly ignored and forgotten. He emerged from his retirement, and the old man printed, for private circulation, a book containing descriptions of about fifty of his inventions, some of them familiarly used, but the author unknown to the public. The opening sentence of the book was as follows: "The Commissioners of the Centennial Exhibition having omitted to invite me to exhibit the results of my labours connected with mechanics and physics, a gap in their record of material progress exceeding one-third of a century has been occasioned." This is the only utterance of disappointed feeling in the book. His first settlement in the States was in 1839. He never pushed himself forward, took no patents, lived a quiet, lonely life, and was contented to be useful to his adopted country.

In his native town there is a memorial shaft to John, and his brother, Nils Ericsson, who remained in their father's profession of mining engineer. The inscription has the words: "The way through work to knowledge and fame is open to every Swedish youth." This is good, but the Americans also ought to have some visible memorial of John Ericsson.

**The Return of Stanley.**—By general consent, as well as in his own estimation, the wonderful journey which Mr. Stanley brought to a close in the first week of last December is the most extraordinary of his African explorations. At the time we go to press, telegrams of congratulation are pouring in upon him from crowned heads, societies, and private friends; and preparations are being set on foot to give him a fitting reception when he regains our shores. Lost to sight for two years, and believed to have experienced the fate which befel many of his followers, he has emerged on the further side of the African continent unharmed and victorious, bringing with him those he was sent to rescue, and bearing news of discoveries which will be eagerly waited for by the whole civilised world. New lakes have been found, the courses of heretofore unknown rivers have been traced, and he has at last, he says, located beyond a doubt those mysterious Mountains of the Moon which for many centuries have alternately appeared upon and disappeared from the map of Africa. Until further information can be procured we can only present our readers with a portrait of the great traveller from a photograph taken shortly before his departure on his last journey. Recent telegrams say that his hair has become white.

**Opium in China.**—Dr. Edkins, the well-known missionary and scholar at Pekin, has issued a historical tractate on the history of Opium in China. The Arabs took it to the East in the eighth century, when there was a flourishing trade be

tween the ports of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf and Canton. It was cultivated extensively in China, and its medicinal properties are described in a Chinese book of the tenth century. The smoking of opium seems to have come in during the same century as tobacco-smoking, probably early in the seventeenth century. At various times there were Imperial edicts against opium-smoking, but it was difficult to enforce them, as the habit was indulged in by court favourites and official personages. Opium has long been a common article of trade in the remote province of Yunnan, with which there was no traffic with any foreign land except Burmah. The researches of Dr. Edkins are opposed to the common opinion that opium was first introduced into China from India.

**Montyon and other Prizes of Virtue and Merit in 1889.**—The virtue prizes, eighty-six in number, were announced at the Academy, the address being delivered by Bishop Perraud, of Autun. The two chief prizes of 2,500 francs were awarded to Pierre Leopold Crouzillat, of Sables d'Olonne, Vendée, and the Abbé Brassier, of St. Georges de Reintembault, Ile et Vilaine. Crouzillat is captain of a lifeboat, and has rescued more than forty crews, French, English, German, and Norwegian. He has also saved two lives from fire. He believes that Providence specially protects those who thus risk their lives in saving others. The Abbé Brassier served as military chaplain during the siege of Paris, and was repeatedly under fire. He now carries on an orphanage, with fifty inmates. Among the literary prizes were 2,000 francs to M. Georges Lyon for his "Idéalisme en Angleterre au XVIII Siècle," 2,000 francs to M. Bonvalot for the account of his Central Asia explorations, accompanied by Prince Henry of Orleans; 400 francs to M. Auguste Monod for his translation of J. R. Green's "English History"; 400 francs to M. de Varigny for his translation of Darwin's Life; 1,000 francs to Mr. Marion Crawford; and 1,000 francs to Madame Dronsart for biographical essays on eminent Englishwomen.

**Fruiterers' Company.**—The late Lord Mayor Whitehead was admitted to the freedom of the livery of the Company of Fruiterers in acknowledgment of his zealous advocacy of fruit-growing in England. The Lord Mayor, in thanking the Company for the honour, said it was his firm belief that fruit farming and the cultivation of orchards might be profitably revived throughout the country, and that instead of importing so much of our fruit from foreign countries it might be grown here with profit to the farmer and with advantage to the public. At all events, he would spare no effort, both now and when he left office, in throwing his heart into making the movement a success.

**Demand for Paper.**—"The Stationery Trades' Journal" (published by Whitaker, of the Almanack) says that all paper mills are now at full work, having as many orders as they will be able to execute for months ahead. The demand is not only for cheap sorts of writing and printing paper, but for better class papers, both machine and hand-made. The same journal states that "General" Booth and the "Salvation Army" consume an average of above twenty-six tons weekly for their papers, posters, and other printed matter. The circulation of the "War Cry" is given at 277,000 weekly, and of the "Young Soldier" nearly 200,000. A very large proportion of this sale is due to the zealous colportage efforts of distributors. The managers have acquired the patent rights of a new printing press, turning out 10,000 copies an hour, and capable of printing six colours simultaneously.

**The Solomon Islands.**—In the "Australian Star," a Sydney paper, Captain Drevar (whose life-saving inventions may be remembered at the Fisheries' Exhibition in London) gives a long account of a visit, in a schooner, to the Solomon Islands. He gives an account of scenes of violence, probably caused by "labour agents" seeking to kidnap natives for the Queensland plantations. Of the Solomon Islands he gives a glowing description, describing them as the finest group in the Pacific, seven islands, averaging 100 miles in length and 30 in breadth, with numerous smaller islands, and deep water around them all. He concludes by calling on the New South Wales Government (why not the British Government?) to take possession before the islands fall into worse hands. "New South Wales has a good claim now; her citizens have done nearly all the little commerce that has been done with them; her sons have been murdered in cold blood and there is no redress. Some German or French subject may get slain, and the rulers of these nations may seize the opportunity. As the natives have no hard cash to give as indemnity, or no recognised ruler to give satisfactory terms, their whole country may be seized. And, rave and talk as we may, the opportunity lost can never be recalled, though it may never cease to be regretted."

**Financial Success of the Paris Exhibition.**—The Exhibition accounts show 49,000,000 francs receipts, and 41,000,000 expenses, leaving a surplus of 8,000,000; whereas in 1878 there was a deficit of 31,000,000, and in 1867 a surplus of 4,000,000. It should, however, be added that the so-called receipts include a subsidy of 18,000,000 francs from the State and 7,000,000 from the city. Wonderful stories are told of the gains made by the restaurants and by various contractors during the season.

**"Mr. Pips, his Diary."**—By the death of Mr. Percival Leigh, last autumn, journalism lost one of its oldest representatives. The author of "Mr. Pips, his Diary," of the "Comic Latin Grammar," and the "Comic English Grammar," belonged to an earlier generation. The friend and collaborator of Leach and the Mayhews, of Thackeray and Jerrold, of Dickens, of Albert Smith, who took a close and active part in many, if not all, of the literary periodicals of the time, his chief title to recollection is his long labour in the service of "Punch." That service began almost with the beginning of the journal, and continued till his death at the age of nearly 77. There is, perhaps, only one other literary man who assisted at the beginning of "Punch," and not one artist; but the engraver who engraved the wood-blocks of the first number, and who has had personal intercourse with all the artists and the successive editors, still enjoys a green old age, Mr. Swaine, of Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

**New Zealand.**—From the last report issued by the Canterbury Chamber of Commerce, it appears that New Zealand is beginning to share in the renewed prosperity of the British Empire. The exports of the colony for the year ending June, 1889, were valued at just under nine millions sterling, which is an increase of 1¾ millions on 1887-8, and nearly two millions over the record of any previous year. This gratifying result is due not merely to increased values, but to greater production. Wool, wheat, oats, barley, frozen meat, coal, and timber all show increases. While the total exports have increased, the imports have receded somewhat. The imports were valued at just under six millions sterling, a decline of £304,000. This is said to be due chiefly to the reduction in expenditure on material for public works. Increased immigration is wanted.

**A French Heroine.**—Sister Marie Thérèse, superior of the Sisters of Charity now serving in Tonquin, may be styled the Florence Nightingale of France. She was recently decorated by the General commanding the troops in Tonquin, who gave some particulars of her remarkable career. When she was hardly twenty-five she was wounded at Balaclava. At Magenta she again received a wound in the forefront of the French army. She accompanied French soldiers to Syria, China, and Mexico. In the Franco-German war she was grievously wounded at Reichshofen while attending the cuirassiers who fell in that memorable charge. At a later stage of the same campaign she distinguished herself by seizing a bomb which fell into an ambulance, and carrying it away eighty yards, when it burst, seriously injuring her alone. She was scarcely recovered from the effects of this injury when she volunteered for service in Tonquin, where she is still engaged in her noble work.

**Oxford and its Professors.**—An article in the "Edinburgh Review" for October, 1889, on professorial teaching at Oxford, has caused no little surprise to those who are interested in University education. A list is given of fourteen professors with aggregate incomes of £8,500, who give lectures to

classes the whole of which combined are smaller than one average class at a Scottish or German University. Some of the professors give no lectures at all; others have from five to fifteen hearers, more usually ladies than undergraduates. The only classes with any number of listeners are those of theological professors, because some of the bishops require attendance from candidates for ordination. The total expenditure on the professorial body is nearly £50,660 yearly; and the "Edinburgh Review" asks whether the amusement of idlers in Oxford is a justifiable use of endowment so large. The professors ought to be men qualified for lecturing tours all over England. There is little likelihood of improvement without Government interference, as the professorial system, so far as Oxford is concerned, is unpopular with most of the resident Fellows of Colleges. It is high time for the appointment of another Uuiversity Commission.

**A Good Wish from Mr. Gladstone.**—The American journal "Science" publishes the facsimile of the following letter from Mr. Gladstone, dated September 13th, 1889, written in response to a copy of "Science" sent to him, containing General M. C. Meigs's article on "The United States—their growth in population in two hundred years":—"Dear Sir,—Your estimate, the boldest I have seen, is full of interest. Evidently there is to be a vast development of material power in the world, and most of all in America. May we hope that moral power is to keep pace with it, that there may be a corresponding growth in the sentiments of humility and reverence towards the Giver of every good and perfect gift.—Your faithful and obedient, W. E. GLADSTONE."

**Dr. Joule.**—In proposing, at the Council of the Royal Society, the foundation of a suitable memorial to the late Dr. Joule, Sir Henry Roscoe said, "It is only proper that the Royal Society, representing as it does British science at once in its highest and widest forms, should take the initiative in promoting the national recognition of one whose services to science and to mankind are conceded by all scientific men to be only second to those rendered by Newton himself." We fear that many people who associate "science" chiefly with the vague and theoretical controversies about "evolution" and the origin of species, are not aware of the services which make Joule to be spoken of as second only to Newton himself, a place which some have given to Darwin. To James Prescott Joule we owe the demonstration of the relations of heat and of electric action to mechanical power, a discovery applied to many practical uses. He received all the honours and medals which scientific and learned societies could bestow.

**Light on Old Testament from Cuneiform Tablets.**—The Assyrians kept a strict chronological register by means of certain officers called "limmi," or "eponymes." The eponymes are changed every year, the years being named after the several eponymes who presided over the lists. These eponymes have been discovered, and consequently a continuous chronological table exists which extends from the tenth to the middle of the seventh century B.C. The date of a king's accession is always recorded, and in some of the lists the principal events that marked the years are mentioned. As the Assyrian kings were careful to give the names of the eponymes who presided over the different years in which the events they record took place, we now determine exactly not only the date of the accession of a Tiglath-pileser or the death of an Esar-haddon, but also the year in which Sennacherib invaded Judah, or Menahem of Samaria paid tribute to the Assyrian lord. The conquest of Judah by Sargon is another instance of the unexpected light which the Assyrian inscriptions have cast upon the pages of the Old Testament.—*Life and Times of Isaiah, by Professor Sayce.*

**The Prince of Wales and the Khedive.**—The special correspondent of the "Times" thus referred to an incident which gave great pleasure to the Khedive, and to the Egyptian people, when the Prince of Wales was in Egypt last autumn. "The review of the British and Egyptian troops at Abbassieh afforded his Royal Highness an opportunity of performing a graceful act of courtesy to his host, which elicited the warmest thanks of the Khedive and the hardly suppressed enthusiasm of the crowd of spectators of all nationalities. The troops had been inspected, had marched past in three different formations, saluting the British and Egyptian standards, and were drawn up in line facing the Khedive and his royal guest, when the Prince was observed to speak a few words to his host and, riding across the intervening space, to take command. Placing himself at the head of the British regiments, the Prince drew his sword, gave the order to 'Advance in review order," and, followed by the whole line at quick march, he advanced to within a short distance of the Khedive, giving the Royal salute, while the massed British bands played the Khedivial Hymn. The Khedive, to whom the incident was entirely a surprise, was visibly affected. Advancing to meet the Prince, the two shook hands so warmly as to preclude any idea of mere conventional courtesy, and amidst the salvoes of artillery the pair rode off the field. The French papers assure us that the visit of the Prince of Wales will not affect the solution of the Egyptian question; they perhaps omitted to add that it will have no appreciable influence on the rise and fall of the Nile."

**Agricultural Shows in India.**—The Directors of the Agricultural Department in the Madras Presidency have hit upon a sensible and useful kind of agricultural show. Here in England it has been of great service to have agricultural meetings at different centres each year, for diffusing knowledge and spreading interest in farming. In India there is a dead stagnation in agriculture, the peasants, or ryots, plodding from generation to generation on their old systems and with the clumsiest of implements. The Madras Government has sent an itinerating show to many districts, and the natives are made to see with their own eyes the light ploughs and other implements which would lessen labour and increase the produce of the soil if used by them. They are shown also the kinds of artificial manure best for different soils, and get other practical lessons in agriculture. Something of the same kind of teaching has been attempted in Ireland, where it is as much needed as in India.

**American World's Fair in 1892.**—The nations of the Old World are to be invited to a show which will equal if not surpass that of Paris in 1889, the occasion being the celebration of the discovery of the New World by Columbus in 1492. There are wonderful sights in New York, but there are also disgraceful sights for a city of such magnitude and wealth. The quays and wharves are as bad as those of Melbourne were in primitive times of Australia. The streets are in many parts badly paved, and there are "slums" such as one could hardly expect to see in a city so modern. A good deal of "cleaning up" and preparation will be needful, not only in the Irish quarters, but in other sections, if a fair view is to be presented to strangers from Europe. The Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia was a grand success, and so will this semi-millennial show be at New York if the authorities begin to bestir themselves for the Old World's reception.

**Limited Liability Companies.**—The practice by private firms of turning their businesses into limitied liability companies has increased to a wonderful extent in the course of the last three or four years. Scarcely a week passes which does not see some well-known house reconstitute itself in this way. We wonder whether the creditors of such houses ever give serious consideration to the change in their position which is effected by the addition of the little word "(Limited)" to the style of Smith and Son or Brown Brothers! We have not the slightest inclination to contemplate cases of downright fraud, which are rare and capable of being dealt with by law. What we wish to point out is, that when a business is converted into a limited company the security of its creditors may often be seriously diminished.—*Stationery Trade Journal.*

**Anti-slavery Conference at Brussels.**—It is no small honour to Belgium that the capital of one of the younger and less powerful of European States should have been chosen as the place of meeting of the Anti-slavery Conference. No such assemblage of eminent men from all lands has been seen for a long period, and it is hoped that great moral results will follow the deliberations held at Brussels, under the sanction of the King of the Belgians, who takes so enlightened an interest

in Africa. The conference holds its meeting in the Belgian Foreign Office. The opening address was by Prince Chimay, the Belgian Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Reply was made by the Dutch Minister as *doyen* of the diplomatic body, which includes ambassadors from almost every European State. The presidency of the conference was then formally assumed by Baron Lambermont, Belgian Minister of State. The King gave a special audience to the British delegates, and courteously expressed his gratification at the support of England, where so much had been done in this great cause. He also expressed regret at the unavoidable absence of Mr. Sturge, the venerable president of the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society.

**Irish Home Industries.**—One of the School Inspectors of Ireland says: "For six months of the year the Irish peasant is idle. Could not work be provided for him during that time at home? Could not the men weave baskets, carve bog oak and serpentine, make straw bottle-wrappers; the women, in addition to these, weave cloth, knit stockings, make articles of female attire, keep bees and poultry, plait straw hats, work embroidery and lace? Cannot these occupations, which already exist, be spread over the country? The wicker baskets in use in this country are mostly brought from France; they should all be made at home; osiers . . . will grow along our bogs and rivers; basket-making is easy to learn, and a worker can earn at it a pound a week; osiers, too, can be worked up into chairs, tables, and other useful articles. A hundred thousand pounds' worth of straw bottle-envelopes is yearly brought to Ireland from France; . . . they should all be made in Ireland. Straw-plaiting, which used to be done in Ireland, is now scarcely done at all."

**Lord John Russell in Caricature.**—The place held by Lord John Russell in caricature, which is, in fact, one of the most popular forms of contemporary history, shows how soon and how long his individuality figured in public view as one of the foremost men of his time. Long before "Punch" began his records, the pictures of little Lord John were familiar. From the first his diminutive stature was seized as a notable characteristic, as when Doyle presented him as Hop o' my Thumb in the "Faggot Cutter and his Sons," or the very small lamb beside big O'Connell as the wolf in sheep's clothing, or as the wolf coming to Little Red Riding Hood. The same use of boyishness and smallness gave force to some of the most telling of the cartoons in "Punch," as when the little boy chalked "No Popery" on the wall, and then in fear ran away; or in the page boy who was told he was too small for the place; or the nursemaid unable to wheel the perambulator with the baby Reform Bill up the steps of the House of Lords. Many of the pictures showed him in less juvenile or humble position, as when the hansom cab driver looks down with amused contempt on the Jew lad with his bag, who asks the way to Downing Street, and "Dizzy" is told that for him it is a long way round. Always, even in the boy-like portraits, there is a shrewdness and humour, such as would belong to "an old head on young shoulders." So numerous are the caricatures in which Lord John occupies the central place, that the series would almost form a complete though comic biography and history of English political life for half a century.

### Richard Cromwell's Descendants.

We have received the following communication in consequence of the statement in "Leisure Hour" for August, 1889, that Mr. Clark, late head master of Derby School, claimed to be the last lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, tracing descent from Richard Cromwell.

Our correspondent says: "We have letters from Richard Cromwell signed by various names in later years—Clark, Cranbourne, Richardson, etc.—as he feared to cause danger and difficulty to himself and to others if he were identified with Oliver Cromwell's name.

"I do not see how Mr. Clark can have derived his name direct from Richard Cromwell, *alias* Clark, for the tradition in my family has always been that he left daughters, but no sons. His only son who lived to man's estate died unmarried in 1705. The family are always entered in the parish register at Hursley as Cromwells. (See 'Noble,' vol. i.)

"My mother's father, Oliver Cromwell, was the last male tracing his descent in direct line from Henry Cromwell, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Protector's second son. The line is as follows: Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector; Henry Cromwell, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; Henry Cromwell, major; Thomas Cromwell, London merchant; Oliver Cromwell, solicitor, of Brantingshaye, or Cheshunt Park, and lord of the manor of Theobalds, in Hertfordshire.

"The latter died in 1821, bearing only a daughter, Elizabeth Oliveria (whose name he originated as feminine of Oliver), from whom there are many descendants.

"ELIZABETH OLIVERIA PRESCOTT."

### A Shakespearian Acrostic.

IN PRAISE OF ——.

All hearts by her were swayed,
Half eager, half afraid,
To win her favouring glance "whom all commend."
Bound by restriction strange,
No living hand could change,
It brought the one true lover in the end.

I.

No more potent charm he(1) wrought,
Who by sore mishap was brought,
Far from friends and princely state
To an island desolate,
Where within his wizard's cell
Wove he many a wondrous spell,
Summoning at his desire
Sprites of water, air, and fire;
But her eyes' sweet influence
Subtler magic could dispense;
And a brighter gold than ever
Crowned an alchemist's endeavour
From her tresses one might sever.

II.

She all hearts could overthrow
Easily as, with twist of toe,
He(2) could floor his athlete foe—
Who, before a Court competing,
Boldly the duke's wrestler meeting,
Strove, his huge opponent beating;
While the glance of one fair face
Shed a glamour o'er the place—
His whole soul and thews to brace.

III.

Riches did become her well
As the pretty forest gear
Her (3) whom glade and leafy dell
Saw in brave disguise appear;
When, with one true friend, she roved
Through green Arden's lawless ways,
Seeking far for him she loved,
Parted from her longing gaze.

IV.

Hard the quaint proviso seemed.
Why had love so idly schemed?
With such blind laws hedged about,
From the world she felt shut out,
Harshly as ingratitude
Did that hapless wight (4) exclude,
When, his vast possessions spent,
To his feasted friends he went
And the lips that o'er and o'er
Came to taste his goodly store,
Coolly cursed him from the door

v.

Till her true-love should appear
By her dead sire's word she stayed.
Passion fired her not, nor fear
From her calm resolve betrayed;
Not more constant she (5) who proved
Steadfast in temptation's hour,
By a brother's tears unmoved,
And the lures of thronèd power.

VI.

But when trust and patience brought
The prizè by such quaint method sought,
Then, from cold restraint set free,
Joy gave voice to Love, and he
Filled with sweeter sounds the air
Than that vassal spirit rare (6),
Who, upon an island shore,
Piped a prince's steps before.

The initials of the six characters described in the verses form the name of the subject of the opening lines. All the characters belong to Shakespeare's plays.

# Household Queries.

**Dumb-Bells.**—*Do you recommend dumb-bells for home use, or can you suggest any good system of home gymnastics?*—The systematic use of *light* dumb-bells (from 1 lb. to 2 lbs.) has the most beneficial effect, especially where there is any predisposition to consumption. Heavy bells are exhausting and injurious to all but strong men. The weak point is, that such home exercises are apt to be felt dull and spiritless, and hence it is that all systematic gymnastics are usually found so much more beneficial in classes. They are *enjoyed* more, and hence do so much more good. If a large bare room is available, there is little better exercise than battledore and shuttlecock, which *may* be played as sharp and lively as tennis, and so as to help a great deal to get and keep the eye and hand in for that game. The next most agreeable exercise is probably the trapeze or single-bar swing, which is available for plain swinging by way of change, but will give any amount of arm exercise as well.

**Dressing Rabbit-skins.**—*Which is the best and easiest method of cleansing and preparing rabbit-skins for using them as doormats, etc.?*—Of various processes the most suitable for home use are the following: (*a*) Tack the skin, fleshy side outwards, on a clean board, straining rather tightly, and clear off all bits of fat or fleshy matter. Then rub in well either cayenne or black pepper, after which, with a brush, lay on some methylated spirit. Repeat twice a day for three days, and then leave till quite dry, when it may be removed from the board. (*b*) Tack the skin out in the same way, and remove all other matter as before. Then rub well and long into it powdered alum, mixed with about one fourth of powdered salt. Not much powder is needed; it is the rubbing in is the chief thing. In a day or two repeat this, and then leave in a very gentle warmth till dry, when it may be removed, and the powder knocked and shaken out. The skin will feel harsh and hard at first, but soon becomes soft. The second is, on the whole, the best process.

**Silvering Glass.**—*The silvering from the back of a pier-glass has been slightly rubbed off. Is there any way of replacing it, or substituting something that will prevent the damage being noticed?*—It is not very easy to exactly match the old silvering in colour, but silvering is easy enough. Clean off the whole place, finishing with a little spirit of wine to remove all grease, and build a little wall of wax round, a little outside. Prepare a small bottle of oil of cloves mixed with three times as much spirit of wine or alcohol. Then you may either fill the wax wall with solution of nitrate of silver in distilled water, brushing it with a clean-washed camel-hair brush over all the place so that it perfectly wets "or catches on" to it as it were, after which you drop a few drops of oil of cloves into it, each drop in a different place; or you may make your silver solution thus (Drayton's): 1oz. silver nitrate in 2oz. water and ½oz. liquid ammonia, filter, and then add 3oz. alcohol and 20 drops clear oil of cassia. After standing six hours to settle, the clear fluid is used as before. Too much oil of cloves precipitates too quickly—it should take about two hours. You might try a little of each on plain glass, and see which does best in your hands, and best matches colour of the old silver. When thick enough pour off, wash with water, dry, and varnish the back with gum damar dissolved in benzol and toughened with a little gutta-percha.

**Colours.**—*An unæsthetic housewife, with but little training, would be obliged if you could give her some idea of the harmonies of colour. She is puzzled in arranging her rooms, and is sometimes startled by the comments of candid friends.*—Do not be too much put out about the latter. A great deal of the presumed æsthetic criticisms of the day are very ignorant, and merely conventional, without much real artistic sense; and the man or woman who affects to shudder at some supposed vulgar combination, and talks as if harmony of colour was the end of existence, may know as little even of colours as of some other things. We can remember when yellow was an "ugly," vulgar, "horrid" colour. Where is that opinion now? We can remember when it was "horrible taste" to have blue and green in proximity, and the more ignorant dressmakers say so still, but real artists have learnt better from the blue sky and green grass, which God has married together all over the world. There is generally some one in a household with fair taste, and this is better than rules, which can only go a certain way. Still they may assist, and if you are really troubled over this you may get considerable help from some little manual of colour, like Professor Church's, which will enter more fully into the matter than we can here. But briefly: 1. Very *brilliant* colours are bad, as a rule, because they give no *repose* to the mind—hence the "comfortable" look of the slightly-dull tertiary tones so general in carpets and curtains. There is some reaction towards brighter colours now, but this is less safe, and "quiet" colours will always be in fashion. 2. Very violent *contrasts* are bad: such colours are often said to "swear" at one another. There is positive physiological reason for this. The rainbow colours are in a certain order—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. These have such different properties that the two at the extreme ends—red and violet or blue—positively cannot be seen in focus at the same time; hence a bright blue and full red, together, give a sort of actual strain to the eye. 3. On the other hand, *a certain amount of contrast* is necessary to real harmony. Thus a thing part yellow and part orange looks very bad. Two shades of yellow might do, but orange and yellow one feels should either be nearer in colour or more different. We try red and yellow, and feel that will not do either: it is worse still. Now one rule about this is always safe. There are pairs of the colours that always make white if added together; these always look well together. Such are yellow and blue,[1] orange and blue, red and green, purple and green. Green and yellow also look well. But the pure colours, as above said, are best avoided, choosing tints toned down or diluted either with other colours or white. 4. A room should have a sort of tone about it, and not all kinds of contrasts. In a room with furniture chiefly of dark wood, and perhaps some black chairs, Austrian bent wood of *light* colour would look conspicuous and therefore bad. Water-colours, or chromo-lithographs, in their light frames, look staring and bad on a dark-coloured wall, and

[1] Yellow and blue when *added* together make *white*, not green, as popularly supposed. The green derived from mixing paints is the result of double *absorption* from the white.

oils or oleographs on a light wall. Warm colours, as a rule, suit dining-rooms best, and lighter, cheerful colours drawing-rooms. Thus, a dining-room may look well with sage-green and gold paper and sage-green table-cloth, with reddish-orange curtains, or terra-cotta. Drawing-rooms are often done with the pale, so-called "sparrow-egg" blues and greens for the paint, when papers may be still paler of the same, or pale yellows picked out with white—with such colours some blue carpets are great favourites, with white in the pattern. Yellow and white papers, with darker ivory paint, is also a nice combination. In all cases curtains may be of the same prevailing hues, or their complementaries as above. A room kept pretty quiet in colour, and mainly confined to a pair of the complementaries, with no obtrusive display of another set of colours, can never look really bad, but with pale sparrow-egg tints, or subdued tertiaries, full and brilliant pure colours are offensive by contrast.

**Better Dinners.**—*Can you suggest any plan by which middle class families might be more easily provided with varied dinners? Could not something in the style of the soup kitchens be set on foot for us poor wives and children who cannot afford a cook?*—This is hardly a subject to be dealt with here. Some such project has been proposed more than once in daily papers, but all English habits and manners are against it. Why, however, give up and talk of "poor wives who cannot afford a cook"? Any wife with decent health ought to know or learn enough to teach her one servant sufficient for all reasonable necessities. For the most ignorant there are now published real lessons in cooking, as well as mere catalogues of *recipes*, and no woman worthy to be a wife should neglect to master sufficient to perform what is as distinctly her duty, under the circumstances, as the bread-winning is that of her husband.

**Typhoid Fever.**—*Typhoid fever is prevalent. Can you tell me from what it springs? In what degree is it contagious?*—There is practically no doubt that typhoid fever germs are spread through the fæcal discharges of patients, and have to be *swallowed* in some way, either through contaminated water or milk, or very probably by breathing sewer-gas so contaminated. Many cases have been traced to particular wells, or to the milk from particular farms where cases have occurred. Typhoid fever is not contagious in the ordinary sense at all, and is not, as commonly supposed, at all identical with typhus, which is dangerously so. You may sit all day by a typhoid patient with really no risk, and in hospitals typhoid cases are not isolated. It is the discharges which have to be looked to; and, with outbreaks around, the water and the milk (boiling kills the germs), and the state of the drains.

**Basement**—*In a house built on clay soil, is it best during the damp winter months to shut up the basement to prevent the entrance of damp air, or should a current of air be uniformly allowed to pass throughout the year?*—Keep aired and in use by all means. Stagnation can never do anything but harm.

**Cough Linctus.**—*Can you give me a recipe for a simple cough-mixture for children?*—Most cough-mixtures contain morphia, which is very undesirable for children. We are very reluctant to take the place in any way of a medical man, any of whom would give you a prescription perhaps specially suited to the circumstances of your own family, for different families require very different treatment sometimes. But a very simple and good one of a mild type will be—Syrup of tar, 2oz.; syrup of Virginian prunes, 1oz.; water, 1oz. Give one to two teaspoonfuls pretty often. Two halves in succession of a Keating's cough-lozenge will be found a good expectorant and relief to irritation at night. The half is, of course, for a child; an adult would take two whole ones. They contain no opium. The great majority of colds may be warded off if one drop of camphor essence on sugar be taken every quarter of an hour during or after the very first chilly symptoms, followed, as soon as the slightest feverishness appears, by an aconite tabloid containing one drop of tincture of aconite, one every quarter of an hour for four doses, then every hour for a day, or longer if needed. The tabloids contain small but not homœopathic doses.

**Diet and Teeth.**—*Can the tendency to decay of teeth in young people be checked by dieting or any other means?*—So far as caries is undoubtedly increased by the greater modern use of sweets, meat, gravies, and sauces, it may be said to depend upon diet. But we can do little to revolutionise this—at least the majority in this country are never likely to be vegetarians—and all likely to be done in this direction is to encourage the greater use of such foods as wholemeal bread, oatmeal, and beans or lentils. Such will have influence upon sound teeth; but the main reliance must be placed upon training young people to the constant and systematic habit of cleaning the teeth both morning and evening, and more important at evening than morning, using salt or simple dentifrices slightly alkaline.

**Manuring Garden.**—*Which is the best time to manure an ordinary London flower-garden—late autumn or early spring?*—There is no such absolute rule. The nearest to one is, perhaps, that organic manures—such as stable or farm manure, or vegetable refuse, which act slowly by gradual decomposition—are best applied in autumn. Also permanent plants, such as roses, are best treated so, the manure being applied first as a mulching, and forked or dug in later on, when partly decomposed. Ground that is cleared, as after summer bedding or kitchen crops, is also best treated so. But mineral manures, and such as guano-water, are usually applied for immediate action, and of course different plants require such aid at various times, according to the cultural directions for each. But there is great elasticity and power of give-and-take in all culture, and no need to fret if things cannot be done exactly at the time laid down.

**Carpet-Sweepers.**—*Do you think the new patent carpet-sweepers are more likely to destroy the pile of the carpet, than an ordinary broom?*—There are several, but you are presumed to refer to the rotary ones, which work much like a mowing-machine. A wire-brush on such is rarely seen now: these were very destructive. Very hard brushes do wear the carpet. The machines with moderately soft brushes are good and do no harm.

**To Correspondents.**—One or two queries are unanswered, as not coming within the intended scope of these columns. One correspondent asks about snuff-taking; there is no reason why we should give here *opinions* on questions of this kind. Another asks if "anyone" can suggest employment for two elderly and blind women, whose hands are partially crippled. What *can* be done in such a case, save to get them if possible into an asylum? And we can neither undertake to solve almost insuperable problems of this nature, nor throw our pages open to correspondence about them. The intention was to answer practically, as far as possible, definite questions of a "household" character; and the continuance of the effort must depend upon how far such replies seem to supply any real help to our readers. One or two queries are answered with some hesitation as to their character; and in particular, while questions on general sanitary matters are proper enough, it is not intended at present to offer anything in the shape of personal medical advice. Correspondents should remember also the early date at which magazines go to press. It has been intimated that, in refusing to recognise anonymous letters, we deter some who may wish for information. Our object is solely to secure a *bonâ fide* correspondence, but we can assure our friends that names and addresses will not be divulged.

## Astronomical Almanack for January.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | W | ♑ rises 8.8 A.M. |
| 2 | T | ☌ sets 4.0 P.M. |
| 3 | F | Clock before ♑ 4m. 50s. |
| 4 | S | Saturn rises 8.21 P.M. |
| 5 | S | 2 SUN. AFTER CHRISTMAS |
| 6 | M | EPIPHANY |
| | | [Full ☽ 5.37 A.M. |
| 7 | T | Orion S. 10.21 P.M. |
| 8 | W | Camb. Lent Term begins |
| 9 | T | Fire Insurance expires |
| 10 | F | Taurus S. 9.11 P.M. |
| 11 | S | Hilary Law Sittings begin |
| 12 | S | 1 SUN. AFTER EPIPHANY |
| 13 | M | Cetus S. 7.23 P.M. |
| 14 | T | Oxford Lent Term begins |
| | | ☽ 3 Quarter 6.33 A.M. |
| 15 | W | ♑ rises 8.2 A.M. |
| 16 | T | ☌ sets 4.19 P.M. |
| 17 | F | Mars rises 1.46 A.M. |
| 18 | S | Rigel S. 9.17 P.M. |
| 19 | S | 2 SUN. AFTER EPIPHANY |
| 20 | M | New ☽ 11.49 P.M. |
| 21 | T | Daybreak 5.55 A.M. |
| 22 | W | Twilight ends 6.29 P.M. |
| 23 | T | Saturn rises 7.0 P.M. |
| 24 | F | Length of day 8h. 40m. |
| 25 | S | Gemini S. 11.13 P.M. |
| 26 | S | 3 SUN. AFTER EPIPHANY |
| 27 | M | ☽ 1 Quarter 8.16 P.M. |
| 28 | T | Clock before ♑ 13m. 14s. |
| 29 | W | Capella near zen. 8.32 P.M. |
| 30 | T | ♑ rises 7.44 A.M. |
| 31 | F | ☌ sets 4.45 P.M. |
| | | [Day's increase 1h. 18m. |



*By permission.*]

*[After Joseph Clark.*

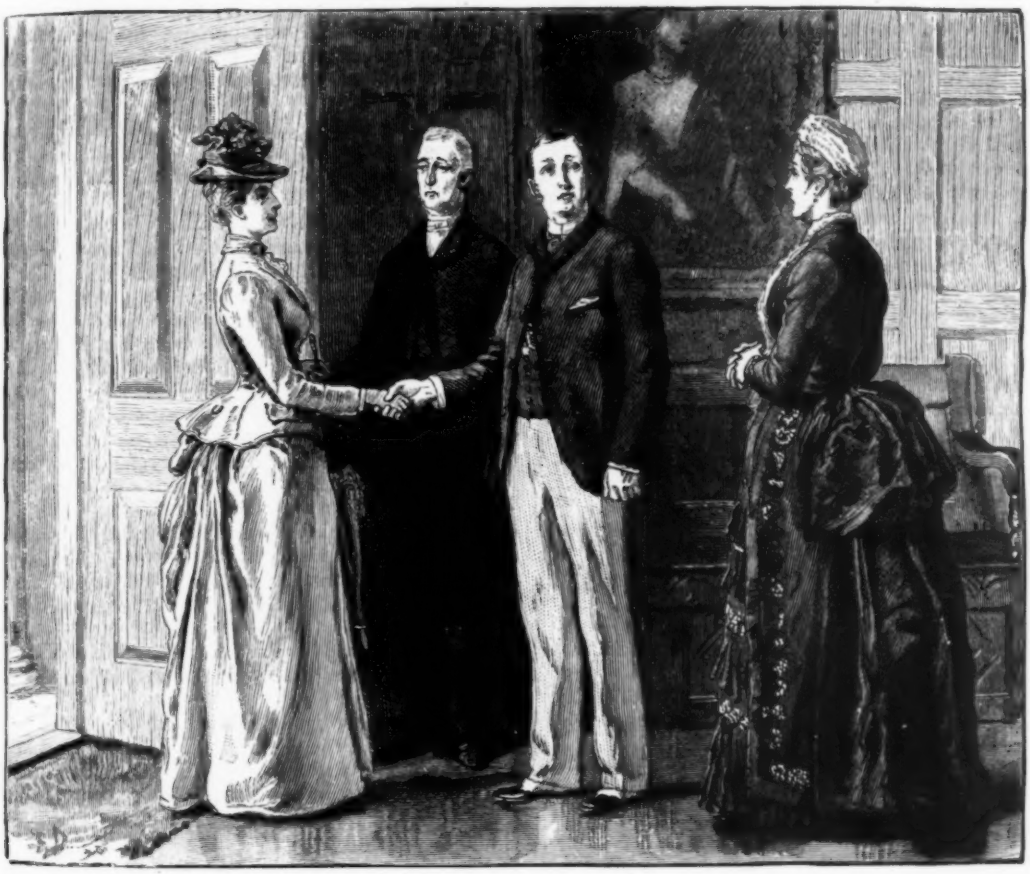
AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.

# SENIOR AND JUNIOR:

## A COUNTRY TOWN CHRONICLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "GREAT GRANDMAMMA SEVERN," "THE CHILCOTES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII.—A NICE LITTLE SCHEME.



SIR JAMES LOOKED AT HIS MAMMA FOR INFORMATION.

MELCHISFORD was not the only place in which Miss Kelynge's eccentric fortunes made a bustle, though the talk and the wonder and the conjectures originated there.

Like a stone which you drop into a pool, the news made ever-widening circles, till the rumour of it reached the big country houses half across the county. In Eastshire news travels slowly, but none of it is lost on the way. It is very precious, because—unless in the hunting season—there is nothing to do. If you cannot become enough of an Athenian to take an unflagging interest in your neighbours' concerns, Eastshire is not the place for you.

Very late in the history of her fortunes the vicissitudes of Mary Kelynge had reached the ears of Lady Hemmingway. The Hemmingways were, indeed, the nearest neighbours of old Mr. Hallett on the Broomfield side, and so, by a quite natural law, were among the last to hear of his sudden death and his eccentric bequest of his fortune. Lady Hemmingway had not immediately called, however, nor had she made her son, Sir James, call, because there had been no visiting between the two families.

The common people, with that passion it has for accounting for everything, said that this coldness arose from the fact that Lady Hemmingway, while she was still Miss Capel, had refused to become Mr. Hallett's second wife. As Mr. Hallett had never wanted a second wife, there was no foundation for this assertion, but Lady Hemmingway was willing enough that it should circulate without distinct contradiction on her

AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.

part; to have refused, or to be supposed to have refused, so excellent a match was a distinction she could appreciate.

Sir Robert Hemmingway, whom she did marry, was also dead, and his only son, now Sir James, succeeded to the title. It was about the only thing to which he did succeed, and possibly, if his mother could have taken his style as well as her own, she would not even have allowed him to be Sir James.

Sir James was about three-and-twenty, very solidly built, with neat side whiskers and a clean-shaven lip and chin. The lower part of his face was a little weak, and it was thus a pity to expose it; but somehow or other it seemed quite right that he should not have a moustache, as it undoubtedly might have made him look foolish. He did not look in the least foolish as it was, but eminently staid and respectable; and if an irreverent stranger sometimes mistook him for his own butler, especially towards dinner-time, we know that a similar blunder has been made now and then about gentlemen of much higher degree than our country squire.

The butler of Spens was indeed a much more imposing person than his nominal master, and, as Lady Hemmingway found, a great deal more difficult to manage. She had to use a little diplomacy when she wanted Cooper to do anything that was not in his bond, and to consider his easily injured feelings. But James had no feelings that particularly required consultation—or perhaps we ought to say his feelings were so exactly what his mother decreed that she had really only to consult her own.

"James is the best son in the world," Lady Hemmingway was fond of saying to her various acquaintances, "and so careful and considerate of his old mother."

She would not have liked anyone else to call her old, but perhaps she said it that she might have the pleasure of being contradicted. The late Sir Robert had been rather a difficult husband—that is to say, he had occasionally taken his own way instead of Fanny's, but James had no way of his own to take. He was, indeed, scarcely worthy of the powers of a lady who had so long practised a mild diplomacy that it was just a little flat and tiresome to be obeyed without having to make even the smallest struggle for victory.

James was so very good that Emily Smee used to profess a great deal of surprise that he had actually outgrown a pinafore and a rattle; she would even have invited him to nursery tea with her own little Harry if she had not felt that she would hopelessly offend her second cousin Fanny; and, much more serious, possibly hurt her husband's practice in the county.

It chanced that Mrs. Smee drove over to Spens in her little pony-carriage one day in June, when Melchisford had begun to lose the first glow of its interest in the Hallett-Kelynge affair. Now it also happened that Lady Hemmingway had conceived and matured a very brilliant plan between breakfast and luncheon which she was anxious to put into execution without delay, and when she recognised Emily Smee's fat pony leisurely walking up the drive, she prepared to receive her with something more than the usual cordiality. Fanny was not always charmed to see Emily, unless when James or any of the servants were ill, and it became useful to have a second cousin who had married a country surgeon; but on this occasion she even went down to the hall-door to meet her.

"Emily," she called out, "you are the very person I wanted to see. You have not brought that child with you?"

"No," said Mrs. Smee, yielding the reins to the small boy who was perched up behind, but stopping a moment to pat the fat pony. She looked up, and there was a laugh in her merry eyes.

"I knew what a disappointment it would be to you—you who are so fond of children—but I couldn't risk the blistering of his little nose in this hot sun."

The blistering of Master Harry's nose did not interest Lady Hemmingway in the least, but she bore the explanation with patience.

"Your boy had better take the pony round to the stables," she said; "you have come to spend the afternoon, I hope? We have had lunch, but I daresay Cooper wouldn't mind letting you have a little cold meat—"

"I couldn't think of troubling Cooper for the world!" cried Emily, who took pleasure sometimes in playing the rôle of poor relation; "but I will come upstairs with you, Fanny, and by-and-by you shall give me a cup of tea."

She followed her hostess to the drawing-room, privately wondering whose tongue that hard-worked man, her husband, would have to examine gratis in payment of that generous offer of cold meat.

"How is Sir James?" she asked, when the two ladies were comfortably seated in easy-chairs by an open window.

"He is quite well; indeed, my dear Emily, I may say he is remarkably well. Not that James does not always enjoy good health, except for a bilious attack now and then."

"Yes," said Emily, who had an excellent memory of Sir James's bilious attacks, since they generally required her husband's presence in the middle of the night. "I thought perhaps he might be having one now."

"What could make you think that?" said Lady Hemmingway, opening her round grey eyes. "My dear Emily, I think being continually with a doctor must make you a little fanciful. Dear James was never better in his life, and his spirits are quite wonderful."

It was on the point of Mrs. Smee's wicked tongue to ask if he had got a new pop-gun or go-cart, but she resisted the temptation, and presently she was rewarded.

"Indeed," Lady Hemmingway went on—"take a footstool, Emily, and make yourself comfortable—it was about James I wished to consult you, and if you had not happened to come over to-day I should very likely have driven into Melchisford this afternoon."

This was an honour; indeed, to be consulted about Sir James was almost like being con-

sulted by Fanny herself, since they had but one mind and will between them. Mrs. Smee had a lively imagination, and she rapidly reviewed all sorts of possibilities. Could it be that James had developed symptoms of insanity? But no, his mother had said that he was perfectly well; and, besides, she reflected, James had really no mind to go out of. Before she could conjecture further, Fanny said, rather abruptly,

"I want you, my dear Emily, you who have such good opportunities of hearing everything, to tell me all about this strange affair at Hallett Place."

"Oh," said Emily, suddenly pulled up, "we've actually begun to put that exciting topic second at the Melchisford tea-parties. Old Mr. Turnbull's marriage—he is eighty, you know, and he has married a girl of eighteen—is the absorbing subject at present; we are profoundly anxious to know what she took him for, since she has money and he has next to none."

Lady Hemmingway waved her hand as if she would brush aside old Mr. Turnbull and his patriarchal wooing. It was rather vulgar of Emily to interest herself in all the local gossip, and on other occasions she would not have scrupled to tell her so; but she had a use for Emily, and she summoned her patience.

"We live out of the world here," she said, with dignity, "and we are not in the way of hearing every rumour as you are. James does not encourage idle tale-bearing, and consequently we hear nothing—absolutely nothing."

Emily smiled demurely. It was rather hard to be stigmatised as a gossip, and yet compelled, at the same time, to pass on the last whisper of scandal. Then she remembered that simile of the stone in the pond, and she knew that the widening circle had at last embraced Spens.

"Tell me what you want to know," she said, "and I will do my best to be a tale-bearer."

"I called at Hallett Place yesterday. I took James with me. I should have felt it my duty to call on poor Miss Kelynge earlier, but I thought she might like to wait before seeing people till she had got her mourning" (Lady Hemmingway had not been able to mourn Sir Robert till the proper amount of crape had been decreed for her in Paris), "and—and till she had got over things a little; it is always painful and awkward at first, especially after a sudden death." She spoke as if it was most inconsiderate of any one to die suddenly. "But it seems I have put off too long, for I was extremely amazed to find the house shut up—actually shut up without a servant in it, except an old person without a cap, and not even a black gown."

"Miss Kelynge has come to Melchisford," said Mrs. Smee, who began to have a very lively understanding of the point towards which Fanny's remarks were verging. "She found it very dull at Hallett Place, and she is living with her lawyer and guardian, I suppose you would call him—anyhow, he is the arbiter of her fate."

"Not the proper place for her," said Lady Hemmingway, with the decision of a superior mind. "I went yesterday intending to ask her to come here—to pay us a visit. It would not be dull for her here. Of course, just at first she could not go much into society; but there would be no harm in a quiet little dinner, or one of those dreary concerts in your corn exchange, and on other evenings James would play bagatelle with her. He is remarkably fond of bagatelle."

If his mother had said that dear James was remarkably fond of his hoop it would not have surprised Emily.

"But, Fanny," she said, and she laughed quite merrily, "don't you think there might be some little risk if there was too much bagatelle? Not that Miss Kelynge is a very susceptible or inflammable person, or dear Sir James either; still, you know, bagatelle every evening!"

Then Fanny found that she could no longer beat about the bush. Indeed, to do her justice, she generally took a straight path if she could manage it, even though she trespassed on private ground to do it.

"Emily," she said, looking straight at her visitor, "I am sure you, as a mother yourself, must understand the great importance of fixing on a suitable wife for your only child."

"Yes," said the irrepressible Emily; "yes, I haven't *quite* decided on Harry's bride yet."

But Lady Hemmingway ignored the frivolous interruption.

"Dear James has never seen any one whom he would like to put in my place; he has not yet even thought of marrying." This was very true, since James had not as yet been told to think of marrying; but Emily understood that he was to be led forthwith to entertain this idea. "Now, Emily," she went on in a firmer tone, "there is a good deal of nonsense talked about marriage; there is no subject, indeed, on which people can be more foolish. I am not a romantic person myself—not romantic as *you* were, Emily—but when I accepted Sir Robert I knew that we should be very comfortable together. Dear James is like me: he is sensible, and not foolish or romantic like you, and when he marries I am sure it will be some one suitable in every way: in rank, and position, and fortune."

"Yes, yes; and in intellect," said Emily, so gravely that Fanny never detected the irony.

"And in intellect. James is not, perhaps, brilliant, but he is solid and sensible. These are far more lasting qualities than mere brilliance; happiness does not lie in the intellect." When Fanny was interested in any subject she always spoke as if she were preaching. Perhaps it was because James's solid and sensible mind preferred that form of instruction. She liked the last phrase so well that she repeated it—"Happiness does not lie in the intellect."

"No," cried Emily, "it lies in a house in town and a house in the country, and a wife whose estate marches with your own, and whose income trebles yours."

This time Lady Hemmingway perceived the sarcasm, and she took one of those short, direct cuts that were the promptings of an instinctive honesty struggling to assert itself.

"Emily," she said, "I should like James to

marry Miss Kelynge. It is a suitable arrangement—a very suitable arrangement for both of them, and for me. From what I can hear she is a most amiable girl, and she would not thrust me out of my place. I should not like to be thrust out of my place even for the sake of my son's advancement. But if she is an amiable girl we should get on. I would be very good to her if she did not thrust me out of my place." She meant, "If I am able to manage her as I manage James," but this was how she put it. Then suddenly she paused, she even blushed a very little.

"You think all this very worldly-minded, Emily; you are shocked."

"No," said Emily stoutly. She had really been secretly pleased with the frankness of the avowal. Then she laughed.

"I am not a bit shocked, in spite of my romantic tendencies. There is nothing that so convinces you of the advantages of being worldly-minded as marrying a poor doctor with nothing to speak of in the way of an income. Catch the heiress by all means if you can, but make sure she is an heiress first."

"Not an heiress?"

"It wouldn't be quite safe to adopt her for some months yet," said Emily with twinkling eyes. "I think Sir James should restrain his ardour for a little while. Haven't you heard of the lost grandson about whom nobody knows anything—not even whether he is flesh and blood or simply dust and ashes? A dead man wouldn't be a formidable rival, but a living one to step in at the last moment! Better wait, Fanny, better wait."

"But this Mr. Hallett must know."

"Nobody knows anything. If I had only some young cousin in want of a career, I would set him up as a claimant, but I haven't, and my own boy is in petticoats. Such a lovely pie, and I can't get even my littlest finger into it!" She rose with a laugh. "Fanny, I must go without even your kind offer of tea."

"No, sit down," said Fanny urgently, "you shall have tea; I will ring for it at once. Are you quite sure of this, Emily?"

"Quite sure."

"And you think this young man will be found?"

"No, honestly I don't, but he may."

"One must take some risks," said Fanny, thoughtfully, "but perhaps it is as well to be cautious and not to invite Miss Kelynge here for a little while. I had been thinking, Emily, before you came that *you* might have her on a visit."

"Impossible, quite impossible, even to oblige you. Where should I put her? Our house is like a gown made a size too small: it pinches us everywhere, and really there is no room in it for so expansive a creature as an heiress."

"Then you must have her to dinner or to lunch. Lunch would be better, because James is often at Melchisford at that hour and he could drop in. It will do Dr. Smee no harm if James is seen dropping in."

"It certainly would be more convenient if he happened to have one of his bilious attacks when he is in Melchisford at any rate," said Emily demurely. "Then he could drop in, as you say, and if Miss Kelynge chanced to be with me she might cure him."

"You must help me, Emily," said Fanny impressively, giving Emily quite a liberal share of cream. "We are cousins; we must stand by each other. And now about your house—you must really get the doctor to think of London. Harley Street—Harley Street is the place. I was speaking to the Baxters the other day, and telling them how clever he is and how speedily he always cures James's bilious attacks—you ought to urge him, you really must persuade him, to go to London."

"But not before dear Sir James is married," said Emily innocently.

When the fat pony was brought round, and the ladies were crossing the hall, Sir James came out of a little side room, where he kept the whips and guns and fishing-rods he never used, and the books he never read. He looked less like the butler in his morning clothes, but more than ever to Emily's eyes like the good little boy just brushed and pinafored and sent down from the nursery to shake hands with the visitors.

She smiled when she held out her hand.

"I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in my little house next week," she said.

Sir James looked at his mamma for information.

"I have been telling Cousin Emily that you will drop in on her next time you are in Melchisford," she said. "Cousin Emily will give you some lunch. You know, James, the sherry at the King William never agrees with you."

"I shall have great pleasure in lunching with Cousin Emily," said Sir James, with his prim, good-boy manner, as he helped her into the pony carriage.

Emily laughed softly to herself all the way home, to the consternation of the small boy who sat behind, and who thought his mistress had gone mad. But she was not mad, only very much amused.

When she got home she flew straight up to the nursery and hugged her baby boy.

"My dear Harry, I must seriously begin to consider a suitable matrimonial alliance for you," she said, in her solemnest tones, to the staring baby. "You are only one year old, to be sure, but a mother must look a long way into the future."

At dinner she was in her liveliest mood, and kept the doctor amused; but he had to go out, after a hurried meal, and so she could only give him a very imperfect sketch of her visit.

"I think, dear, Sir James is going to have another little illness very soon," she said—"perhaps next week."

The doctor groaned; then he frowned with a sudden resolution.

"The brown mare has got a strain," he said; "she is not fit for a ride like that. And, what is more, Emmy, I've made up my mind that I can't, and I won't, go to Spens again, except as a regular medical adviser! I don't see why, because Lady Hemmingway is your fourth cousin—"

"Not fourth, Harry; nearer a cousin—sister

almost!" cried Emily, getting up and perching herself on the arm of her husband's chair. "And Sir James isn't going to put you to the trouble of going to Spens any more; he is coming here to consult you—dear James is so sensible!"

"What do you mean, Emmy?" cried the doctor, staring up at her; "I don't want the fellow to come bothering here, getting my opinion for nothing."

"Oh, not for nothing; he will pay you cheerfully if you send in your bill. He is coming here next week to lunch because the sherry at the King William always disagrees with him. And, Harry, Fanny was saying that it is a shame of you to waste your talents in Melchisford, and that you really ought to go to London—to Harley Street. She has been telling the Baxters that Harley Street is the place for you."

"Pooh, nonsense!" said the doctor, getting up and pulling down his waistcoat; "Melchisford is good enough for me."

But in his secret heart he was not displeased that he was considered too good for it—even by a woman whom he a little despised. It was only his gruff coadjutor, Dr. Rose, who held himself disdainfully above all such flatteries.

### CHAPTER XIV.—A DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE.

LAVINIA MOSS went back to Chalk End on the very morning of the evening already described. She set out so early, indeed, that her uncle was still asleep, and her aunt, with a handkerchief tied over her head, was engrossed in those household concerns which she took betimes so as to leave a great part of the day free for that minute observation of the street that was her sole pleasure.

At sight of Lavinia, with her hat on and her jacket buttoned, Mrs. Mellish laid down the duster and waited for an explanation.

"I'm going," said Lavinia, shortly.

"Not before you've had breakfast?"

"You can give me some bread-and-milk, if you like; I can't wait till you make tea or cook anything."

Mrs. Mellish never wasted words, and she did not pause to oppose Lavinia's wishes. She got the bread-and-milk silently and quickly, and arranged it on a corner of the dining-table, then she picked up her duster, but she did not go on with her task.

Lavinia ate and drank for a minute or two in silence, then she looked up.

"Aunt Hannah," she said, "why do you look at me like that? I haven't lost my appetite!" She laughed, a little hardly. "I'll have some more milk if you'll be quick in getting it, for I must set off."

"The carrier won't pass this hour and more."

"I'm going to walk," said Lavinia; "I'm just as able to walk as ever I was, and more. Did you think I was going to sit up in my room and cry?" she asked, with a sudden disdain. "I'm going home. Father and the girls won't expect to see me, though I daresay father doesn't know I've ever been away. I'm going home, Aunt Hannah, and that's all I've got to tell you now." She got up and pushed back her hair. "When there's anything more, you'll hear it."

Hannah Mellish looked up into the moody, passionate young face, and her eyes glittered with sudden fire.

"Lavinia Moss," she said, "he's been false to you!"

"I never said it!" cried Lavinia, with a sudden burst of anger. She put her hands out and caught the little rigid figure firmly by the shoulders as if she would have shaken it. "I never said it, and you—you'd better not dare to say it! I'll take my own time and way to say what I've got to say, and if you so much as whisper a word to anybody—to Uncle John, even—" Then she suddenly withdrew her hands and laughed, giving her aunt a half-playful push from her.

"I'm awfully cross!" she said. "Won't the girls catch it when I get back, unless I work it off on the way! But you, Aunt Hannah—I needn't have worried myself about you; you are safe enough; you will say nothing, for you are a Moss, like me!"

Mrs. Mellish neither resented this rude assault nor the forgiveness which Lavinia kindly bestowed upon her, and when the girl nodded an abrupt good-bye, and went quickly out of the room, she stooped down to dust the table-legs as if nothing had disturbed her in the regular course of the morning's work. But Lavy was right: Hannah Mellish was first and foremost Hannah Moss.

On that same afternoon Mrs. Hallett failed for the first time for many months to exchange the afternoon greeting with her brother that had come to be a bit of her day's incident. She was at her post, but John Mellish was not at his, and his absence disturbed her strangely. She felt it was extremely foolish to connect it in any way with the Mosses, but she had seen Lavinia at the opposite window on the day before; and somehow, rational or irrational as was the suspicion, she blamed the girl in her secret heart for keeping John away.

Lavinia, of course, had nothing to do with it, as she had been for many hours at Chalk End, and when Mary Hallett found this out by accident she was very much ashamed of herself. To suspect anybody wrongfully is always a pain to a good and simple nature. It was at dinner-time that she discovered her mistake.

On summer mornings Hester often rode very early with her father before the business of the day claimed him. She had ridden with him that morning, and the talk being turned on the expedition, Mary Kelynge remarked that it must be queer, "and wasn't it lonely to be out so early?"

"That is the beauty of it," said Hester, with enthusiasm. "It is so lonely and so still that we seem to have all the world to ourselves—a fresh, new world, just made for us. We met no one to-day." She paused, and then added, with abrupt precipitancy, "Except Lavy Moss." She

coloured as she spoke the name—it brought back so vivid a consciousness of her first estrangement with Andrew.

"Lavinia Moss!" said Mrs. Hallett—and she too blushed, though from a very different cause—"at that hour in the morning?"

"Farmers' daughters are used to be up betimes," said Andrew, with perfect ease, smiling frankly at his sister; "they've got to catch the early worm."

"Neither Moss nor his daughters will ever catch anything worth picking up," said Mr. Hallett, grimly. "Moss is a hopeless muddler, and his girls are giddy, silly fools. That one we met to-day had a feather in her hat—I noticed it. What right has she to feathers when her father can't so much as pay his tithes?"

He looked round but nobody answered, the subject had its awkwardness for everybody present but himself.

"Mellish should take care how he gets mixed up with Moss; you should give him a word, Mary."

No more impossible task could have been set Mary Hallett than this of giving her brother a word about his wife's connections. His love for his Hannah would alone have deterred her, for she cared too much for this only brother to hurt him by even a hint that she held him to have chosen unwisely.

This struggle between opposing affections is one to which a wife is often subjected, and it is one for which, as a rule, her husband has very little sympathy. It is so much more easy for a man to cut himself adrift from entangling relationships than it is for a woman, who cannot forget her own people and her father's house, even though she voluntarily exiles herself from them.

But if Mr. Hallett were really minded to give his brother-in-law a warning hint he had an immediate opportunity.

He was sitting alone with his wife in the drawing-room, the young people having wandered out by the open window into the garden, when the knocker of the outer door sounded loudly in the silence.

"That is John's knock," said Mrs. Hallett, starting nervously.

"How can you possibly tell that, Mary?" said her husband, irritably; "you are growing quite fanciful."

But she was right, for the next moment John Mellish's voice was heard in the hall.

"Why doesn't he come in? I—" Mrs. Hallett had risen, not quite liking in the face of her husband's evident annoyance to go out to her brother, and yet suffering an undefined anxiety to see his face, but before she could decide how to act, the servant came in with a message that the banker wished to speak with her master.

"Show him into the study," said Mr. Hallett, briefly.

"Oh, Andrew, not the study," pleaded his wife. "It is John, my brother. You—you treat him as if he were a stranger."

Mr. Hallett had put down his cup and risen to leave the room, but he paused and turned to look at his wife, surprise for a moment mastering his annoyance.

"Mary, what has come over you? You are behaving like a child. Mellish has come on business. I always see everyone who comes on business after office hours in my private room, as you know very well."

"But John—our brother—won't you take him into the dining-room, Andrew? It—it is pleasanter." Her fair face was flushed and her sweet mouth a little tremulous.

"The dining-room—with the servants and the young people constantly coming out and in? Nonsense! If you want to see your brother he can come in here after we have had our talk." He went out of the room and shut the door with a bang that decisively closed the argument.

Mrs. Hallett sat down again in her chair, but she could not at once still the trembling of her lips or conquer the fears that beset her. She listened eagerly for the greeting between her brother and husband, but, though she could hear no words, the tone of their voices had for her ear an unfriendly sound. She tortured herself with conjectures over the business that had so unmistakably annoyed her husband. The very name of business had for her the vague terrors it has for those gentle, well-sheltered women who have never been allowed to share any of its burdens. And why, if the business was not unpleasant, should Andrew take John to that dark, dismal little study as if he were a servant about to be reprimanded or dismissed? She had not wondered why he took Miss Kelynge there; it had seemed quite natural and fitting that their guest should be invited there when her guardian wished to consult her, but not John—John who had come out and in familiarly, had sat at their board and shared all their family joys and sorrows so little a while ago and yet so long a time too, as it seemed to her sisterly affection.

"It is the Mosses who have done it," she said to herself, with that jealousy from which the best of women are not exempt. "But for the Mosses, John would have been here every night as he used to be, and there would have been no talk of showing him into the study as if he were a stranger."

She sat for a long time quite idle in her chair, waiting and listening for the distant sound of the study door and the fall of steps in the corridor. Andrew would be sure to bring John back with him to the drawing-room when their talk was over. Then she would know—would see for herself that it was nothing but ordinary business that brought him. He had often, though perhaps not so often lately, consulted her husband.

She got up suddenly and rang, giving orders to the maid for wine and spirits to be brought, and the little brass kettle in case hot water should be wanted.

"And you needn't wait up, Sarah," she said; "your master is busy to-night, and he will not have prayers."

She was so engrossed with her preparations that she started when Hester came in like a ghost in her white dress, flitting in from the outer dusk.

"Mother," she said, "has Uncle John been here? Why didn't you tell me?"

Hester and her uncle had the attraction that simple natures have for each other, and were very good friends.

"He hasn't been here yet," said her mother eagerly, "but he is coming, dear. I expect him every minute. Uncle John is in the study. He is with papa—"

"But he is gone," cried Hester. "I was giving Bess a lump of sugar, and when I came out of the stable I almost ran against him, but he brushed past me as if he didn't see me. I thought it so odd. He went home that way—by the yard door."

"Gone!" cried Mrs. Hallett, "without coming here?" Her voice had such a frightened ring that Hester went close up to her.

"Mother," she said, "has anything happened? Why do you speak like that?" But Mrs. Hallett rallied instantly.

"Nothing has happened," she said, "nothing. How could you take such an idea into your head, Hetty? Uncle John came to speak to papa on business; that is why they were in the little study, and I daresay uncle found it quicker to go out by the yard door. No doubt he was in a hurry; I was only disappointed he didn't come in for—for a chat, that was all."

"I hope it wasn't disagreeable business. Uncle John looked so odd and queer—"

"Business is always disagreeable," said Mrs. Hallett, dogmatically, "and it makes people look —queer. I am sure you must have noticed how worried papa often is. And my father—I remember he used to look sometimes quite cross when he came up from the bank, though he was really the most amiable man in the world."

She still spoke in that eagerly persuasive tone that seemed so unnecessarily convincing, but it was her own inner fears she was combating.

"And Hetty," she went on, "you won't say anything to papa—about Uncle John looking queer, or—or our being disappointed he didn't come to chat with us? Men don't like women to allude to business, Hetty; remember that when you are married, dear. Never ask your husband about business; it only worries him."

Hester could hardly help laughing, though she kissed her mother in the darkness.

"You and I will go over and have tea with Uncle John to-morrow," she said, "and scold him for running away from us. And I will remember your advice, mother—I will lay it up like a German girl's house linen in case I should acquire a husband some day."

It was so dark when Andrew and Miss Kelynge came in from the garden that even Hester's white dress was scarcely discernible.

"Blind man's holiday still, mother?" said Andrew junior, in his loud, cheerful young voice. "Take care, Miss Kelynge; let me go first and light the candles. It's like night here, and you may knock up against something and hurt yourself. Got a headache, mater?"

"Yes, a headache. Hetty and I have been sitting in the dark. Light the candles if you like, dear," said Mrs. Hallett, speaking rather hurriedly and uneasily, "but I think you needn't mind the lamp; it is late and papa is busy, and isn't it nearly bedtime?"

She was uneasy until she got the young people sent off, Andrew to smoke and the girls to their rooms. She carried the tray and glasses away with her own hands, and put out the lights and shut the windows, and then she too went upstairs. Her husband might think she was making a fuss if she waited up for him.

"Men do not like to be asked questions," she said again to herself. "He will tell me to-morrow if it is anything."

Her bedroom window faced George Street, and her first act was to draw aside the curtain and look out. The opposite house, at a first glance, seemed reassuringly blank—a house of sleep—but presently she thought she could detect a little thread of light stealing from behind the shutters of her brother's private room. Could John be keeping watch too? She strained her eyes to look again, and now she could not see the light at all, and made sure it was only the reflection of a street lamp that had deceived her. The stable clock struck midnight as she stood there, a late hour for a man of John Mellish's simple, regular habits to keep vigil. She told herself again that she was mistaken; that her foolish fears were groundless, and would vanish before the morning sunlight as an evil dream when one wakes from troubled sleep. But she took them to bed with her, and they were strong enough to banish rest, though she feigned sleep when she heard her husband's step, so that her wakefulness should not seem to reproach him.

She slept at last when it was clear daylight, and her first return to consciousness was the sound of her husband moving about in his dressing-room. At first she was aware only of a dim sense of uneasiness, but soon she remembered everything clearly. Her fears—and she was always open to their assault—were scarcely soothed by the bad temper which Mr. Hallett brought with him to the breakfast table.

Though subject to occasional displays of anger, as are all pompous and masterful natures, the lawyer had never been one of the men who are habitually unpleasant in the family circle. He was proud of his wife, his son, and his daughter He liked to think that they were better-looking better housed and fed, and, in the case of his boy and girl, better educated than the children of his neighbours, and the knowledge kept him in the main good-natured. It is wonderful how good-tempered you can be when you can set all your virtues against a background of prosperity. But of late a shadow had fallen on the lawyer's geniality; he was uncertain of mood, easily irritated, sometimes gloomy, often annoyed for no apparent cause. The family barometer stood at change, and all the household felt the chill of impending storm.

On this particular morning Hester had come down wearing her riding-habit, only to find that the indignant Davies had been ordered abruptly to take the horses back to the stable. There was to be no riding that morning into a fresh new-

made world. Even the young girl who knew no more of business and its hazards than her mother felt that there might be days when the world looked old and sad.

Mr. Hallett scarcely touched breakfast; nothing was to his liking: the coffee was cold, the toast was burned. At another time Mrs. Hallett might have felt piqued at this slight on her excellent housekeeping, but she was too miserable to feel annoyed.

"There is cold pie on the sideboard, or will you have a broiled bone, dear? Hetty, run and ask cook—"

"Sit still, Hester," said her father, pushing aside his cup and rising. "I can't wait till a fresh breakfast is cooked."

Then he turned upon his son, who was helping himself liberally to the despised pie.

"Do you mean to dawdle here all day, sir?" he asked, and his tone was so savage that Miss Kelynge gave a little jump in her chair, and even the experienced Andrew was too much surprised to find a ready reply. "You ought to have been in the office an hour ago, as you know very well. A fine thing that your father should be toiling and grinding while you sit taking your ease!"

Andrew pursed his mouth into a whistle as he stared at the door by which his father had disappeared.

"What's up now?" he began, but his mother rose suddenly and went to him; she could hardly steady the hand she laid on his shoulder. "Oh, Andrew dear, do go! don't keep your father waiting; don't displease him; he—he is ill."

"Ill?" echoed Andrew, shrugging his shoulders; "he's only"—he turned his head, and when he saw how distressed and uneasy she looked, he altered the form of his phrase.

"How easily you are frightened!" he said; "it's only some stupid business worry that has upset him, mater; he'll come up all right at dinner-time."

"He has eaten no breakfast, and I suppose he won't have time to come up for lunch?"

"No; you'd better send down something extra good. There's nothing soothes the savage breast so effectually as a good square meal."

He looked at Miss Kelynge, and at sight of her scared, frightened face he laughed.

"You are all cowards," he said, "and you've none of you any pity for this poor scapegoat."

His mother kissed him. "Be a good boy," she whispered, but she could not take any comfort out of his easy assurance. "He doesn't know; he was out in the garden last night," she said to herself; "he knows nothing."

Her anxiety grew as the morning passed; she felt that she could not wait till evening to see her brother, as Hester proposed; she could not take Hetty with her to tea, as if—as if nothing had happened. She could not even bear the burden of her suspense till the afternoon, when John might appear at the opposite window with a smile on his good-natured face, and so end it. She must go now—at once.

Then she remembered that her husband might see her; the window of his private room, too, looked upon George Street. He would see her, and he might not like it; he would think her curious, prying. The blood came up into her cheeks, tingling, throbbing there. For a moment she was tempted to go secretly—to steal in by the tradesmen's entrance at the back of the bank-house; but the temptation had scarcely time to take form in her mind before she rejected it. Her instinctively sincere and open nature recoiled from even so slight a departure from candour.

"I will go openly, or not at all," she said, whispering the words half aloud, as if to give strength to her decision. "I will go openly, and I will tell Andrew to-night why I went."

She tied on her bonnet eagerly, not giving her resolve time to cool, and went into the open daylight with a step that did not falter. It never occurred to her that John might think it strange that she should go to him at twelve o'clock, the busiest hour of a business man's morning. Some instinct told her that John would know—would understand—would expect her. Her heart was very tender and full of softening memories as she stood a moment on the steps and looked across at the red house opposite. She saw her husband's figure indistinctly behind the wire blind; his head was bent, and he did not look up. Her eyes travelled with eager affection over the tall, handsome house that for so many years she had called home. Hester's pretty head suddenly appeared at a top window, where she was hanging out her canary in the sun. She caught sight of her mother, and gaily kissed her hand. A sudden lump came into Mrs. Hallett's throat. What a happy home it was, and what a happy woman she ought to be with such a husband and children! But the bank-house was home too—and if John were in trouble?

Her eyes were a little dim as she walked into the outer office.

"I have come to see my brother," she said to the senior clerk, who looked a little surprised, but said that Mr. Mellish was in and alone. She trembled before all the young men at their desks, and felt sure they knew why she had come. She knocked at the manager's door before one of them could reach it, and, turning the handle without waiting for a reply, went in.

John Mellish did not look up; perhaps he had not heard her appeal. His head was supported on one hand, and he sat seemingly lost in heavy thought.

Mary Hallett's heart took an onward leap of dread.

"Oh, John!" she said, "won't you look up? Don't be angry with me for coming. I—I didn't see you last night——"

At the sound of her voice the banker lifted his head, and his dazed expression gave way to one of anger.

"Has he sent you?" he asked, sternly.

"Nobody has sent me," said Mary, wondering and tremulous with crowding fears. "What is it, John? Why do you look at me so strangely? If anything has happened, tell me. I cannot bear this any longer."

Her brother looked at her for a moment or two

without speaking—a moment in which he had time to summon gentler thoughts, for when he spoke his tone had lost its bitterness.

"Poor Mary, poor lass!" he said, "it's no fault of yours that you need vex yourself over it; but you shouldn't have come here. The less you come here the better your husband will be pleased."

"Do you mean that—you have quarrelled?"

He nodded.

"Put it that way if you like; that's what he'll tell you, like enough. We've fallen out, and there's an end of it."

Mrs. Hallett had not taken the chair he had pushed forward for her. She stood behind it, and grasped the back of it with both hands as if to steady herself.

"Oh, John!" she said, piteously, "don't say that; don't say you've quarrelled past mending! Andrew—my husband—is hasty, and he—he has had a great many cares and worries lately. I have seen it; he has been worried and harassed, and—and different, and perhaps if you had been a little more patient—if you had yielded—it's not like you to take offence at a word——"

John Mellish listened to this pleading with a face that was flushing and gathering displeasure once more, but he controlled himself with an effort.

"You'd best not meddle in this matter, Mary," he said; "you'd better let it rest. It's past being mended by a woman's tears. Patience for him with his worries!" he broke out fiercely, "when he has done his best to ruin me, and won't move a finger to help me." But at sight of her tearful face he subdued himself abruptly.

"He's your husband," he said; "I'd bite my tongue out before I would say a word against him to you. But you'd better go, my lass." He spoke as if she were the little Mary of the bank-house days. "You'd better go, for when a man's blood is up there's no telling what may come out of his mouth."

He rose to put an end to the interview, but she put out her hand and held him by the sleeve.

"John," she said, "does it—do you mean that I am not to speak to you—that we are not to meet any more?"

"Meet? Pooh, nonsense!" he said, with evasive lightness, looking at her kindly. "Melchisford isn't such a big place that folk can lose each other, and we're near enough to see each other every day if it comes to that. Now, you go home, and don't fret; or, since you're here, won't you run up and have a chat with Hannah? She's alone."

But at the mention of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Hallett rallied her broken courage.

"Not to-day," she said, feeling all at once a strong impulse to escape; "I can't go up to-day."

In her heart she was blaming Hannah Moss for this new ache she suffered there. If it had not been for the Mosses, Andrew would not have been displeased," she said to herself, quick to make excuses for him.

This new stirring of resentment diverted her thoughts a little, and helped her to go out of the house with a firm step; but once outside, the whole perplexity of her position seemed to meet her in the face. She was going home, but it was home, too, endeared by a thousand memories, she was leaving.

Her placid, still life seemed all at once to bristle with difficulties. "I cannot forsake John," she said; and yet quick as lightning came the response—"still less can you condemn your husband."

In that brief moment she suffered all the pangs and penalties of a divided allegiance; for the first time in her experience she knew that to love might be to suffer.

## CHAPTER XV.—STRANGE REVELATIONS.

"YOU don't seem to be making much progress."

"No; I'm afraid I wasn't cut out for the detective business, and the novels haven't helped much. A strawberry mark on the arm may be a convenient way of identifying lost property in books, but it's a poorish clue when you come to stake your chances on it; the handkerchief-with-a-coronet-on-it-business is also rather played out; besides, our lost man is only a commoner."

Three young people were seated in the grounds of the Crystal Palace on a certain Saturday afternoon. They had been listening to an organ recital, and now they had come out into the sunshine among the June roses.

"And have you nothing to tell us, Tom dear?" asked the girl, who was small and slight, and who had bright and pretty brown eyes.

"Yes," said Tom, appropriating her hand, seeing that they were in a quiet corner where the foliage rose behind them, and hid them from curious eyes. "I asked you, Will, and you, Dot, to come here to-day because for one thing it is pleasanter to talk in the open air."

"Oh, ever so much pleasanter," said Dot, "and especially if it is good news you have to give us, Tom."

"My dear, I don't know that you will think it good. In the first place I must talk to you a little about myself."

Dot's brown eyes were fixed on his face as if to assure him by the love and perfect trust shining out of their clear depths that this was always a welcome topic, and Will took the pipe from his lips to say, encouragingly—

"Go ahead, old man."

But Tom seemed a little moved, and could not at once command words.

"I'm not a good hand at a yarn," he said at last, "but you'll have patience with me, I know, and let me tell it in my own way. And I'm going to begin with a confession. Will, you remember the first time we spoke of old Mr. Hallett's will?"

"I remember. What then?"

"You advised me—it was a jest, I know—to try my luck, to see if I hadn't possibly a chance."

Somers turned, and looked at him eagerly as he paused.

"Do you mean to say," he began, "Tom"—

he went on impetuously—"I always knew there was more behind your story than appeared."

Tom was softly patting the little hand he held, and when he spoke, it was absently, and as if he had not heard this assertion.

"Don't imagine that I envied the dead man's wealth," he said, "at least, not at first; but the whole queer, complicated business set me thinking. Suppose I should have a chance after all? Dot and I could get married at once, and Will and the Doctor would live with us. Well, that was a pleasant thought, so pleasant that by-and-



TOM IS NOT A GOOD HAND AT A YARN.

by it seemed as if it must come true, and I began to picture our life in that fine, big house among all our old friends, we the richest and grandest of them all, where we had been the poorest and obscurest. No need for the doctor to pinch and scrape and live in shabby lodgings on the shillings and sixpences of his patients; no need for Dot to lose the roses out of her cheeks by teaching any more. As for you and me, Will, we should have turned our backs on the city, with its din and its grind, its hard work and its poor pay. A pleasant picture, you see, and the more I thought of it, the more my circumstances seemed to fit the case. When you are in ignorance of your relations, it's easier and more satisfactory all round to imagine them illustrious than obscure." He smiled a little soberly.

"Get on," said Will; "don't pull up to moralise. What have you discovered?"

"The folly of letting one's fancy run loose," said Tom. "Dot dear, you will never be the mistress of Hallett Place."

"I never wished it, Tom, never once."

"No, Dot, no, and we're better without the wealth, believe me. That day or two I was foolish enough to entertain that insane dream showed me to what ugly deeps a man may fall through the greed of gold. Hadn't I boasted to you that I trusted the doctor, Will, and wasn't I beginning to doubt and suspect his motives—even to question his honesty? And as for the heir, I believe while the madness lasted I was capable of half murdering the poor fellow if he had turned up."

"I don't believe it," said Dot, very quietly; "you would have been the first to help him to his rights, Tom."

He thanked her with a look.

"Perhaps I may have that chance yet, by way of atoning for all the murderous thoughts I had of him; I think that chance may be mine."

"Tom," said Will with decision, "if you go on dribbling out your news drop by drop, I'll be obliged most reluctantly to wring your neck for you."

"Don't," said Tom, with a deprecating laugh, "let me go on in my own way. It's an awfully slow and clumsy way, I know, but you will soon hear all there is to tell. You may ask me, Dot, and you, Will, why, if I was in doubt about my past, I didn't go frankly to the doctor instead of worrying over his possible motives for keeping me in the dark? Well, when I came to my senses that's just what I did. And he behaved as you might have expected."

"Extinguished you on the spot."

"No, he was honest with me, as he has always been. 'So you've caught the general infection,' he said, 'and you think it would be a fine thing to wear a dead man's shoes? You want to share the spoil?'

"'I want to know who I am,' I said.

"'Very well,' he answered, 'I will tell you. I haven't gratified your curiosity before because it wasn't a very pleasant thing to hear, but you shall hear it now if only to disabuse you of the mad idea that you have the remotest claim to Hallett's money. You have no more right to it than I. Your mother was my cousin, and the only woman I ever cared for, but she preferred your father. He was a medical man with a fair practice when she married him, but it was not by his skill or his discoveries, or his work among the poor, he became famous; and when you know his name you will understand how it was that he was never made a baronet. You bear your mother's name and mine, but this is the one you've a right to by birth.'

"He wrote a name on a bit of paper and pushed it across the table to me"—Tom's voice grew husky—"I knew it. It isn't one to be proud of. I have seen it in the public prints, I have heard it on people's lips, little dreaming that it was my name and my shame they were discussing. Dot, my wife to be, Will, my brother"—he looked at them both—"you won't ask me what it was? He is dead, and—we will let his story sleep. Thank God, he repented before the last, and if the All Merciful forgave him, surely we may do so too."

Dot was crying quietly. "It was cruel to tell you," she said. "Oh, my poor Tom, how you must have suffered!"

"No," he said cheerfully; "it was best, my darling. It is best always to know the truth, even if it hurts. And see what wild and mad dreams I might have gone on cherishing if I had not known; and now, if ever I am likely to grow too proud or uplifted, there's the memory of what but for one man's generosity and one man's patience and care I might have been to keep me humble. And I've had a very jolly life," cried Tom, his young face beaming again; "the Doctor has been as good as two fathers. And haven't I had Will for a friend, and haven't I Dot?" He gave a hand to each. "And now, he went on vigorously, "that bit of my story is done with. Alnaschar has smashed his crockery and come to his senses, and we arrive at the second volume of this romance, of which, if you please, I am no longer the hero."

"What, have you more to tell?" said Will, clearing his throat, and speaking with a well-feigned briskness to hide some stirred feeling. "He's not such a bad detective, after all, is he, Dot?"

"The detective is coming on the scene. When the doctor and I had ended our talk—we talked a long time—he gave me a bundle of papers, which came into his possession at my mother's death, when he undertook the care of me. He hadn't read them, he said, and he made as though such sentimental stuff as old love letters wasn't much in his way. You see," said Tom, simply, "it couldn't have been very pleasant to him to read another man's vows to the woman he had hoped to marry, or, at least, had loved."

"Were they love letters, Tom?" asked Dot, who had a lively interest in this species of literature.

"Yes, and very good ones. I read them last night when you were out, Will."

"That accounts for the conflagration. Our landlady was on the point of sending for the firemen, Dot, when I arrived in the nick of time to extinguish the flames."

"Stuff!" said Tom, laughing. "Yes; it's true I burned them. Old letters are best dead with the people who wrote them, but I'm glad I read these, for they seemed to justify my mother's choice. The man who wrote them had his better side, and he kept it for her. I burned them all but one—not a love letter, not even, properly speaking, a letter at all, but only the fragments and remains of one. I don't know how it came to be among those others."

He slowly drew a long, narrow-shaped envelope from his pocket. It was addressed in a woman's writing—"To Dr. H——." He had scored out the name, but across the paper in another and a bolder hand was written—"Received from Mrs. Smith, June the 17th, 18—."

Tom held it out, and the other two drew near and looked at it.

"Well?" demanded Will.

"That endorsement is in my father's writing," said Tom; "the same hand that wrote the letters wrote this. And you notice the date. I think we're justified in concluding that the date refers to the fragments of paper inside."

He drew the enclosures out—two frayed and soiled portions of an old letter. The ink had faded and the folds were worn as if they had been carried in a pocket and frequently read. The larger portion of the letter had been lost or destroyed. There was, therefore, no sequence or logical coherence in the sentences that were left, and yet to any one who had the clue they were significant enough. The top line, evidently the conclusion of a sentence that had gone before, ran thus—

"For my child's sake, upon your charity as a humane man and a servant of God. You have known me as Alice Smith, and as Alice Smith I wish to be buried in a forgotten grave."

The second fragment contained these words—

"If the time should ever come when he may claim the shelter of his mother's early home.—Avisia Hallett."

The brother and sister read these words in silence, then, still without speaking, they gazed at Tom.

"Tom," said Will at last, and he spoke solemnly, "you have made a great discovery."

"A queer discovery, but I'm not sure yet whether it can be called a great one. That remains to be seen. But it's odd that it should have been my father that this poor girl appealed to, and it seems to give me a sort of double claim to hunt up the missing man. Let us suppose my father's authority devolved on me and I've more than a nominal right, it comes in its way to be a duty."

"But, Tom dear," said Dot, shrewdly, "there is no address on this letter; it has been sent by hand, and there is not even a post-mark to guide you, and there are so many doctors in England."

"You forget, Dot, that if it was, as I believe, my father to whom this appeal was made, it will be an easy matter to find out where he was at that date; indeed, Rose has told me already, and if I haven't told you, my dear, it is only —"

"I know, dear," she said, softly; "I would rather never be told."

"It was before his trouble," Tom sighed, "so you see that difficulty is wiped away."

"Have you any reason to think that her appeal was answered? Is there anything in the letters to lead you to think that he took an interest in the child?" It was Will who spoke.

"Nothing at all. The letters, you see, are of an earlier date, and so they have no bearing on this inquiry, but I've reason to believe that the opportunity never came when help could be given. If we succeed in tracing her, it won't be through any service my father was able to render her; he never had the chance."

Tom's voice was dejected, and Dot and Will understood that the nameless medical gentleman whom, wonderful to relate, Tom called father, must have fallen about this very time upon evil days.

"There's one thing," said Tom, "perhaps it's my duty to lay this bit of evidence before the Halletts. I suppose they ought to be told, though the clue may turn out to be worth little."

But his companions immediately protested.

"I believe," cried Dot, her eyes shining, and her cheeks burning, "that Andrew Hallett would —oh, I don't know to what wickedness he wouldn't stoop. He is a bad man! He wants the money all for himself, and he is making that poor Miss Kelynge think he cares for her. It's shameful! You mustn't tell him, Tom."

"You know, Dot," said Tom, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "we might claim the reward and set up house on it; not Hallett Place, my dear, but the little house we've always hoped for and looked forward to. It's a very respectable sum, and it would buy our chairs and tables, our pots and pans, our teapots and dusters."

"As if you would take it," she said superbly. "No, Tom, you must find him all by yourself. If anybody is to be told it must be Hester; it would make her so glad, and she would keep our secret."

"Well, I confess I'd rather like to try my hand at ferreting out the mystery. Of course, in any case the Halletts would have to know before the year was out; but if I could unearth the fellow myself, it would be a kind of compensation for all the grudging thoughts I've spent on him."

"Nobody must know," said Will, sententiously. "Your cousin would only laugh at you for your pains, Tom, and you say he can give you no help."

"I think not; he does not know of the existence of this paper, you see."

"Very good, then we needn't enlighten him; and I think it would be as well"—Will spoke with an effort—"not to tell Miss Hallett either at present. You see, you've very little to go by as yet. The first step is to discover the birth registration."

"That may not be so easy; registration was voluntary in those days, remember."

"You've got to prove the boy's birth, anyhow; the law won't recognise him till you do."

"It's a lifetime ago, almost before our day; still, I'll have a try before I throw the brief up. But the first step of all is to get to the place, and that must wait till an off day comes round, for it's a goodish bit from here."

They did not ask him where it was; they respected his silence, that sad silence in which he mercifully wrapped his dead father's secret. Perhaps they knew, and he knew, that it could not long be hid; but not by a look or word of theirs would they add to his pain. It was to be for them henceforth as if he had never told them, as if he were still the Tom about whose past and future they had woven so many dreams, all of them to end in a delightful surprise, as though the days of fairyland had come back again.

"I'll go shares in the funds," said Somers, getting up and shaking himself; "we'll make a joint-stock business of it—the Hallett Fortune Company. I would cheerfully sacrifice half a year's screw to out-manœuvre that fellow Hallett junior, and when the other Hallett is found I'll send in a bill of expenses to the estate, 'for recovering of lost heir,' etc. I'm not so squeamish as you or as Dot; I'll get my pots and pans out of him."

"I've some money, Tom dear, some that I don't want at all." Dot was pressing her little purse into his hand. "You must take it, Tom; indeed you must; I can spare it quite well."

Tom looked down on her in smiling refusal, and Dot looked up at him with the tears in her bright eyes. She could not tell him—and yet she told him eloquently enough—that he was the noblest, and bravest, and best of men, and that she would rather a thousandfold be poor with him than rich beyond compare with any other.

There were other pairs of lovers walking in that green Eden, but was any girl there so blessed as she?

# BROWNING AND TENNYSON:

## THEIR LATEST POEMS.[1]

FEW coincidences in literary history have been more striking or affecting than the publication of Mr. Browning's last volume on the day before his death. The aged poet lived just long enough to learn by telegraph of the instant and enthusiastic greeting which his work had received; and with words of congratulation in his ears he passed tranquilly away to the world of realities. Hardly, again, had we time to feel the full sadness of the announcement, when another volume was put into our hands, the latest work of a yet older poet—the octogenarian Lord Tennyson. Irresistibly there leaped into memory the Bible phrase—"They shall still bring forth fruit to old age;" and such fruit it is, for aroma and beauty, as grows nowhere else, in these days of ours, on English poetic garden-ground!

We do not enter on any such unprofitable task as that of drawing comparisons or contrasts between the two poets. Unlike in many respects, they are one in their keen sense of the invisible, their longing to pierce the veil of outward circumstance, and to discern what lies beyond the golden haze and smoke of conflict which by turns hang over this world. Without being *religious* poets, in the sense in which that phrase is generally used, they have in no uncertain voice given utterance to the spirit of Faith. Nor need we go back for illustration to the "In Memoriam" of the elder poet, or to the "Saul," "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," and "A Death in the Desert" of the younger. It is more to the purpose to note how in their latest works the spirit of confidence and hope appears. The words which close Tennyson's volume have already been taken to the heart of multitudes. What could be happier, or more beautiful, than such anticipated farewell to "the shore"!

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Nothing so touchingly personal occurs in the last poems of Browning. And yet amid all his subtleties and fancies there runs a kindred longing to "see the Pilot face to face;" only in his case it seems chiefly the discernment of the Truth on which his soul is set. He would "see God," for the interpretation of life's riddles: the passion for truth to him is more than bliss, more than poetry. Very significant is the Prologue to the poems. It is dated from "Asolo" only the sixth of last September. Asolo will be remembered by the readers of "Pippa Passes" (1842), the earliest poem which revealed to the discerning that a great poet had appeared among us. How fresh was the charm! How profound the meaning! Now the poet plays with the name of the lovely little town on its hill-side overlooking the Venetian plain, giving it a new etymology: "Asolare"—as if "to disport in the open air, amuse oneself at random." One is thus prepared for random songs, the amusements of leisure moments; and such there are, undoubtedly, in the book. But before them this Prologue stands, prefacing all the poetry by the old lament—so familiar in Wordsworth's Ode on the "Intimations of Immortality," although it is there set in another key—that "there hath past away a glory from the earth." The old age of the poet is sad, writes Mr. Browning:

The Poet's age is sad: for why?
In youth, the natural world could show
No common object but his eye
At once involved with alien glow—
His own soul's iris-bow.

And now a flower is just a flower:
Man, bird, beast, are but beast, bird, man—
Simply themselves, uncinct by dower
Of dyes, which, when life's day began,
Round each in glory ran.

We know how Wordsworth finds compensation in deeper sympathy with the human heart, "its tenderness, its joys, and fears." But this alone cannot content Browning. He faces the question whether it is not better that the glowing illusions of fancy should pass away, and things be seen in their bare simplicity.

Friend, did you need an optic glass,
Which were your choice? A lens to drape
In ruby, emerald, chrysopras,
Each object—or reveal its shape
Clear outlined, past escape,

The naked very thing?—so clear
That, when you had the chance to gaze,
You found its inmost self appear
Through outer seeming—truth ablaze,
Not falsehood's fancy-haze?

Yes, Asolo is very beautiful—beautiful as when

[1] See article "The Brownings." "Leisure Hour," July, 1883: p. 396.

Pippa sprang from her couch on that bright spring morning so many years ago, and pondered the words of her morning hymn:

> All service ranks the same with God:
> If now, as formerly, He trod
> Paradise, His presence fills
> Our earth, each only as God wills
> Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
> Are we: there is no last nor first.

But in that day the scene to which, an unconscious angel, his heroine went forth, was irradiated to the poet's eye as with the fire of the Burning Bush. Now the flame is gone: Nature appears in her simplicity. What then? For the splendour of the revelation, dazzling the eye and soul, there is a Voice, distinct to the ear of faith. And the transition from that early glamour to the calm apprehension of spiritual realities is no less than to pass from Nature to God.

In this spirit the chief poems of this volume are written. They are full of spiritual insight. Human motives stand revealed, both in their glory and their baseness. The subtle windings of character and conduct are explored, now with intense and manly sympathy, and now with indignation, under the mark of a sardonic humour. No doubt the author is at times obscure; but enough has been said already by innumerable critics upon this point. Browning often wrote, as has been said, "in shorthand:" the reader has to supply the links which, like vowels, make the consonantal roughnesses read smoothly. If dramatic—and this is one of his great characteristics—he is not concerned to describe scene, place, time, or to indicate the interlocutors, much less to reproduce their forms of speech. He knows what is in their minds, discerning their secrets in a very startling way! The play and movement of thought are essentially dramatic; but the words are Browning's own. In a word, Browning must be studied; and true poetry demands study, like all else that is true and deep. When his meaning is discerned it is lucid as the light of heaven.

Some of his verses have an exquisite glow of passion, as in brief beautiful love poems, which seem to us a far-off response to the "Sonnets from the Portuguese;" sometimes he is daringly frank, as in his arguments (which will scarcely be thought conclusive by those most concerned) at one time against vivisection, and at another against the cruel follies of fashion. Whatever his topic, the poet's anxiety is to reach to the truth of things, and to obtain through the mists of circumstance clear glimpses of the Divine beyond. To this reality he holds, and is in the deepest sense an optimist. To quote his "Pippa" again:

> God's in His heaven—
> All's right with the world!

In the fine Epilogue to "Asolando"—so pathetic to the reader now!—the poet claims, and with full warrant, to be:

> One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake.

The relations of infinite power with infinite goodness are to him a theme full of fascination; and in his "Reverie," one of the longest and finest poems in the volume, he gives full expression to his thoughts and hopes:

> I know there shall dawn a day—
> Is it here on homely earth?
> Is it yonder, worlds away,
> Where the strange and new have birth,
> That Power comes full in play?
>
> Is it here, with grass about,
> Under befriending trees,
> When shy buds venture out,
> And the air by mild degrees
> Puts winter's death past doubt?
>
> Is it up amid whirl and roar
> Of the elemental flame
> Which star-flecks heaven's dark floor,
> That, new yet still the same,
> Full in play comes Power once more?
>
> Somewhere, below, above,
> Shall a day dawn—this I know—
> When Power, which vainly strove
> My weakness to o'erthrow,
> Shall triumph.

But of this triumph where are the signs? We cannot follow the poet through all the changeful moods in which he ponders the great question. The individual life is to him a parable, intimating, but darkly, the secret of the universal scheme.

> Even as the world its life,
> So have I lived my own—
> Power seen with Love at strife,
> That sure, this dimly shown—
> Good rare, and evil rife.

But from facts such as these there is a way, direct, to Faith; and Faith discerns the end. So the "Reverie" concludes:

> I have faith such end shall be:
> From the first, Power was—I knew.
> Life has made clear to me
> That, strive but for closer view,
> Love were as plain to see.
>
> When see? When there dawns a day,
> If not on the homely earth,
> Then yonder, worlds away,
> Where the strange and new have birth,
> And Power comes full in play.

It must not, however, be supposed that all the

poems are abstrusely speculative. The reverie is but a transient mood, and our poet, with assured step and genial comment, re-enters the world of men and women. The Italian priesthood, in its various phases of character, fascinates him much; but we must refer the reader to the volume itself for the weird horror of "The Cardinal and the Dog," the scathing satire of "The Pope and the Net," the grim drawn-out humour of "Ponte dell' Angelo, Venice," with the charming simplicity and profound meaning of "The Bean Feast." The sister arts of painting and music suggest two poems of lighter touch—"Beatrice Signorini" and "Flute Music with an Accompaniment." "Rephan," founded on a story by Jane Taylor, of Norwich, is again of a higher strain. The picture is of life in a star, where life is complete, full-rounded, uniform; "nowhere deficiency or excess"—a world without defect, growth, or change:

> No hope, no fear: as to-day shall be
> To-morrow: advance or retreat need we
> At our stand-still through eternity?
>
> All happy: needs must we so have been,
> Since who could be otherwise? All serene:
> What dark was to banish, what light to screen?
>
> Earth's rose is a bud that's checked or grows
> As beams may encourage or blasts oppose:
> Our lives leapt forth, each a full-orbed rose.

With great power it is shown how the soul at length rebelled against this monotonous perfection, yearning for "difference in thing and thing," with the sense of the Infinite above and below, and the longing to aspire and to strive. So the moral is drawn that earth, with its struggles, inequalities, and opportunities, is a better dwelling-place for the soul than the star Rephan!

Browning, we say, was essentially an optimist. We can hardly assert the same with equal assurance of his great brother poet. True, on the whole Tennyson is not unfaithful to his early vision of the

> One far-off Divine event
> To which the whole creation moves.

And yet he seems at times bewildered, almost disheartened, by the distractions of the Present. The terrible series of contrasts in the poem entitled "Vastness" tend to leave the mind in doubt as to where lies the true and lasting Power. The rival forces of the world rage in ceaseless conflict and agony, until the poet asks, "What is all of it worth?—

> What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices of prayer?
> All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is fair?
> What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,
> Swallowed in Vastness, lost in Silence, drowned in the depths of a meaningless Past?
> What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?

That tremendous *if* suggests the answer to the sceptic's passionate demands. Yet the poet rather hushes the question than meets it; or finds his only answer in the assured permanence of *human* affection:

> Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever; the dead are not dead, but alive.

So in a tone very different from that of philosophic optimism, and yet with a yearning to reach the same conclusion, the poet's spirit repeats its ancient utterance:

> I cannot understand; I love.

A characteristic illustration of the difference between Tennyson and Browning is in their respective treatment of classic story. The former takes from the Greek mythology the topic which gives its title to the book, and with wonderful richness of imagination and felicity of diction describes the search of the bereaved Demeter for her Persephone, with the partial restoration of the daughter to the field of earth, and the hope of the great "Earth-Goddess" for the complete emancipation of her child from the realm of darkness. The old myth is exquisitely wrought, with the genius and skill that in the time past gave to the world "Tithonus" and "Œnone." The poet's own application of the myth we do not here discuss; it must suffice to give one passage, descriptive of the mother's search. It is truly Tennysonian, and shows Tennyson almost at his best.

> Child, when thou wert gone,
> I envied human wives, and nested birds,
> Yea, the cubb'd lioness; went in search of thee
> Thro' many a palace, many a cot, and gave
> Thy breast to ailing infants in the night,
> And set the mother waking in amaze
> To find her sick one whole; and forth again
> Among the wail of midnight winds, and cried,
> "Where is my loved one? Wherefore do ye wail?
> And out from all the night an answer shrill'd,
> "We know not, and we know not why we wail."
> I climb'd on all the cliffs of all the seas,
> And ask'd the waves that moan about the world,
> "Where? do ye make your moaning for my child
> And round from all the world the voices came
> "We know not, and we know not why we moan."
> "Where?" and I stared from every eagle-peak,
> I thridded the black heart of all the woods,
> I peer'd thro' tomb and cave, and in the storms
> Of Autumn swept across the city, and heard
> The murmur of their temples chanting me—
> Me, me, the desolate Mother! "Where?"—and turn'd,
> And fled by many a waste, forlorn of man,
> And grieved for man thro' all my grief for thee,—
> The jungle rooted in his shatter'd hearth,
> The serpent coil'd about his broken shaft,
> The scorpion crawling over naked skulls;—
> I saw the tiger in the ruin'd fane
> Spring from his fallen God, but trace of thee
> I saw not; and far on, and, following out
> A league of labyrinthine darkness, came
> On three gray heads beneath a gleaming rift.

"Where?" and I heard one voice from all the three:
"We know not, for we spin the lives of men,
And not of Gods, and know not why we spin!
There is a Fate beyond us." Nothing knew.

From all this wealth of poetry we turn to Browning's memorial of classic times. His blank verse is headed "Imperanti Augusto natus est——" The meaning of that expressive blank appears at the close in one electric outburst. But meantime we have no fair and lovely myth—only an enumeration, in talk between two Romans at the bath, of the mighty deeds of the Emperor, and his proposed deification. It is all very real, and most powerfully drawn. Then there is a contrasted glimpse of the great Augustus playing the mendicant for one day in the year, if so to avert malignant Fate; with another picture, of some conqueror on his triumphal day entering Rome, while the attendant on his car, holding in one hand the crown, with the other points to the emblems of shame and torture at his foot. "Crown, now—Cross, when?"

Who stands secure? Are even Gods so safe?
Jupiter, that just now is dominant—
Are not there ancient dismal tales how once
A predecessor reigned ere Saturn came,
And who can say if Jupiter be last?
Was it for nothing the grey Sibyl wrote,
"Cæsar Augustus regnant, shall be born
In blind Judæa"—one to master him—
Him and the universe?—An old wife's tale?

For these last four lines the whole poem was written. The "Sybil's" prophecy casts its reflex light on the splendid delineation of the world's power at its greatest. The careless, merely speculative way in which the prediction is flung out in passing enhances the impression; and as the Romans, finishing the dialogue, lightly turn away to their bath, they leave us with an awe-stricken sense of the spiritual might that shall be supreme over all world-power and greatness, whatsoever it may be.

Both these volumes are rich in *anecdotes*, if we may call them so—incidents and brief sketches from human life, often fraught with interest and pathos. To some of these in Browning's volume we have already referred. We might add the richly humorous "Muckle-mouth Meg," and the intensely interesting poem "Development," which may be taken either as an autobiographic reminiscence, or as a wisely profound poetic essay on Education. Tennyson, in his "Romney's Remorse" and the "Leper's Bride" chooses subjects almost too painful for art, while we admire the consummate skill with which the two distinct phases of wifely devotion are depicted. Romney "married at eighteen, and because Sir Joshua and others had said that 'marriage spoilt an artist,' almost immediately left his wife in the north, and scarce saw her till the end of his life; when old, nearly mad, and quite desolate, he went back to her, and she received him, and nursed him till he died." Equally thrilling in another way is the story of the leper's wife, who dedicated her life to the tendance of her husband smitten by the most loathsome of diseases.

This wall of solid flesh that comes between your soul and mine
Will vanish, and give place to the beauty that endures—
The beauty that endures on the Spiritual height,
When we shall stand transfigured, like Christ on Hermon hill,
And moving each to music, soul in soul and light in light,
Shall flash thro' one another in a moment as we will."

"The Ring," dedicated to Mr. Russell Lowell, is a "creepy" ghost story. "Merlin and the Gleam," in a new and somewhat jerky metre, is a mystic reminiscence of the old Arthurian world: and, if we may end our enumeration at the beginning of the book, the Dedication to Lord Dufferin, exquisitely wrought in the old "In Memoriam" metre, recalls the death of the poet's son Lionel on his way home from India:—

A soul that, watched from earliest youth,
And on thro' many a brightening year,
Had never swerved for craft or fear,
By one side-path, from simple truth;

Who might have chased and claspt Renown,
And caught her chaplet here—and there
In haunts of jungle-poison'd air
The flame of life went wavering down.

Such utterance of the father's heart adds preciousness to the poet's work, and the volume—may it not be the last!—is one to be cherished, with the companion volume of the brother poet, above all the literary gifts which Christmas brought to our favoured generation.

It is not without sadness that we close the books, and ask from what quarter we are to expect the highest poetry of the future. Is it to be, as some late examples lead us to fear, all sensuous and passionate, heathen in its religion and pessimistic in its philosophy? Or is Tennyson's half-humorous surmise (in his poem "Parnassus") to come to pass, that the chief Muses of the future shall be "Astronomy and Geology"—Science overtopping all the rest, and allowing no glimpse into grander, more spiritual realms? If so, then evil times are upon us. But on this topic we will also be optimists. Though we see not the quarter whence a true poetic light may arise, that light will not fail. If we may reverently put our anticipation into Bible words, God will not leave Himself without witness. For such witness, we cannot but believe that the popular mind is increasingly prepared. Surely the vast and sorrowing crowd which thronged the Abbey on Mr. Browning's funeral day meant more than a tribute of admiration to the poet's genius. Half unconsciously, perhaps, they gathered around his grave as that of one who had pointed them to realities beyond the sphere of sense; and in the unspoken thoughts which thrilled the spirit of the multitude there was recognised the truth that He who once revealed Himself by the Prophets of old has still a message by His poets to the ear and heart of mankind.

S. G. G.

# THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

## THE KING OF SPAIN.

NO European country has had during the last half-century a more disturbed history than that of Spain, that country once so proud, strong, and influential in the councils of Europe, and now of so little political moment, so left behind in the march of progress. Will it and its baby monarch advance together step by step to majority? Who can tell? It is certain that the land has been in a state of fermentation for many years. It saw itself constrained to depose Queen Isabella. It could not settle down under the well-intentioned but timid and exotic rule of the foreigner Amadeo of Italy. It became after his enforced resignation the prey of rival factions, Government succeeding Government with bewildering rapidity—Republicans, Federalists, Constitutionalists, Carlists, and Alfonsists, all struggling for mastery,

In the end the Alfonsists triumphed, and in December, 1874, Alfonso, son of Queen Isabella, in whose favour she was induced to abdicate, ascended the tottering throne. Thus after six years of exile the Bourbons returned to power.

No easy post awaited this monarch of seventeen summers, called away from his mother's Christmas festivities to rule a distracted country, torn by civil war, the prey of factions. The one great legislative event of his reign was the passing of a new Constitution, a measure which annulled nearly all the benefits for progress gained by means of the previous revolutions, and which was and remains the *bête noir* of liberal Spain. It once more placed a Spaniard's liberty in the hands of the Government and, worse still, of the priests.

Hardly was this measure passed, when there arose the important political question of the King's marriage. His choice fell on his cousin Princess Mercedes, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier. But to this choice great family opposition was made. Queen Isabella had no liking for her brother-in-law, and feared the influence of Mercedes upon Alfonso. But the young King was firm, and the story of his passion and the obstacles he had to overcome recall those of Romeo and Juliet, the Capulets and the Montagues. Alas! this marriage, which was a true love match, and offered every prospect of a happy union and of a beneficial influence upon the King's life, was dissolved all too soon by the Queen's death five months after the ceremony, in June, 1878.

This death was a terrible blow to the King, and one from which he recovered with difficulty, and it was a bitter pill to him that almost immediately the question of his re-marriage had to be urged upon him, State reasons making it imperative. And it was urged with the more insistance that Alfonso's health, always delicate, began to show signs of that general breaking up of the system which led to his early death.

Ministers took stock of the marriageable daughters of royal Europe, and their choice fell upon a princess of the House of Hapsburg, a race pleasing to Queen Isabella and the Jesuits. The first meeting of the couple took place at Arcachon. When Alfonso entered the room of the villa in which his *fiancée* awaited him, his eyes fell on a fine portrait of Mercedes standing on her table. Involuntarily he drew nearer, and as he gazed on the beloved features a soft voice, half-choked with emotion, murmured at his side, "My dearest wish is to resemble her in all things, for if I must succeed her, I dare not hope to replace her."

The King did not answer, but he stayed long with the Archduchess Christina; and the next morning she received a note, written in warm and heartfelt words, in which he told her that she had wrought a miracle, touched a hidden chord he had believed silenced for evermore, and that if she consented, their union would be as much one of love as his former one.

The young Archduchess who thus understood how to touch her future husband's heart is the daughter of the Princess Elizabeth, a lady who has always been considered the most charming of the Austrian Archduchesses; she is a woman well advanced in years, and has been twice married to Austrian Archdukes and twice widowed. A special favourite with the Emperor, she embellishes the whole family life of the Hapsburgs by her wit, her physical charms, preserved even into mature middle age, and her social talents. Her children seem to have inherited some of her originality and force of character. Thus, her eldest son insisted upon making a love marriage, espousing in 1878 a daughter of the Duke Croy, a marriage without precedent in Austrian royal annals, and which caused not a little flutter, as the Prince insisted that the union should be treated as an equal one, and his wife regarded as Archduchess.

It is his sister who is the present Queen Regent of Spain. The Princess was but twenty-one when she left Vienna to unite herself to Alfonso, and had, therefore, lacked time to take any important place in Austrian society. Nevertheless, it was felt by the Viennese Court that an attractive figure departed with the Archduchess Christina, who harboured a good heart, open to noble sentiments under a pleasing exterior. Not that the Queen of Spain inherits her mother's beauty; she is rather charming, with great distinction and *chic* in gait and mien. The Archduchess Elizabeth is a tall commanding figure, with a head of the Maria Theresa type; her daughter, on the contrary, is but of middle height, fair, and gentle. At the time of her marriage her diffident bearing and look led none to suppose that she possessed a tittle of the energy that distinguishes her mother and renders her so attractive. As a young girl at Vienna, the Archduchess Christina

interested herself much in the Fine Arts, and especially in music. There was no great representation at the opera, no concert at which she did not appear, accompanied by her mother. But in public life she took no part, and was only seen on the most official occasions, when the presence of the whole royal family was indispensable. She dearly loved retirement. This and her general refinement of manner made her a great favourite with the Emperor, and he and all the family were much grieved at her departure.

The departure of the Archduchess from Vienna to join her affianced husband in Spain, where the marriage ceremony took place, was most sad. All the Archdukes and Duchesses were present; they embraced her tenderly and waved their last farewells. The Emperor could not await the departure of the train: his emotion was too much for him. As for the bride herself, her eyes were red with tears, and only sadness was to be read upon her face. Had she perchance a presentiment of the hard destiny that awaited her? And that makes it doubtful whether to her can be applied the famous saying, "Tu, felix Austria nube."

The marriage was celebrated with much pomp at the old sanctuary of Atocha, the King meeting his bride as soon as she touched Spanish soil.

For some while after her arrival at Madrid, it seemed uncertain what place the Queen would take in the Spanish Court and in Spanish hearts. For her subjects she had one great defect: she was not a Spaniard, an unpardonable sin in the eyes of this proud people.

Coming from a Court mediæval enough in tone, but yet not quite so far behind as that of Castile, Queen Christina seemed too much a woman of the day to satisfy her courtiers devoted to the traditions of a fossil past. Another fault she had in their eyes: she was not communicative. In a land where all are expansive, Queen Christina never spoke of her inmost thoughts and feelings, enfolding herself in a dignified reserve that these expansive lighter southern natures could not understand, and hence could not pardon. They held her reticence to be conceit and hauteur; and, themselves the proudest of peoples, were deeply offended at the fact that another should possess their cherished vice.

Truly difficult for the young Queen were the first years of her married life, nor did she find much support in her husband, whose easy-going nature and frail health made him anything but a strong helpmate. For example, the Spaniards desired that their Queen should speak their stately language with purity, and Queen Christina took all possible pains to learn it. But naturally she had a German accent, that ugliest of accents in a Latin tongue. The King, instead of helping her, enhanced her difficulties, From the moment of her arrival it amused him to mislead her about the meaning of words, telling her the exact opposite of their sense, and then laughing heartily at the effect produced when she, in perfect good faith, employed them in public. He was not unkind at heart, and he was sincerely attached to her, but he was mischievous and fond of fun, and callous or unconscious of the effect his jokes often had upon their victims.

Thus the life of the young Queen at Madrid was a little sad and isolated. She had no intimates, and she was of a character too serious to prove a very acceptable member of the intimate circle round her husband. Her notions of decorum were too rigid to allow her to adapt herself easily to the gay and unconventional Spanish character. As Queen-Consort, she carefully refrained from taking a share in politics, and this the Spaniards acknowledged to her credit. She was allowed to be a good wife and tender mother, and yet the Austrian royal lady was not popular with her subjects. They had no complaints to make against her except that most hopelessly irremediable of all complaints—that her temperament and theirs were essentially different. They did not fail, however, to pay a tribute of admiration to her admirable coolness in face of the pistol of Francisco Otorio, aimed at her and her husband with a precision that made their narrow escape from death almost a miracle. Her behaviour showed she possessed a high spirit. For the rest she was nothing to them but a superbly-dressed figure on festal occasions, and when in the country a sovereign leading a quiet and homely life.

The King meanwhile, however, had learnt to appreciate more and more her true value. On every anniversary of their wedding-day he gave her a bracelet set with single stones. The last came with this note: "My soldiers bear in golden stripes on their sleeves the number of their campaigns: I want to see on your arm the record of the years of happiness you have given me."

This was but a few days before that fatal November 25th, 1885, when Alfonso at last succumbed to the consumption that had long tormented him, and Queen Christina found herself a widow with two little girls, one of whom was at once pronounced *interim* Queen of Spain until it was seen whether the child which was then expected, should prove a male. It was a situation for which history had until then presented no parallel. It was a difficult, perilous moment, too, in the life of the young widow; unpopular, out of health, she was regent for a girl-heir, in a land where only males are held of value, in a country racked with discontented factions, and with a more popular male pretender fostering dissensions. Could a frail, youthful woman steer clear of all these difficulties and preserve the throne for herself and her children? Few persons in Europe, remembering the fate of Prince Amadeo of Italy, thought it possible, and not many would have ventured to predict that this woman's hands would long hold the reins of power. The adherents of Don Carlos acquired fresh hopes; Don Carlos himself felt confident of his success. But, as is often the case in life, the unexpected, unforeseen occurred. Queen Christina, self-effacing, almost timid, the mere conventional figure of a Queen-Consort, suddenly showed herself possessed of regal qualities. The day of sorrow revealed her in a new light. Thrown by the death of her husband into a position of great and manifold difficulties, the daughter of the Hapsburgs proved

herself nobly fitted for the *rôle* she was called upon to fill.

The courage and self-devotion she displayed when, in the early days of her widowhood, she personally visited the districts devastated by a hurricane, and with her own hands distributed relief to the sufferers, won her subjects' sympathy and gratitude.

Later on she showed yet greater nerve when a young officer forgot himself so far as to speak disrespectfully of her. The insolence was perhaps part only of the arrogant demeanour the Spanish nobles are apt to display towards their rulers when they happen to be of foreign race. Such behaviour as this had led Amadeo to abdicate. Queen Christina checked the insolence at once by ordering the offender into prison and keeping him there until he was prepared to apologise, and to vow he had meant nothing of what he had said.

An instance of her kindheartedness, united to firmness, was shown when the writer Del Silvio had to be banished on account of the publication of treasonable articles. His wife, left behind in great misery, entreated his pardon from the Queen, a request which was granted. When Del Silvio presented himself before the royal lady to thank her, she asked him, in the course of conversation, how many children he had. "Six," was the reply. "That is too many," said the Regent; "share with me." And forthwith the Queen gave orders that three of the author's daughters should be educated in one of the royal colleges at her expense.

Thus things went on until, on May 17th, 1886, six months after his father's death, there was born to Queen Christina and the Spaniards a prince, the much-desired male, who from the moment of his birth deposed his sister, and was monarch of Spain. This event greatly delighted the whole peninsula. Here, then, was a legitimate sovereign—a male, and one whose tender years made it an absolute certainty that he would keep outside intrigues, while the rectitude his mother had displayed during her brief regency made it almost as certain that she would continue on the same lines until his majority, which by the Constitution is fixed at sixteen. All Spaniards resolved to accept the present state of things, and await the development of events. They were weary of civil wars and disorders, of the misery and poverty these bring in their train.

In the palace itself, that May morning of the baby's birth was a busy one. All the grandees of the Peninsula had assembled in the Royal Palace of Madrid anxiously waiting to learn the sex of the child, and availing themselves of their traditional privileges to be present on the occasion. Others less privileged had assembled in an anteroom — ambassadors, statesmen, lords and ladies in waiting, dignitaries of all sorts and kinds. At one o'clock a door was thrown open and Señor Sagasta, the Prime Minister, stepped in. He carried a silver salver, on which rested a velvet cushion covered with lace, and on this airy substance reposed a small red scrap of humanity, the much-desired male, the King of Spain "by the Grace of God and the Constitution of Monarchy," who was here for the first time presented by his Prime Minister with all form to his nobles and subjects.

The monarch did not like the ceremony at all, and his first public utterances were lusty but not melodious. The ceremony over, he was at last handed over to his head nurse, Raymunda. This woman was an Asturian, in accordance with the law that obliges all nurses of the royal family to be chosen from this wild province: perhaps because they are a specially healthy and loyal people.

This choice of a nurse had been an anxious matter. The next was the choice of a name for the infant King. His mother desired that he should be called Alfonso, after his father, but to this great opposition was made. The late King had been Alfonso XII, this child would therefore be Alfonso XIII, and the Spaniards have all the Latin superstitious dread of that number. Many other names from the royal annals were proposed instead, but nearly all of them, like Ferdinand, Philip, Charles, were associated with bad qualities, cruelty and oppression. Queen Christina was firm, and in due time his baby Majesty was christened Alfonso. The ceremony, one of great pomp, was performed by the Archbishop of Toledo, with water specially brought from the River Jordan. The Pope, one of the godfathers, had sent a magnificent christening dress to his "well beloved son," but Queen Christina, with a woman's fondness for association, preferred that her boy should be carried to the font in the long lace robe and scarlet gold-fringed sash his father had worn at his own baptism twenty-nine years before.

Though she had now, in a measure, conquered her unpopularity with her subjects, yet Queen Christina's task had not grown less onerous since her son's birth. What could be more difficult than to rear aright a child who in long clothes already reigned as absolute monarch over seventeen millions of subjects? If it is hard to bring up a Crown Prince wisely, to save him from the evil effects of courtier adulation, false servility, distorted views of life, how much harder to educate a king, and a Spanish King withal, hedged in by all manner of ridiculous etiquette! How earnestly the Queen Regent regards her duties, how tearfully, religiously she strives to fufil them, her private letters to Vienna prove. Her one aim and desire is to bring up "the child," as she tenderly calls him, to be good, to be unspoilt, to be high-minded and patriotic. The policy she sketched for herself is indicated in the words she one day addressed to a captain-general, pointing to the cradle of the sleeping monarch, then a few months old: "My devotion to the interests of my child and my own virtue will be my shield and my guarantee of success in this, my adopted country, and in the sixteen long years that separate me from my boy's majority."

And verily she is earning the first-fruits of that policy in the general esteem of her son's subjects. On every occasion Queen Christina has shown herself possessed of unusual political intelligence,

a sense of what is due to herself as Regent for a son who, according to the national law, is King from the moment of his birth. It is this that distinguishes Alfonso's minority from that of all other European sovereigns. His mother has lent herself with unexceptional intelligence and rare national devotion to the requirements of the situation. While the King can say that he reigns but does not govern, she governs but does not reign, and her influence is supreme in the politics of a country hotly divided into inimical parties. But all these factions seem to have lost some of their fierceness, their animosity, in presence of the fair young head, the pretty winning child-ways of Alfonso XIII, and of his mother, who, notwithstanding her somewhat Austrian stiffness of bearing, shows herself possessed of a gentle and tender nature. In the midst of grandeur, she cares for simple things. She grieved at being forbidden, as Queen of Spain, to nurse her children. She delights in working for her little ones. Many tiny garments in the baby King's layette were made by her hand.

Her womanly love of children has helped to gain her Spanish hearts, as well as acts like the following: A while ago the Syndic of Madrid announced to the Queen that the name of Alfonso had been registered that day among the births for the thousandth time since the death of her husband. Deeply moved by this testimony of the sympathy of her people, Queen Christina sent the thousandth child, the son of a clerk, a complete layette—a silver cup, a case with knife, fork, and spoon, and a savings-box containing, besides a handsome nest-egg, a paper, on which was written with her own hand, "To the thousandth Alfonso, from a woman whom two Alfonsos have made happy."

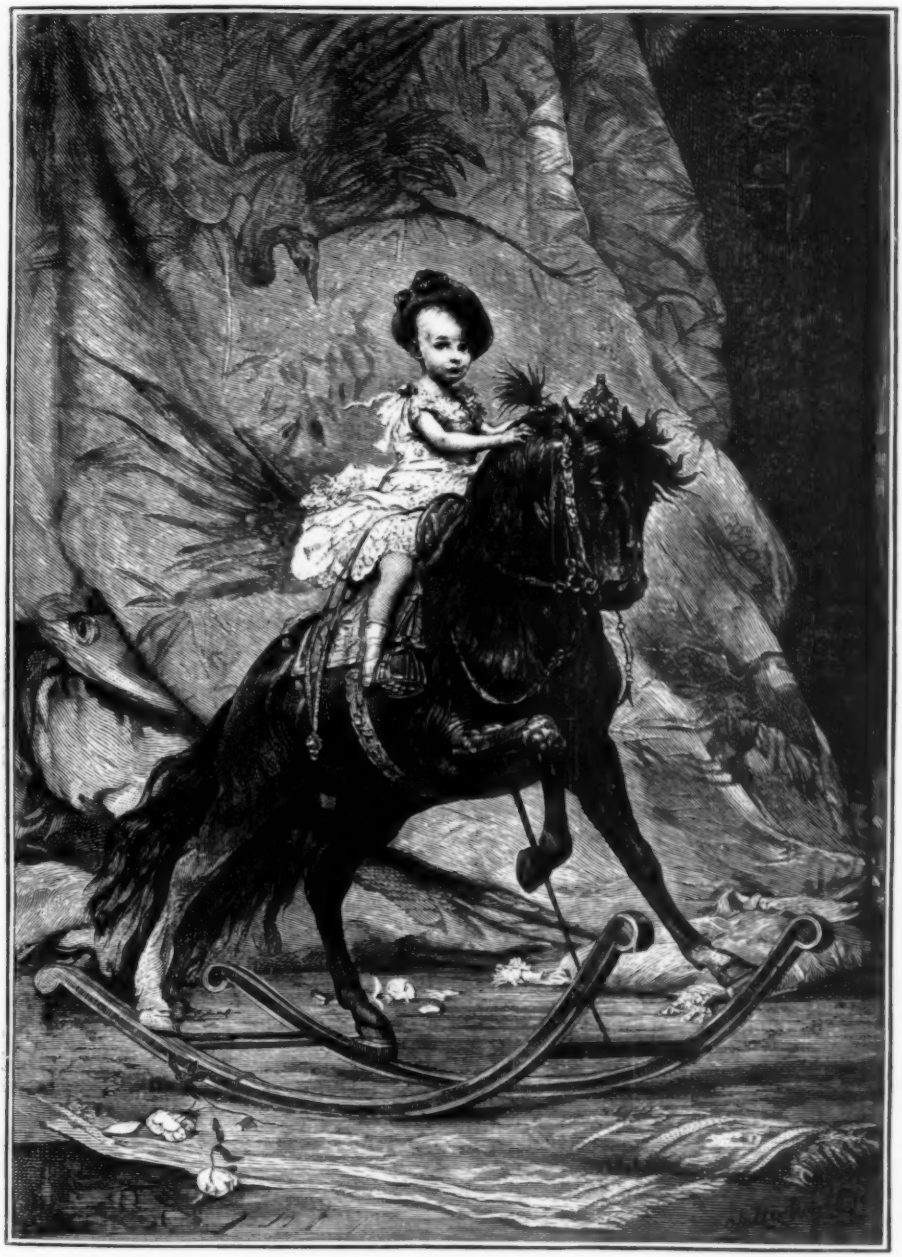
Such acts, combined with the straightness of the Queen's political vision, the romance of her position as the widowed mother of a baby-king, are winning for Christina of Spain the love of her subjects. The peasant children already care for the lady whose proud bearing repels the aristocracy. Pretty stories abound among the rustic population that not unfrequently the Queen visits *incognita* the outlying cottages, bringing toys to the healthy children who can play, and various comforts to the sick, who especially appeal to her.

As a mother, Queen Christina is careful and conscientious. The royal children are strictly brought up and educated, under her own eyes, by Spanish and foreign governesses. The Princess of the Asturias and the Infanta Maria Theresa are bright, pretty girls of eight and six years old. They already speak French, German, and English, besides their native tongue. The Infanta Maria Theresa is the cleverest, but less docile, and more delicate than her sister. The Queen does not allow them to be spoilt, though the stately etiquette of the Bourbon Court obliges the attendants and courtiers to treat them with a singular attention difficult to distinguish from servility.

Of Queen Christina's determination of character Stuart Cumberland, the famous "thought-reader," gives an account in his book, "A Thought-reader's Thoughts." He writes: "I have experimented with many women of note—empresses, queens, princesses, great authoresses, artists, singers, actresses, travellers—most of them women of known strong character, but for downright concentration of thought and determinedness of purpose, I have scarcely met the equal of the Queen-Regent (Madrid). The *séance* in the Palacio Real, to which I have already briefly referred, was of more than ordinary interest, for the 'subjects' with whom I operated offered the widest psychological contrasts. Two of the most extraordinary experiments I did that day were performed with the Queen-Regent and the Comtesse de Paris. With the Queen the experiment was as follows: Her Majesty had heard that I was able by my process of thought-reading to enact an imaginary murder-scene contemplated by a person acting as my subject, and she asked me if I would give her an illustration of this character. But everyone seemed to be timorous about it, and the experiment ran the risk of not being tried for lack of a suitable subject. 'What!' said her Majesty, springing to her feet, 'can no one commit a murder? I will!' and she seized an antique paper-knife shaped like a dagger, and assumed an intensely dramatic attitude. At that moment I took her Majesty by the hand, and I felt her whole frame thrill with suppressed excitement. Her eyes were fixed and bright, and her lips drawn firmly together, and I was much impressed with the tragic force she displayed. Then came the experiment. I was blindfolded, and, taking the dagger in my right hand, I moved across the *salon*, holding her Majesty with the left hand. Presently we paused opposite a lady of the household who was reclining on a sofa. Quickly bending forward, the Queen's left hand was about her throat, and the ivory knife flashed in the light; then down it came full in the breast of the victim. A faint scream of genuine alarm from the lady, a tightening of the Queen's grasp for a moment, followed by a deep breath, and all was over. Then with a rapid twist our hands parted, and the knife was sent clattering across the room; and, lifting my blindfold, I saw her Majesty standing before me, radiant with delight at the success of the experiment. The whole thing had been most dramatically thought out and artistically executed, and all that was strong and determined in her Majesty came out in that moment."

Such, then, is the woman in whose hands lies the immediate future of Spain, which she is guiding with a skill and rectitude that contrasts favourably with the Spanish female governorship of former days. And very different is the attitude of the natives from that presented to Queen Isabella, whose reign was but another trial for that sorely tried land, which, first under Alfonso XII, and now under Queen Christina, is reviving a little from its long years of trouble and mismanagement.

The Queen certainly has no easy part to play; and chief among other difficulties is the question of the education of her son. The Clerical party will not be satisfied unless the child gets a purely Catholic education; the Liberals desire that he should have an all-round training. The one



THE KING OF SPAIN.

*From a Photograph, by Lombardi and Co., of the Painting by Professor Koppay.*

party insists that he should be surrounded by persons of all shades of thought; the other would banish from his household any person only remotely suspected of heresy, or related, however distantly, to a heretic. Another difficulty is the question of bull-fights. The Queen—and very properly English people will say—objects that her baby-boy should witness these bloody spectacles. The Spaniards, on the other hand, demand that the King should grace their gala day and their national amusements by his presence. By keeping him away his mother has offended many ardent Royalists, who contend that by such measures she is strengthening the Republican party. There is still a long, long minority to be passed during which the Queen's difficulties can but increase.

And how about the child who will, in all human probability, guide the later course of Spain? Of the character of an infant three years old little can be known; but it would seem as if he had inherited some of his father's merry temper, for the tiny fellow is lively and talkative, though at moments an expression strangely grave and far-away comes over the little face, perchance the effect of the loneliness in which naturally he must be reared, for a King of Spain can have no playmates, since he can only associate with his equals. Even from his sisters the little monarch is to a certain extent separated. From the time of his birth little Alfonso was provided with a separate household, civil and military, a number of officials, and a distinct suite of rooms. As to his appearance, he is not exactly a pretty child, but has a winning little countenance. It is quite curious to note the resemblance that exists between the little fair bareheaded King and his ancestor Charles IV. Though not stout or strongly built in body or limbs, he gives the impression of fair health.

The strict Court etiquette which permits that no one but his nurse and governess may touch the sacred person of the sovereign might some day lead to grave disaster, and may often occasion the baby needless suffering, as the following anecdote shows: A swing had been fixed in one of the King's rooms. When his baby Majesty was put into it for the first time he was frightened, and began to cry. An attendant who was standing near rushed forward and lifted the child out of the swing, little thinking he would be punished for his humane kindness. He was at once dismissed. He had touched the sacred person of an anointed King. Fortunately Queen Christina, who, although she had to yield to Spanish Court etiquette, is too sensible not to recognise its frequent absurdity, found the man another post in the palace. The King's favourite toy is a rocking-horse. He has, of course, one of the most expensive and beautiful that can be made. It is covered with the real hide of an Andalusian pony, and the saddle, stirrups, and other trappings are of the same pattern as those used in Andalusia. One of the most charming of the many pictures painted of the young King is that by Professor Koppay (a Hungarian), which represents him seated on this horse.

If the King of Spain has a worry, it is the persistency with which, since the hour of his birth, painters, sculptors, and photographers persist in reproducing his features, representing him in every attitude conceivable and inconceivable, till the child finds sitting still a torment. Perhaps no one has been more often reproduced in a brief lifetime than Alfonso XIII.

The child's life is arranged by his mother in as simple and healthy a manner as is compatible with rigid etiquette and his exalted station. Every morning, as soon as his toilet is completed he goes to the Queen, who is always eager to greet "the child." Sometimes he is present at the morning visits paid to her by the ministers or members of the royal family, listening with indifference or with merry laughter to the discussion of difficult State problems. Often during these conversations he will tap impatiently upon the table with his tiny fingers, for he is of a highly-strung temperament, and, like all susceptible people, is easily bored. He gave an instance of this at a high Church function, at which were present all the Court, the authorities, and the nobility. His baby Majesty occupied, as is customary, the first place on the Gospel side of the altar. He sat upon the knees of his nurse dressed in pure white, a coquettish white Spanish hat upon his fair little head. A learned bishop had been holding forth for over an hour amid the general silence, and his Majesty the baby had been as good and patient as possible. But as the orator meandered on and on, and there seemed no end to his flow of platitudes, the tiny King could bear it no longer. Suddenly, to the surprise and no doubt secret amusement and relief of the courtiers, he pulled off his cap, threw it on the ground, and cast a furious look at the interminable talker. History telleth not whether the bishop, on this evident sign of the royal impatience, brought his discourse to a speedy end.

It is a curious sight, which it must need Spanish gravity to bear without a smile, to see the King hold official receptions at his palace. Here, upon the throne of Ferdinand the Catholic and Charles V, sits an Asturian peasant woman holding upon her knees the little scrap of humanity that represents to the Spaniards their ruler and arbiter. On his right stands the Queen Regent, the Infantas, a few steps lower the grandees with covered heads, lower yet, on each side, the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, then lower still the military, ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries, the corps diplomatique, the Cortes, the Senate—in a word, all the high functionaries of State. And all file in order of rank and merit before this little monarch, kissing the baby hand with solemn reverence, while the baby himself is often shouting with impatience or laughing merrily but scarcely politely at some of the quaint figures that defile before him. Poor baby! these State ceremonies are a cruel trial to the patience of a lively child of three. Not seldom he falls off to sleep before these ceremonies, which Spanish etiquette prolongs more than is common, are even half ended. There is a story told that he once invited a stiff

old Court dignitary to play at horses with him, much to everybody's amusement. It is a fact that when the nobles assembled to celebrate his second birthday, Alfonso amused himself by climbing up and down the steps of his throne. Shade of Ferdinand the Catholic! do not the pranks of your descendant make you turn in your royal tomb?

The little King goes out a great deal, and of this he is very fond. His carriage is simple, and he drives without outriders or pomp, only a groom riding beside the door. Every afternoon, when the weather is fine, the royal carriage may be seen in the environs and public parks of Madrid. At five in winter and six in summer his baby Majesty returns to his palace, where he dines in State at a separate table from his mother, and with his separate suite and attendants. He has already learnt to salute his subjects in the street, and he does it in such a pretty, engaging way as to win all their hearts. He adores military music, and when he hears the people shout "Viva!" to him he claps his little hands and shouts in return.

It was a sad moment in the life of his little Majesty when it was proposed to separate him from his beloved wet-nurse Raymunda. He would not hear of it, and cried bitterly, and the woman, who loves him devotedly, cried too. At last her peasant astuteness hit upon an expedient. She taught him to say, "Nurse must stay; I command it. I wish her to stay." Before the whole Court, to the surprise of all present, the little boy slowly and gravely one day pronounced these words, after which there was nothing for it; the nurse had to stay, for what a King of Spain desires must be done, and this was his Royal Highness's first public command. But though the nurse stays on, Alfonso has passed out of her exclusive care into the charge of a Madame de Tacon, who will superintend his education, as she superintended that of his late father. Of course, he does not yet do any book-learning, but he is already being trained to speak several languages—that needful regal accomplishment.

If he lives to grow up, and if he grows up a good man, a wise ruler, unspoilt, untainted by the perilous, difficult position in which he has found himself from his birth, this will be due beyond question to the rare devotion and wisdom of his mother, to whom he is the very apple of her eye. So much can be said for this baby King—he has already in his brief reign quieted many discontents, rendered less acrimonious many party feelings; his pretty childish ways, his tender infant fingers, have softened many difficulties, untied many a seemingly Gordian knot. And what Madrid swore to its widowed Queen beside the corpse of her dead husband—to be faithful and true to her in his place, the Spanish people, with few exceptions, have loyally fulfilled.

## Gordon Pasha and King John.

Ἐμοὶ τὸ ζῆν Χριστὸς καὶ τὸ ἀποθανεῖν κέρδος.—1 Phil. i. 21.

THE swarthy king sat on his gilded throne,
Belted with purple pomp: beside him stood
A chair, which any meaner man might own,
When King John nodded in a gracious mood
In stept the Pasha, and with careless air,
Assumed the seat, and sat beside the king,
As equal sits with equal, when a pair
Of boon companions sit and drink and sing.
"What means this freedom? dost thou know that I
Can kill thee with a word? I am the king."
"Of course you are, and if I die, I die
Gladly; to me death is a gainful thing."
The king sat mute. "This strange white man," thought he,
"Who smiles at death, can take no harm from me!"

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

# THE USES OF WEALTH.

BY DR. AUBREY.

NUMBERLESS sermons have been preached and treatises written on the wise and beneficent employment of money. Yet comparatively few persons have learned to employ money wisely and intelligently for high and noble purposes, and to extract from its use all that it can be made to yield, because so few regard it as a stewardship.

How to extract the largest measure of solid and lasting satisfaction out of wealth, and how by a wise and noble use to turn it into a channel of reproductive beneficence, are problems not easy to work out. Many rich men never make the attempt. It is impossible to watch their career without being painfully impressed by the fact that they do not, as a rule, obtain during their lifetime anything like an adequate return from their wealth. It adds little or nothing to their enjoyment, or comfort, or happiness. They have not learned to make it reproductive in the highest and noblest sense. All that can be said of them is that they have added house to house and field to field, that their banker's balance has grown, and their investments have become more lucrative. But they have not extracted any real and lasting good. Beyond the empty pleasure of ownership, their money has yielded them absolutely nothing.

Better, however, than all didactic statements and formal exhortations are the illustrious instances which have been furnished in recent times on both sides of the Atlantic, but especially in America. There, owing to peculiar conditions and circumstances, immense fortunes are made—and sometimes lost—with startling rapidity. The enormous wealth imputed to a very few in the palmy days of Greece and Rome, when military conquest and commercial splendour were at their height, sinks into insignificance when compared with the riches amassed in a short time by scores and hundreds in the United States, who are described as millionaires many times told. Without being so invidious as to mention names or to specify the precise amounts, it is well known that there are among the "railroad kings," the "silver kings," the merchant princes, and the great captains of industry and enterprise across the Atlantic, men whose wealth ranges from fifty to three hundred millions of dollars, or from ten to sixty millions of pounds sterling. It is difficult to realise what this means. To speak of millions is easy enough, but the idea conveyed is indefinite. A million sovereigns placed in a straight line edge to edge would extend over more than thirteen miles. What is the potentiality of ten or of sixty such lengths?

Of course, the limit of personal enjoyment is soon reached. With the utmost capacity and desire for spending, a man can derive only a restricted measure of satisfaction. The point is soon attained where plethoric wealth ceases to minister to happiness, and becomes a weight and a care. "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." The trouble is that so few are willing or know where to pluck that fragrant flower. Nor have they attained to the high philosophy of using surplus riches, beyond the supply of the comforts and the reasonable refinements of life, in a manner productive of the greatest good to the greatest number. Their ambition is satisfied with being reputed wealthy while they live, and with the anticipation of being spoken of as having died like a modern Crœsus.

To such sordid souls there is no appeal. But it is refreshing to turn to those who, under a due sense of responsibility, have sought "to do good and to communicate."

The form which this has taken with wealthy and generous Americans has mainly been in the establishment of colleges and Universities, where the best tuition may be imparted at moderate cost, or absolutely gratuitously.

Nearly all the States furnish instances of this. The old and renowned foundations of Harvard, at Boston, and of Yale, at New Haven, were thus established two centuries and a half ago. Endowments given by sagacious and noble-spirited men who flourished in the early days of the Puritan settlement of New England have been largely supplemented by munificent gifts during later times. In other places, also, the fathers and founders of the American colonies displayed their foresight, their zeal for education, and their generosity by providing seats of learning for all who should come after. The buildings, the libraries, the scientific equipment, and the teaching staff of such Universities as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other well-known establishments will not suffer by comparison with the more ancient educational foundations of the Old World.

In like manner the pioneer settlers of some of the Western States, about the middle of the present century, and during more recent years, had the discernment and the philanthropy to reserve certain large tracts of land for schools and colleges. They foresaw that, with the influx of population, the development of natural resources and the growth of towns, the need for instruction would increase, and that the value of the lands set apart for the purpose would be greatly enhanced. Their wisdom has been abundantly demonstrated. What was prairie waste or forest twenty-five or fifty years ago is now richly fertile soil, or is the site of growing towns and cities. By the sale at an increase of a hundredfold or more the land thus reserved in early days of colonisation has yielded a fund sufficient to provide higher education in such States as Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Colorado, Illinois, and

Minnesota. In other States a very small annual tax or appropriation suffices to meet the requirements, in addition to the regular school tax for elementary education.

Specific reference, however, must be made to certain institutions for higher learning which have been founded and endowed of late years by individual munificence. One group of these was specially designed for the advanced education of girls, and among the earliest of such foundations, if not actually the first, was the one established in January, 1861, by Matthew Vassar, at Poughkeepsie, on the River Hudson, seventy-five miles from New York. Mr. Vassar was a native of East Dereham, in Norfolk, where he was born in 1792. Four years later his father emigrated to the United States, and settled on a farm about three miles from the present city of Poughkeepsie. In 1801 he commenced a brewery, which was afterwards carried on and developed by his son, who, in conjunction with two nephews, built up a large business and accumulated a fortune. Having no children to inherit his property, it became a cherished purpose to devote it to some benevolent purpose. Various plans were considered and rejected, but at length it was decided to erect and endow a college for young women.

Correspondence was opened with some of the leading educators in the country, with a view to define the objects and to determine the methods. Architects were consulted; plans were submitted and carefully examined; schemes of instruction were discussed with competent advisers; and a liberal basis was laid down for the future management of the institution. Although its founder was warmly attached to the Baptist body by lifelong associations, he resolved that no one sect, as such, should have a controlling influence. When asked whether he purposed placing the college under the rule of his co-religionists, he instantly dissented. In his address to the trustees at the organisation of the Board he expressed his wishes on the point in the following sentence:—"All sectarian influences should be carefully excluded; but the training of our students should never be entrusted to the sceptical, the irreligious, or the immoral."

Early in 1860 Mr. Vassar, then nearly seventy years of age, proceeded to carry into effect his long-cherished plan, the details of which had been matured and settled. A charter was obtained from the Legislature of the State of New York. Twenty-nine persons were chosen by Mr. Vassar to constitute the body corporate of the college, and to be its first trustees and his coworkers. At their first meeting he read a statement of his views, wishes, and intentions. In it he stated his desire that the course of study should embrace the following subjects, among others: "The English language and literature; other modern languages; the Ancient Classics, so far as may be demanded by the spirit of the times; mathematics, to such an extent as may be deemed advisable; all the branches of Natural Science, with full apparatus, cabinets, collections, and conservatories for visible illustration; anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, with practical reference to the laws of health; intellectual philosophy; the elements of political economy; some knowledge of the Federal and State constitutions and laws; moral science, particularly as bearing on the filial, conjugal, and parental relations; æsthetics, as treating of the beautiful in Nature and Art, and to be illustrated by an extensive gallery of Art; domestic economy, practically taught, so far as is possible, in order to prepare the graduates readily to become skilful housekeepers; and last, and most important of all, the daily systematic reading and study of the Holy Scriptures, as the only and all-sufficient rule of Christian faith and practice."

In this preliminary statement the purpose was disavowed of making a charity school, whose advantages should be free to all without charge; "because benefits cheaply obtained are cheaply held." He added: "It is believed that the funds of the institution will enable it to offer to all the highest educational facilities at a moderate expense, as compared with the cost of instruction in existing seminaries. I also earnestly hope the funds will prove sufficient to warrant the gratuitous admission of a considerable number of indigent students annually; at least, by regarding the amount remitted, in most cases, as a loan to be subsequently repaid from the avails of teaching or otherwise. Preference should be given to beneficiaries of decided promise—such as are likely to distinguish themselves in some particular department or pursuit—and especially to those who propose to engage in teaching as a profession."

These views were unanimously endorsed by the trustees, who proceeded at once to give them effect. To enable them to do this, Mr. Vassar made over to them bonds and mortgages, certificates of stock, and a conveyance of two hundred acres of land, two miles from Poughkeepsie and the river; representing in the whole eighty thousand pounds. Steps were immediately taken to commence the college building, which was completed early in 1865. An astronomical observatory was also erected, and a spacious gymnasium and riding-school. A full staff of professors and teachers was appointed; a prospectus was issued, embodying the scheme of internal organisation and the course of study; and on September 20th, 1865, the first session of Vassar College was inaugurated with more than three hundred students.

The main edifice is five hundred feet long, with a breadth through the centre of about two hundred, and there are two transverse wings. These, with the centre of the structure, are five storeys in height, while the connecting portions have four. In each storey is a corridor twelve feet wide and five hundred and eighty-four feet long, affording space for exercise in inclement weather. The building contains six independent dwellings for the president and other principal officers; seventy-seven separate studies, two hundred and eighteen sleeping-rooms, and thirty-seven combining both purposes, for the students; numerous rooms for class recitations and lectures; a dining hall, a

chapel, and all needful domestic arrangements. A few years after the opening, the gymnasium was converted into a museum, at an expense of five thousand pounds; and it now contains the departments of natural history, drawing, and music, with their valuable collections and necessary lecture-rooms, laboratories, and studios.

Mr. Vassar died in June, 1868, while attending a meeting of the trustees of his college, and during the act of reading to them his annual address. By his will the institution was made inheritor of most of his remaining property. Three sums of ten thousand pounds were to be devoted to a lecture fund, to a library, art, and cabinet fund, and to the aid of meritorious students. A further amount of twenty-five thousand pounds was left for repairs and improvements. He had already, beyond his original gift, expended four thousand for an art gallery, and fifteen thousand for additional buildings. His nephews, both of whom have since died, also made large contributions for specific purposes; one who died only last year bequeathing thirty thousand pounds, besides making the college residuary legatee under his will; a provision which is likely to yield more than twice that sum.

Detailed reference has been made to this foundation, partly because of its extent, but chiefly because it was unique at the time. Subsequently, similar institutions were formed by generous private bequests for the education of girls. The latest returns give particulars of 159 institutions for the superior instruction of women, established in this way or by various religious bodies. They are found in thirty-two States; the pupils exceed 21,000; the value of the premises and apparatus is more than two millions sterling; and the permanent endowment funds are half a million. One of these, at Northampton, Massachusetts, was established by Miss Sophia Smith, of Hatfield, in that State. Another is Mount Holyoke Seminary, also in Massachusetts, which has just been incorporated as a college by charter. A third is the well-known Wellesley College, near Boston. In the formation of this, however, various donors participated.

The late Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, of New York, a great railway magnate, the son of one who was renowned for his enterprise and success, founded in 1873, at Nashville, Tennessee, a University which bears his name. It has sixty-five instructors, more than six hundred students, property worth £160,000, and more than that sum as an endowment. Mr. Peter Cooper, also of New York, a wealthy merchant, who recently died there at the advanced age of ninety years, devoted a large fortune to what is known as the Cooper Institute. It comprises a spacious free reading-room, capable of accommodating five hundred persons, and supplied with newspapers from all parts of the world; an extensive reading and reference library, and numerous classes in Art, science, stenography, type-writing, telegraphy, designing, etc.

Among the most efficient institutions in the West is the one now known as De Pauw University, at Greencastle, Indiana. This was chartered in 1837, and its progress is thus summed up in the last catalogue:

"At the beginning it did not own a foot of land; now its grounds embrace one hundred and fifty acres. From a small rented building of but two rooms it now has nine edifices, most of them among the best, devoted to the purposes of education anywhere. From a faculty of four members its present staff of instructors comprises forty-one, besides occasional lecturers; with libraries, physical, chemical, and biological laboratories, and all the appliances of first-class instruction. Beginning with eighty-five students, mostly from the immediate neighbourhood, the attendance now reaches eight hundred and forty-three, from nearly all parts of the world."

Through the liberality of Mr. De Pauw and other friends, a large endowment fund was secured in 1884, and tuition has been made free in most of the departments. This is a characteristic feature in many of the great seats of learning in the United States. Students of limited means are thus able to carry on their work in many of the best colleges and Universities at a very moderate cost for board, lodging, and personal expenses only. Even these are often defrayed by scholarships gained, or by private teaching, or by service rendered to the institution, or by money earned during the long vacation.

Cornell University at Ithaca, in the western part of the State of New York, originally founded by Ezra Cornell, another celebrated name in the railroad world, has attracted much attention during the last twenty years because of the facilities supplied to both sexes for pursuing studies in almost every department of knowledge, literary and scientific. It has ninety-seven instructors, upwards of eight hundred students, ninety-five thousand volumes in its library; grounds, buildings, and apparatus worth more than £270,000, and productive funds exceeding £1,000,000. Columbia College, in the city of New York, is nearly as wealthy. The Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, chartered in 1867, a richly-endowed institution, stands deservedly high for the character of its teaching, especially in the departments of applied science. A new branch, pathology, has recently been instituted. A physical laboratory, the largest and costliest building yet erected on the campus, which boasts of magnificent structures, has been completed and occupied. A building has been set apart for the petrographical laboratory. An Observatory for the instruction of students in astronomy has been equipped. The laboratory is a brick building with sandstone facings. Its exterior dimensions are 117 feet by 71 feet. The cost, including land and furniture—large amounts having been previously given for instruments and apparatus—was £35,000, provided out of the endowment of £700,000 by the founder. He was a wealthy merchant and railroad pioneer. Like Vanderbilt, and Cornell, and many others who became eminent for their commercial success, he was the architect of his own fortunes, and rose from poverty to the possession of vast wealth.

Lehigh University at South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, fifty-six miles north-west of Philadelphia, was founded in 1865 by Judge Asa Packer, who gave half a million sterling and 115 acres of land. A daughter subsequently erected a handsome church, at a cost of £6,000, and a spacious library has been built in memory of another daughter. Lehigh University comprises two schools: that of general literature and one of technology. The current calendar gives 383 students, of whom 352 are in the various departments of technology. Of these, one-third are studying civil engineering, 81 mechanical engineering, 61 mining and metallurgy, 41 electrical engineering, and 45 analytical chemistry. The standard of instruction is high, and examinations are severe. Ample opportunity for practical work is afforded in the well-equipped laboratories and museum attached to the University, and in the workshops of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and of the Bethlehem Iron Company. The demand for the students thus trained is far greater than can be at present supplied. Growing attention is being paid everywhere through the United States to these practical departments, owing to the necessity for great structural and engineering works in the vast territory now being developed in the West.

In like manner, the science of instruction is being more and more studied, and the most approved methods are being taught. Mr. Jonas G. Clark, of Hubbardstown, organised in May, 1887, a University at Worcester, Massachusetts, for the technical and practical training of teachers. His gifts were as follows: For the general working or construction fund, to be applied to the erection and equipment of buildings, £60,000; for a library fund, £20,000; for a University, the income to be devoted to the general purposes of the institution, £120,000; in addition to real estate, a library, and a work of art estimated at £100,000. Mr. Clark further proposes to give a like sum for the maintenance of three professorships, on condition of a similar amount being provided by other persons. A complete scheme is in course of elaboration; plans are being prepared for the structure; the president and some members of the faculty have been chosen, and extensive purchases are being made in Europe for the purposes of the University. The recently-founded Tulane University, at New Orleans, has an endowment of £400,000.

Perhaps, however, two of the most comprehensive and magnificent schemes of the last few years are those known as the Lick Observatory, and the great University which Senator Stanford is establishing in memory of his only son. The former has been completed, at enormous cost, on one of the highest mountains in California, and is supplied with the best apparatus that optical science could furnish. The great telescope has a thirty-six inch objective, cast by M. Feil, of Paris.[1] Important results are anticipated from its use, and by means of the other costly and delicate instruments with which the observatory is provided. The Stanford University is also to be located at Palo Alto, in California, and its plan of general instruction and training is being carefully matured. A commencement has already been made with the buildings, and large collections are in process of formation for the library, the museum, the art galleries, and the various scientific and technical departments. It is understood that at least five millions sterling will be devoted to the carrying out of this magnificent project, and that neither expense nor labour will be spared to render it in every way worthy of the donor and the country.

[1] See "Leisure Hour," p. 691, 1889.

An announcement has just appeared that Mr. A. J. Drexel, a wealthy and munificent banker of Philadelphia, is about to establish an Industrial Institute at Wayne, near that city, at a cost of £300,000. His original purpose was to found an industrial college for girls, where they might be instructed and trained in such a way as to fit them for occupations in which they could earn a comfortable livelihood. It was at first intended to receive about two hundred girls and provide them with free lodging, board, and instruction. Accommodation was also to be furnished for about twice that number to receive daily training. After mature deliberation it was found that this scheme had several drawbacks; the chief one being the withdrawal of the girls from home influences. It was further thought that the sphere of usefulness might be greatly enlarged by establishing the proposed Institute within the city limits. It is now the intention of Mr. Drexel to purchase land and to erect buildings, and to provide adequate funds for the maintenance of a full corps of efficient instructors, so that one thousand girls may be trained in the daytime, and a like number of boys in the evenings. The Institute is to be free of all cost to the students. Its working will probably be somewhat similar to the renowned Cooper Institute in New York. A large lecture-hall, capable of seating two thousand persons, and an extensive reading-room provided with all the standard technical books and appropriate periodicals and newspapers, will be features of the plan.

In the last report of the Commissioner of Education at Washington, returns are given from 361 Universities and colleges of liberal Arts, besides numerous schools of science and agriculture. Nearly all of these were established during the second half of the present century, and about one-half of them within the last twenty-five years. Some of them owe their origin to the private generosity of individuals; others to local collective effort; some to land grants, or to State appropriations; and the rest to the zeal of various religious communities. The same report devotes seven closely printed pages to a list of noteworthy personal gifts and bequests to schools, colleges, and other institutions of learning during the year 1886-7; being the last one for which complete returns were available. The list does not include

anonymous benefactions, nor those made by or to church societies, or aid organisations of any kind. Of the 209 gifts and bequests thus tabulated, twenty-five represented £10,000 or more; seventy-two were of less amount, but exceeded £1,000 each; and 112 were under that sum. The largest donations were: £160,000 from John Brewster for the Free Academy in Wolfborough, New Hampshire; £100,000 from Jacob P. Jones for the Haverford (Friends') College, near Philadelphia; £126,000 from E. Price Greenleaf, for the library, and for scholarships in Harvard; £47,000 from Uriah A. Boyden for astronomical stations connected with the same; £42,000 from the Rev. E. H. Gammon for a school of theology in Atlanta, Georgia; £25,000 from Samuel Ensworth, for buildings for endowment of St. Joseph Medical College, Missouri; £20,000 from Dr. W. H. Backus, for the library fund of Bucknell University, Pennsylvania; a like sum from Mrs. S. V. Hoffman, for a chapel for the General Theological Seminary, New York; a similar amount from Richard Perkins for free scholarships in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and one from George F. Wilson for the physical laboratory of Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. It must be remembered that these ten gifts, amounting to £580,000, and the 199 sums below £20,000 each, aggregating nearly £400,000 more, were made during one year by private individuals for purposes of secondary and higher education.

In addition to these generous and patriotic gifts, however, there were many noble endowments and bequests for free libraries—over and above those established and maintained out of the taxes; for such unfortunate classes as the deaf and dumb and the blind; for medical schools, infirmaries, and hospitals; for work among the coloured people and among the aboriginal Indians; and for missionary enterprise at home and abroad. No collected statistics are available to show the extent and the variety of these benefactions. But they have been made on behalf of every kind of human suffering, necessity, or worthy ambition. Thus the trustees of the fund left by the late Mr. George Peabody distribute annually 114 scholarships of £40 each among ten Southern States, in aid of students in Normal Colleges. An accepted candidate must give a pledge to remain at college two years, and promise to teach at least four years in the public schools. Out of the same fund large sums are granted every year in aid of Normal Schools and of teachers' institutions. The American Missionary Association, which carries on with much energy and success a greatly-needed work among the negroes and the Indians, received last year a bequest of nearly £80,000. The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions received in 1887 a much larger sum from a gentleman who, though connected with the Unitarian body, was desirous to show his sympathy with the work carried on by the American Board.

Such are some of the beneficent uses to which great wealth is being applied in the United States. Granting that, in some cases, a desire exists to perpetuate the names of the donors, and that some conditions attached to certain gifts are of questionable utility, yet, taken as a whole, the philanthropic and educational work here glanced at is worthy of admiration and emulation. Human motives are always mixed, and, after all, one has to consider the ultimate object. No impartial observer can fail to perceive that an incalculable amount of good is being accomplished, especially by the educational endowments, to an account of which the chief part of this paper has been devoted. It is peculiarly gratifying to witness in a new country, where vast wealth is being rapidly acquired, that its possessors are so often found willing to devote it to the improvement and elevation of their fellow-men. One ethical maxim, however, must always be borne in mind—that the subsequent use of money does not atone for the equivocal and objectionable methods by which it is too often acquired. In this respect most certainly the end does not justify the means.

## Night.

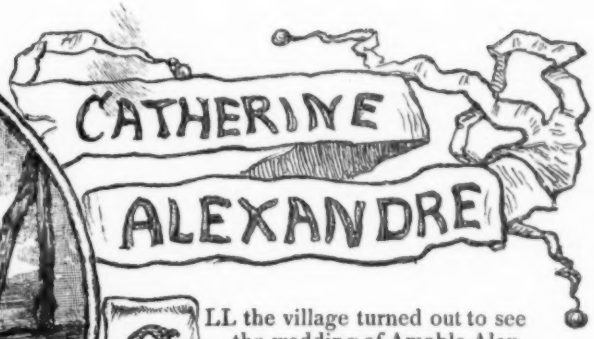
NIGHT comes with silent steps across the plain,
In all the gloom of sable garments drest:
Legions of dreams obey her least behest,
And clouds and darkness follow in her train.
While constellations chant their stately strain
She takes our weary earth upon her breast,
And, like a mother, hushes us to rest,
Bidding us now forget life's toil and pain.
'Tis said that morning's joy shall end the night,
The day-spring drive the darkness far away,
And new-born gladness comfort them that weep:
Let those who can, look forward to the light
And plan the pleasures of the coming day;
But I am weary—let me go to sleep.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

# THE MONTYON PRIZE.

## ITS HEROES AND HEROINES.






ALL the village turned out to see the wedding of Amable Alexandre with pretty Thérèse Lagulle, in the old church beside the poplar-bordered Canche. And everyone wished the young couple luck, for they were well liked by their neighbours. Born and brought up in Boubet, their love affairs had been watched throughout with great interest by their acquaintances—a term which included every man, woman, and child within a circuit of some miles; and so popular were they, that when, shortly before his marriage, Amable was promoted to the post of head gamekeeper by his employer, Monsieur Delorme, the chief proprietor of the neighbourhood, no one could find any objection to make to the appointment, except perhaps that Amable was young. This was true, but it was a fault which Monsieur Delorme felt time would mend, and he was glad to promote so honest and deserving a young fellow, who was, besides, one of the best shots in the department. So Amable and Thérèse were conducted, after the wedding, with much state and ceremony to their pretty little cottage in the forest; and here they began a life which promised to be one of ideal happiness and comfort.

The next year little Catherine was born, and though, perhaps, the forester would have welcomed a son even more warmly, the baby-wiles of his little daughter soon won for her very nearly all the space in his heart which was not occupied by her mother. Sometimes he would talk jestingly of the time when "the boy" would come to make the family circle complete; but in the meantime the home was a very happy one, leaving little to be desired by either husband or wife.

It was September, three years after the marriage, and Catherine was adding each day a new word to her baby vocabulary, and acquiring a fresh charm in her father's and mother's eyes. She was a chubby, golden-haired creature, quaint and pretty enough to have served as a model for any artist as she stood by her mother's side at the cottage-door, in the funny little long skirts still worn by French peasant children, and with the funny little white cap drawn on tight over her head, from which only stray locks of gold were peeping, just like one of the children in Vandyke's royal families of two hundred years ago.

Thérèse was shading her eyes from the afternoon sun, looking after her husband who was starting off to the forest, with a gun over his shoulder and a dog at his side. She looked at him fondly and proudly. "Au revoir, mon ami!" she said, and then something induced her to call him back.

"Do not be late in returning," she cried. "The evenings draw in so quickly now—and—well, you must know I got a little nervous the other day."

Amable came back and patted his wife's cheek, and then kissed it. "That is because you are not quite strong just now, *mamie*. But I am only going as far as the west coppice to see how they are getting on with the new paling, and I shall be back before dusk, anyway." Then, with a gay good-bye to little Catherine, he strode off, whistling to his dog as he went.

When the trees had hidden him from sight Thérèse came in and busied herself as usual with her household duties. She then sat with her sewing at the cottage door, and played with little Catherine; but an uncomfortable feeling of oppression was upon her. Later on she set the supper ready on the table, and when Amable did not appear as he had promised she put the child to bed and lighted a little wood fire. Then she sat down to work again, but with a curious feeling of uneasiness at her heart. It was strange he did not come, she thought, for just before dusk she had heard a couple of shots in the wood not very far from the cottage, and had made sure that Amable was potting a rabbit on his way home, and that he would soon appear.

Darkness fell; hour after hour went by; and the vague uneasiness grew into a terror which at length forced Thérèse into action. She could not sit still in the house. She lighted a lantern and looked out. All was still, except a slight rustle of leaves under the rising wind. She called, but no answer came. Presently, filled by some presentiment of coming ill, she determined to go in search of her husband, and at once turned her steps in the direction from which the shots had seemed to come. She looked, she called, but only the hoot of an owl answered her. The deep stillness of the forest was unbroken save by the occasional flapping of a bat. She hurried on—impelled, who can say, by what instinct? In ordinary times she would not have been alarmed at finding herself thus alone in the dark wood. But certain recent reports of poachers being in the neighbourhood had frightened her, and her nerves were at the moment highly strung.

The moon had risen clear and resplendent, paling the dim light of the lantern she carried, but adding by the deep shadows which it cast a fresh terror, as it seemed to Thérèse, to the scene. At last, persuading herself that her husband might have returned by another route, she was about to retrace her steps when her foot kicked against something on the sward. She stooped down. It was her husband's cap. She picked it up, and by the lantern's light could plainly see that it was stained with blood. With a wild cry, her face to the earth, and the lantern held close to it, she followed the horrible trail of blood on the down-trodden turf to the back of a clump of bushes a few yards to her right, and there the unhappy woman beheld a sight which for a time stretched her beside her murdered husband, almost as lifeless as he.

Early the next morning a passing woodcutter discovered the unfortunate pair, the half-unconscious and distracted wife clinging with desperate tenderness to the clay-cold body of her husband, and still striving to chafe some warmth into his livid lips. The dog which had accompanied Amable was found shot dead near by.

The unhappy Thérèse was carried home, more dead than alive, side by side with the corpse of her husband; and before that terrible day was over the son to whose advent so many hopes had been directed was born—a poor, puling little creature, whose cry seemed to have in it something of an eerie sound.

It was thought at first that the boy, born in such terrible circumstances, could not be reared; and many among the widow's acquaintances openly said that it would be a mercy if the *bon Dieu* would rid the poor mother of the burden, since it was evident that the child was not *right*. But the mercy thus considered so desirable was not vouchsafed, and indeed the more uncanny poor little Nicholas grew the more tenderly did his mother cling to him. Curiously enough, it was a very long time before Thérèse found out that anything was amiss with her darling.

He grew fairly well, and she was proud to exhibit his strong, unshapely limbs, and laughed over the curious efforts which he made to express his wants long after the time when he should have been talking intelligibly. At length, however, as she compared him with other boys of his age who were already finding their way to school, primer in hand, she began to grow uneasy. She spoke to Monsieur le Curé as to the child's backwardness, and, by his advice, even consulted the doctor at St. Pol. Neither one nor the other liked to crush the poor mother's heart at one blow with the terrible verdict which village public opinion had already pronounced; but there could be little doubt that both held the same view. The doctor gently suggested that it would be well to seek admittance to some asylum for—well, for children who required special care and attention; but this idea the mother rejected with some indignation. Whose care, she demanded, could be better than her own?

Monsieur le Curé proposed a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Vaast at Arras, and at the same time presented poor Thérèse with a little book of devotion, in which a bit of blue ribbon marked the page "Resignation." Thérèse accepted the idea of the pilgrimage, lighted a wax taper at the shrine, and promised St. Vaast a wreath of wax flowers if Nicholas should be able to talk in a twelvemonth from that date. But St. Vaast never got his wreath, and Thérèse's little book became thumb-marked and worn at the page where the soiled blue ribbon still pointed to the title "Resignation."

Poor Nicholas, as time went on, became more and more hopelessly imbecile. At seven he was a big, awkwardly-built boy, with arms much too long for him, and hands which had not yet learned the simplest use to which they could be put. His head, also large in proportion to his body, rolled about heavily like that of an infant, and his tongue lolled out of his mouth like a dog's. The sounds which he made, though never approaching to words, were loud, and he had the power of showing great anger and excitement when crossed or irritated in the slightest degree. It is not too much to say that these fits of passion were never caused by his mother, who indulged him in every possible way, and, indeed, devoted herself entirely to his service. No doubt it would have been better for the child himself had he at this early stage been forced to some

sort of self-control and discipline, but in the treatment of the mentally afflicted there seems to be no sense of moderation in the peasant mind. The poor sufferer is either regarded with the most abject terror and aversion, or he is pampered and indulged to an extent which would be the ruin even of a sane person. And this was the case with Nicholas.

At fourteen his condition was clearly worse than at seven. His animal instincts had developed, but his mind had made no progress whatever. He was wilder, more irritable, less amenable to control, and, if anything, less intelligent. The only things which seemed to give him any pleasure were running, leaping, jumping—and eating. His appetite was enormous, and the only intelligible sounds which he made were in demand of food. He had learned to convey things to his mouth with his fingers, and could even be occasionally induced to use a spoon. He would never sit on a chair, but crouched on the floor, and liked nothing better than to gnaw a bone like a dog. At some times he appeared to be less sane than at others, and during his worst attacks it was difficult to keep him even decently clothed, since he would tear everything off him, as though each link which bound him to humanity were repugnant to his nature. Degrees of heat and cold affected him but little. He would choose the hottest days of summer for his mad careers over hill and dale—a terror to all who saw him. He would sleep through the coldest nights of winter covered only by a rug, since he habitually disdained the use of a bed.

Meantime, Nicholas was becoming an object of intense aversion, and even unreasoning terror, to his neighbours; unreasoning because he was, in truth, up to this time absolutely harmless, being himself in mortal terror of strangers, and rushing away to hide himself if any one so much as approached him.

But there is an old superstition still obtaining in the remoter rural districts of France that imbecile persons are possessed by the devil, and that, even when apparently harmless by day, they have by night the power of assuming the form of any wild animal they choose. They are known by the name *loup garou*, and hundreds of instances are on record in the old judicial history of France in which unfortunate lunatics were solemnly tried for this offence, and punished with death. In some cases they gave evidence against themselves, explaining the manner in which the enemy of mankind appeared to them nightly, and assisted them in their transformations. In the year 1521, for instance, we find that two men, named Burdot and Verdung, made a most detailed confession of these diabolical appearances before a commissioner specially appointed to inquire into cases of the kind. These are some of the answers given. "I could feel myself taking the form of a wolf. I walked on four feet. My limbs became suddenly covered with long hair. I ran with the swiftness of the wind, being pushed along against my will by the power of the devil. I was so overcome by fatigue after these excursions that I could hardly stand. I do not know what becomes of my wolf's skin when I resume my human shape."

It is needless to say that such terrible depravity was punished by a lingering death at the stake!

But in spite of such an example, the offence was constantly being repeated, and fifty years later the Parliament of Franche-Comté, which district of France seems to have been specially annoyed by the vagaries of its imbeciles, issued a decree for the hunting down of all *loup-garoux* within its borders.

Civilisation has other methods now of dealing with insanity and hysteria; but among the uneducated classes the old name and the old terror still linger.

It somehow leaked out that the unfortunate Nicholas could not be induced to go to his bed like other Christian people, and at once the rumour got abroad, gathering in distinctness and circumstantial detail as it spread, that the wretched lad was a *loup garou*. Shortly afterwards a child was reported to have had a fit after seeing him rush by in one of his wild spasms; and the parents of another child who died in the village did not hesitate to affirm that the *loup garou* had bewitched him. All this made life very hard for poor Thérèse, who now, from being an object of affection and interest to the people among whom her life had been passed, found herself regarded on all sides with a certain aversion.

At length the curé of the village spoke to her. Would it not be better, he suggested, to send Nicholas away to some asylum, since it was now evident that his case was hopeless? He was a terror to the neighbours, and as he grew older he could only be a greater burden and anxiety to his mother. But to this the widow had but one answer—the *bon Dieu* had sent the child to her—to her and to no other—and what was she that she should rebel against the gift of God, and turn it from her doors? If, she pathetically added, her poor boy was a trouble and a scandal to the village, she could remove from it. She could give up her home, but she could not give up her child.

Since Amable's death Thérèse had occupied a small cottage in the centre of the village, which had been granted her rent free by the proprietor, Monsieur Delorme, together with a tiny pension, as some compensation to the widow for her husband's tragic end. She now, under pressure of this neighbourly persecution, proposed to leave the little dwelling for a more distant one; and, speaking to the curé again on the matter, she begged him to use his influence with Monsieur Delorme to obtain for her a lonely and ruinous hut situated about half a mile from Boubet, on the road to St. Pol, which had long been uninhabited.

"My daughter," said the good old curé, when Thérèse made this request to him, "I do not at all like the notion of your living quite alone in so desolate a place with only that—that unfortunate lad for company. You would be quite away from all help."

Monsieur le Curé had known Thérèse from childhood. He had married her and baptized

her children, and felt a real affection for her and interest in her.

"I am not afraid, Monsieur le Curé," said Thérèse; "there is always the *bon Dieu* and His saints."

"Um—yes," said Monsieur le Curé; "but—"

"And," the widow broke in, "very soon my daughter Catherine will have finished her three years at St. Pol, and then she will be with me again, and will help me to take care of our poor Nicholas."

"I was thinking of that," returned the curé, "and it was one of the many reasons why I should urge you rather to send the boy away. He is not a fit charge or a fit companion for a young girl."

But again the widow's retort was, "Monsieur, God sent him to us, and He must therefore have thought us fit to have the care of him." And from this position no arguments could move her.

Very shortly afterwards, therefore, Thérèse and her unfortunate son left the village circle in which they were not welcome, and migrated to the desolate hut on the St. Pol road.

Here, in the course of another year, they were joined by Catherine, who, through the kindness of Monsieur Delorme, had been apprenticed to a glover in that town. She was now to work at home, only going backwards and forwards to the factory for materials.

She was now eighteen years of age, a pretty brunette, with clear hazel eyes and cheeks of russet bloom, recalling very much what her mother had been at her age, and presenting as strong a contrast as it was possible to imagine to her brother, upon whom every year seemed to produce a change for the worse.

The fear and aversion with which he was regarded by his kind seemed to have had the effect of rousing within his sluggish nature some measure of the animal ferocity with which he was credited. His fits of passion increased in violence, his dislike to the sight of strangers grew stronger still, and, though he made no actual assaults upon them, he would frequently greet passers-by with gibes and gestures the reverse of conciliatory. Even to his mother he was inclined at times to be violent, and was persistently refractory. The only person who had any real control over him was his sister. Her manner was particularly soothing and gentle, and her voice low; but at the same time she seemed to possess a certain firmness of character which was able to influence the idiot lad to an extraordinary extent. Curiously enough, a real bond of affection existed between this ill-assorted pair; and while the patience and tenderness of Catherine towards her afflicted brother were simply inexhaustible, he on his side responded to her kindness by a docility which he showed to no other human being.

At length so patent did this become that the widow, rendered irritable by sorrow and increasing ill-health, surrendered her son almost entirely to the care of Catherine, who, indeed, never left him except for the journey which she made once a week to St. Pol.

It was almost a twelvemonth after her return home that she was setting out one fine spring afternoon for a walk back to Boubet, after leaving her packet of gloves at St. Pol. She was walking very slowly, with her sweet eyes full of thought. Something which her employer's son had said to her that day had brought a new element into her life, and a new sense of happiness, and yet of unrest, into her soul. She was beloved, and by a man, to her notion, so infinitely her superior that, had a king stooped from his throne to woo her, Catherine would hardly have been more deeply impressed by the condescension. It was for the young girl the first awakening to the dignity and importance of her own personality; and, while her heart was still glowing and her cheeks burning with the rush of feeling which her lover's tender words had called up, she was almost inclined to laugh at herself. It seemed so delightfully absurd that she, Widow Alexandre's daughter, should be the object of any man's idolatry, and especially of such a *beau garçon* as was Jacques Mifaut.

While Catherine was thus indulging in half romantic, half comic, and wholly pleasant musing, the sound of rapid footsteps behind her deepened the flush on her cheeks, and slackened her pace. In another moment Jacques himself was by her side.

"So you thought to slip away without giving me the chance of accompanying you on your walk, did you, Mademoiselle Catherine?"

Catherine blushed still more, and laughed as in assent, but in truth she would have been disappointed as well as surprised had her lover let her so escape him.

"Monsieur Jacques," returned she, with admirable prudence, "I think before you walk with me it would be well to know what monsieur your father, and my mother, too, have to say on the matter."

"Do not be uneasy on that score, little one. My father is, happily, as much in love with you as I am myself, and has already given his consent; and as for your mother, good woman, we must try what we can do with her together, eh?"

Catherine knew that little opposition was to be expected to such a match on the part of her mother. So she only smiled and said, "How good, how generous on the part of monsieur your father!"

"Good! generous! I don't know," returned the young lover. "Anybody, I think, might be willing to have an angel for a daughter-in-law, and my father is not blind, look you! He can see just as well as I can that you are that, and more."

The argument was unanswerable.

The two walked on side by side for a couple of miles or more in the delightful state of exaltation and bewilderment consequent upon their new position, talking such talk as lovers love, and enjoying spaces of silence which seemed even more delicious and full of meaning, since Catherine's hand rested all the time softly upon Jacques' arm.

When the cottage was nearly reached, however, Catherine began to urge her lover to leave her. It was necessary, she thought, to prepare her mother for the news which she had to tell.

She had not, in truth, the courage to appear before her, hand in hand with a stranger; and, moreover, a sudden painful remembrance of her unhappy brother flashed like a spasm across her mind. Usually he was the almost constant object of her care and attention; but she recalled with a thrill of quick self-reproach that through this day she had not given him a thought; and now when he came into her mind it was with an uncontrollable feeling of dread and horror. What if he should suddenly spring out upon them in one of his fits of frenzy? What effect would it produce on the mind of Monsieur Jacques Mifaut to be thus introduced to his future brother-in-law?

At the bare notion poor Catherine's limbs began to tremble, and her cheeks to pale; and at length she made a resolute stand. "Monsieur," she said, "you must come no further to-day." And so, with many tender speeches and a kiss on her hand, which made the simple little country maiden feel like a queen, her lover left her, and she finished the rest of her journey alone.

Catherine was not quite so happy now as when she left St. Pol; and the nearer she came to her mother's cottage the less happy she grew, as the distance between her and Monsieur Jacques increased, and the vision of poor demented Nicholas grew clearer and clearer.

It was fortunate, indeed, that Monsieur Jacques had not ventured to accompany her home, for as the cottage was neared it became evident to Catherine that Nicholas was in one of his worst moods. Yells and shrieks of a most unearthly kind were mingled with high-pitched tones of expostulation from her mother; and before she reached the threshold of the cottage, Nicholas, in a state of almost complete nudity, rushed out, closely followed by the widow in hot pursuit.

"Catherine, Catherine," cried the poor mother, "you are here—Heaven be praised! I have been lost without you to-day. Nicholas has been terrible—the poor dear; and I am so worn out I can scarcely stand."

"You do, indeed, look tired, mother," says the girl, while with a caressing word and touch she manages to intercept the idiot's flight, and to draw him back with her into the cottage. But his state of excitement is so great that it is long before she is able to sooth or calm him.

"I cannot think what brought it on," says the widow, as she sinks back, pale and exhausted, upon the chair; "but the pain here,"—and she lays her hand on her side—"is terrible."

"You have been trying yourself too much, dear," says the girl, as she busies herself in all sorts of little loving attentions. By-and-by she persuades her mother to go to bed.

"The fact is," says the widow, looking tenderly at her daughter—"the fact is, I cannot do without you, my child, even for a day."

Catherine's cheeks flush with a certain consciousness. She feels somehow as though in listening to the proposals of her lover she had been guilty of treason against the mother who so depends upon her. And when she lies down at night in her own patchwork-covered bed she cries a little, not being quite sure whether it is for herself or her mother that she is sorry; and yet, in spite of her tears, there is an abiding sense of gladness in her heart as she thinks of Jacques' loving words; and when she sleeps, though her eyes are wet, her lips part in a smile, for she dreams that her hand is still held tenderly in his.

She awakes somewhere about the middle of the night, to see her mother standing by her side, candle in hand, with a face of deathly whiteness.

She jumps up. "What is it, mother?"

The widow leans against the bed, holding her side with one hand. "I have been suffering—that pain again," she says.

"You must take some cognac. I will get it for you."

"I have already taken some. I am better—now," says Thérèse. "But something forced me to come and look at you, to speak to you—once more," she added, in a lower tone.

"Mother mine, what do you mean? You are ill!" cries the girl, in a tone of alarm. "Let me run for the doctor."

"No—there is no need—the spasm may not return—only I—want to speak to you, Catherine."

Catherine was sitting up now on her little bed. Her mother sat beside her.

"I feel that I may not be very long for this world, and I want you to promise me one thing."

A sort of cold chill creeps over Catherine's heart. "What is it, *maman?*" she asks.

"It is about our poor Nicholas. I see that no one but you can manage him. I want you to promise—promise faithfully, that you will never abandon him, that you will always take care of him."

Catherine turns white and sick. She hesitates a moment before replying.

"I—I—"

The widow glances at her keenly. "Listen, Catherine," she says, solemnly, "whether I am here, or whether I am *there*—where spirits go, I believe that the *bon Dieu* will always let me know what is happening to my poor boy; and if you neglect him, or leave him, or give him up to strangers, my curse will be upon you."

"Mother, what makes you say such dreadful things?" cries Catherine. "Why should I neglect him or leave him? How can you think such thoughts? Why do you talk of dying? It frightens me."

"Poor child!" says the mother, putting her arms about the girl in a caressing way that was unusual with her. "I did not mean to speak harshly. But I have been lying awake, and in pain, and thinking—thinking of all that is likely to happen. Promise me, then."

"What, mother?"

"That Nicholas shall always be your first and dearest care."

"Dearest?" says Catherine, dreamily.

"Ah!" cries the widow, with a sudden clutch at her heart; "that pain again—that terrible, terrible—"

The sentence is never finished. In another

second she lies stretched, white and senseless, at her daughter's feet. Catherine raises her with difficulty and lays her upon her own little bed. She runs to fetch restoratives; she chafes the deadly-cold hands, but for a long time without result. All through the still hours of the night she watches, in trembling alternations of hope and fear, longing above all to summon aid, and yet not daring for a moment to leave her post.

At length the cold dawn creeps in by the uncurtained window, and in a little while the rigid lips relax, the closed eyes slowly open.

"My daughter!"

"My dear, dear mother! You are going to get better now, thank God!"

The sufferer smiles feebly, and lays her hand upon Catherine's. She looks into her eyes.

"You will promise?" she says, in a low, anxious tone.

Catherine waits a second before replying. The wistful eyes watch hers; there is a struggle to speak.

"Yes, I promise," she says. "You hear me, mother. I promise—"

The smile on the wan face deepens, and the hand laid upon Catherine's presses hers. The next moment, however, a spasm of pain passes over the sufferer's face, her eyes close, her hand relaxes its grasp, and the first sunbeam that lights the little chamber falls across the face of the dead!

When the news of Widow Alexandre's death spread through Boubet there was, of course, a good deal to be said as to the future of the widow's children. On one point, however, there was no room for doubt or discussion. Whatever might be Catherine's plans, it was certain that "le sauvage," as the unhappy Nicholas was generally called, must be sent to some asylum.

Before the funeral, which, according to law in France, took place within forty-eight hours after the death, Monsieur le Curé himself spoke to Catherine on this matter.

"Have you decided yet, my child, when you are going to send the poor fellow away? You had better make your arrangements at once, and I will do all I can to aid you."

"Monsieur, I have no arrangements to make," said Catherine. "So long as I stay here, Nicholas will be here too; and I fancy that Monsieur Delorme will not turn us out for our poor mother's sake."

"It is quite out of the question, my child, that you can remain the sole guardian and companion of that poor creature."

"Why impossible, monsieur? I alone can control him. He is—well, almost always good and reasonable with me. And besides, I promised my mother—"

"When?"

"Just before she died."

Monsieur le Curé dared not reply.

To Monsieur Jacques Mifaut, Catherine, the day after her mother's death, succeeded in writing a few lines. They were to this effect:

"I was very wrong yesterday to listen to you. I am wanted at home, and can never, *never* leave. So will you, good sir, please forget me, and forgive your poor Catherine for having even for a day deceived you?"

It was a pitiful little letter, written at a time of great trouble and excitement, and bearing strong internal evidence of the writer's agitation. It had its most natural effect. Jacques Mifaut simply refused to believe in it. He showed it to his father, and the next day the two men walked over to Boubet "to put matters on a clear footing." Jacques' father, at all events, was too conscious of the advantages of such a proposal to a penniless girl to be at all in doubt as to the result.

They arrived in Boubet at a critical moment—just as the little funeral train of the Widow Alexandre was turning into the churchyard; and when they asked for her it was natural to suppose that their object in presenting themselves was to join in paying her a last tribute of respect. They were at once directed to the open grave, and it was with a start, half of joy and half of terror, that the sobbing Catherine, at the conclusion of the sad ceremony, turned to find her lover beside her. He drew her arm through his with a word of tender sympathy, but when the churchyard was left behind them he had a word of tender reproach too.

"Why did you not let me know of your trouble? And again, why did you write me that letter?"

Then Catherine, called, as it were, to herself by the remembrance, gently withdrew her arm, and said, in a tone of alarm,

"Yes, monsieur is right to remind me. I had good reasons, excellent reasons. We must say adieu at once, and for ever."

"I will not hear of it, I will not allow it, there can be no reasons," says the lover, still walking by her side, "and see, my father is here too, to arrange everything."

Monsieur Mifaut, senior, comes forward.

"But if madame your mother is gone, who is there to arrange with?" he asks in some perplexity, pulling at a stumpy little tuft on his chin.

"No one but me, monsieur."

"Ah! *par exemple!*" cries Monsieur Jacques triumphantly, all difficulties vanishing in his outlook.

Then Catherine speaks of her brother; of the sacred charge committed to her, and of her promise. Jacques fidgets a little, and begins to wish his father had not been so ready to accompany him on the expedition. He has, to be sure, some knowledge of an invalid in the Alexandre family. Catherine, he remembers, has frequently spoken of her *poor brother*, but up to this point he has not troubled himself much as to details. Now it comes rather roughly upon him to be told, even in Catherine's tender voice, that the only living relative of his beloved one is an imbecile; and he is excessively alarmed for the effect which such a communication may have upon his father. So he is anxious, if possible, to persuade his father to return home without pursuing his investigations any further; but the elder Mifaut, being a man of purpose, is not to be turned from the object of his

expedition; and putting aside his son's suggestion, declares his intention of proceeding at once to Catherine's cottage in order to talk matters over.

In the end a melancholy little procession is formed as a sort of continuation of the funeral ceremony—Catherine and Jacques in front, two or three villagers following, and Mifaut the elder bringing up the rear with Monsieur le Curé.

This kindly man is much exercised in his mind with regard to Catherine and her luckless charge, and finding a willing listener in Monsieur Mifaut, he pours out his views to him. "Something must be done for the girl, and at once," he says; "she ought not to be left a day alone with that unfortunate creature."

"Is there madness in the family?" asks Mifaut *père*, somewhat anxiously. "Is the lad quite foolish?"

"Foolish is no word for it," returns the curé, shrugging his shoulders; "but as for insanity, no, no, there is nothing of that—the circumstances of his birth were enough to account for everything." And then he goes on to describe the murder of Amable, and the discovery of his body by poor Thérèse.

And all the time Catherine and Jacques pace on in front, the poor girl cheated into a momentary forgetfulness of her sorrow by the glowing presence of her young lover. After a while, however, and just as the cottage comes in sight, the discourse both of the lovers and of the two elderly men meets with a sudden interruption. A wild, gaunt figure, with tumbled hair and long claw-like arms, comes along the road with rapid strides, and with a peculiar cry. Instinctively Jacques grasps his stout stick as though to protect himself, and lays his hand on Catherine; but the girl, with a look of dismay, darts aside from him. "It is my poor Nicholas; he has then escaped. It was foolish of me to shut him in the house. He could not bear it, the poor dear—only I thought—to-day— Nicol! Nicol! come to me, my dear one," she cries, as he stands before them waving his lean arms and growling ominously. "Come, let us go home. I will not leave you again. Come, come—my dear!"

She winds her arm in that of the madman, and, with a touching sweetness which is evidently not without its effect upon his dark mind, persuades him to retrace his steps.

"This is awful!" says Jacques, scarcely daring to trust himself in the company of the savage creature whom the young girl caresses as though he were a pet child.

Monsieur le Curé points significantly to the strange pair. "It is another version of the old fable of 'The Beauty and the Beast,'" he says; "but I fear that no trasformation must be expected in this case."

"The beast—it, he I mean—is a horror," says Monsieur Mifaut *père;* "he ought to be shut up."

"Of course he ought. I've been saying so for years. It's not right that he should be going about; and as for that dear child Catherine, it's cruel, monsieur—that's what it is, upon her. It's abominable that she should be left alone with such a companion."

By dint of tenderest wiles Catherine had managed to lure her luckless charge into the shelter of their own garden. She turned to bid farewell to her friends, but found herself besieged, as it were, in her own fortress, and called upon to surrender. Jacques and the curé are eager and excited; Monsieur Mifaut *père* is more deliberate; the neighbours are anxious to see what will come of the affair.

The general demand is, of course, that the madman should be put at once under proper restraint.

Jacques pleads for himself, the curé for Catherine, the neighbours have much to say on their own account, and Monsieur Mifaut *père* utters many exclamations of horror, though in truth his real concern has little to do with the idiot's fate, but is simply to detach his son at once and for ever from such a frightful connection. He is, therefore, the least disappointed, though by no means the least astonished of the party, when the girl, pale and tearful, yet with a firm voice and something of the martyr-courage shining in her clear eyes, puts aside every suggestion made to her.

"You are very good—very good, Monsieur le Curé, Monsieur Jacques, all of you," she says, "but I promised mother that as long as Nicholas lives I will never leave him, or let him be taken from me."

Catherine kept her promise.

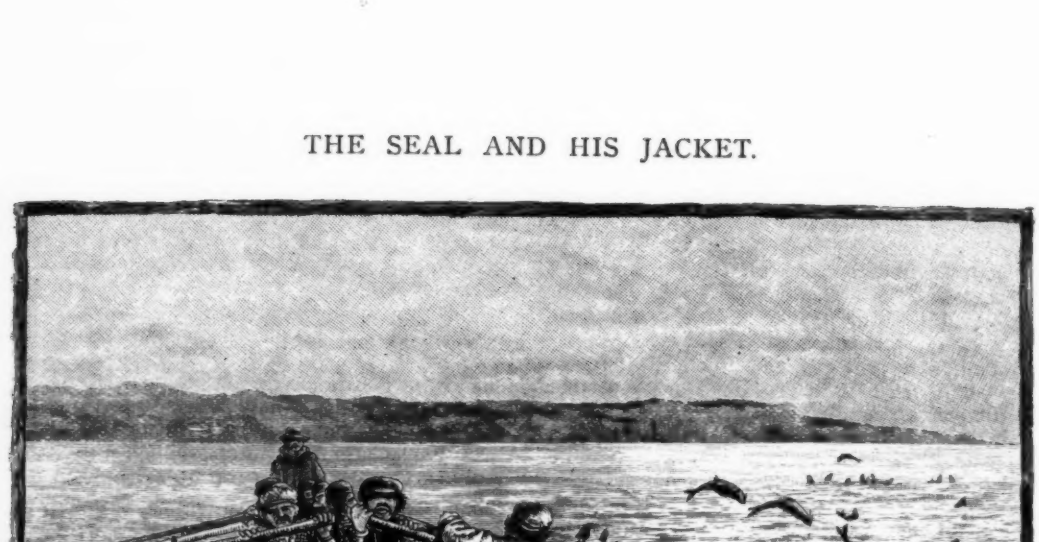
Twenty-one years later the name of Catherine Alexandre was sent up to the French Academy as a candidate for the Montyon prize. The petition was headed by a certain Monsieur Jacques Mifaut, manufacturer, of St. Pol, sous prêfet, employer of the candidate. Monsieur Mifaut, who was by this time a man of considerable importance in his district, the husband of an heiress, and the father of growing-up sons and daughters, stated that he had known and "respected" Catherine Alexandre from her youth, and could personally vouch for the truth of many of the details given, such as that she had refused more than one advantageous offer of marriage for the sake of devoting herself to her unfortunate brother. But of the terrible experiences of these twenty-one years passed beside a maniac no one could rightly speak, for they had been endured with all their dread monotony and ever-recurring terrors—alone.

A year after the Montyon grant, Nicholas Alexandre, the savage of Boubet, died, watched tenderly to the end by his good angel. She was by this time a woman prematurely grey and bowed, and though in reality little over forty, was known generally among her neighbours as "the old Catherine."

She lived on, however, many years, and added to her good works by taking upon herself, late in life, the care of a destitute family of orphan children, for whom she laboured up to the time of her death in the year 1866.

L. G. SÉGUIN.

# THE SEAL AND HIS JACKET.



SEALSKINS FOR THE SHIP.

THE Seal—that is the Fur one, not the Great one—is at large in the political sea. There is a quarrel on among his would-be captors. The Alaskan authorities and the Canadian authorities hold apparently irreconcileable views on certain points of interest in his life history; and "the British Government is moving in the matter." While it moves, in the good old leisurely way, we shall have plenty of time to say what we have to say on sealskins in general from the birth to the jacket. The reader will pray pardon this metaphorical overture; it is quite the proper thing in dealing with the seal. He is a victim to mixed metaphor at every period of his life. His father is a "bull," his mother is a "cow," he himself is a "pup," he is born in a "rookery," and killed in a "pod"—a truly strange Pilgrim's Progress: bovine, canine, corvine, and cruciferous!

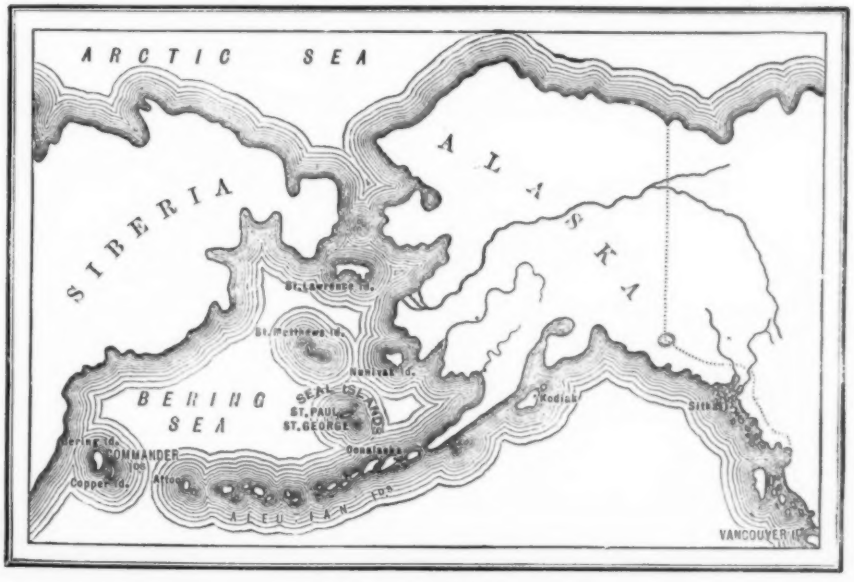
Just over a hundred years ago a rugged Russian, Gehrman Pribylov by name, and "stoorman" or ship's mate by trade, was much exercised in his mind by the revelations of an old Aleutian "shaman" at Oonalashka, who told him a legend of certain mysterious islands in Behring Sea. In the small sloop St. George he spent three successive years in searching for these islands, amid the most bewildering currents and winds and fogs known on the globe's oceans. In June, 1786, at the beginning of his third summer's tedious voyaging, he ran up against the cliffs of Tolstoi Mees, and through the fog, which was so thick he could scarcely see the length of his vessel, he heard the sweet music of a seal rookery wafted to him on the heavy air. He had found the object of his search, and he at once took possession of the island for Russia, and named it St. George, after the sloop that had borne him thither.

Leaving some men behind him to hold his new possession, he returned to Oonalashka. The men escaped and told the secret; and when next year he sailed for St. George a fleet of a dozen vessels followed him, and found the island; and the same year the island of St. Paul was found, thirty-six miles to the north-west of Pribylov's landing place. But on St. George there had been no sign of human habitation, while on St. Paul the Russians found, at a point now known as English Bay, the remains of a recent fire, and a pipe, and a brass knife-handle, whose owner has not yet been discovered, though the pipe and knife-handle are of considerable importance in the minds of some people as affording evidence of prior discovery, and therefore a right of possession for "the Anglo-Saxon"—whatever that may mean.

The Anglo-Saxon in one of his transatlantic avatars has now become the peaceable possessor of all the Pribylov Islands. The trade of Alaska gradually drifted into the hands of citizens of the United States, who held it under heavy mortgages. In 1867 the Russian Government sold Alaska and its islands to the American people, thereby imitating in a small way the policy of Napoleon Bonaparte, when he handed over to the Americans the French possessions west of the Mississippi, and so "gave them the possibilities of power that would eventually crush the arrogant English"—whom he had failed to crush in every other way. The bargain was not a bad one for the Washington Government, as a goodly part of the seven million dollars nominally paid to Russia really went to pay off the mortgages held by American citizens; and the Pribylov Islands alone, under the terms of their lease to the Alaska Commercial Company, have for years returned to Washington a yearly revenue of over three hundred thousand dollars, or over four per cent. on the nominal purchase-money of the whole 530,000 square miles of territory—for Alaska is not a small place: it is as large as France, Spain, and the British Islands all combined.

The Pribylov Islands are geographically but an insignificant portion of this vast area. They are in the heart of Behring Sea, 192 miles north of Oonalashka, 200 miles south of St. Matthews, and 200 miles west of Cape Newenham; and their total land surface does not exceed seventy square miles. They are therefore very valuable pieces of territory, and their whole value is given them by the seals. Their physical conditions fit them exactly for seal breeding-grounds. During the breeding season the fur-seal has to rest for two or three months on land, and requires a cool moist atmosphere, with firm, well-drained land, or dry broken rocks or shingle upon which to remain undisturbed by the weather and sea. And these conditions are found in perfection at the Pribylovs.

But though these islands have now the chief seal-fishery of the world, do not let it be supposed that they have the only fishery. A century ago fur-seals existed in millions on many coasts and islands of the South Sea. Juan Fernandez, Chili, the Falkland Islands, South Georgia, South Shetland, Prince Edward Island, the Crozets, Antipodes Island, and many more, mostly within our dominions, or within British influence, possessed rookeries, or breeding places of seals, which, if protected, might have been still as populous and valuable as those in Behring Sea. But every one of these, owing to the indiscriminate slaughter carried on by ignorant sealers, regardless of everything but immediate profit, has either been annihilated or so reduced in numbers that it hardly pays to visit it. A few thousand skins are brought annually to the Cape of Good Hope; a few thousand come from Patagonia and the Lobos Islands; but the only fisheries that flourish are those of British Columbia and the Commander Islands, belonging to Russia, and the Pribylovs, above mentioned, whose rookeries, it is admitted, are the centre of distribution of nearly all the North Pacific seals. "The only spot in the world," says Professor Flower, "where fur-seals are now found in their original or even increased numbers is the Pribylov group, a circumstance entirely owing to the rigid enforcement of the wise regulations of the Alaska Commercial Company, which are based on a thorough knowledge of the habits of the animals. But for this the fur-seal might before now have been added to the long list of animals exterminated by the hand of man." This is the fur-seal, be it understood, *Callorhinus ursinus*, not the seal, the hair-seal, *Phoca vitulina*, sought for his oil and leather, who haunts the ice floes off Labrador and Newfoundland, and tempts the sealers from Dundee. Of him and his numerous ill-treated



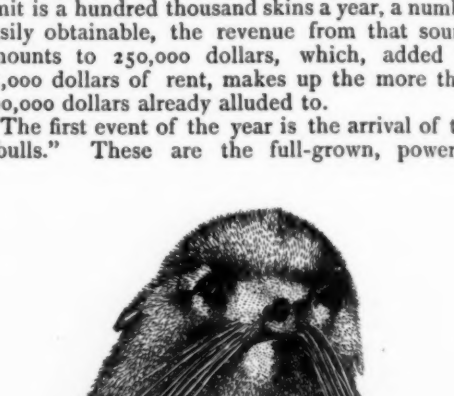

THE SEAL ISLANDS.

relations, and indeed of all the other *Pinnipedia*, we have here nothing to say, our business being entirely with the seal that yields the sealskin jacket.

Pribylov colonised his new possessions with inoffensive Aleuts from Atkha and Oonalashka. Where the Aleuts originally came from hardly concerns us here, but, according to Mr. Henry W. Elliott, from whose work, "The Seal Islands of Alaska," published by the American Government, much of our information is drawn, there can be little doubt that, like the junks frequently wrecked on the coast, they came from Japan or the Asiatic mainland. In Pribylov's first year Starry Ateel, or "Old Settlement," was founded on St. George. In the second year Big Lake Settlement was founded on St. Paul. The Aleuts then, as now, were inclined to be festive when opportunity offered, and the ruins of Big Lake Settlement are invariably saluted by the natives of to-day, who take off their hats to them as they pass by, and call the site Vesolia Mista, or "Jolly Place," while the old men whisper to the stranger that "in those good old days they had plenty of rum." From which unmistakable hint it is sufficiently apparent that the standard of Aleutian civilisation is not a high one. On both the islands there are not a thousand people, and these are almost entirely occupied in the seal-fishery, if fishery it can be called.

The first American to arrive on the islands after their transfer from Russia was Captain Ebenezer Morgan, a South Sea sealer, born in Connecticut. He began to prospect and survey, and put down stakes and "claim" seal-grounds, much as we hear is often done in the case of mines. A week or so afterwards there arrived Mr. H. M. Hutchinson, a native of New Hampshire, who had come on the same errand. Conciliation being the better part of trade, Morgan and Hutchinson went into partnership, and the first year had the seal islands to themselves. They then formed the Alaska Commercial Company, and, interesting and arousing the American Treasury and Congress, succeeded in obtaining a special resolution declaring the islands a Governmental reservation, and prohibiting any person taking seals thereon until further action by Congress. In 1869 the seals taken were only sufficient for the subsistence of the natives; but in 1870 a law was passed for the protection of the fur-bearing animals on the islands, and under its provisions the Alaska Company secured the lease which will expire this year. The company pays the natives forty cents, say, one shilling and eightpence, for the labour of taking each skin. The killers take the skins on the ground, each man cutting a notch in a stick, which at the close of the day he gives to a foreman or chief. At the close of the few weeks of killing the total sum for the entire catch is paid by the company to the chiefs, who divide it among the men according to the numbers notched. The money is paid in dollars. In the Russian days the Alaskan currency was a "paper" one, stamped on squares of walrus hide! Progress in Russia is slow, but even the walrus hide was an advance on the old Russian currency introduced into the empire in 1654, which consisted of bullion bars covered with notches or "rubli," so that the purchaser could pay for his goods in as many notches or "rubles" as he thought fit to chip off. For every skin the Alaska Company has to pay a Government royalty of two and a half dollars, and as the limit is a hundred thousand skins a year, a number easily obtainable, the revenue from that source amounts to 250,000 dollars, which, added to 55,000 dollars of rent, makes up the more than 300,000 dollars already alluded to.

The first event of the year is the arrival of the "bulls." These are the full-grown, powerful



THE FUR-SEAL.

seals that hurry on ahead of the shoal in order to take up a patch with a sea frontage, so as to intercept the cows as they arrive, and appropriate as many as they can for themselves, each for his own harem. The first bulls arrive in the first week in May. For days they spend the time swimming among the breakers a little distance from the shore, apparently reluctant to enter upon the terrible responsibilities of their peculiar matrimonial arrangements. By the end of May the sea is thick with bulls, and in the opening of June they begin to take up their claims. Their "land law" is a simple one. Each bull remains in possession of his ground, which is about eight feet square, providing that at the start and until the arrival of the cows he is strong enough to hold his own against all comers. The sea frontage is soon full, and then a battle royal begins which lasts night and day, with awful slaughter. The thin grey line is charged again and again by the thousands of bulls in the water. Some of the defenders are hurled back higher and higher up the beach; some of the new-comers slip through to the higher ground; some of the old bulls keep

their strongholds to the last. It is only the fully grown seals that fight. They seize one another with their teeth, and tug and tug until the sharp canines tear out deep gutters in the skin or shred the flippers into ribbons. The warriors approach each other with comically averted heads, as though they were ashamed of themselves. When they get near enough to reach one another they enter upon the repetition of many feints or passes before either one or the other takes the initiative by gripping. The heads are darted out and back as quick as a flash; their hoarse roaring and shrill piping whistle never ceases, while their fat bodies writhe and swell with exertion and rage; and furious lights gleam in their eyes, their hair flies in the air, and their blood pours down in streams. In these battles the parties are always distinct; the one is offensive, the other defensive. If the latter proves the weaker, he withdraws from the position occupied, and is never followed by his conqueror, who complacently throws up one of his hind flippers, fans himself as it were to cool his fevered wrath and blood from the heat of the conflict, and sinks into comparative quiet, only uttering a peculiar chuckle of satisfaction or contempt, with a sharp eye open for the next covetous bull.

In a fortnight the battle is over. The bulls have all sorted themselves out, each on his little patch all over the rookery: the strongest on the sea front, the weakest in the rear, all waiting for the cows, that are now in sight. In hundreds and thousands they come, not so much to see their lords and masters, but to bring forth their young, which are born a few hours after they land. The experience of a seal cow is not a happy one. She is received with much attention by the bulls on the water line. Choosing the one that takes her fancy she is coaxed and urged up on to the rocks by him to an affectionate accompaniment of chuckling and whistling and roaring; but no sooner is she safely deposited on his particular claim than her admirer, seeing another cow in the water that he fancies would make a desirable addition to his family circle, devotes himself to similar blandishments, with a view of securing her. While he is thus employed the bull on the patch behind, finding him off his guard, picks up the passive cow by the scruff of her neck and hauls her on to his ground, whereupon bull number one turns and fights him, and bull number three further back gives the cow another grip and hauls her higher, whereupon one, two, and three all join in the battle and leave an opening for four, who seizes the cow; and so on for fifteen or twenty bulls, all helping cows up out of the waves, and raging and scrambling over them, until each has secured as his share from five to twenty.

About the 14th of July the beach is packed as close as it can hold. On each claim is the harem of small cow seals, and looking after them is their much larger master, holding them under jealous supervision.

For the first three months the young seal is of a jet black colour, with a little patch of white at the back of each fore arm. He is not treated with much kindness. If he stays on the claim, the old bull will fight for him; but if he strays beyond the limits, he may take as much hurt as he pleases, which may be somewhat owing to the fact that the bulls have only step-children to deal with! But what is more curious is that he does not know his own mother, though his mother knows him. The bull has to remain on duty all the time the seals are on the island, and consequently has to fast for three months in the year. But the cow as soon as the pup is born goes to and from the sea to feed, and how voraciously the seal feeds may be guessed from the fact that ten pounds of fish per day is a moderate allowance. When the mother comes up from the sea, in which she has been to wash or perhaps to feed for a day or two, she feels her way along to about where she left her pup last. Perhaps she misses it, and finds instead a swarm of pups, in which it has been incorporated, "owing to its great fondness for society." Without first entering into the crowd of thousands she calls out just as a sheep does for her lamb, and out of all the din she, if not at first, at the end of a few trials, recognises the voice of her offspring, and then advances, striking out right and left towards the position from which it replies. But should the pup be asleep and making no sound, the mother contentedly curls herself up and takes a nap, or lazily basks until she tries again.

When a month old the pup begins to learn to swim. For a week or so he flounders about on the margin of the surf, using his forepaws as if he were a dog, and letting his hinder ones hang limp. Every minute he is washed ashore high and dry, to return and be washed ashore again. After a time he learns to use his hind limbs, and then his progress is rapid. By the middle of September the year's pups are all accomplished swimmers, and soon the migration begins, so that by the beginning of November the rookery is well thinned, and at the end it is deserted.

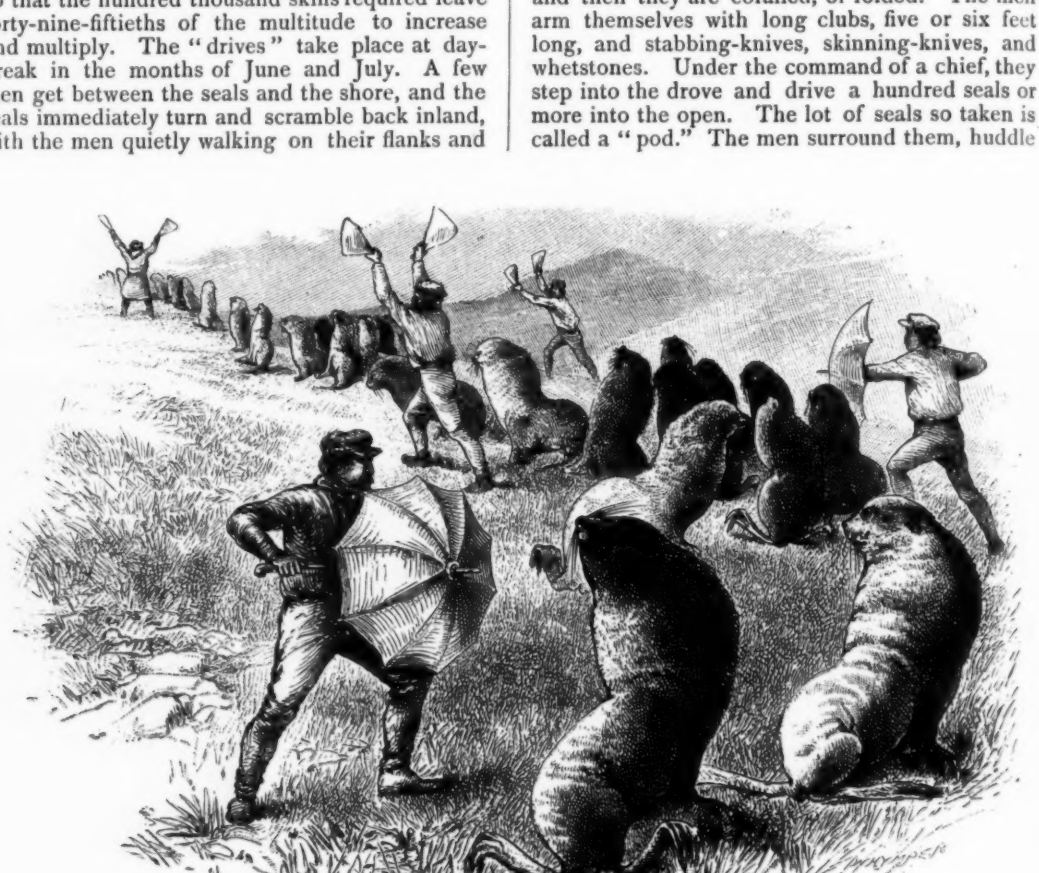
Next year the yearlings arrive with the cow seals, and pass through and between the harems by paths recognised as neutral by the pugnacious bulls. They go right through the rookery, and take up their stations in "pods" or flocks at the back of the bulls' claims. This passage of the youngsters along the path is remarkable. If they mind their own business and go straight up and down, they are unmolested, but the instant they begin to nose about right or left, they are pounced upon by the jealous bulls, and torn limb from limb.

On their second return the females are stopped on the claims, while the males and young are permitted to use the path; but as a rule the males go off to a "hauling ground" close by. This hauling ground is the home of the "holluschickie," or bachelors, who, on their migration to the north, have escaped the Canadian sealers and the United States sealers other than those employed by the company. From the hauling-ground the seals are driven to their doom. The cow is spared, as she is wanted for breeding purposes; the bull is spared because his fur is coarse and worthless; it is the gay young bachelor, some four feet high and a yard in chest measurement, and who has not yet arrived at an age to be

trusted with a family, who has to yield up his jacket for human comfort and decoration.

The fur of the seal is thickest and finest in texture during the third and fourth year of life, and the selection is made from the males of that age. There are five million seals at a time on the rookeries and hauling grounds of the Pribylovs, so that the hundred thousand skins required leave forty-nine-fiftieths of the multitude to increase and multiply. The "drives" take place at day-break in the months of June and July. A few men get between the seals and the shore, and the seals immediately turn and scramble back inland, with the men quietly walking on their flanks and once more, clatter a few bones with a shout along the line, and the seal shamble begins again. Their march to death and the markets of the world is taken up anew."

They are driven for a mile or more—some of them are driven five miles—up to the village, where there is a salthouse for preparing the skins, and then they are coralled, or folded. The men arm themselves with long clubs, five or six feet long, and stabbing-knives, skinning-knives, and whetstones. Under the command of a chief, they step into the drove and drive a hundred seals or more into the open. The lot of seals so taken is called a "pod." The men surround them, huddle



DRIVING THE FUR-SEAL.

in their rear at the rate of two miles an hour. "The holluschickie," says Mr. Elliott, "are urged along over the path leading to the killing grounds with very little trouble, and require only three or four men to guide and secure as many thousand at a time. They are permitted frequently to cool off, as heating them injures their fur. These seal-halts on the road always impressed me with a species of sentimentalism and regard for the creatures themselves. The men dropping back for a few moments, the awkward shambling and scuffling of the march at once ceases, and the seals stop in their tracks to fan themselves with their hind flippers, while their heaving flanks give rise to subdued panting sounds. As soon as they apparently cease to gasp for want of breath, and are cooled off comparatively, the natives step up them on to each other, and stun such as the chief points out by a heavy blow on the head. The clubs are then dropped, the men seize the prostrate seals by their hind flippers, and spread them out on the ground without touching each other. Then every sealer takes his knife and drives it, before the seal returns to consciousness, into the heart at a point between the fore flippers, the seals having to be bled in order that the strange reaction which the sealers call heating shall be delayed for half an hour or so. Were the fur-seal to be skinned alive his jacket would be worthless. The unclubbed seals are allowed to escape down the hill into the sea.

In skinning, the body is balanced squarely on its back; a swift cut is made from the lower jaw to the root of the tail; the flippers are then cut

round; and then, with the smaller knife, the skin is worked off. The best man can skin a seal in a minute and a half, but the average time is four minutes. Nothing is left of the skin on the carcase but a small patch on which the coarse moustache grows, the skin on the lip of the lower jaw, the insignificant tail, and the bare hide of the flippers. The skins are taken to the salthouse and laid out, hair to fat, one on the other, in piles, and treated with salt for two or three weeks. They are then sufficiently pickled to be packed up in bundles of two for exportation. In such bundles they are stowed in the company's steamer and taken to San Francisco, whence they come direct to London, for, strange to say, the sealskins of the world come to London to be dressed.

As received the skin is not in the least like what it will be. The fur that is prized so much is to the seal what the down is to the bird, and it is hidden entirely by a coat of stiff over-hair: dull, gray, and grizzled. The salt is first washed off; the fat is then removed, the skins are then washed, and the grease and water removed by the knife; and then they are tacked on frames to keep them smooth, and are dried in a moderate heat. They are then soaked in water and thoroughly cleansed with soap, and then, after another drying, the warm skin is placed over a beam, and the hair removed with a knife. When all the hair is out, the skins are dried, then damped, and then shaved. They are then stretched, worked, and dried, and softened in a fulling mill, or trodden with bare feet in a barrel, the workman dancing upon them to break them into leather, while the grease is absorbed with hard wood sawdust that from time to time he dusts in. The skins are then dyed, the dye being put on with a brush. They are then dried and dyed again, and dried again and dyed again, until they are of the desired colour, sometimes eight or even twelve coats of dye being required. They are then shaved down to the proper thickness, softened again in a hogshead, and sometimes run in a revolving cylinder, with fine sawdust to clean them. With all these many processes and freightages, no wonder that the finished fur costs as many pounds as it brought pence to the killers on the Pribylovs.

That the Alaska Company does well is clear enough; but that it will ever obtain or retain a monopoly of the seal trade is very doubtful. Every year its close time rules increase the number of seals in the sea; but that it can claim every seal in the North Pacific is preposterous. There are other rookeries now, and at any time we may hear of further rookeries being established under another flag by some enterprising cows and a few of the gay young "holluschickies" who have had the good luck to keep beyond the reach of their tyrannical fathers and the clubbing Aleuts.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AFRICAN EXPLORERS.

WHEN I told a German friend in New York that Stanley was said to have had 122 tropical fevers, the honest Teuton exclaimed, wonderingly, "Did he haf dem *all at once?*" The remark showed what men were prepared to believe of the hero of Lake Tanganyika and the Congo; and, after all, such a man would probably suffer less in being killed by fevers or poisoned arrows abroad than by fashionable dinner-parties at home.

When I first saw Stanley, fresh from his finding of Livingstone, he looked, in spite of all his sufferings, like one who had thoroughly enjoyed his work, and had felt himself to be just in the right place. Gaunt, sun-burned, scarred, wasted, with ominous streaks of grey in his dark hair, and the traces of a long and bitter struggle in every line of his sunken features, he still wore the brisk, ready, confident look of the man who could "go anywhere, and do anything." When I last saw him, shortly before he went forth to rescue Emin Pasha, nothing was left of the Stanley whom I had known save the deep, earnest eyes, and the stern, daring, dauntless spirit which looked through them. The slight, compact, wiry frame was growing loose and fleshy, the firm face had lost its bold clear outline, and over the whole man brooded the weary, nerveless air of one who felt himself wholly out of his element, and who, in this uncongenial atmosphere of luxury and civilisation, was far too comfortable to be happy.

"You're lucky to have had a fever to train you down so fine, and the best thing I could do just now would be to catch one too," said he, alluding to the sequel of our West African adventures after our shipwreck with King Oko Jumbo on our way to the Congo, and doubtless little dreaming how soon his jesting words were to be fulfilled in terrible earnest. "Town life isn't good for explorers, and sitting on the deck of a yacht in an easy-chair, with no exercise, and five or six meals a day, isn't good for them, either. I don't myself see why on earth a man shouldn't be just as well in Africa as in London if he goes the right way to work, barring one of those unavoidable fevers now and then; but these young English fellows who come out to me on the Congo never *will* remember that Africa is not Europe. They see a hill in the distance, and call out at once 'Hollo! here's a real African mountain: let's go to the top of it!' And up they go in the full heat of the sun, and then can't understand why they're fit for nothing when they come down again. It's just the same, too, when they have to do that march through the grass country of the Lower Congo to avoid the rapids. 'What's the good of coats and wraps in Africa?' they say; 'as if it wasn't hot enough without 'em!' And

away they go, ploughing through grass eight or ten feet high till they're all in a steam of perspiration——"

"As well they may be, according to my experiences among the fifteen-foot corn of North Africa," annotated I.

"And then," continued Stanley, "they come up all at once on to the crest of a ridge, and the wind strikes full upon them, and they have no wraps to protect them, and of course they get a chill, and down they go with the fever; and even if they don't die, they're of no use for two or three months on end. And then, of course, every one sets up a halloo of 'More victims to the deadly climate of Africa!' as if any climate wasn't deadly if a man chooses to play the fool!"

"Have you settled yet," I asked, "whether the Aruwimi river (the lower part of which you explored a little while ago) is the same as that mysterious 'Welle-Makua' which Dr. Schweinfurth found flowing through Niam-Niam Land in 1870? I'm rather interested in that question at present."

"Well, I can't pronounce positively on that point," said Stanley, "until I know more about it; but it doesn't very much matter after all. We know that the Aruwimi goes into the Congo, which is the important point just now. As for where it comes from, we'll know all about that, too, before long."

When I looked back upon them later on those words seemed almost prophetic, for at that time he could certainly have had no idea of the wonderful march that he was about to accomplish, with that very river for a starting-point, on his way to meet Emin Pasha. But what chiefly impressed me at the moment was the quiet confidence which could speak of one of the most difficult and formidable tasks in the whole field of African exploration as a thing to be achieved whenever he had time to attend to it.

"I wish you would tell me something of those white Africans of yours," I resumed, "for those whom Mrs. Ker and I met with in West Africa seemed to be isolated phenomena rather than members of a distinct race like yours in the East. They had woolly hair, but it was *red;* and the complexion of all alike—whether men, women, or children—was a sort of yellowish-brown."

"Well," said Stanley, "that's pretty much what *my* white Africans were like. Those that I saw were tall, sinewy, long-limbed fellows, with crisp, reddish-brown, curly hair, and a complexion not a bit darker than many a mulatto whom I've seen in the Southern States of America. I only met four of them myself, who were with M'tesa's army in Uganda when we fought the Wanyoro; but I was told of a whole tribe of them that lived on the higher slopes of Mount Gordon Bennett, to the east of the Victoria Nyanza. They lived chiefly on milk, and were not—so far as I could find out—one bit higher in point of civilisation than the ordinary negroes around them."

And then he went on to talk of his famous voyage down the Congo, and of the last terrible days when it seemed as if they were all doomed to perish almost within sight of their goal. "It *did* seem hard," he said, "to lose so many fine fellows when the worst was over, and we were really beginning to see our way to the end at last. You know how I lost poor Frank Pocock—drowned in shooting a rapid almost at the end of our journey, after escaping unhurt from all our battles and perils in the interior. Then my brave Safeni, too—one of the best and bravest native captains that I ever had—went mad from the strain of that long misery, and wandered away into the forest all by himself, and never came back. I can't tell you half the things I've done to find out what became of him. I've arrested dozens of chiefs, and offered rewards of cloth enough to make any native rich for life; but I've never had any word of him from that day to this. I'm afraid he must just have been snapped up by one of those gangs of kidnapping slave-hunters, who would think it an advantage rather than a drawback that the poor fellow was out of his mind, because it would make him all the easier to handle. But the worst thing of all was to see poor little Amina, the wife of one of my Arabs, break down and die just as things seemed to be at the blackest with us all, saying to me with her last breath, 'This is a bad world, master, and you have lost your way in it.'"

"And this is the man," thought I, as I listened in secret wonder to the iron man's tone of deep emotion, "who has been called a wanton blood-shedder and a waster of his people's lives! *This* does not sound very much like it, anyhow."

However, it is only natural that any man who has not actually been in Africa himself should form a mistaken estimate of African explorers, it being absolutely impossible for him to realise the full horror of all that is implied by the words "African exploration." To most untravelled readers, the idea of a march through tropical swamps and jungles presents itself merely as a long and rather hot walk, with a few occasional excitements in the way of snakes or wild beasts, and perhaps a slight difficulty now and then in procuring supplies. What it really means is to lead a life that is one long death—to suffer for days together the slow tortures of grinding famine and the burning agony of a thirst which a river could not quench—to wear out long nights of sleepless pain and fever, or drop down to sleep from sheer exhaustion, and awake sick and unrefreshed—to feel that every living thing is your enemy, and that man himself is the deadliest of all—to suck in poison with the water that you drink and the very air that you breathe—to drag your weary, aching limbs through the knee-deep mire of festering swamps, or along the muddy, trampled "elephant-paths" of gloomy forests, whose dripping foliage shuts out the very sky, and whose hot, rank, vapour-bath atmosphere makes you sick and faint—to stagger onward with reeling brain and failing strength, knowing all the while that to give way, or even to pause for a moment's rest, may cost you your life—to be checked, and perhaps forced to retrace your steps over ground that you have passed at the price of sufferings more bitter than death—and, worse than all, to see your brave comrades wasting and

perishing all around you, without being able to afford them the slightest aid.

The mention of Stanley's name naturally suggests that of one of his ablest lieutenants, Major Francis Vetch, who figured in the Zulu War, and afterwards acted as head of the local transport service on the Lower Congo, under Stanley's administration. It was during this term of service that he made his expeditions to Damaraland (a region lying to the south of the Portuguese settlements beyond the mouth of the Congo), the record of which, had he lived to write it, would have made one of the most entertaining books in existence. He was not less skilful as a sportsman than as a soldier or an organiser, and, after his exploit of shooting five elephants in one day, the grateful natives (who had already christened Stanley himself "Bula Matari"—the Rock-Breaker—in memory of his blasting away the rocks at Isangila to make a passage for his new road up the river) bestowed upon Major Vetch the honourable title of "Mavunda Nzou" (Elephant's Death), by which he was known ever after throughout that whole region.

But all distinctions and titles of honour seemed superfluous to this quiet, unassuming, straightforward hero, who was emphatically one of those that

> Went about their greatest deeds
> Like noble boys at play.

I have seen him in a dismal, leaky, tumble-down hut amid the deadly mangrove-swamps of the fatal "Ivory Coast," the life and soul of our forlorn party, brave, helpful, and cheery as ever, without a shadow of pain or despondency on his firm, manly face, although he himself was suffering more grievously than all. And when help came at last, and the way back to England lay open before us, this man, worn-out though he was, and deprived of the barest necessaries by the loss of his outfit, persisted in going onward to his appointed post, though only to be sent home invalided a few months later. I have seen him aboard a sinking ship, working coolly and bravely to the very last to save all that he could, with the deck splitting asunder beneath his feet. I have seen him wade back into the flooded cabin in utter darkness, with the doomed vessel already reeling to her final plunge, to grope out the precious quinine which afterwards saved more than one life among our castaway crew. Many a Victoria Cross has been given for a less daring deed; and better would it have been for him had he died in that heroic venture, or on one of his Zulu battlefields, instead of surviving only to perish miserably, barely two years later, by the fever of that terrible coast, which is only too truly described by the old nautical couplet:

> Beware, beware of the Bight of Benin!
> For one that comes out, there were forty went in.

Vetch was as little given to talk of his own deeds as Livingstone himself; but the little that I could persuade him to tell me while we were together in Africa about his travels through Damaraland was well worth remembering. "You should go there yourself," said he, "if you want fine scenery and a healthy climate. There's not such another bit of country in all South Africa, except perhaps Zululand itself. You should just see what oxen I've been bringing up from there for our Congo transport—out-and-out the finest beasts that we've got. It's not so easy to get down there now as it used to be, for the British African steamers have left off touching at Mossâmedés (which is the nearest Portuguese port), and the Portuguese coasters are not very reliable; but when you *do* get there, you'll see something good, I can tell you. To imagine the general outline of the country you have only to fancy an enormously tall house with a door-step fifty miles broad, the step being the low seaboard, and the house the range of rocky heights (you might almost call them mountains) that start up suddenly hundreds and even thousands of feet above the plain. Ages ago the whole of that low level was at the bottom of the sea, and the waves of the South Atlantic were beating against these heights, which then formed the sea-cliff marking the boundary of the coast; but now the water has receded, and left the plain dry as well. You can have any climate you like while you're there; for on the top of those heights there's a vast table-land—just like that country up in the air that you read of in 'Jack and the Beanstalk'—where you find European flowers and fruits, and the keen bracing air of Europe; and then, if you want tropical vegetation and tropical heat by way of a change, you have only to go down to the plain and get them at once."

Another striking figure in my gallery of African travellers is that of Winwood Reade (author of "Savage Africa," "Liberty Hall," etc.,) who, though partially eclipsed by his renowned namesake and relative in the field of literature, has stamped his name indelibly on that of geographical research as the daring and successful explorer, if not indeed the actual discoverer, of that remote and mysterious spot where, far away in the grim solitudes of the Kong Mountains, trickles from between two dark rocks that tiny stream which is hereafter to become the mighty Niger. The quaint epithet of "gauntly handsome," applied by a popular novelist to one of his heroes, photographs Reade as he was when I first met him. His tall, slender figure, and dark, handsome, rather dreamy face, were much more suggestive of an artist or a poet than of a hardy and adventurous explorer. Nor did his conversation do more than his outward aspect in helping a stranger to guess what he really was; for, from first to last, I never heard him make the slightest allusion to those perilous achievements of which many men would have boasted without scruple.

When I saw him for the last time he was just setting off on his mission as a special correspondent to the seat of the Ashantee War of 1873-4, which drew to it two other men even more famous than himself—viz., Stanley and Major Butler, of "Great Lone Land" celebrity. The tinge of melancholy which had by that time

become habitual to him matched very picturesquely with the Byronic outline of his features; but a superstitious observer might well have seen in it the deepening shadow of approaching death. And such indeed it proved to be; for, although he survived all the perils of the dreadful march to Coomassie, and came unharmed through the rain of fire that fell upon the gallant "Black Watch" in the fatal wood of Amoaful, a less glorious end was awaiting him at home only a few short months later.

Of the three great pioneers—Schweinfurth, Rohlfs, and Nachtigall—whom Germany has sent into the field of African travel during the present generation, the last in some respects stands highest of all. Few more daring deeds have ever been done than the adventurous doctor's journey across the whole breadth of the Sahara Desert, from the Mediterranean to Lake Tchad. In fact, it repeated with singular exactness the wonderful exploit of Réné Caillié in 1829, substituting the coast of Tripoli for that of Barbary as its starting-point, and the great inland sea of the Soudan for Timbuctoo as its final goal. Nor were the perils of the gallant Frenchman among the fierce Moorish tribes of the western Sahara one whit more formidable than those encountered by Dr. Nachtigall further to the eastward, in traversing the savage region where poor Miss Tinné—herself no mean name in the annals of African travel—was cruelly murdered by the ferocious Tuaregs of Ghat not many years ago.

It has, indeed, been said by some members of that numerous body which persistently strives to belittle every feat that it cannot, or dare not, perform itself, that but for the protection and friendship of a Mohammedan devotee whom he met on his way his great task would never have been accomplished; but it was his own skill and good judgment which won him that protection, and he deserves the full credit of all the advantages reaped from it. Moreover, even the expedition to Lake Tchad, which would have sufficed most men for a lifetime, was not enough for *him*. He pushed on through the still more dangerous and unknown regions to the south of it, and his exploration of the Logoné River (one of the great lake's southern feeders) and its tributary, the Bahar-Kuti, will bear comparison with the boldest achievements of Clapperton, Denham, and Mungo Park. Justly, indeed, did his countrymen choose for the site of his monument the noble headland of Cape Palmas, looking down from one side upon the infinite sea, and from the other upon that mighty and unknown continent whose secrets he gave his life to penetrate.

But his just fame rises higher still when we consider that, despite his phenomenal hardihood and endurance, he was not naturally strong like his two famous rivals. He would often describe with considerable humour the amazement of the bulky savages of Kanem and Bornu at the smaller stature and comparatively slight build of this man who had come so fearlessly among them—an amazement as naïvely expressed as that of Murad Bey, the Mameluke chief, who, when he first saw Napoleon, and found that the terrible "Fire-King," that had mown down his warriors like grass, was a thin, awkward little man, barely five feet high, smote his hands together and exclaimed fiercely, "O Allah! what have thy servants done that they should be conquered by a *thing* like that?"

The last African traveller whom we saw in Africa itself was Mr. H. Johnstone (author of "The River Congo," &c.), who, when we first met him, was acting as British Consul at Duke Town, the native capital of the West African district of Old Calabar, presided over by a fat old coloured gentleman named King Duke (with a flaming scarlet umbrella for his insignia of royalty), who, like the Kentucky carrier in the story, was "frequently honest, and occasionally sober." When I climbed the steep ridge from which the consular residence overlooked the town I was somewhat startled to find there, instead of the bronzed, battered, bearded traveller whom I expected to see, a slim, smooth-faced, almost boyish figure, in straw hat and white flannels, very much like the captain of a cricket eleven at Eton or Rugby.

On our return from visiting the Portuguese settlements in Angola, and the line of their projected railway up the Coanza River, to "cut out" the Congo State, we found Mr. Johnstone leading a kind of Robinson Crusoe life on a small rocky islet in the centre of Ambas Bay (near the mouth of the Camaroons), in a tiny house which, perched on the summit of a precipice whence one narrow path zig-zagged through matted thickets down to the water's edge, would have charmed a seventeenth-century buccaneer. He had already made one expedition up the Camaroons—the higher course of which was still unknown—and was then planning a second that should penetrate the mysterious region beyond those mighty mountains which loomed like gathering storm-clouds along the northern sky, and which first became celebrated a quarter of a century ago through the climbing exploits of Captain Burton. But when he detailed his projects, I could only wish him safe out of them, having seen by fatal proof only a few months before what the Guinea Coast could do.

On our homeward voyage from the scene of our shipwreck at Cestos River one of our fellow-passengers was a shrivelled, bloodless, ghastly spectre—so wasted that one of the cabin-boys carried him on board as easily as a doll—whose white, sunken, haggard face might well have been mistaken for that of a corpse but for the unnatural brightness of the large, hollow, wistful eyes. This miserable wreck was all that remained of a brave young German doctor, the first, though unhappily not the last, victim of that ill-fated German expedition which was sent out to explore the upper stream of the Benueh or Chadda (the great eastern tributary of the Niger) in 1884-5. When he began to recover (for he *did* eventually live, or I should rather say he did not die) he told us many strange experiences, most of which were far too horrible to be quoted here.

DAVID KER.

# THE NEWSPAPER PRINTING PRESS OF TO-DAY.

ANYONE who has spent a night in a newspaper office will have realised how vital speed is to journalism. In the small hours of the morning, when the last speech is coming in on relays of flimsy telegrams, and the compositors are working short "takes" of half a dozen lines apiece, perhaps every one of this one speech; all on the rush, so that the fingers peck at the cases as if the types were alive and fighting in the boxes, and "the man in the opening"—that is, the one behindhand with his instalment—is having a life led him to hurry up; then, indeed, is apparent the need of speed, for the newspaper train waits for no man, and no matter how late the speech may end, the race against time must always be won.

Few people outside the ring have a notion of how a daily newspaper is made, or how the three hundred men on its staff find employment. Of the seventy compositors—"Seventy!" the reader interrupts. "What can they find to do?"

Let us take an ordinary copy of the "Times," and disregarding all previous estimates, which are mostly exaggerated, count it up for ourselves. Here is to-day's paper, an ordinary one, and a very unfavourable one for our purposes, owing to the space occupied by a celebrated case. It consists of two sheets each of eight pages, each page of six columns. Of the ninety-six columns sixty-one are news, and the remainder mostly solidly printed advertisements, 1,264 in number. The columns one upon the other would measure fifty-eight yards over all. If the matter had been printed in book form, in the same type, it would have made a volume of 384 pages. It contains 200,000 words, and the million letters with which they have been set would extend side by side for close upon a mile. Even an ordinary penny daily will have its 750,000 letters, to say nothing of the leads and spaces; and at least half of these have to be manipulated between six o'clock in the afternoon and one o'clock in the morning.

The "Times" is an unfortunate illustration perhaps, as for years the greater portion of it has been set by machinery, the ordinary notion of printing—a man sitting at a piano and rippling out types—having been long realised in that office regardless of expense. Nearly all the paper except the advertisements is now set by Kastenbein machines, as improved by the late Mr. Macdonald; and in fact not a little of the paper's unpopularity among "the trade" is due to its being a non-society office, and "employing machinery to do the work of men." The "Times" has a telephone connected with the Houses of Parliament. The shorthand notes are read off at Westminster through it, and the messages are dictated to the type-setters. Later in the night the original transcript of the shorthand writer is received, and the proofs are read by it, so as to check the telephonic dictation. The machine works at great speed, and sets a column of solid matter in an hour. All its disadvantages are made the most of by outsiders, and it is no secret that the Partingtonian broom has been at work for years endeavouring to keep out the machine-type-setting sea.

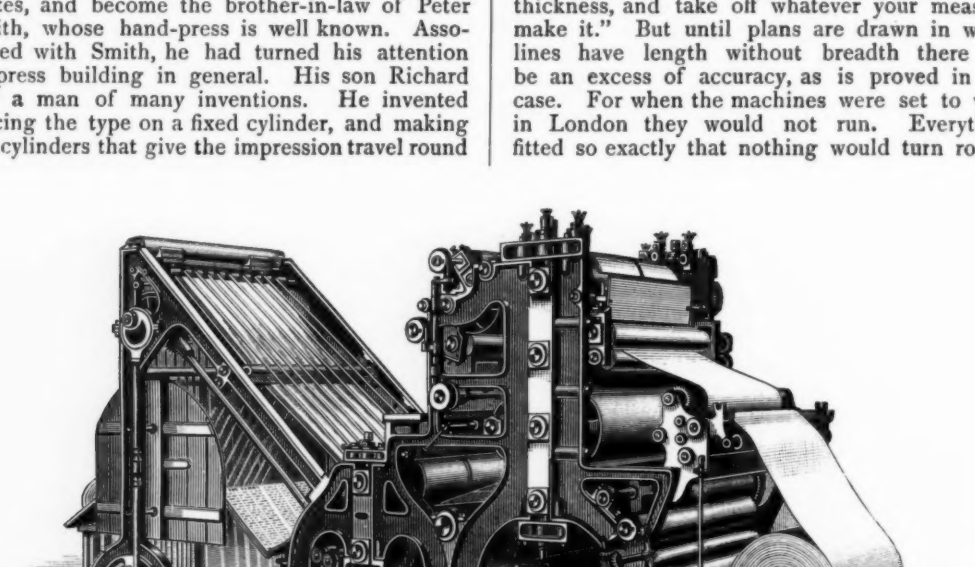
Besides the Kastenbein there are at least half a dozen successful patterns of these mechanical compositors without souls. There are the Mackie, the Swedish Lagerman, and the American Mergenthaler, now better known as the Linotype. There is the Fraser, which set 10,000 pages of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and for book-work is in such growing demand. There is the Hattersley, which is at work on the Liverpool papers and at Sheffield. And there is that ingenious nicked-type machine the Thorne, now used on the "Manchester Guardian," a single apparatus which both distributes and composes, the types going in at one end and coming out set up at the other, requiring only to be "justified."

But the bulk of our journals are set by hand; and busily go the hands at half-past one in the morning. About two o'clock the last page reaches "the foundry" to be stereotyped. Stereotyping is an old device. Van der Mey used to solder the bottoms of common type together, and make a stereo in that fashion. Ged, the Scotchman, began the new style; Andrew Wilson introduced the plaster of paris method; Cowper had, of course, something to say in the matter; but stereotyping was useless for rotary purposes until Dellagana's papier-maché process appeared. In fact, there has been no part of the present system of printing which has not been of gradual development.

"On asking," says Mr. Herbert Spencer of the Walter machine, "not what is its proximate, but what is its remote origin, the reader finds in the first place that this automatic printing machine is lineally descended from other automatic printing machines which have undergone successive development, each presupposing others that went before; without cylinder printing machines long previously used and improved, there would have been no Walter press. He inquires a step further, and discovers that this last improvement became possible only by the help of papier-maché stereotype, which, first employed for making flat plates, afforded the possibility of making cylindrical plates. And tracing this back, he finds that plaster of paris stereotyping came before it, and that there was another process before that. Again, he learns that this highest form of automatic printing, like the many less developed forms preceding it, depended for its practicability on the introduction of rollers for distributing ink instead of the hand implements used by printers' devils fifty years ago; which rollers, again, could never have been made fit for their present purposes without the discovery of that curious elastic compound out of which they are cast. And then, on tracing the more remote antecedents, he finds an ancestry of hand-printing presses, which through generations had been successively improved."

In "The Centenary of the Rotary Printing Press" we dealt with comparatively ancient history; in this paper let us carry our tale up to the latest development.[1]

Applegath's vertical cylinder had a creditable life, but a short one. In 1848 a Paris newspaper, "La Patrie," received a "Lightning Press" from America. This was the invention of Richard Hoe. Hoe's father was a Leicestershire carpenter who had emigrated to the States, and become the brother-in-law of Peter Smith, whose hand-press is well known. Associated with Smith, he had turned his attention to press building in general. His son Richard was a man of many inventions. He invented placing the type on a fixed cylinder, and making the cylinders that give the impression travel round



THE WALTER PRESS.

it; then he put the type on a revolving cylinder, and kept the impression cylinders in fixed positions. This was the Lightning press. The Planetarium, as Hoe's first rotary press was called, was patented—his third patent—on 30th July, 1844.

In 1851 a second Lightning machine crossed the Atlantic, this time to London, to print "Lloyd's News." Its superiority for newspaper work was at once acknowledged. Two similar machines were ordered for "The Times," on condition that the workmanship of the new Lightnings was not so flashy; and to ensure the best of workmanship it was arranged that they should be made at Whitworth's of Manchester, then reputed to be the most accurate mechanics in the world. A somewhat amusing story is told of Whitworthian exactness. When the first machine was being erected Hoe's representative found that one of the spindles was a little too tight, and he sent it back to the shop with a request for "a shade" to be taken off it. Up came Whitworth's highly scientific foreman to tell the American that in their shop they did not work to "shades," but to measurement. "If you will tell us what you want in decimals, we will do it, but we will have none of your harum-scarum shades!" "Oh!" said the Yankee, "there, there's that sheet of paper; take that away with you and decimal up its thickness, and take off whatever your measures make it." But until plans are drawn in which lines have length without breadth there can be an excess of accuracy, as is proved in this case. For when the machines were set to work in London they would not run. Everything fitted so exactly that nothing would turn round. There was hardly an allowance for air between the working surfaces, let alone a lubricant; and the spindles had to be eased, more or less undecimally, before a sheet could be printed. Then all went well, and the men of measurement and the men of shades shook hands.

For fifteen years the Hoes were supreme in the newspaper world. They were big, busy-looking complications, with a range of platforms on each side, a large central cylinder, a smaller impression cylinder for each platform, and a pile of flyers one above the other stroking down the sheets as they came shivering from each of the deliveries. The flat slab of type had gone; the type had now found its way round a cylinder; this cylinder in its revolution worked against from four to ten other cylinders, round each of which separately the sheets were fed and printed, so that every shelf did its own work. With ten platforms, though only one side could be printed at a time, an output of 8,000 copies per hour could be obtained. At first it

[1] See "Leisure Hour" for January. On page 169, in the third paragraph of the second column, the quotation should not end at "sir," but at "effect."

took twenty-five men to work it, but with the addition of the "flyers"—the waving gridirons that are so conspicuous in printing machinery—this number was reduced, the press then requiring the services of a man on each shelf, ten in all, as feeders, and four as removers, while two more were required to attend to the folding. Counting the overseer we have thus a staff of nineteen, and an average output of 420 copies per hour per man.

But there is no finality in machinery. About 1860 the process of printing from stereotype was first brought to perfection; and in 1862 a machine-shop was set up in the "Times" office, wherein Macdonald and Calverley began the building of the press named after the chief proprietor of that famous newspaper. With the Walter rotary, which replaced the Lightning in 1866, it became possible with an overseer and six unskilled hands to keep two machines going, each at the rate of 11,000 an hour, including stoppages, thus making the output 3,140 copies per hour per man.

The Walter owed its superiority to its printing from stereotype instead of from the "movable" type, and using paper in a continuous piece instead of cut up into separate sheets. The curving of the stereotype had been thought of by Cowper, but the difficulty was how to do it, his own plan not working satisfactorily. He also had thought of printing from the roll, but there had been difficulties in the way, not the least of which was the opposition of the Revenue authorities, who preferred to levy the duty on reams composed of so many sheets. It was only when the paper duty was repealed that printing from the reel had a fair chance—another instance of how taxation may choke a trade.

Printing from continuous paper is known as "web-printing," "roll-printing," or "reel-printing." Cowper was not the only one who had thought of it; but though the breath of inspiration does not always come from the Patent Office, it very often does so, and it is curious to note how that same mystic breath crosses and recrosses the Atlantic. Fifty-three years ago an American made a machine to print a duodecimo Robinson Crusoe from the *strip*. Forty-three years ago Applegath proposed to print from the *reel*. Thirty years ago a firm at Buffalo secured a patent for "printing from a *continuous piece of paper*." The jurors of our 1862 Exhibition reported that "the course of the sheet in laying on at the Hoe machine is as direct as it can be made, short of printing from a continuous *web*." Evidently web printing was in the air. On April 14th, 1863, a few months afterwards, William Bullock, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, patented his rotary machine "to print from a continuous *roll*." Some of the Bullock machines crossed to this country, and were worked to print the "Field" and other papers. In some quarters the Walter is claimed to be but a development of the Bullock; just as in others it is said to come from the Beach or Double Hoe.

Be this as it may—and it probably is untrue—the Walter takes us back even nearer to Nicholson than did the Lightning. The Lightning had the central type cylinder and the girdle of smaller impression cylinders; the Walter has a printing cylinder and an impression cylinder both of the same size. But in the Walter, the parts are duplicated so as to print both sides instead of only one. At the bottom is a type cylinder with inking rollers alongside; above this is an impression cylinder which the paper runs under; above that is another impression cylinder which the paper in reversal runs over; above that is another type cylinder with the inking arrangement; the cylinders, be it understood, being all four of the same size.

The reel of paper is over five miles long. It weighs 800 lb., and is sufficient for over 10,000 eight-page sheets of the newspaper. As it enters the machine it passes over a tension roller, and then, if it has not been damped in the reel, it goes over and under two steam damping cylinders; then it passes between two small rollers to steady it and save it from dragging; and then it runs over the upper impression cylinder, being printed on its upper side as it passes under the type cylinder above it. Travelling round the impression cylinder it is taken by its printed side round the lower impression cylinder and receives its second printing as it passes over the lower type cylinder below. As it passes round the lower impression cylinder the inked surface leaves more or less of a mark, and to prevent this being transferred to the paper again a drum of the same diameter as the impression cylinder removes the ink which is thus accumulated on the blanket, and this drum is then cleaned by a small absorbent roller. From the lower type cylinder the paper runs between two cutting cylinders, where the saw-edged knife in one of the cylinders perforates the web, which is almost immediately torn apart by two sets of rapidly-running tapes, one set of which travels faster than the other. The separate sheets are then taken down into the folding machine, from which the papers are delivered ready for sale. Such is the Walter press as used to-day to print the "Times," and, curiously enough, its present active antagonist, the "Daily News," and many others of the successful papers in the provinces and on the continent.

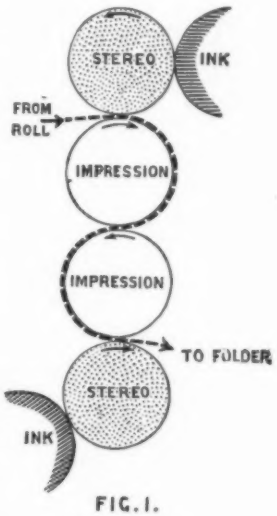



FIG. 1.
WALTER.

For a time it was the king of printing machines. But inventors were soon at work endeavouring to equal it. In full swing it runs off 12,000 an hour, and to get this 12,000 an hour in a somewhat similar way without unduly trespassing on the few

new details that had proved patentable was the object of the rival printing-press engineers.

At first the Walter delivered its papers unfolded. Here was the first opening. In 1870 the Victory came out, which not only delivers its papers folded, but counts them and delivers them in dozens or what not. The Victory is a favourite machine with country papers, all of which can be identified by the peculiar folding. Take up one of these papers, and you will find it folded in such a way that you have to open the first and last pages right out before you can get at the middle. The fold has its advantages, but the advantages are not at first apparent to the man in a hurry. In the Victory—at least in some forms—the paper after being damped passes between two rollers and over a board, so as to smooth it before it touches the type. The type cylinders are side by side with the impression cylinders below them, all four being of the same size. The paper runs along the top of the machine and then descends almost perpendicularly into it between the type cylinders. It runs backwards towards the reel to begin with, and is printed on one side as it passes round the impression cylinder; then it rises to the upper surface of the second impression cylinder and is printed on the other side, and then it is cut

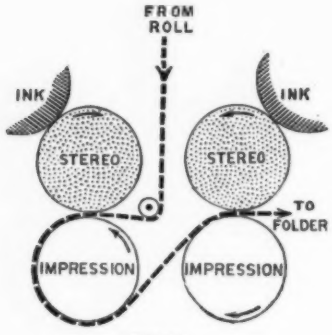



FIG. 2.

VICTORY.

lengthwise, folded once, cut crosswise, and then in separate sheets is dealt with by the folding apparatus, which delivers it along what looks like a series of desks on each side. In full career it can turn out 12,000 copies of an eight-page paper, or 24,000 copies of a four-page paper, per hour.

Close on the heels of the Victory, of which there are over 160 examples in use, came the Prestonian with movable type in a curved chase, which movable soon gave place to stereo. The Prestonian, which was introduced into London by the "Standard," had a capital folding arrangement, and this arrangement fitted to the "Daily News" machines gave the Walter press its present form. Of Prestonians, more or less improved, there are now about two dozen printing London newspapers. In them the impression cylinders are over each other, and the type cylinders are alongside them, but on opposite sides, the upper one being near the folders. The paper from a reel in the rear is led up over the machine, entering it perpendicularly about the centre, passing at once round the upper impression cylinder and getting printed; then it passes towards the rear over the

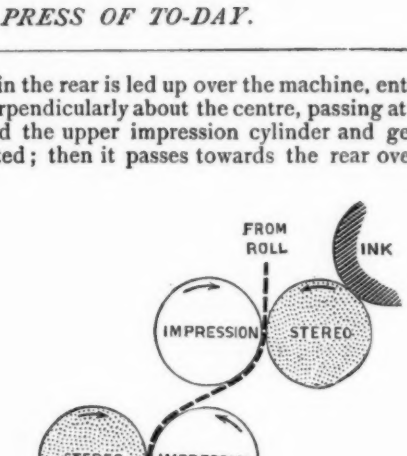



FIG. 3

PRESTONIAN

under impression cylinder, and is printed on the other side; and then it travels along the base of the machine beneath the impression cylinders into the folder.

Two years after the Prestonian, that is in 1873, came the Marinoni web, which has its cylinders arranged as in the Walter, but with the inkers at the top and bottom. It need not detain us, for soon afterwards a more important new Hoe machine appeared in the market, which at once regained the lead that had for a time been held by the Walter. And now a much improved Hoe has appeared, the "Double Supplement Insetting Machine," which we may look upon as the leading rotary press of 1890. This machine prints from two rolls instead of one, and consequently gives twice the speed or twice the quantity of the early rotaries. It prints and delivers folded a sixteen-page paper at the rate of 24,000 copies an hour, and an eight-page paper at a rate of 48,000 an hour; and these copies are not only delivered folded, but are pasted together down the centre margins as if they were pamphlets, and counted out in dozens, quires, or any batches required. It is now nearly forty years since the first Lightning machine built in this country began to print "Lloyd's News." It was Mr. Lloyd of the "Daily Chronicle" who ran the first of the Hoe web machines, in 1873; and now it is Mr. Lloyd who has the first of these new "Quadruples" at work on a London daily newspaper. The "Chronicle," like the "Daily Telegraph," has always been a Hoe house, and both papers are now changing their machines for new ones as fast as they can be built.

There are now over 700 Hoe machines at work in the newspaper offices of both hemispheres, the greatest power being in the machine-room of the New York "World," where the output is 200,000 eight-page papers per hour. Most of the presses are made in New York, in a factory which is 1350 feet long, 100 feet wide, and from five to seven floors high, giving an area of five acres and a half; but all the English machines are made

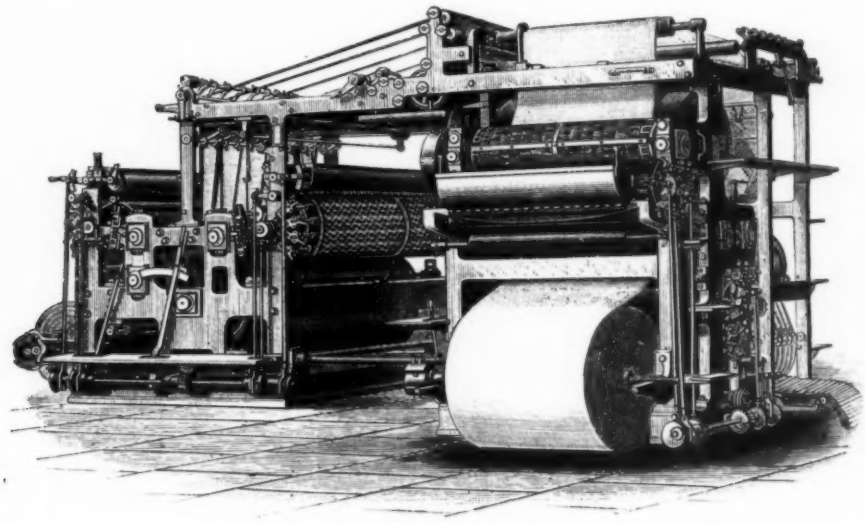
throughout at the works in Mansfield Street, so familiar to what Mr. Sam Gerridge denominated "the nobility and gentry of the Borough Road." Here can be seen the patterns being made for the castings; the tools making tools to make tools to cut and bore the frames and gearing; the turning and the planing, and fitting and erecting; and, in short, the complete growth of a rotary from the drawing-office to the trial run. And there is accommodation for the building of six of the largest machines at the same time. Here they are built and tried, and then taken to pieces to be built again in the newspaper machine-room.

But we left our newspaper as it left the composing-room; let us follow it further. When the type reaches the foundry it is in flat chases, as it used to be of old. The stereotyper lightly oils it and lays a sheet of "flong" upon it. The flong is a pasty mass made by pasting together a few sheets of tissue, blotting, and brown paper. It is beaten into the type with a long-handled brush, or else rolled into it with an indiarubber roller. In this way a mould is taken of the whole area of type, and the mould is dried and placed in a casting-box, whose radius is the same as that of the printing cylinder. The box rests on its side in a frame, and its lid is balanced with a counterweight. A ladleful of stereo-metal —lead and antimony and "something else"—is taken from the melting pot and poured into the narrow mouth which extends all along the drum. Soon the mould is full and the metal runs over. It does not take long to cool. The lid is swung up; the bright casting is at once attacked by a saw and plane that trim its edges, and in a few minutes is in its place on the printing cylinder. In a quarter of an hour from the time of leaving the composing-room the castings will be fitted on the machine.

The machine is ready to start. We are to print a sixteen-page paper in duplicate on the new Quadruple Hoe. Both rolls, each double the width of the paper when open, have been rewound from the maker's roll and examined and damped in the reeling. They are each over six miles long, and have been threaded into place through the machine.

The word is given to go. A pull is applied to the levers as if we were starting the engine of an Atlantic liner. Slowly the wheels and drums begin to move, but every revolution is faster, and soon they are fully under way, and the wheels hum and the drums roar as the white stream seethes among them, and the folded journals throb feathering out at the end at the rate of 200 every half minute, being 24,000 an hour!

Watch the course of the main roll. It gets to



THE HOE QUADRUPLE PRESS.

business at once on top of the impression cylinder, takes the type, passes under the second impression cylinder (which is double the size of the other, so as to minimise the set-off), runs up the further side of it, gets its second printing, and hurries aloft into the folding frame. As it enters, it is cut longitudinally, and the two halves are turned outwards at half a right angle, and then turned inwards again, so that one runs under the other.

Now watch the side roll. That also is printed first on one side, then on the other. That also finds its way aloft, to be cut longitudinally. That also is turned outwards and inwards. But it is also turned away at a right angle, and in two halves, one above the other, slips in between the two halves of the main roll, so that four streams are travelling in parallel planes. The inner two have passed over a small disc revolving in a paste trough; and down the centre of each is a wet line like the track of a snail. Soon the two upper and the two lower approach one another.

They bend right and left. Their centres run over a former—a broad, smooth, sloping shelf of steel, in shape an equilateral triangle. The vertex of the triangle is a steel point worked by a stubborn spring. The point comes just in the centre of the paper, which droops on each side and folds downwards into half as it passes over it. As soon

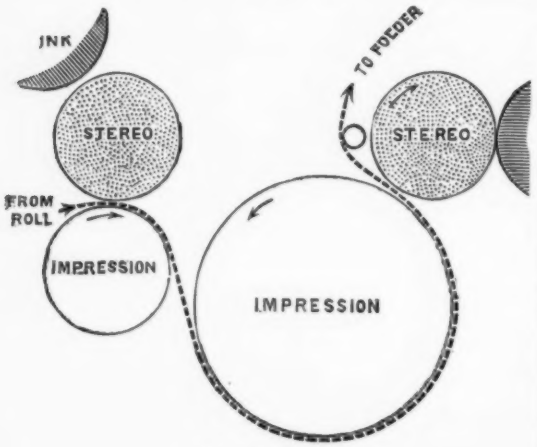



FIG. 4. HOE.

as the crease is complete the paper is again in trouble; it reaches a pair of cylinders carrying a double set of knives, which fold its end and cut the web just where the end comes, while the blades on the opposite cylinders crease the paper across the middle of the page, and thrust it between the small rollers, which give it the final mangle and hurry it out to the delivery.

The characteristic of the Hoe folding apparatus is that the movement is rotary throughout: the paper never goes back; its course is entirely an onward one, and the web is not cut until just as it leaves the folders. The result is that the paper supports itself all through the machine, and the tapework is reduced to a minimum. The reels of paper taken by these double machines are enormous. Those for the "Daily Chronicle" are 94¼ inches wide; but these are not the widest, for those used on the Philadelphia "Ledger," Mr. Childs's paper, are eight feet wide. Half-rolls can be used if desired; half the press can be used; no paste need be used unless required; the paper can be delivered in separate pages. In fact, there are many possible combinations of this useful contrivance, which, taken at its best, delivering the papers inset, pasted, cut top and bottom, turned out compact as a pamphlet, and, by an additional device much used in America, even folded and wrappered ready for post, is a veritable triumph of mechanism.

This is the latest of the Hoes, be it understood. The bulk of the machines used in newspaper work are not of this character; but the single rolls, single widths, and double widths now in use in most offices will all eventually be superseded. Hoes, Walters, Marinonis, Prestonians, and Victories divide the London work amongst them. Every paper has its reserve, so that the number of machines is not a satisfactory test of circulation; but taking them all together, it will be found to be no exaggeration to say that between two and four o'clock every week-day morning a thousand miles of London newspaper are given to the world by means of the rotary press.

W. J. GORDON.

## "Ye, Lovers Twain."

Ye, lovers twain, went home
Through tender deepening night,
But all your life to come
Looked to you one light.

One light indeed it is,
Or may be, if ye will;
Nay, trust your Lord for this,
In weal, in woe, and ill.

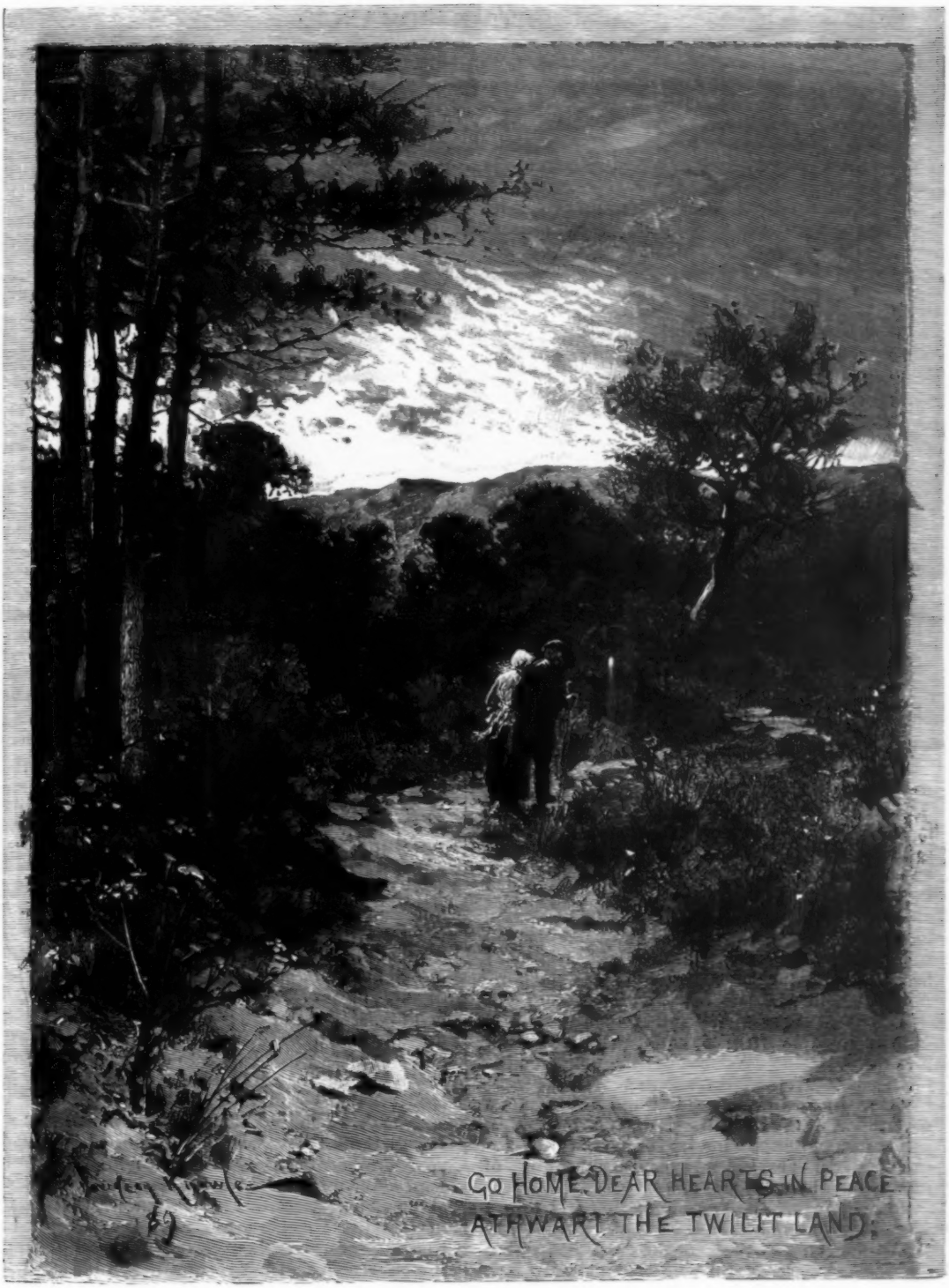
For night herself hath stars
More glorious than the sun;
Behind our cloudy bars
They are shining on.

Go home, dear hearts, in peace,
Athwart the twilit land;
Forest leaves ne'er cease
Soft sounds on either hand.

And if a tear fall low
From me who have lived long,
For loves of long ago,
Earth no more may know,
Faith sings Her undersong;

"They only seemed to die,
God numbered all and knew;
Beautiful they lie
In calm eternity,
Alive and fresh with dew."

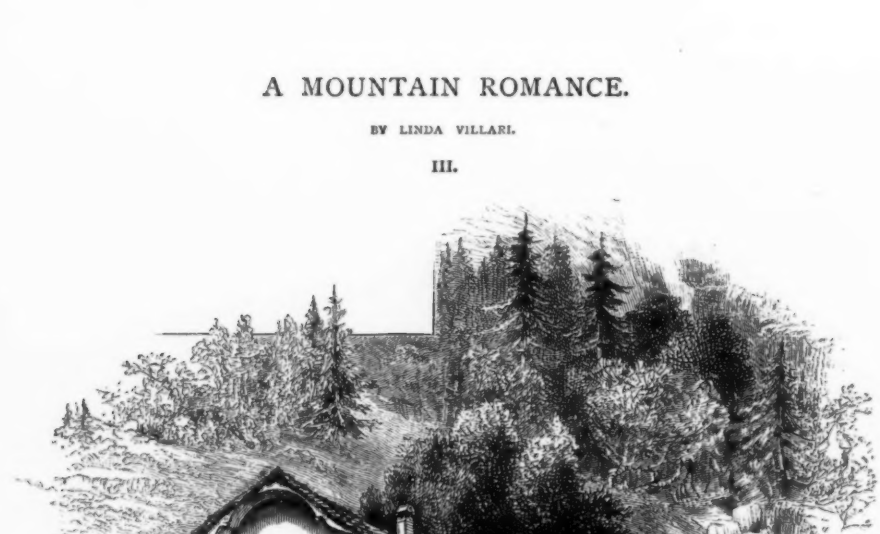
RODEN NOEL.


GO HOME, DEAR HEARTS, IN PEACE
ATHWART THE TWILIT LAND;

# A MOUNTAIN ROMANCE.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

III.



PENSION AT GRESSONEY.

ELENA did not forget us. I was sketching the view from the balcony after breakfast when a big bunch of edelweiss and geraniums arrived, together with a note in a delicate, pointed handwriting, to remind me of our engagement for the afternoon. "Come here, Kit!" I cried; and Kit obediently appeared at the window. He was in his shirt-sleeves, unpacking his books, and looked so blithe and young after his long night's rest that I hesitated a moment before passing him the note. A horrible idea struck me. That beautiful girl with Nellie's eyes—what if my brother—but no—even in imagination I could not put the thought into words. He just glanced at the note, and his matter-of-fact reply was reassuring.

"Go, Joan, by all means, and bring me a description of the interior. I don't drink coffee, you know, and must write lots of letters."

Then—Kit always had a horrible gift of reading my thoughts—he added, gravely,

"Mind, Joan, I am not a fool, though I own I was upset yesterday by the strange resemblance. I can assure you there is no danger; your mind may be quite easy. I'll write you as many love scenes as you please, but don't be afraid of my acting any."

I blushed like a girl, exclaimed that he was a wizard, but could not refrain from adding, "The danger might be on the other side. You are handsomer now than when you were young."

"Worse and worse, my poor old Joan; the heat of Ivrea has muddled your brain. The hero of our Gressoney romance lives at Issime, and that swarthy Baron has a poor chance."

"I like the Doctor," said I, incoherently, relieved by Kit's declaration.

"So do I, but I shouldn't care to see much of him. Ever since I wrote that pathological novel last year I shun all of his profession. I never told you, I think, the effect of my medical researches. I am always detecting signs of disease in my fellow-creatures, forecasting the manner of their death; and whenever I see a doctor, I itch to consult him and verify my observations. Now I want to shake off the habit. It is painful to see people's doom written in their faces."

"Don't be morbid," I answered, in alarm, "or I shall think the success of your book has turned your brain. Besides, it is all nonsense; you must allow for the unforeseen, for battle, murder, and sudden death. I don't know what fatal disease you have kindly assigned to me or to yourself, but, you know, we might be thrown from our mules, or slip on the ice, or fall down a precipice on one of these steep mountains. And that can't be written on our faces!"

He laughed. "You are right there, Joan; the chance of some violent catastrophe is my

only diversion when I am seized with a fit of diagnosis." So saying, he went back to his books.

Like most clever men, Kit detested pension life, and shrank from being lionised by wandering English. Accordingly, he was relieved to find that our only fellow-guests were middle-class Italians; speaking no language save their own. I, on the contrary, was a little sorry, having hoped to find some congenial souls settled down, like ourselves, for a quiet summer. While sharing Kit's hatred for the tourist tribe in general, I knew one often met delightful people in these out of the way spots. Some of my best friends have been owed to chance meetings in hotels, and at any rate one may fall in with curious types and experiences. Then, too, one gets human companionship without the labour of society. One has no part to play, no duties either as inviter or invited. It was really disappointing not even to find the usual enterprising spinster, who has been everywhere, seen everything, and spent next to nothing.

So I set out for the Denabians' in a very social mood, and, stiff from my journey, walked slowly by the river-side, thoroughly enjoying the restfulness of the scene. The broad-eaved, high-roofed houses that clustered about the church suggested comfort and peace; the pleasant meadows were bathed in sunshine, spirals of smoke going up from homestead and cottage scattered here and there on the slopes; a quaint little belfry peeped forth from the larches higher up. Birds were singing, grasshoppers chirping, bees humming, cattle bells tinkling; there was a continual murmur of falling water, the stronger note of the river's flow; and now and then rending the placid symphony, as lightning rends the sky, a human voice rang forth from the mountains with a fantastic cry of cadenced laughter. Surely this was a happy valley, for even those grim grey crags overhanging the pine woods towards the head of the glen could not shut out the shining ice crests soaring to heaven beyond!

I was lingering on the bridge by the village, watching the swift rush of the Lys, and fascinated by its exquisite tint, when I heard Elena's voice at my ear. The nice little thing had come to meet me "lest I should miss my way." I gazed on her with motherly admiration. This sprightly maid, with petticoats of brilliant red cloth, black velvet bodice, puffs of soft muslin at neck and elbow, and a most coquettish little hat, was a different being from the shy, demure school-girl of the previous day, in her dingy brown convent frock. Now she danced by my side across the square, rejoicing in her new-won liberty, and anxiously asking what I thought of Gressoney.

First of all, I must see their cows, she said; and, passing the front entrance of the Denabian house, she led me round the corner to a smaller door, with a brass slit for letters in it. This was the stable, she said.

Did the Gressoney cows take in the letters? I wondered. But this door opened into a passage communicating with the house; the cow chamber —I cannot call it the cow stable—was to the left. Elena's boast about it was well justified. I found myself in a spacious hall lined with polished wood, and sweet with the perfume of well-kept kine. About a quarter of the space was screened off by a partition eight feet high, and this portion had flower-filled windows and was furnished with a long table, a couple of benches, carved cupboards, and several armchairs. As for the cows, they lived in state beyond the partition, each one railed off from its neighbour by polished wooden bars. The floor sloped slightly from either row of stalls to a streamlet of clear water running through the centre of the stable. There was an abundance of clean straw, the mangers were full of hay, and the sleek, well-fed beasts turned a placid gaze upon us as Elena patted them and told me their names. The rest of the cows were up at a mountain farm, she said, a lovely spot; she would like me to see it.

Then, explaining that the cosy stable-parlour was only used in winter, she led me upstairs to the summer saloon, a big wainscoted room, clumsily furnished with a few vile daubs of dead-and-gone Denabians on the walls. It had a cheerful outlook on to the square between the tiers of pelargoniums and hydrangeas arranged in the glass-covered verandah.

Here we found Tante Luisa, presiding over a huge silver coffee-pot. She was very kind and hospitable, and seemed very fond of her niece. But it was evident that what with rheumatism and household cares, she would be rather a dull companion for this lively young girl. So, with the selfish purpose of securing a good deal of Elena's society for myself, I made many advances to this rustic aunt, satisfied her curiosity as to my reasons for coming to Gressoney, also as to the number of my children and grandchildren, and listened meekly to a long account of all the aches and pains she suffered in winter.

Nevertheless, conversation presently flagged. I glanced round the room. "Where is your piano, my dear?" I said to Elena. "Sister Michela told me you were an excellent musician; I should much like to hear you play."

The girl flushed crimson. "Papa has sold our old piano to the hotel," she whispered hurriedly, "but I have asked him to buy me another."

"Eh, what?" broke in Tante Luisa. "A new piano! We must first hear what the grandmamma says."

Elena's eyes opened wide. "What has grandmamma to do with it?" she asked, impatiently.

"Bambina mia!" exclaimed the old lady with a frightened air, "take care what you say."

"Perhaps the Baroness wishes to give the new piano herself?" I suggested.

"Who knows what the Baroness wishes? But we have to consult her," sighed the old lady. "The other piano would have served for a time; it ought not to have been sold, for it belonged to the child's mother."

"I'll sing you something, if you wish, Madame Stewart," said the young girl; and standing before me, head erect, hands folded, she at once burst into a bird-like carol, beginning gaily, but sinking to a plaintive cadence at the end.

Her aunt's eyes filled with tears.

"Thy mother used to sing that, but it is only a little mountain melody. Try one of the fine pieces they taught thee at the convent, my child. That might please the English lady better."

I hastened to say I preferred folk-songs, while poor little Elena whispered to me that the others required an accompaniment.

When I presently rose to take leave I begged the old lady to allow her niece to come with me to the church.

"Surely, surely; show the lady thy mother's tomb," said the aunt, readily; "but do not be away long, lest the grandmamma should miss thee when she comes." And then, with renewed thanks, in her brother's name, for my care of "the child," the friendly woman insisted on hobbling downstairs to let me out by the brass-handled, little-used front-door.

As we walked up the lane to the church I asked Elena if she had seen the Doctor again.

She gave me a bright smile. Yes; he had come back from La Trinité early that morning and brought her flowers. She had added some of the edelweiss to my bouquet. She was sure I would like its soft white stars, and it did not grow in England, she knew.

"My brother and I have taken a great fancy to your old playmate," I said. "How nice for you to find him here!"

She blushed a little.

"Ye-es," she said, hesitatingly; "but oh, madame, it is not quite the same as when we were children. Grandmamma and my eldest cousin have quarrelled with poor Franz, and so papa and Tante Luisa don't like him to come much to the house. It is very sad."

I could not help remarking that this grandmamma seemed to be a very terrible person.

"No, no; only domineering," said Elena, with rather a watery smile. "You see, she is spoilt, just because people are afraid of her. It is strange—even my father submits to her in all things. She has been good to me, and I like her. But I will not quarrel with Franz on her account. He and I were always fast friends."

I had my own ideas as to what this friendship might become, but refrained from expressing them, and turned my attention to the primitive frescoes lining the arcade surrounding the grass-plot before the church. Elena's admiration for these daubs, especially for a saint with two left feet, proved that art had not been included in the convent course of study. After pointing out the granite obelisk to the memory of the grandfather who had perished on Monte Rosa, she led me into the church. It was rather spacious, very damp, and a faint breath of incense struggled unsuccessfully against the prevailing mustiness. A few brocaded banners propped against the walls and the red shirts and flowered kerchiefs of some kneeling women gave a little brightness to the humble interior.

"Isn't it a beautiful church?" whispered my companion, with much the same pride with which I have sometimes introduced transatlantic friends to the glories of Westminster Abbey. But the rosebud face and sweet eyes, turned so triumphantly towards me, made it easy to express the desired admiration. We were inspecting the tawdry ornaments of the high altar, when Kit suddenly appeared from the sacristy, accompanied by a priest and the black-browed Baron Felsen we had seen on the piazza. I looked attentively at the heir of the dreaded grandmother, and did not like what I saw in his face.

After the usual introductory courtesies, Kit plunged into a discussion with the French-speaking priest on the origin of Gressoney. One would have supposed he had dwelt in the valley for years, instead of hours, by the number of facts he had amassed.

Nevertheless, I only listened to the dialogue with half an ear; it was more interesting to watch the Baron's attempts to monopolise his cousin's attention. But Elena took refuge in nun-like demureness; all her vivacity had fled, and the Baron's bold glances failed to win any response from her downcast eyes. She plainly disliked the man. I began to think of hawks and doves. This little dove would do more than flutter, I was sure; her determined air of aloofness expressed some power of flight. Still, the chase might prove fierce, especially if the grandmother hawk should join in it.

"Hawk's eye!" exclaimed Kit, breaking suddenly on my reverie as we sauntered down the aisle. "Listen, Joan! Isn't that a more probable derivation than 'plaine de cresson,' as the guide books have it. 'Gresche ei—Gressoney.' Kindly tell my sister the legend of the egg."

"'Tis no legend, but simple history, madame," replied the priest, in his slow, pedantic French. "On the rebuilding of this church in 1773 an egg was found suspended from the vault, and inside it a slip of parchment, inscribed 'Laudatur Jesus Christus,' and dated 1515. And although this egg is said to have been larger than that of a hawk, and similar, in truth, to that of the domestic fowl, we may presume that it had been hung up to record the origin of our town. Nevertheless, madame, I should add that certain writers of note derive the name Gressoney from 'Gerosonio,' a corruption of Iersolis: that is, on the edge of the water, and cite an ancient document recording the donation of a tract of land named Ierosolis, on the banks of the Lys, the which tract was undoubtedly Gressoney. At a later date the Counts of Challants obtained from the Emperor of Germany the investiture of Issime and Gressoney, and received tribute from the inhabitants down to the year 1789. Now—"

"From whatever egg the name was hatched, your Gressoney is a fascinating place," I broke in rather flippantly, for, to tell the truth, I had had enough of the church, and was longing to be out in the sunshine again. But the curé was not easily thrown off his hobby."

"It is unlucky," he continued, "that St. John's Day is past. That is our great festival. Madame, you would have seen our poor church at its best, with all our banners and vestments displayed."

"Yes!" cried Elena, "then all the women wear

their marriage caps, crowns of beaten gold, often covered with jewels, and the Piazza is like a field of poppies with all the scarlet skirts. That is a sight only to be seen at Gressoney."

The priest smiled indulgently on the girl, but disposing, as it were, of her frivolous suggestions by a wave of the hand, resumed his antiquarian discourse.

"After the Benedictus on St. John's Day I distribute from the altar a small measure of wine to every member of the congregation. All sip a little on the spot, and carry away the rest to mix



CHURCH AT GRESSONEY.

with their store. This usage has come down to us from our Teutonic ancestors, and is founded on an incident in the life of our blessed patron. A hardened idolater named Aristomedes gave poisoned wine to St. John, promising to become a Christian if the draught were swallowed with impunity. The saint drank it unharmed, and Aristomedes was converted to the true faith."

"A drinking party in church is a new idea," said Kit to me *sotto voce*, as he scribbled a few words in his note-book; "I should like to see the ceremony."

The Baron overheard him. "It's an indecent practice," he said, gruffly, "and will soon be put down. The curé is too timid to stop it himself, but my brother and I have notified the bishop of the drunkenness caused by it."

"What, in church?" I said, horrified.

"No, the curé's gift is too small for that, but it gives a religious sanction to excess the rest of the day."

The curé's wrinkled cheeks reddened with annoyance. He turned sharply towards the Baron, then checking himself with an effort, remarked in a suspiciously meek voice—

"Baron Felsen is a little hard on my poor flock; they have their faults like other mortals—one must not expect to find all vices confined to the higher classes—but on the whole, they are a sober, upright, God-fearing community."

Elena listened to the priest with approving eyes; the Baron turned aside with a snort. Then the girl led me out into the little graveyard to show me her mother's tomb. The peaceful flower-grown enclosure, within sound of the river and guarded by solemn peaks, seemed a fitting resting-place for the dead. Meanwhile my one-day's friend was twining herself round my heart by the trust with which she appealed to my sympathy in speaking of her mother. As a rule, we elderly folks are kept at arm's-length by the young, and too often reminded that our years are a barrier shutting us off from their confidence. They seldom remember we too were young once. Accordingly I was flattered by the spontaneity with which Elena gave herself away; I felt concerned for her. What would be her lot? She seemed a fragile little blossom set among rough weeds. The kindly aunt would be no great support, I fancied, against boorish father and despotic grandparent. Then I told myself I was an old goose. All that seemed terrible to me might be a matter of course to this simple girl. I did not know her point of view, and remembered the impossibility of gauging the feelings of even our nearest and dearest. Let me be content to show what kindness I could to this child with Nellie's eyes, and leave the rest to Providence. My pity was probably wasted.

So, illogically enough, I was specially tender to my new friend, and proceeded to plan expeditions with her. The terrible grandmother had commanded her presence at Chamonal, some miles off, the following day, and she might have to stay there, but would come to see me on her return. Now, unless I was too tired, she would take me to a wonderful spring, one of the sights of the valley.

On leaving the churchyard we were joined by Kit, who had at last torn himself away from the priest; so after calling at the post for our letters, we three followed a stony lane to the edge of the woods. Elena's spring was in the cellar of a ruinous shanty amid a chaos of rocks. It was a deep pool of the clearest, coldest water, but not otherwise remarkable. The girl, however, enthusiastically declared there was none like it in the

world. It was always the same, summer and winter, and the stream running from it through the meadows was always pure as crystal. We were willing to take its marvels for granted without following its course to the Lys. It was pleasanter to rest under the larches, where woodpeckers were at work, and gaze on the valley in dreamy content, while Kit glanced at his letters and Elena told tales of childish freaks, in which her friend Franz seemed to have played the principal part

IV.

MORE than a week passed without sight of our girl friend, but we were not without news of her. She was still at Chamonal with her grandmother, and the latter had been ill and obliged to call in Dr. Bondaz. We were continually meeting this young man riding up and down the valley, and, considering the extent of his practice, he seemed to devote a surprising amount of care to the old lady's ailments. He was never too hurried to pull up for a chat, and his conversation invariably turned upon Elena Denabian, her sweetness, her beauty, her accomplishments.

Meanwhile I had gleaned much information from the mistress of our inn. Baroness Felsen was the despot of Gressoney, but a beneficent despot when left unopposed. It was considered a great thing for Dr. Bondaz to have been called to the castle, a certificate of merit worth more than all the diplomas he had brought from Turin. When I suggested that, seeing there was no other practitioner within reach, the Baroness had little choice in the matter, my hostess assumed an air of mystery and said,

"The signora does not understand. It is a strange story. Baroness Felsen was furious at the Doctor's return to the valley; people say she offered him a large sum of money on condition that he settled elsewhere."

"What had he done to offend her?" I inquired. "He is a relation, is he not? Miss Denabian told me he was brought up with the family."

"Well, you see, this is how it is," whispered the hostess, with an air of mystery, and thereupon poured out a long rambling tale, from which I disentangled the history of a great wrong. Many years back the Baroness adopted an orphan niece and educated her with her own children. The eldest son, the present Baron's father, wished to marry this cousin, but as she had not a penny his mother forbade the match. There were tremendous scenes at the castle; the young man went abroad with a friend named Bondaz, and shortly afterwards the cousin disappeared. It was rumoured that she had been sent to a convent. Two or three years later the young Baron came home with a bride of his mother's choice, and a few months afterwards his friend Bondaz reappeared with a baby-boy and settled down at Noversch, the other side of the valley. This Bondaz was a harum-scarum ne'er-do-well, who had squandered all his fortune before he went to travel with the Baron. But now his purse seemed full, and he was gayer and wilder than ever, though he could not have long buried his unknown foreign wife. He was always up at the castle, and as time went on his boy was always there too. Indeed, the old Baroness seemed to regard the spirited little Bondaz with more favour than she bestowed on her own grandchildren. The young Baron's wife died after a few years, and then her husband went away again and was scarcely ever seen here until, his health failing, he came back, and, trusting to the virtues of his native air, planned the fine house by the river now being finished for his son. At this point I naturally interrupted the hostess to ask what all this had to do with Dr. Franz.

"Just this," she continued, excitedly. "Some say that his father's unknown wife was no other than the Demoiselle Felsen, who had so strangely disappeared; but the general opinion is that Bondaz was never married, never had a child, and that the late Baron, when dying, acknowledged Franz to be his own legitimate son, the offspring of a secret marriage with his cousin. It is also rumoured that he made his mother swear to reveal the truth, but that she broke her oath, and destroyed the documents entrusted to her care. Anyhow, Franz is still known as Franz Bondaz. The Baroness did all in her power to keep him away from the valley, and refused him admittance at the castle until frightened, the other day, into recourse to his skill. Whether he knows the tale or not, no one is aware; he asserts no claims, seems quite contented with his lot. Probably old Bondaz, who died a month before the Baron, kept silent to the end. So the Baroness is sole mistress of the family secret, and her eldest grandson is likely to remain a village doctor to the end of his days."

I mused over the strange tale, while the good woman poured out a flood of small details. "Of course," she added, "there might be some gossip mixed up with the story, but that Franz had Felsen blood in his veins was proved by his face. There was a portrait of the late Baron in the new house, and no one could look at it without being convinced of the Doctor's parentage."

As it chanced, I had an early opportunity of testing this point of the Gressoney romance; for meeting the Baron by his own gate the same afternoon, he greeted us with effusive politeness, saying that he was on his way to call on us with a message from the Baroness. Would we waive ceremony, as she was not strong enough to call in person, and come to breakfast with her the following day at Chamonal? She was anxious to express her gratitude for our goodness to her grandchild. We accepted at once, for Kit shared my eagerness to behold the redoubtable though, if report spoke truly, most wicked old woman.

And then the Baron forestalled our request to see his house by pressing us to inspect some wood carvings that had just been put up. As strangers, we might be interested to see the skill of the Gressoney workmen. Everything else was still in confusion, nothing worth showing, and so on. It was plain, however, that the young man was very proud of his fine mansion. He led us

up a carved staircase fit for a palace, and on the landing, surrounded by trophies of the chase, hung the portrait to which my hostess had referred. It represented a handsome middle-aged man in Tyrolese dress, seated on a rock with a dead chamois at his feet. It was a startling likeness of Dr. Franz, save that the hair was coal-black instead of golden-brown.

"Why, it might be—" began Kit, but I hastily silenced him by pinching his arm.

"It is a fine painting, I believe," said the Baron, "and the best portrait we have of my father. It was done in Bavaria, where he lived many years. This house, as you see, is of German design. The Baroness insisted on carrying out my father's plans, though for my own part I was content with the old home on the Piazza. The latter," he added, "was to be renovated for the use of his younger brother when the latter had completed his term of military service."

He then led us through the interior, and seemed pleased by our frank admiration of its luxury. The rooms were well-proportioned, the carved ceilings and wainscots in excellent taste. As we picked our way through carpenters' litter to the yet unfurnished reception-rooms, I wondered whether Elena was destined to own them. But this heavy, unattractive young man was by no means worthy of that charming little girl. Even my brother's conversational gifts failed to strike a spark from him. He did not seem to have an idea in his head excepting on the subject of horseflesh and sport. Nevertheless he was friendly enough in his dull way, offered to mount us for our trip to Chamonal, and was surprised to hear that we preferred to go on foot. From the broad terrace overlooking the valley he pointed out the haunts of his chamois and bouquetins on the heights above. He carefully preserved them, he said, and if King Umberto cared to visit Gressoney he would guarantee that his Majesty should have excellent sport. Would we like to see the bouquetin? He would have them brought down from the hills some day, for with one of his keepers they were as tame as sheep.

Once outside the gates, I asked Kit what he thought of the portrait.

"What can I think? That ugly story is probably true. I wonder what the Doctor has to say to it! But, mind you, Joan, the Baron knows nothing; I scrutinised him closely, and am certain of that."

Later in the day I was toiling homewards, laden with flowers, through the glen behind the hotel, when Dr. Bondaz came out of a cottage by the mill, and immediately hurried to join me. He had just come down from Chamonal, and Signorina Elena was looking forward to my visit on the morrow.

I asked whether he would be there. He smiled rather sadly.

"No, worse luck! The old lady has been so quickly cured that I have no occasion to go there again."

I could not help remarking that, in case we ever needed his services, it was a comfort to know that we should not have to send for him all the way to Issime. He had a large practice, evidently, in and about Gressoney.

His sun-burnt face looked a shade redder as he quickly replied, "Of course, madame, there are many strangers in the valley now. Had I the choice, I should live at Gressoney: it is my old home; but most of my time is spent in the saddle."

We were near the inn stable now, and at a whistle from the Doctor his horse was brought out.

I was patting its rough neck when my companion said, hesitatingly, as he untwisted the reins: "Madame, may I—will you forgive me if I make a strange request? But you have been so kind to her—to Elena Denabian—you English



A GIRL OF THE VALLEY.

are so strong and sensible—could you, would you, give her a word of advice? She is young and guileless; she does not know that her father and grandmother have decided to marry her to Baron Carlo. It comes badly from me, perhaps; but believe me, dear lady, he is unworthy of her. Urge her to be firm—to consent to nothing until her heart speaks. Will you do this?"

Here was an embarrassing mission!

"My dear Doctor," I said bluntly, "I quite understand and sympathise. But how can I, a stranger, venture to touch on so delicate a point?"

"Ah, madame! Then what can be done? Who will warn the poor child, and put her on her guard?" he cried, with a look in his eyes that went to my heart.

Thereupon impulse won the day, and I did a foolish thing. Pressing his hand warmly, I said:

"Why need she be warned? It would only alarm her. When you have spoken with her a few times—well, who knows, she may find the

best of reasons for rejecting the Baron. That seems the simplest way."

"Oh, madame!"—and this impetuous young man positively kissed my elderly hand—"you are an angel; you know everything. Yes, I have loved her all my life; came back from Turin for her sake, and—and I *think* she likes me. But I am poor; she is rich. This is a cruel world; there is no hope. But *you* will help me, dear madame!"

And with this incoherent speech the poor Doctor swung himself into the saddle and trotted briskly down the path to the road.

We were in the second act of the Gressoney drama.

When I told Christopher what had passed, he raised his eyebrows, and asked how I should dare to face the grandmother now. But he heartily espoused the Doctor's cause, and agreed that to see him married with Elena would be the best punishment for the old woman's crimes.

I must confess to having felt some sinking of the heart when we started for Chamonal the following morning, but motion and fresh air soon strengthened my nerves, and made me ready to face a tigress. After all, the gloomy forests, stern peaks, and jagged ice-crests at the head of the glen were only a background to the jocund summer scene! Did not children's play, and the drama of love and life, go on, as elsewhere, beneath those frowning heights?

Instead of taking the road through the village, we kept by the river as long as we could, fascinated by the rush of its sparkling flood. Then, skirting flowery slopes and crossing a ravine, our track soon led past a brewery, where the mountain-side was feathered with larches, and across more pastures to another gully, where a cascade plunged down from a beetling crag.

Here Kit halted, pointing to a green patch far above. "That is where the best edelweiss grows," he said. "I mean to climb there one day—but not with you, Joan, for I am told that it is a most slippery, dangerous slope."

"No fear of my attempting it, Kit; only a fly could scale those evil-looking rocks."

But Kit's botanical ardour was stirred, and he stood pondering.

"There must be a track to it higher up through the wood. I shall certainly try it, but with a guide. If one's foot slipped—"

But I interrupted him by suggesting that we must hurry on if we wished to reach Chamonal before noon. After threading a chaos of rocks and a little copse, where the mountain-wall above us pressed close to the stream, the valley suddenly widened out. There were broad-eaved homesteads here and there among the meadows, hamlets clustered in the folds of the hills, mist-wreaths floated about the hoary Grauhaupt, the Lys wound like a silver snake through the sunlit vale. It was strange in this Alpine scene to find a British turnstile obstructing our path; and beyond it a neat bridge led from the meadows to a stout mansion across the stream. Surely this must be Chamonal. No; a friendly herdsman solved our perplexities, and put us on the right road.

Taking a steep path by a torrent almost to the mouth of its parent gorge, and then turning off through a village, the square, grey mass of Castle Felsen suddenly came into view on a projecting crag. There was still another ravine to be crossed, but a well-beaten mule-path soon brought us to the gates. But why was the old feudal stronghold we expected to see replaced by this bald modern building? This noble site demanded turrets and battlements! Evidently young Gressoney had no eye for architectural effect.

The wide paved terrace in front of the house was at the edge of the precipice overhanging the valley, and we paused a moment to revel in the view, as well as to gain breath before making our entrance.

Suddenly the great door flew open unbidden; a slender, red-shirted figure came dancing down the steps with a cry of delight; on the threshold stood a tall, grim, white-haired woman, leaning on the Baron's arm, and several serving-men were ranged in a row behind. It was an awe-striking welcome to a country lunch!

The Baroness greeted us graciously enough, but with a certain impressive affability, as of a sovereign receiving her subjects. I no longer wondered at this lady's influence over her family. There was power in every line of her stern white face. It was an aged face, worn and seamed by a criss-cross of wrinkles, but her glance was full of vigour and her eyebrows coal-black. The gloomy entrance-hall, bare of all ornament save a few antiquated muskets, arranged between iron sconces on either side of a cavernous hearth, was a suitable background to this dark, gaunt, fierce-looking dame.

After congratulating me on my strength in coming so far on foot, and noting—rather contemptuously, I thought—my heated condition, she consigned me to Elena's care, and I was led up many stairs to a pleasant corner room, flooded with sunshine, and with all the glories of the valley in full view from the windows.

"Grandmamma must not know I have dragged you up here," said the girl, laughingly, as she relieved me of my cloak. "I was ordered to lead you to the state-room, but that always gives one the shivers."

I assured her I preferred this bright little eyrie, and, noticing a vase of rare mountain flowers, asked if they grew near the castle.

"No, Franz had brought them," she replied, flushing a little as she bent over the gift.

I told her I had heard of the Doctor's visits, and hoped the Baroness had overcome her dislike for him.

The girl seemed embarrassed as she slowly replied, "I don't know. Sometimes she is kind—just as when he was a child—then suddenly seems to detest him. But I am sure she appreciates his skill. Shall we go down now, dear madame?"

# A DAY IN A HOSPITAL.

IN the heart of the City of London, scarcely a stone's throw from the Bank and Royal Exchange, and within easy reach of St. Paul's on the one side and the Tower and Port of London on the other, stands the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, better known perhaps as the Moorfields Eye Hospital. An uglier or more unpretentious building of its size could hardly be found, and it might easily be mistaken for one of the group of warehouses by which it is surrounded were it not for the large black letters running along its face which announce its character, less, as may be seen at a glance, from any desire for ostentation than that he who runs may read. Indeed, something in the very aspect of the unattractive building seems at once to speak of the spirit which animates it. You feel instinctively that the uncompromising black letters are there that people in distress should not lose one unnecessary moment in finding it, and that the energy within has left nothing for outward adornment; in fact, that, so far in character with its surroundings, it is truly a place of business.

But if such were your feelings standing with the roar and rattle of the streets around you, once within the walls nothing you saw could fail to impress it upon you more deeply. Passing in through the out-patients' entrance you would find yourself suddenly in a large irregularly shaped waiting-room, surrounded by a dense crowd of human beings, filling every available seat and clustering round the benches in little groups.

Such was the scene that met my gaze one hot morning in August, when, to my surprise, I was told the hospital was at its slackest, owing to house-cleaning being in full swing.

"Very full here this morning!" I suggested to my guide.

"No," he answered; "we've often more than this; there must be about 400 here now."

"And how many mornings a week is this?" I asked again.

"How many mornings?" and my guide laughed; "why, every morning to be sure."

I looked around again, the crowd striking me afresh as my eyes wandered from face to face.

"You must want a great many doctors to see all these people," I observed.

"Oh, yes," the answer came; "there are three of the surgeons at it four or five hours every morning, and their assistants besides. They begin at 9.30, and go on till 2; but these people often come by 8 o'clock, and wait here before the doctors come, and then have to wait their turn. There is a coffee-stall here for them," and he showed me a neat little refreshment stall at which tea and coffee and appetising bread and buns might be purchased at a moderate cost.

"Some of them come a long way," he explained. And then a bell rang and my guide vanished, leaving me to try and take in a little more fully the scene before me.

As I watched the crowd from my corner I noticed that by far the greater part evidently consisted of members of the working class—though within these limits almost every grade seemed represented. From the well-dressed foreman or clerk and the skilled artisan to the poorest fish-porter or dock labourer, almost every degree in the scale of hard living might have been found. Sailors, stokers, lightermen, cabmen, or street arab—all were united here in a common need, and sat awaiting their turn with stoical patience or ill-suppressed anxiety.

On the women's side little groups clustered together, talking over their common troubles: busy mothers, baby in arms, who had evidently been obliged to bring several of the younger children, too, with them, one of whom perhaps by the bandaged head revealed the patient of the family—all clinging to her dress, or seated solemn and awed upon the benches. Here a pale-faced work girl sat watching the door anxiously through which her summons would come. Another with bare head and crossed shawl, her hand to her eye, was spoken of sympathetically by a neighbour.

"Ee give 'er that last Sunday, and it's gone bad, so she were bound to come."

On almost all the faces poverty and a hard and struggling life had left its mark, though here and there dress or manner betrayed a more educated class. The number of children was striking, and I noticed painfully that of these the majority were not there as necessary appendages of their mothers, but were evidently themselves the sufferers. Nowhere before had such a scene met my gaze except on the bare waiting-stage at Liverpool, where the passengers by a large emigrant ship were gathered previous to their embarkation. I noticed with painful curiosity the same signs of hardship, the same differences within the same scale of poverty, and the same curious mixture of apathy or vivid anxiety on the different faces. As my eye grew more accustomed to the scene I joined one or other of the groups, and drew from one here or there the cause that had brought them to the hospital. It was touching to observe the almost universal patience of their attitude towards their affliction. "If only, please God, my other eye is spared." "If only I gets back the sight enough to go back to my work." "I'm afeard its gone so bad I shall have to come into the hospital," ended one woman with a heavy sigh, after a matter-of-fact uncomplaining recital of terrible suffering. But her trouble was not for herself; and in answer to my suggestion that she would probably be far more comfortable, and have a better chance of recovery there than at home, it found a simple expression—"It's the six children I'm thinking of."

We are fond of saying that the age of heroism is dead, and put ourselves to a great deal of trouble to search out teachers and examples in the past, but I venture to think that both might be found without difficulty in the waiting-room of the Moorfields Hospital, as one by one they pass through the door to what may be a life's verdict.

To follow them was to exchange this theatre of waiting and suspense for one of equal activity. A large room, lighted from the side and roof after the manner of a studio, was more than half full of patients, moving up in single file to receive in their turn the attention of the three surgeons standing at separate desks in different parts of the room. And here the concentration and intentness with which everything was done was most striking. Not a moment seemed lost, yet nowhere was there the smallest sign of hurry. Each case seemed to occupy wholly and completely the attention of the surgeon, as though to it attached some individual interest, and then they passed on, one by one, either into the care of one of the assistants for further examination, or to have a written order for spectacles or a prescription assigned to them. Of these assistants there seemed about half a dozen in attendance upon each surgeon, and I learned that far from being junior students they were all fully qualified medical men.

By the courtesy of the officials I was allowed to pass on with some of the patients to a room beyond, artificially darkened, with jets of gas arranged in such a way as to throw the strongest light upon the eye. Here the deeper parts of the eye invisible without the ophthalmoscope are examined, and often with the most important results. This, I was told, was a place full of terror at first to the nervous and apprehensive amongst the sufferers, and I heard the doctors reassuring the timid amongst them, and at last convincing them that they would be safe and unharmed.

From there I passed into the wards upstairs, fifteen in number, and containing nearly one hundred beds, and it was here, perhaps, by quiet talks with one after another of the patients that the real magnitude of the work the hospital is doing began to impress itself upon me. The darkened cataract wards were perhaps the most interesting. Of the victims of this scourge several hundreds have been operated upon every year, and it is calculated that upon an average one patient leaves the hospital every day of the year cured of cataract. Some texts are better than the sermons that follow them, and this is a fact which needs no commentary. It was touching to notice how many children had already been treated for this malady, and I was told it was very prevalent amongst them, and far more likely to be cured than at a later period of life. It is the pride of the hospital that one of its most eminent surgeons first adapted the operation for cataract to the conditions of infancy.

Expecting as I did to find in so truly a metropolitan hospital patients drawn solely or chiefly from London and its suburbs, I was amazed even in the first ward I entered to notice its cosmopolitan character, and the long distances that some of the inmates had come. A stately old country woman of over eighty sat with bandaged head in her chair, and seemed pleased to find one to whom the country was also dear. She came from the neighbourhood of Southampton, and gave a simple and touching account of the slow darkness that had crept over her, daily growing worse, till at last she was too helpless to bear it longer without an effort. She had always been used to do for herself, she explained, and her sons and daughters had enough to do about the place without minding her. And so, after long consultations together, the poor simple-minded old woman, who had scarcely been in a train before, had decided to take this journey to London, as she heard the Moorfields Hospital was the best in the world, to see if she could not be saved from total blindness and dependence. "They wanted, one or other of 'em," she said, "to have come up with me, but they had their work to mind, so I wouldn't hear of it. I told 'em I shouldn't come to no harm," she added with simple bravery, "and people was very kind on the way. But there, the noise and dirt coming across London, I couldn't believe!" and she held up the two wrinkled old hands in dismay which had lain on her large white country apron. I put some flowers into them, and her face broke into a smile as, smelling them, she said, "Roses, bean't they? And here's mignonette!" And we fell into talks about the fields of strawberry-beds and flowers of her country home. And this brave old soul was going back alone, as she had come, thanking God for all the gentlemen's and nurses' kindness to her, and that she was spared, at over eighty, from being a burden on her children.

In an opposite bed was a Welsh woman, and here again was the same story.

"At my business," she explained, "you can't get on without your eyesight, and it was all leaving me." So, acting on the advice of her local doctor, she, too, braved the long unfamiliar journey, with a strange hospital and certain operation before her, driven by the horrible darkness and worse fears that were creeping over her, and the absolute need to make her livelihood, "with others to keep," as she explained.

Another old woman, too deaf to hear anything without the aid of an ear-trumpet, apologised for her anxiety to save the sight of one eye, if possible, on the ground of her deafness making it "so very awkward."

In another bed was a poor sempstress, whose sufferings had evidently been extreme, and whose case had been a stubborn and, I should fear, rather hopeless one. She spoke with a resignation, doubly touching from its unconsciousness, of her thankfulness if in any way they could save the partial sight of one eye.

But it would be useless to multiply cases. In all there seemed the same story to be read: of a courageous fight against terrible odds, poverty and disease going hand in hand, and combining against each poor sufferer, who, when driven at last to bay, found the same refuge and help within the hospital walls. In one's easy life and pro-

sperous circumstances even the thought of partial blindness is almost like a touch of physical pain; yet here one sees it met with uncomplaining fortitude, where the absence of sight implies the impossibility of gaining even the bare necessaries of life.

In the other wards it was the same story repeated in varying forms. Poor sempstresses, wondering if they would ever get back their place; poor mothers lying helpless in bed, with the thought of the children at home heavy on their hearts, left often enough in some almost unknown woman's hands.

"I suppose your husband brings them to see you, or comes and tells you about them?" I suggested, in the hope of comforting one such helpless mother.

"He can't afford to leave his work to come," was the answer. "He's got a job, you see, now, and it wouldn't do to risk being turned off. It's going on for a fortnight now since I heard of them," she added, "and the baby only ten weeks old."

One talks of poverty as comparative; a case like this makes one feel what it really means.

At one point a scuffle of little feet was heard, and a childish voice, "Oh, Sister, may I run in the passage?" And then when permission was given a patter and scamper of feet and sounds of children's laughter, and then two little bandaged heads and merry faces peeping in round the open door.

"You must come up to the children's wards before you go," said the kindly Sister, and thither I followed her.

Lying in bed, sitting demurely in little chairs, with picture books, or playing on the floor, were children of every age from one to eight or nine, and the Sister, in answer to my expression of surprise, informed me that there is no limit of age in the hospital, and amongst the patients lately every age had been represented from five days old to ninety years! The ward was a bright, cheery upper room, and despite the bandaged heads there was no great air of invalidism amongst the children. The worst cases were in another room, where in the partial darkness the little forms looked very piteous lying side by side; here, one whose eye had been removed yesterday; there, an almost hopeless case, needing the greatest care, I was told. But in the other ward, full as it was, only one bed was occupied, and that for a complaint easy of cure!

"Poor little fellow!" the Sister explained, "his clothes were in such a state I had to have them washed, and so meanwhile, as he has no others, I am obliged to keep him in bed."

Would mothers of sturdy fast-growing children remember this, I wonder? and the little suits or frocks that have grown too small or shabby for Tommy would be a boon to some restless little fellow longing to be up and about and at play, and condemned to his bed for want of them. Old toys would not be amiss here, either. Let the despised dollies and tailless horses worse for wear find their way to the children's wards.

One little fellow sat so solemnly on his little chair, with the one great blue eye unconcealed by the bandage fixed upon my face, that I knelt beside him and vainly tried to get some response.

"That is a little German boy," said the Sister, "and we find it very hard to make him understand."

I brought my few words of German to the front, and he was happily uncritical enough for a solemn shy smile at last to reward my efforts, though not a word would he say to me. Another little chap held a long colloquy with me on the subject of his buttons, which in an unguarded moment I had alluded to as brass, but which I found were cherished as of pure gold. Meanwhile the veriest imp of the streets, a creature not yet two, sat with a wizen, sharp little face and such mere bits of bone for arms and legs, my heart was moved to pity. I tried to coax him with a flower, but with a dash of sudden mischief it was torn to bits and flung in my face, and then the bony little fingers were spread over his face, and his poor weak little eyes peered at me through them. Poor mite! he looked the incarnation of sickliness and precocity, born, as one felt, to moral if not physical destruction, should no kindly hand snatch him from his surroundings. To the Sister he showed his devotion by howling dolefully every time she left the ward, and refusing with violence to be comforted by anyone else.

But here an interruption came in the shape of a messenger asking the nurse to get her patients ready, as Mr. —— (the operating surgeon) would be upstairs now in about ten minutes. One could not escape an involuntary shudder. And yet such are the wonderful properties of the newly discovered cocaine that the operating theatre is robbed of half its terrors. Quite two-thirds of the operations at the hospital are now done under it, and in most cases quite painlessly. It is to the honour of the Moorfields Hospital that it was first used in England within its walls.

I followed one of the nurses downstairs after a time, and saw the little group of patients gathered in the lobby-room outside the theatre, awaiting their turn.

"That is the worst place of all, and the worst time," I was told; and it was impossible not to feel it, as one watched the nurses with their quiet manner inspiring their patients with courage and confidence as they dropped the magic drug into the eye which was to deaden and allay the pain. The door opened as I waited, and a little child, whose eye had just been removed, was carried out in the arms of a nurse, still under the influence of an opiate. Thoughts must turn to prayer before such spectacles of human suffering and endurance.

Nor was the endurance displayed by the patients alone striking. To anyone unfamiliar with hospital life, it might well seem noteworthy that operations requiring the greatest nerve and technical dexterity should be performed by the same surgeons who for hours already had been giving the most concentrated attention to the out-patients' cases below.

In passing on into the men's wards I found the

same diversity of occupation, and even of nationality, that had struck me on entering the out-patients' room. Here a cabman, who, from his readiness to hold forth to the rest on any subject, had won for himself the title of "Teacher;" there, a negro; in another bed, a poor fellow in a terrible plight, just off a long voyage, on which he had acted as stoker. Near him a lighterman from the river, suffering in much the same way; and in the darkest corner of the room a cheery Finnish sailor, who was better, and hoping soon to be afloat again. One patient had lately come all the way from the Cape. He feared that he was totally losing his eyesight; and his anxiety being very great, he determined to spare no effort, but come for the very first advice he could get. He was carefully examined, provided with no doubt a most excellent pair of spectacles, and sent home on his long journey rejoicing!

Nor is the life in the wards one dead level of pain and oppression. Games of draughts and dominoes help to enliven the day; some of the patients show waggish proclivities, and keep the others amused; and sometimes even a quarrel will add to the general entertainment. Such was the case when the "Teacher" one day allowed his sense of general superiority to carry him away, and he condescendingly addressed the negro as "Snowball!" The title was one so much resented by the good-natured darkie that, carried away by a gust of passion, he determined that, on his bended knees, the "Teacher" should take back the opprobrious epithet, or every doctor in the hospital should be summoned to adjudicate on the case. The result may be inferred from the fact that no doctor's presence was found necessary. On leaving the hospital the "Teacher" gave, from his own account, a most successful benefit instrumental and vocal concert, for which tickets were sold at half-a-crown apiece, some of which he gallantly presented to the Sisters and nurses.

One touching instance of devotion was told me. A foreign seaman arrived one day in the out-patients' room suffering from a severe affection of the eyes, which unless treated with the utmost promptitude threatened the total loss of sight. He was urged to remain then and there for treatment as an in-patient. His reluctance seemed impossible to overcome. At last he explained that he had with him in his lodgings two faithful companions, a monkey and a parrot. He could not leave them to die. Again it was urged that his eyesight depended on not losing any time, that delay would possibly cost him the loss of sight for life. He hesitated, but only for a moment. He could not leave them to die: he must go and make arrangements for them and return. No remonstrances were of any avail, and the chance of complete cure was irretrievably lost. What gave the case an added touch of pathos was that his sacrifice was in vain as far as poor Polly was concerned. She died, he learnt with deep distress, before he left the hospital. One can but hope the monkey was of an affectionate disposition, and welcomed him back with the devotion he merited.

In the children's ward a little girl of about six years old kept them all alive. She had been well nick-named "Chattermag," and her diffusive confidences were of the most enlivening nature. She was suffering from cataract, and gave me a ready account of the operation she had undergone. I found that her account of the operation, which had struck me as mythical, was correct in every particular, and it was true that at the most crucial moment of the operation she had addressed her doctor cheerfully as follows:—"I si (say) Mr. Doctor, aren't you a-cutting of that thing in my eye? I know you're a-cutting of it out, ain't you? and it don't hurt one bit, and I don't mind one bit—you tell me when it's out."

One little incident in which pathos and comedy were strangely blended occurred just as I was leaving the hospital. A poor old Irishwoman, whose eye had been removed, but who was going on very satisfactorily, lay moaning on her bed, a prey not only to bodily pain, but mental anxiety and alarm. She would die, the poor soul kept sighing, she would die, she knew she would, she would die that day, if—she did not have a priest and some brandy! Before I left I met the priest on his way to her bedside; the other form of consolation, I learnt, must be denied her.

No visit to the hospital would be complete without seeing the library and museum, and the laboratory, which, with its long low lighting and coloured phials, would have delighted the eyes of a Dutch painter. It is here that each new glimmer of insight is laboriously followed up, and the foundations of future ophthalmic discoveries are being slowly laid, for the relief and cure, one may hope, of many thousands now beyond the reach of human aid

Before I left the hospital I had been shown through one of the windows at the back a piece of waste land on which some building had just been knocked down—a waste of broken bricks and rubbish, and yet a very Naboth's vineyard to the hospital authorities, overcrowded and hampered in their work as they are by the inadequacy of the present building. I was told that a great effort was being made to secure this piece of land, as once lost in this crowded bit of the City all chance of enlargement on the old site was gone for ever. After what I had seen of the work within the walls, and heard of the inadequacy of the present buildings to the growing needs of the hospital,[1] it seemed impossible that help should not be forthcoming. The arguments in favour of helping such work seem unanswerable. That the oldest, and by far the largest and most renowned,

[1] The building stands in very great need not only of enlarging to meet the steadily increasing number of patients, but also of reconstruction to adapt it to the modern requirements of health and comfort. As many improvements in this respect as the structure of the buildings allowed have been made during the last twenty years, but with every year the need has increased. All dangerous and urgent cases are at once admitted, but many patients have to be sent back to distant homes earlier than is advisable to meet this need for room; and many cases, particularly those of weakly persons and children, have to be treated as out-patients who would have a better chance of recovery within the hospital. Contributions should be sent to Robert J. Newstead, Secretary, Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Blomfield Street, Moorfields, E.C.

eye hospital in London, which also stands in the proud position of being the first "special" hospital in the world, should be crippled for want of support should touch our national pride. The more so as it has trained, or had upon its staff, a large proportion of the most eminent oculists, and is resorted to by numerous medical visitors from foreign countries in search of the best English scientific ophthalmic work.

Another aspect of the subject must not be lost sight of, as it touches nearly the great social questions of the present time. Of the 2,196 in-patients (1,784 of whom were cases for operation), and the 25,261 out-patients in the course of last year, making in all a total of 27,457, the vast majority were members of the working class, dependent on their exertions not only for their own livelihood, but in many cases for the support of their families. One has but to ask how many of our poor, apart from the noble work done by this one hospital, would have been flung upon the rates. In connection with this one branch of the good work done yearly by the institution may be mentioned. In the year 1888 over 1,500 poor needlewomen, mechanics out of employment, and other very poor persons were supplied with spectacles free of cost to enable them to return to their work. To others who can afford it they are sold at a very low price.

As I left the hospital doors I looked back at it with a new and almost reverent feeling. The noisy surroundings, the dingy exterior, were the same as a few hours before, yet now, as I read the plain black letters running along the face of it, I felt the Moorfields Eye Hospital meant more than I had thought or dreamt of noble human work and endeavour, and nobler human endurance—yet more, with what noble yet silent eloquence it enforced the Divine law:

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

MARIAN VON GLEHN.

## A NEGRO SLAVE SET FREE IN FRANCE IN 1738.

IN the history of the abolition of the slave-trade and the emancipation of slaves much is said of the celebrated decision of Lord Mansfield in 1771. From that time it was an admitted principle in English law that no man can be legally detained as a slave in this country. It was through the zealous and persistent efforts of Granville Sharp that this triumph of freedom was gained. Before this pioneer of the anti-slavery cause took up the defence of the negro it was common for West Indian planters to bring their slaves to England, and to keep them in slavery. The decision of 1771 ended all this, and the legal and historical triumph was echoed by the poet of freedom:

> Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country, and their shackles fall.

A new impulse was given to the anti-slavery movement. "We have no slaves at home, then why abroad?" The society for the abolition of the slave-trade was formed in 1787. Granville Sharp was succeeded by Clarkson and Wilberforce as leaders, and in 1807 the Bill was passed which decreed that no slaves should be landed in the British Colonies after March 1st, 1808. It was a long struggle in after years before the emancipation of slaves in our colonies was achieved; but the noble work went on, till, after the terrible judgments of the American Civil War, it could be said that in every English speaking land slavery was abolished.

It has been the boast of England that she has led the way in this crusade of liberty. But it must be admitted that in some of the great steps of this progress of Christian philanthropy France has the honour of having taken the first place. Even in regard to that generous boast, "Slaves cannot breathe in England," the same voice of freedom was heard in a celebrated trial, now forgotten, but worthy of being recalled to memory. We find a record of it among the *causes célèbres* as long ago as 1738, and this is a summary of the case.

Jean Boucaux, a negro Creole, born in the island of Dominica, or St. Dominique, as it was then called,[1] was the property, as slave, of the Governor of Cape Français, who was also Lieutenant-Governor of the island under Louis XIV After the death of the Governor, his widow, Madame de Beaumanoir, in January, 1724, at Rochelle, married the Sieur de Verdelin, Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, and a high military official. Two years afterwards M. and Madame Verdelin sailed for St. Dominque, to arrange as to the partition of the property with the children of the Governor by her first marriage.

On returning to France M. Verdelin brought with him two slaves, of whom Jean Boucaux was one. He took the precaution to have the written permission of the Governor of the Island, the document being registered at the Admiralty office at the Cape Française, and also at Rochelle, the place of his arrival in France.

Boucaux had been trained, by M. Verdelin's orders, to be an excellent cook, and he served in that capacity from 1728 to the 10th of June, 1738. On that day he caused the negro to be arrested in the kitchen, having reason to suspect that he intended to run away, and fearing to lose his services.

Boucaux was so far from thinking of flight that he had long considered himself free; in fact, since he first stepped on the soil of France. Feeling assured of this, and being attached to the family, he remained in their service. Now that his master became his enemy he remembered

[1] Dominica, now one of the British "Leeward Island" colonies, was a French possession till 1763.

that he had made no personal declaration on landing at Rochelle, as the law required him to do. He quietly accepted the position, and without anxiety saw himself carried off from his master's house. He was lodged as a prisoner in the Grand Châtelet. M. Verdelin even contrived to get him immured in a dungeon, but he did not long remain there, because the gaoler dare not retain him without the order of a magistrate.

Such was the state of affairs when, on the 17th June, 1738, the slave lodged a petition with the judges of the Admiralty Court of Rochelle. On the 20th of the same month a summons was sent to M. Verdelin to answer the statements of that petition, at the same time ordering Boucaux to remain under the safe keeping of the King and of justice (*sons la sauvegarde du Roi et de la Justice*), as the legal phrase ran. Consequently he remained in the Grand Châtelet, with instructions to the gaoler to keep him in prison till he received orders to the contrary.

The case had by this time attracted notice in the courts of law, and at the request of M. le Procureur du Roi, the judges issued a second order to the gaoler to bring Boucaux out of prison, who had meanwhile presented to the court two further petitions, one on the 29th of July and the other on the 21st of August. In the first of these petitions Boucaux, who seems to have either had shrewd mother wit or good advice, demanded that Sieur and Dame Verdelin should be sentenced to pay to him 4,200 livres, the amount of wages due for nine and a half years' service as cook, or such amount as the court might decree; that he might be removed from prison on bail; that the charges against him should be erased and cancelled; and that the recorder and gaoler should be charged to carry out the petition.

In the petition of the 21st of August the slave renewed his demand for wages, adding a claim against Sieur and Dame Verdelin for such damages as the court might judge right, on account of his false imprisonment and harsh treatment in prison.

The case was before long brought formally before the Court of Admiralty, which had jurisdiction in such matters. M. Mallet appeared as advocate for the slave, M. Tribard for Sieur and Dame Verdelin.

M. Mallet enlarged on the edict of 1685, which laid down the conditions and limits of slavery. At that time it is certain that there were no slaves in France, so that the motives and conditions of the edict of 1685 had no application except in the colonies beyond the sea, where alone the requirements of the edict were applicable. Negro slavery was recognised and permitted in these colonies only for the cultivation of the soil and for utility of commerce; and when these two motives do not exist the right of having slaves no longer continues, because the particular causes authorising the condition also cease.

It is true that another edict was decreed in 1716, but this only confirms the position laid down in 1685, and in no way interferes with the maxims and usages established in France in favour of freedom. His Majesty, by his edict of 1716, ordered that slaves brought from the colonies, either to be instructed in the Christian religion or to be taught some trade or craft to make them useful in the colonies, were not to be regarded as free; whence it follows as a necessary consequence that masters who bring slaves to France without observing the formalities prescribed by that edict give room for the slave to reclaim his freedom. Sieur Verdelin had not fulfilled the required conditions, and so had no standing under the edict of 1716; on the contrary, he had neglected or violated all the formalities ordained by that law.

M. Tribard, the advocate of Sieur Verdelin, rested his case on two points: first, that the recognition of the relation of master and slave in the edict of 1685 could only be annulled by the act of the master and proprietor, the arrival of Boucaux in France changing his domicile, but not his condition; secondly, that the intention and object of the edict of 1716 had been fully met by the permit of the Governor, and by the registering of this permission both at Cape Français and at Rochelle.

After the arguments were summed up by M. le Clerc du Billet, Procureur du Roi of the Admiralty, the court delivered the following sentence:

"We pronounce and declare that the client of M. Mallet is free in his person and goods from the time of his arriving in France; in consequence, we order that he be set at liberty and taken from prison, and the writ against him be erased and cancelled; that the recorder and gaoler see to the carrying out of this order. We order the clients of M. Tribard to carry out the order of the court in regard to the person and the goods of M. Mallet's client, and the case is adjourned for eight days in order to obtain an equitable adjustment, with the help of the Procureur du Roi, as to the amount of wages, damages, and other claims made by the petitioner."

The decision touches on other points; but the one important fact for which we recall the case is the decision that the freedom of the slave was assured by the edict of 1685 on touching the soil of France, except in circumstances for which special conditions were laid down by a subsequent edict.

This assertion of personal freedom was made even in the despotic time of Louis XIV. We need not therefore be surprised that at the Revolution of 1789 there was a declaration of "The Rights of Man" as to personal freedom; and this was renewed by the Republic of 1848, when a short Act was passed abolishing slavery throughout the French dominions. "*La République n'admit plus d' esclavee sur le territoire Français.*" This noble resolution was referred to in the memorable speech of the Prince of Wales at the jubilee meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, in the Guildhall, on the 1st of August, 1884.

Now that the nations of Europe are concerting measures at the Brussels Conference for putting an end to the slave-trade in Africa, let us hope that France will remember its honourable deeds and traditions in this great cause of freedom and philanthropy, and support the efforts made to suppress the traffic in slaves, and to spread civilisation over the Dark Continent.

# Varieties.

### Robert Browning's Funeral.

No part of the great ceremonial in Westminster Abbey on the 31st of December was equal in impressive effect to the rendering of Mrs. Browning's exquisite verses, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvëd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slopes men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep.

As the last words of the sublime discourse of St. Paul on the Resurrection died away upon the the ear, at a preliminary chord upon the organ the vast audience by one impulse silently rose to their feet. Then in this solemn stillness there rang out the clear notes of a solitary chorister: *What would we give to our beloved?* The question was taken up by the chorus in a fine rendering of the descriptive lines beginning,

The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,

at the close of which the choir, with marvellous sweetness of contrast, gave the words, "He giveth His beloved—sleep," the last word seeming to die away into the silence. Then there broke out the lament, "O earth, so full of dreary noises: O men, with wailing in your voices"—wonderfully rendered, so as to convey the idea of "storm and stress" without breaking in upon the calm solemnity of the leading theme; when, as with electric power, came in the phrase—

*God strikes a silence through you all,*
And "giveth His beloved—sleep."

Nothing more was needed than the brief and lovely description that follows: "His dews drop mutely on the hill"—and so to the end of the stanza, when the *refrain* of the anthem, rendered, if possible, more delicately and sweetly than ever, brought the "Meditation," as Dr. Bridge entitled the composition, to a close. It was by a happy inspiration that the pathetic and charming poem of the wife was thus made to combine a personal and affectionate interest with the stately obsequies of the husband. Many eyes became dim with sudden tears; and although, no doubt, the "Meditation" of Dr. Bridge will soon become familiar to all lovers of sacred music, it can never be repeated amid circumstances of such unique and touching solemnity.

A correspondent sends to "The Nonconformist" the following letter, written by Robert Browning in 1876 to a lady, who, believing herself to be dying, wrote to thank him for the help she had derived from his poems, mentioning particularly "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Abt Vogler," and giving expression to the deep satisfaction of her mind that one so highly gifted with genius should hold, as he held, to the great truths of our religion, and to a belief in the glorious unfolding and crowning of life in the world beyond the grave.

"19, Warwick-crescent, W., May 11, '76.

"Dear Friend,—It would ill become me to waste a word on my own feelings except inasmuch as they can be common to us both in such a situation as you describe yours to be—and which, by sympathy, I can make mine by the anticipation of a few years at most. It is a great thing—the greatest—that a human being should have passed the probation of life, and sum up its experience in a witness to the power and love of God. I dare congratulate you. All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope—and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; and for your sake I would wish it to be true that I had so much of 'genius' as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument. For I know I myself have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of 'genius' have thrilled my soul to its depths, as when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ—'Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, He was no man!' ('Savez-vous que je me connais en hommes? Eh bien, celui-là ne fut pas un homme.') Or as when Charles Lamb, in a gay fancy with some friends as to how he and they would feel if the greatest of the dead were to appear suddenly in flesh and blood once more—on the final suggestion, 'And if Christ entered this room?' changed his manner at once, and stuttered out—as his manner was when moved, 'You see, if Shakespeare entered, we should all rise; if *He* appeared, we must kneel.' Or, not to multiply instances—as when Dante wrote what I will transcribe from my wife's Testament—wherein I recorded it fourteen years ago—'Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, there, where that Lady lives, of whom my soul was enamoured.' Dear Friend, I may have wearied you in spite of your good will. God bless you, sustain, and receive you! Reciprocate this blessing with yours affectionately, ROBERT BROWNING."

### Comets Expected in 1890.

Since our note on the comets of 1889 was written two more telescopic bodies of that class have been discovered, the first on the 17th of November by Professor Lewis Swift, of the Warner Observatory at Rochester, in the State of New York, and the second by M. Borrelly at Marseilles on the 12th of December. One of the comets previously discovered by Professor Swift in 1880, had indeed been seen as early as 1869 by the late M. Tempel, then located at Marseilles, but afterwards Director of the Observatory at Florence, where he died; but the fact that it was moving in an elliptic orbit, with a period of only about five and a half years, was not recognised until after its re-discovery by Swift in 1880. It is a small body, and escaped observation in 1886, but another return will be due towards the end of next year (1891). But in the present year (1890) four known periodical comets (all faint bodies) are expected to return, and one of them is likely to become visible very shortly. It was discovered by Theodor Brorsen at Kiel on the 26th of February, 1846, and was seen again in 1857 and on later occasions. Its period of revolution round the sun is (like that of Swift's comet) only about five and a half years, but this short period was acquired in the last century, when the comet made a

near approach to Jupiter, the attraction of which quite altered its orbit, and a similar approach next century will probably dismiss it again into the remoter parts of space.

The late Professor D'Arrest, of Copenhagen, discovered a small comet at Leipzig in 1851, which was found to be moving in a short ellipse, with a period of about six and a half years. It was seen again (in the southern hemisphere) in the winter of 1857-8 and on two subsequent returns, though not at the last, which was calculated to take place in January, 1884. Another will be due in the course of next summer.

The orbits of the remaining comets expected this year are not quite so certain. One was discovered by M. Coggia at Marseilles in the month of November, 1873, and was afterwards calculated by Professor Weiss, of Vienna, to be moving in an elliptic orbit of about five and a half years' period, and to be probably identical with a comet discovered by that great comet-discoverer Pons so far back as 1818. It has not been seen at either of the two returns due since 1875, but another will be looked for before the end of this year.

More interesting was a comet which was discovered by Mr. Denning at Bristol on the 4th of October, 1881. It has been thought to be identical with one discovered by Blanpain at Marseilles on the 28th of November, 1819, and calculated to be moving in an elliptic orbit with a period of about five years. But when observed in 1881 the motion showed that the period amounted to nearly nine years, so that if the comets are identical this must have been considerably lengthened by the effects of planetary perturbation. Fresh light will be thrown upon this if Denning's comet returns, as expected, in the spring of this year.

It may be added that a small comet discovered by Mr. Barnard (then at Nashville, Tennessee, now at the Lick Observatory, California) on the 16th of July, 1884, has also been determined to be moving in an elliptic orbit, with a period of about five and a half years, so that it is due in the neighbourhood of the sun at the present time ; but, being very unfavourably placed for observation on this occasion, it is not likely that it will be seen until the next return, in the summer of 1895.

A very interesting circumstance has transpired from the investigation of Mr. S. C. Chandler, of Boston, U.S., with regard to one of the supposed new comets of last year, which was discovered by Mr. Brooks of Geneva, N.Y., on the 6th of July. It is that this comet is in fact identical with one discovered by Messier at Paris in 1770, and calculated by the Russian astronomer Lexell to be moving in an elliptic orbit with a period of about five and a half years. Not being seen afterwards, it was commonly called Lexell's lost comet, but it has long been known that this was in consequence of a close approach to Jupiter which greatly lengthened its orbit. Mr. Chandler now finds that another approach to Jupiter in 1886 shortened the orbit again to little more than seven years—that it was, in fact, the comet found by Mr. Brooks on the 6th of July, 1889, and may be expected to return in 1896.

W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S.

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### Puritans and English Liberty.

David Hume in his History says : "So absolute was the authority of the Crown that the precious spark of liberty had been kindled, and was preserved by the Puritans alone ; and it was to this sect the English owe the whole freedom of their Constitution."

Ranke the historian says : "We may consider Calvin as the founder of the Free States of America. It was his doctrines which shaped the men who left home and country in order to preserve their religious freedom in the wilds of America."

The American historian Bancroft, draws this conclusion from his studies : "He that will not honour the memory and respect the influence of John Calvin knows little of the origin of American Liberty."

The Republicans of Boston, U.S., have recalled these testimonies after hearing Sir Edwin Arnold, in a lecture at Harvard, extrolling Buddhism above New England Christianity. "As for the shade in the Hindoo system," said the author of the "Light of Asia," "I love the gloom better than the Calvinistic sunshine." No wonder that the better class of his audience felt this sentiment, as a reporter says, "an insult to their intelligence, a scoff at their best inheritance, and a slander upon their noblest ancestry. The Puritans planted the seed of this great Government. They reared the generation that maintained the struggle for Independence. They established the schools and universities which have delivered the land from ignorance and superstition."

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### American Protest against Football.

A New York paper gives a decided opinion as to football matches as generally played. Referring to a recent match, it is said :

"Football was the only amusement that made bad blood and disgraceful conflicts when we were students. We read a defence of the behaviour of the Lafayette College students who have been accused by the 'Philadelphia Times' of great brutality in their recent contest with students from the University of Pennsylvania. But the defence is nothing more than a bitter retort that heaps the disgrace on the other institution. Neither college obtains anything but shame from the game, as its details are published throughout the land."

There are many who feel as strongly about football in England. Certain it is that both in Rugby and Association matches there are often rough and almost brutal scenes enacted, especially with betting and professional players, and fatal accidents are frequent. It is in vain to protest against the game because of abuses, but we regret the almost total extinction of the old game as it used to be played in Scotland in former times. To touch the ball with the hand, except after a fair catch, was dishonourable, and many a noble game was witnessed, between parish and parish or between county and county, on the old system. The present game is mainly an occasion of displaying muscular strength, and a dead cat might as well be the object of contention as the ball. A wide boundary was the goal in the old game, the boundary of the field or of the parish, to which the ball was brought home by agility and skill, and it was then literally a "football" to be kicked, not a lump to be lifted and handled and fought for.

A great football match was played on 5th December, 1815, between the men of Ettrick Forest and the men of Yarrow, the one party backed by the Earl of Home and the other by Sir Walter Scott, Sheriff of the Forest, who wrote a famous song for the occasion.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
And hail as our brethren, Home, Douglas, and Car,
And Elliot and Pringle in pastime shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.
Then up with the banner, etc.

Then strip lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
And if by mischance you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game at football.

Then up with the banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more ;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

Thus has Sir Walter Scott celebrated the old Scottish-played game of football. The whole song is given in the "Leisure Hour" for 1883.

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### The Total Eclipse of December 22.

It was stated that one great object proposed to be obtained by the projected observations of this eclipse was whether any changes could be remarked in the form of the solar corona during the interval which would elapse between the times of totality in the West Indies and on the west coast of Africa. News from the latter place arrived first. The English party, organised, like the other, by a committee of the Royal Astronomical Society (of which Mr. Turner, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, acted as secretary), was located at

Loanda, an island off the coast of Angola, and had to report that, owing to cloudy weather, no observations were possible during the time of totality. The above object therefore, so far as the recent eclipse was concerned, was a failure, though observations made whilst the eclipse was partial will be of value in improving the lunar tables. Some of these were obtained by an American party, the chief of which, Mr. D. P. Todd, looks upon the results as "not disappointing." More recently intelligence has been received from the party sent to the West Indies under the charge of Father Perry, of Stonyhurst College, who had had much experience in the observation of total solar eclipses, besides having had the conduct of the expedition sent to Kerguelen in 1874 to observe the transit of Venus there. The recent eclipse party under his direction proceeded to a small group of islands off the coast of French Guiana, called the Salut Islands, where they were completely successful, and the observations and photographs now known to have been obtained, although the South African failure will prevent their aiding in the solution of one question, will doubtless prove of great value in that of others, particularly of the extent of the solar corona and its varying light and changes of constitution at different distances from the sun. But the news, which was cabled from Demerara, was accompanied by the distressing intelligence of the death of Father Perry, of dysentery, on the 27th of December, five days after the eclipse. He was in the fifty-seventh year of his age, had been a professor at Stonyhurst College since 1860, and was elected president of the Liverpool Astronomical Society last year.

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**Errors of the Reporters.**—Baron Dowse, in giving judgment in a case of alleged libel, which turned mainly on the omission of the word *not*, said "mistakes often occurred in newspapers. An instance arose in reference to himself. Addressing a Cork jury he quoted that well-known line from Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall':—

'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

What was his horror when he found himself reported in a local paper as having said:—

'Better fifty years of Europe than a circus in Bombay.

And yet he did not bring an action for libel imputing that he was a sort of judicial Barnum."

**Thirty-shilling Pieces of Gold.**—Dr. John Evans, F.R.S., President of the Numismatic Society, advocates the coining of thirty-shilling gold pieces, which would be both convenient and thrifty, as the waste of half-sovereigns in currency is so large.

**Suez Canal Traffic.**—In the year 1886 the percentage of vessels passing through the Canal under the British flag was 75·19 per cent. of the whole number, and the tonnage 76·92 per cent.; the numbers in 1888 were 76·31 per cent. and 78·65 per cent. respectively.

**The Alexandria Library.**—A Vienna journal says that the story of the burning of the Alexandria library by the Mohammedan conqueror is a myth, and not a historical fact. The statement thus appears:—"The investigation of the famous Fayum collection of Egyptian manuscripts, bought by Archduke Rainer, and deposited in the Imperial Library at Vienna, has been progressing for some two or three years. The work has been rich in important results, including the discovery, by incontrovertible evidence, that the story of the destruction of the Alexandrian library is a fable."

**Flinders' Voyage.**—At a recent meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute it was announced by the Marquis of Lorne that the Council had acquired the original pencil and water-colour drawings by William Westall, A.R.A., landscape painter to the celebrated expedition of discovery and survey on the coast of Australia, commanded by Captain Matthew Flinders, of his Majesty's ship Investigator, in the years 1801, 1802, and 1803. The sketches comprise views of King George's Sound, Port Lincoln, the head of Spencer's Gulf, Kangaroo Island, Port Philip, Port Jackson, the Hawkesbury River, Keppel Bay, Port Bowen, Shoal Water Sound, Thirsty Sound, and the Gulf of Carpentaria, besides sketches illustrative of the natives, the flora and the fauna. The collection is one of the greatest historic interest, forming the entire existing series of the sketches made by the artist during the expedition. A fine series of charts was also prepared. In connection with these engravings it may be mentioned that after the celebrated voyage of the Adventure and Beagle (1826-1836) Captain King expressed to the artist his personal obligations for the great accuracy of his work. It appears that on the first approach to Australia of these vessels during a heavy gale there was some doubt as to whether they could venture to make King George's Sound, but as they neared the coast the entrance was so readily recognised by aid of the illustrations that both ships were enabled to sail in without hesitation instead of beating about at sea.

**Salt and Fresh Water not Readily Mixed.**—When fresh water is introduced into a salt water aquarium it will remain on the surface, unless the whole is thoroughly stirred or mixed. The fresh water of rivers is not thoroughly mixed with the salt water of bays, but flows off on the surface, and only at considerable distance or after long time is the salt water predominant. Hence it is quite credible that the salt water of the South Atlantic off the mouth of the great Amazon river is fresh and fit for drinking above a hundred leagues from land.

**Shrewd Remark of Lord Melbourne.**—The young Queen Victoria expressed a little impatience at the delays in arranging certain household offices on the formation of a new Ministry. Her wise counsellor thus wrote to her: "Lord Melbourne trusts that your Majesty will not feel either surprised or discouraged at the difficulties which occur in making the arrangements, and which Lord Melbourne's experience enables him to assure your Majesty always do occur in transactions of this nature. The persons who are the best fitted for offices are often the most unwilling to undertake them, and those who are least qualified most eager to obtain them."

**John Wanamaker's Store.**—Mr. Wanamaker is the present United States Postmaster-General. His store, covering a block of about four acres in Philadelphia, is an aggregation of every kind of shop, and a favourite rendezvous of the ladies. Mr. Wanamaker is the superintendent of the largest Sunday school in the city, and owner of Munkacsy's popular pictures, "Christ before Pilate," and "Christ on Calvary," both of which he lent to the Paris Exhibition, and for the former of which he gave £24,000. He is a director of the Reading R. R. Co., and runs two or three other large business establishments in the town besides. Like many other energetic business Americans, he began with almost nothing, and has amassed a large fortune, though still comparatively a young man.

**General Sir Ralph Abercromby.**—This gallant soldier, after much distinguished service, fell at Aboukir whilst leading the expedition which landed in Egypt in 1801. He was a man of devout spirit and exemplary life, and was a "Ruling Elder" in the Kirk of Scotland. When he was ordained by the Presbytery, he thus addressed the court: "I have been often entrusted by my Sovereign with honourable and important commands in my profession as a soldier, and his Majesty has been pleased to reward my services with distinguished marks of his royal approbation; but to be the humble instrument, in the office of an Elder, of putting the token of my Saviour's dying love into the hands of the meanest of His followers, I conceive to be the highest honour that I can receive on this side of heaven."

**Russia in the East.**—Fifteen years ago General Kauffman, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies in Asia, thus stated his views as to the destiny of Russia in the East: "What has occurred with Khokand will certainly occur sooner or later with Bokhara, and other Mussulman States, which will not understand that they should accept the position, and allow with a good grace the introduction of civilisation among them. It is the old struggle between barbarism and civilisation. The issue is certain. Civilisation will triumph, and when the two great European Powers

which divide between them these immense territories shall have a common frontier, then there will be an end of conquests, there will be no longer any occasion of wars, and interests will be mutual, because they will be based on commerce and industry."

This opinion of General Kauffman was surely prompted by a worthier spirit than that which cherishes suspicion about Russian conquests in Asia.

**Captain Pollard, R.N.**—In the obituary of last year was included the name of Miss Pollard, of Plymouth, the authoress of many popular and high-toned story books, chiefly for the young, some of which first appeared in the "Girl's Own Paper." Her father, Captain Pollard, R.N., was midshipman and assistant signal master on board Nelson's ship the Victory, at Trafalgar, and was one of the few who stepped down from the poop without a wound at the close of the engagement. Another valued writer for the periodicals of the Tract Society, the late Mrs. Prosser, had also a hereditary association with naval history, her grandfather having been the Dibdin whose songs did so much to keep up the loyal and patriotic spirit of English seamen during the great war.

**Honiton Lace in 1802.**—Among the recollections of Mrs. Cartwright, daughter of the venerable Dean Garnier of Winchester, who died in 1873 at the age of 98, is the following about Honiton lace. It was when Napoleon was yet only First Consul. "One day I was walking in Paris about that time with Lady Mount-Edgcumbe and her two little girls (one of whom was afterwards Lady Brownlow), and we went into a lace shop. Lady Mount-Edgcumbe asked for some lace; she had a veil on. The shopman looked at her very fixedly for some moments without making any answer, and then said, 'Madame, what lace do you want? There is no lace we would not give you in exchange for that veil.' The veil was made in Honiton for twenty guineas at the time when Honiton lace was first known."

**Trouble and Sympathy.**—Sir Walter Scott makes Jeanie Deans, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," say, "It is na when we sleep soft and make merrily oursels, that we think on other people's sufferings. But when the hour o' trouble comes to the mind or to the body, and when the hour o' death comes to high or low, then it is na what we hae dune for oursels, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly."

**Plumbers' Certificates.**—The Plumbers Company of the City of London having opened a registry for certified qualifications of workmen after examination, the men of this craft have largely responded, and many names are now on the list. It is the only instance on a large scale in which the masters and the operatives in any trade have combined to advance technical education among their members, the only instance of a large body of trade unionists giving their support to a system of registration based upon tests of qualification, and the only instance of the members of an important craft seeking the co-operation of the public authorities in rendering their craftsmen more serviceable to the public.

**Hittite Language.**—Major Conder announces that Professor Winckler, of Berlin, and Professor Sayce, of Oxford, have deciphered one of the curious inscriptions recently discovered at Tel-el-Amarna in Upper Egypt. The stone, which is marked with Cuneiform characters, akin to the Akkadian tongue, is a letter from a Hittite Prince to King Amenophis III, who ruled in Egypt long before the Exodus. The Prince sends to ask for the daughter of Amenophis as a bride for his brother's son, and enumerates the presents of gold, tin, ivory, &c., which accompanied his letter.

**Weather Forecasts.**—The meteorological forecasts published daily in the papers may be sometimes useful when the atmospheric conditions are so strongly marked as to justify the telegraphing of storm-signals for fisherfolk on the coasts. But for ordinary use little is told by these official forecasts. For instance, the weather is predicted in one sentence for "LONDON AND THE CHANNEL!" We all know how often it is beautiful weather at Brighton or Eastbourne while t is wretched in London. In the metropolis itself there may be "all sorts of weather" within a few hours. Here is a paragraph from an evening paper not long ago. It was on the day of the South London Gaswork strike, December 13th, 1889: "Some very peculiar atmospheric conditions prevailed in London and the suburbs last night. In the north of London, in the direction of the Swiss Cottage, the evening was bright, and accompanied by a keen frost. Here and there the copings and exposed portions of the walls and railings were white with hoar frost, and on the pavements the frost crystals glittered in the lamplight. At Piccadilly the atmosphere was warm and slightly damp, with no signs of frost. But a startling change had taken place towards Fulham in the south-west district. After leaving Hyde Park Corner a heavy fog hung over the streets, and it was with the utmost difficulty that vehicular traffic could be conducted. In fact, it was so thick that pedestrians were glad to avail themselves of the services of a number of lads and small boys who, armed with lanterns, showed the way in consideration of a few coppers. In South London generally a very heavy fog was experienced, and caused serious delay to railway communication. Soon after nightfall the foggers were out, and traffic was also impeded on the river, fog-horns and detonators being heard in all directions. This morning the fog had cleared away."

**Alfred Tennyson in 1836.**—In the "Life of Mary Howitt" we read that in 1836 the Howitts removed to the neighbourhood of London, where their circle of literary acquaintances increased; amongst others "The retiring and meditative young poet Alfred Tennyson visited us, and charmed our seclusion by the recitation of his exquisite poetry. He spent a Sunday night at our house, when we sat talking together until three in the morning. All the next day he remained with us in constant converse. We seemed to have known him for years. So in fact we had, for his poetry was himself. He hailed all attempts at heralding a grand, more liberal state of public opinion, and consequently sweeter, more noble modes of living. He wished that we Englanders could dress up our affections in a little more poetical costume; real warmth of heart would lose nothing, rather gain by it; as it was, our manners were as cold as the walls of our churches."

**"Advance, Australia!"**—The federal motto of the Australasian colonies is being well carried out. In a paper read by Mr. McFie at the Colonist Institute in December, it was stated that in 1851 the white population was about 240,000, with an annual trade of £6,000,000; whilst at the close of 1888 the population had reached 3,678,046, and the revenue £27,240,565. The public works in the whole colonies were valued at £175,000,000, private wealth at £1,015,000,000, and banks at £148,209,738. This was exclusive of the value of land not yet alienated. These figures are of a reassuring character as to the safety of the £170,000,000 which has been borrowed by the colonies.

**Marlborough Pamphlet Cases.**—A convenient case for the preservation of pamphlets and other unbound publications has been patented under the above title. It is made of different sizes, to suit the various sorts of printed matter, for Parliamentary Blue-books, music, the "Graphic," the "London News," the "Sunday at Home," and the "Leisure Hour," as well as smaller pamphlets.

**Century of Religious Statistics.**—In 1786 there were in Europe 37,000,000 Protestants, 40,000,000 of the Greek Church, and 80,000,000 Roman Catholics. In 1886 there were 85,000,000 Protestants, 83,000,000 of the Greek Church, and 154,000,000 Roman Catholics. So that while the Catholics increased by less than twice their former number, and the Greeks a little more than twice, the Protestants increased nearly two and a half times.

**French Journey Across Africa.**—A French traveller, Captain Trivier, crossed Equatorial Africa from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and got to Mozambique on the day on which Stanley reached Bagamoyo. This achievement was communicated to the Geographical Society, which telegraphed congratulations to the explorer, who only took ten months to accomplish his feat. He sailed from Bordeaux for Loango, in the Atlantic, in August, 1888, and

started from the latter place at the beginning of last year. His design was (says the "Daily News" correspondent at Paris) to catch up Mr. Stanley, and he thought he might perhaps fall in with Emin Pasha. The "Gironde," the paper of M. Lavertujon, the Deputy, paid the expenses of his venturesome journey. Captain Trivier's route lay by Stanley Falls into the interior, and on by the great lakes to Tanganyika and Mozambique. No news was heard of him after he left Kasongo, on the Upper Congo, until the following telegram was received: "Arrived 6th December at Mozambique. Emile disappeared at end of September.—TRIVIER." Emile Weissenbourg was Captain Trivier's servant.

**Innovations in Scottish Churches.**—The Memoir by his friend and fellow-minister of the United Presbyterian Church has made the name of "Robertson of Irvine" as familiar in Scotland as that of "Robertson of Brighton" in England. The book presents a charming sketch of a remarkable man, whose high character covered faults that would once have brought upon him ecclesiastic censure. He was successful in getting what was for Scotland in those days a magnificent new church, built for himself and his ever-increasing congregation, and was among the first to introduce organs into Presbyterian worship. An old lady once remonstrated with him, saying: "I hear you are introducing some dreadful innovations into your church service." "Indeed!" he replied. "What innovations have we introduced?" "Oh!" she said, "I hear that you read the Commandments at the Communion." "Is that all you have heard?" was his reply. "We have introduced a far greater innovation than that." "What is it?" said the good old lady, in some alarm. "We try to keep them," was the reply.

**Waste Metal Cases.**—In an article on old metal in the "Plumbers' Gazette" it is said: "Tinned-meat cases are mostly treated very disrespectfully, only finding their way to the dustbin. However, of late the Surreyside empty dealer has found it worth while to put them in the melting cauldron and skim off the valuable solder that always rises to the top. The solder, you are told, runs away like water, the iron keeping at the bottom of the pot, a market for the solder being found among the poorer class of plumbers. As to tea-chest lead, after the case is sold it is often melted with solder into ingots and used for printers' type. Tobacco lead-foil also is purchased and melted down, claret capsules especially melting down into excellent lead." In an article in the "Leisure Hour" for 1888, p. 134, a curious account is given of the commercial uses of old tinned-meat cases and other waste metal under the heading, "What can be done with old Sardine Boxes."

**Tasmanian Potatoes.**—The Agent-General for Tasmania in London has sent to his Government a report dealing with the question of developing a trade in potatoes between England and Tasmania. Whilst, he says, there is no prospect of Tasmania opening up a profitable trade with this country in mature potatoes dug during the ordinary harvest season, as any deficiency in the English crop of mature potatoes can always be supplied by Germany, it is possible that new potatoes sent to England early in the season may realise very satisfactory results. The prices of such potatoes in the London market range from as much as £36 per ton in February to £12 per ton in April; and the Agent-General advises consignments to be sent.

**City Choristers.**—Alderman Sir Hugh Brice left a tenement, known as the "Cardinal's Hatte," to the rector and churchwardens of St. Mary Woolnoth, to provide, *inter alia*, "a clerk, expert in the playing at organs, cunning in the craft and science of singing and teaching of children." The clerk was, moreover, to keep a school and instruct such children as he could get, or as should be sent to him "to sing their plaine song and pryked song," as well as to attend mass regularly.

**City of London School and Oxford High School.**—The appointment of Mr. Pollard to the head mastership of the City of London School has done much to lessen the anxiety caused by the retirement of Dr. Abbott. From Manchester Mr. Pollard comes with high reputation as an able and energetic master. Before he went to Manchester he was the head master of the Oxford High School from the opening of that institution. The Oxford High School was founded chiefly through the exertions of the late Professor Green, an enthusiast in middle-class education, and desirous of establishing what he thought a model school of the class. It maintains its high character under the head mastership of Mr. Cave, of Magdalen College. At the last distribution of prizes by the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Stubbs bore testimony to the efficiency of the school, the buildings of which were inaugurated by the late Duke of Albany. Among the successes of pupils announced on this occasion was an open classical exhibition at Merton by W. H. Gee, and the first exhibition in history at Balliol by W. G. Murray, a son of Dr. Murray, of the "Dictionary." Many other honours were gained by the pupils. The advancement of Mr. Pollard was referred to with just pride.

**Chinese Population.**—The number of souls is supposed to be now not much under 400,000,000. In the beginning of the 18th century it was probably not above 60,000,000. The increase has been rapid and continuous, in spite of civil wars, rebellions, famines, floods, and other calamities, and in spite of a vast outflow of emigrants to other lands. In fact, the emigration helps the prosperity of the empire, for the rich soil supports larger families, and Chinese emigrants all strive to return with wealth to their native land, and so contribute to the prosperity of the nation.

**Fading Ink.**—A French stationer declares that he has invented an ink warranted to fade off paper in a week without leaving the slightest trace. What a boon that will be to all sorts and conditions of men! Not only will politicians have fits but lovers will be able to give full vent to their feelings without the dread of breach of promises before their eyes, and the lawyer's clerk who always ends his epistles to his sweetheart "without prejudice," can allow a free rein to his fancy, knowing well that in ten days all will vanish and the paper regain its original value. Orders (under cover) will pour into this fortunate stationer.—*The Stationery Journal.*

**Filtered Water.**—An American physician has called attention to the danger of using ordinary water filters, if not frequently and effectually cleansed. He found that filters after being some time used caused great increase in the number of organisms producing disease, especially if the filter is kept in a warm place. It is a useful caution.

**American Meat Produce.**—The value of the meat product of the United States is now 150,000,000 sterling, of which £13,000,000 worth is annually exported.

**Surrey in 1801 and in 1881.**—In 1801 the population of Surrey was 268,233 persons; in 1881 it had risen to 1,435,842. A penny county rate in 1801 yielded £1,500; in 1881 above £39,000.

**Howard Centenary Memorial.**—In 1890 the centenary commemoration of John Howard is to take the form of a statue, at the cost of £3,000, towards which the Duke of Bedford has subscribed £300, Mr. Whitbread £300, Earl Cowper £100, Mr. T. Barnard and Mr. F. Howard each £100, and many other lesser sums. The Bedford people wish a statue of their own, as they have of Bunyan, otherwise the nation may well be satisfied with the famous statue in St. Paul's, the first erected there, of which the celebrated John Bacon, R.A., was the sculptor. If a large amount is raised by the centenary committee, a less costly statue might be supplemented by some other useful memorial of the philanthropist. The best brief record of his life is that by Dr. Stoughton in the cheap series of biographical tracts of the Religious Tract Society.

**Export Trade of France.**—Statistics recently prepared show that there was a decline in the value of French exports during the past twelve years amounting to no less than £7,500,000. The woollen exports, which in 1882 were valued at £16,000,000, fell to £15,000,000 in 1886, and scarcely exceeded £12,900,000 in 1888. Silks declined from £10,360,000 in 1887 to £8,920,000 in 1888; and linens,

which had an export value of £1,240,000 in 1877, scarcely yielded £320,000 in 1888. There was also a considerable decrease last year in the exports of turnery, leatherware, refined sugar, articles of fashion, and gold and silver ware. Taking the countries to which exports were sent, there was no material change as regards Portugal, Austria, China, and British America, while the exports to Belgium, the United States, New Grenada, Spain, the Argentine Republic, and a few minor States exhibited a total improvement of £9,160,000 during the past twelve years. But this gain was more than counterbalanced by a decrease of upwards of £18,000,000 in the value of the exports to all other countries. The exports to Great Britain fell from £42,000,000 in 1877 to £34,500,000 in 1888; those to Germany decreased in the same interval from £15,000,000 to £12,000,000; and those to Italy went down from £7,400,000 to £4,760,000.

**Thanksgiving Day in America.**—The story of the first Thanksgiving Day in New England is on this wise. Other days may have been privately observed, but it was in 1631, on Feb. 22nd, afterwards the birthday of George Washington, that the first regularly appointed Thanksgiving was held. The amount of food in the colony had grown very scanty, and the only hope of the colonists lay in the ship Lion, which had been sent back to England for supplies. More than six months had passed, and the vessel did not return. Governor Winthrop had no meal, and the other inhabitants of Boston were worse off. It is said that the public stores had been so reduced that a fast had been appointed to pray for relief, and that the Governor was in the act of giving the last handful of meal from his barrel to a poor man in distress, when a ship was spied entering the harbour with provisions enough for all. It was the Lion. The fast was turned into a thanksgiving, and the day, though at a different season, grew into a local observance, and is now a national holiday.—*New York Observer.*

**A Shakespearian Acrostic.**

*Answer*—PORTIA.

Prospero, Orlando, Rosalind, Timon, Isabella, Ariel.

# Household Queries.

**Corns, Nervousness, etc.**—*What is the best cure for corns? What is the safest drink for nervous constitutions? When a person's mind is bothered concerning disappointments occurring in every-day domestic life, what would be the wisest thing he or she could do to calm the mind?*—These queries trench upon that personal advice which we disclaimed giving last month, but we answer them because they are sent so far as from the Straits Settlements, where the writer could not as yet have become aware of the limitations described. There is no permanent cure for corns—do what you will they will come again—until the boots are altered which produce them. Get a pair of lasts made to fit you of your own, and if, as may happen, the sensitive skin is still hurt for awhile by what is not really tight, let a pad of leather be tacked on to the last at the tender place, so that the boot may be lifted there a little extra. If the corns are hard outside ones, apply Martindale's Solvine with a glass rod two or three days, and then pare carefully away with curved nail scissors. If the chemist has not got that, bathe in hot water and then pare as well as you can. Soft inside corns can sometimes be gradually removed with even the finger-nail and a little help from the scissors: if not, apply liquor arsenicalis morning and evening, which will enable you either to remove them easily, or may dry them up spontaneously. Of course it is poison—remember that. Nervous people should avoid all strong tea, only take coffee in the mornings, with two or three times its bulk of milk, and only use alcohol medicinally. Most other drinks will be wholesome, and in hot climates a little potash bicarbonate may often relieve acidity, or a little lemon or nitric acid a sluggish liver; but ask your local doctor, if one is near. For the last question, morally you must try to realise and follow the teaching of the Master, Who had to encounter more worry and contradiction than anyone else has ever had; but when the physical frame itself is felt from weakness and ill-health to be in a state of nervous excitement, benefit is sometimes derived from a small dose of bromide, combined with a small and not aperient dose of what is called "cooling" medicine, taken an hour or two before bedtime. But these things should not be made habits; and we give no doses, because they should be directed for your own case by a medical man.

**In a Dark Room.**—*Which of two mantelpieces would be the most suitable and serviceable for a parlour having a high wall opposite, which somewhat darkens the room; a dark enamelled slate, imitating various shades, such as red, green, and grey marble, or a real white marble one? Also, which of the two would look the best with an oak or walnut overmantel?*—The white marble would reflect a little more light, but not much, and in other respects would look rather glaring and incongruous. It will be better as regards general effect to have the darker colour, or even a wooden mantelpiece, which appears far more cosy and homelike, and to get what light you can from the glass in a specially chosen overmantel, and perhaps some other glass about the room. A little in corner brackets, by the cross-lights so given, often has considerable effect.

**Washing Flannel.**—*What is the best way of washing flannel shirts to prevent them shrinking? I have sent them to a laundry, also had them washed at home, but find they always decrease in size until most uncomfortable to wear.*—It is very difficult to avoid some shrinkage. First of all the flannel must be properly shrunk before making up, and this can only be done by soaking it in a tub in plenty of boiling water, leaving it in till cold, and then hanging to dry in the open air. In washing afterwards the chief thing is that the clothes must be quickly washed and quickly dried. They must never be rubbed or wrung with the hands, which shrinks and thickens them; nor should very hot water be used. The usual way is to wash one at a time by drawing through the hands in warm, but not hot suds; they are not to be soaped, but a wringing machine is useful. They are rinsed in lukewarm water, in which some soap is dissolved, turned inside out in the rinse, shaken, stretched, and hung out to dry quickly. It spoils them to leave them in the wet, or to put them very near the fire in drying, or to boil them, or keep them long in boiling water, or to wring in the hands. The rinse in soapy water, quick washing in not too hot water, quick drying, are the chief things, and a judicious stretching while wet will do something.

**Versification.**—*Will you please give the name of a good book on English versification (metre, rhythm, etc.)? Verse-making may be made a quite harmless form of amusement?*—Certainly it may; and perhaps you may some day proudly blossom forth as "the inventor and proprietor of this pome." There is "Guest's History of English Rhythms," (Bell and Sons), and—to be frank—we do not know whether there is any other, as regards metres. Amongst its other merits, much of Tennyson's best work is worthy of attentive study for its marvellous accuracy and finish in this respect; and many lines are truly wonderful examples of difficulties overcome in apparently the simplest manner. But it is allowable now to use or invent *any* metre, so long as consistency is preserved. In finding rhymes "The Rhyming Dictionary" will be a great assistance.

## Astronomical Almanack for February.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | ☿ rises 7.41 A.M. |
| 2 | S | SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY |
| 3 | M | ☿ sets 4.51 P.M. |
| 4 | T | Procyon S. 10.33 P.M. |
| 5 | W | Full ☽ 1.13 A.M. |
| 6 | T | Clock before ☿ 14m. 29s. |
| 7 | F | Taurus S. 7.18 P.M. |
| 8 | S | Half-Quarter Day |
| 9 | S | SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY |
| 10 | M | Orion's belt S. 8.3 P.M. |
| 11 | T | Mars a morning star |
| 12 | W | ☽ 3 Quarter 6.51 P.M. |
| 13 | T | Pollux S. 10.0 P.M. |
| 14 | F | ☿ rises 7.18 A.M. |
| 15 | S | ☿ sets 5.13 P.M. |
| 16 | S | SHROVE SUNDAY |
| 17 | M | Capella near zen. 7.17 P.M. |
| 18 | T | Mars rises 1.10 A.M. |
| 19 | W | ASH WEDNESDAY |
| | | [New ☽ 10.28 A.M. |
| 20 | T | Daybreak 5.13 A.M. |
| 21 | F | Twilight ends 7.17 P.M. |
| 22 | S | Length of day 10h. 23m. |
| 23 | S | 1 SUNDAY IN LENT |
| 24 | M | Aldebaran S. 6.11 P.M. |
| 25 | T | Clock before ☉ 13m. 13s. |
| 26 | W | ☽ 1 Quarter 2.6 P.M. |
| 27 | T | ☿ rises 6.51 A.M. |
| 28 | F | ☿ sets 5.36 P.M |
| | | [Day's increase 3h. 2m |



*After the Painting by* [*John Everett Millais.*

THE ORDER OF RELEASE. 1746.

# SENIOR AND JUNIOR:

## A COUNTRY TOWN CHRONICLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "GREAT GRANDMAMMA SEVERN," "THE CHILCOTES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVI.—LAVY SPEAKS HER MIND.



ANDREW KNEW THAT HE WAS IN FOR A SCENE, AND DID NOT LIKE IT.

BUSINESS rather than pleasure strictly so called took Andrew Hallett about this time to Hallett Place; yet it was surely pleasure of a very measurable sort to be out in the lanes astride of a good horse, with a fair summer world as a background for young desires and fancies.

Andrew was in very good spirits. He had the delight in riding that bold horsemanship and an excellent mount made legitimate. It was all very well for Mr. Hallett, senior, to amble about the lanes on his sedate cob, to jog up and down beside the covert on hunting mornings while the hounds were drawing, or hang about the crest of the hill watching the sport from a distance; but Andrew was at an age when a dashing flight across country has an exhilarating effect on young veins. Even when he was alone and bent on business, as he was to-day, his energy and young activity demanded a quick pace in spite of the summer sun that smote a little fervently on the flat Eastshire uplands.

He was glad for many reasons to be out in the

summer world rather than shut up within the office walls, where he shared a room with his father. Of late this companionship had been trying even to a young man who possessed an undoubted command over his emotions.

Mr. Hallett's temper, which was naturally of the explosive order, had within the last weeks lapsed into a chronic growl, almost as difficult to bear with patience as a bruise that never allows you to forget its presence. Nothing that the son did or said could find favour in the father's eyes; the clerks in the outer room trembled as they bent over their desks; upstairs the women sat together and were silent, conscious that something was wrong to make papa look so glum, and anxiously afraid lest any look or word of theirs should add fuel to the fire of his displeasure.

Andrew was not taken into the senior's confidence, but he was shrewd enough to guess pretty accurately what turn matters were taking. When he threw up the window of his bedroom in the morning he would look across the way and shrug his shoulders with a very knowing air.

The bank-house wore its accustomed aspect of prosperity and good cheer: the butcher's boy left handsome joints at the side-door, Mosses and Drinkwaters trooped up and down the steps, farmers dropped in to dinner on market days, a county squire now and then was glad to break his fast in the big dining-room when he rode into Melchisford to do business at the bank, the neighbours came as they had done these many years for a chat and a bit of supper in the long summer evenings—but, for all that, black Care had crept in like a thief, and become a tenant for life in that once happy home.

Andrew, junior, had been told nothing, but he knew very well, for all that. He could see his uncle's jolly face was lined and careworn, and when uncle and nephew met in the streets the older man would brush past the younger without a word. Andrew, for his part, went by with an uplifted chin. He had always despised his Uncle Mellish for a weak, good-natured fool, who served others to his own loss, and he cared little to forego his friendship, but he did not relish the effect of this estrangement on the home atmosphere. It was as if an east wind had penetrated there to temper the summer sunshine; his mother's comely face was sad and anxious, as if she were always listening for the approach of calamity, her tired eyes spoke of wakeful nights, she no longer slept peacefully in her chair after dinner, lulled by Hester's gentle music—indeed, that music was stilled of late, for the master shut himself up in his little dismal den at the other extreme of the house, and would not be lured by Hetty's artless wiles.

She set the door open as if by accident and played his favourite pieces, but all in vain: he made no sign until the hour for prayers, when he appeared with a dark brow, and read in a voice that made even the servants tremble.

From garret to cellar everyone felt the blight of the master's changed looks, and even Mary Kelynge, who was not quick at conclusions, began to wonder whether hers was the offending presence that had imposed this silence where once there had been bland and gracious words.

It was natural enough, seeing what comfortable proportions that brotherly and sisterly relation Andrew had so successfully fostered had now assumed, that she should take her tremors to him.

"Do you think, Mr. Andrew," she began, on one of those many occasions when chance or design found them alone together.

"'Mr. Andrew!'" said the young man, reproachfully; "surely we may drop that formality now!"

Mary blushed one of those deep dull blushes that were with her a signal-flag of distress.

"You've adopted me, you know, as—as a brother," he went on, with a smile; "and you have given me the privilege of calling you Mary."

"That's different," she said, quickly, though she would have been totally incapable of explaining the subtleties of her feeling.

Andrew did not press the point. Her hesitation did not displease him; it was even soothing to his vanity. If she were a little in awe of him, why not? It is the woman's part to be in subjection.

"What was it you wanted to ask me?" he said.

"Do you think," began Mary, gathering courage again—"do you think your father is displeased because I am staying here?"

"The governor?" said Andrew, looking very much surprised; "what could make you imagine that?"

"Perhaps he thinks I am staying too long," she faltered.

"He couldn't think that," said Andrew, quite gravely. "He thinks it a great honour that you should have chosen to make this your home—we all think it an honour. It will be a melancholy day for us if—when the day comes that you must leave us."

"It will be a sad day for me," said Mary, the ready tears beginning to rise.

"Don't you think it will be sad for somebody else, too?" said Andrew, taking her hand—perhaps to comfort her. "You mustn't mind my father; all his grumpiness means business—business that has not gone quite straight. It has nothing to do with the house or anyone in it; though to look at my mother you would think we were all in disgrace. All men who have business cares are like that at times."

"Not you," said Mary, with the most innocent flattery.

Andrew laughed. "Oh, I can cut up pretty crusty, too," he said; "but I don't take such a grip of things as the governor. It's no good; whether we worry or not, it all comes to the same thing in the end."

Mary looked at him as if she thought this a very noble sentiment. Her eyes said, "How brave you are!" and when a woman's eyes use that language it is not very difficult to read their meaning.

When Mary wore that look she almost ceased to be plain; she forgot herself, her fears, her hesitations, her blushes as she looked up into the bold, handsome, well-pleased face above her; but

though she was no longer afraid, Andrew had not yet fulfilled his task of comforter. He was very eager that she should not be frightened; she must promise not to mind his father's frowns or his short words and preoccupied looks. He was so urgent about this that she straightway repossessed herself of all her conquered alarms, and so had to be comforted over again.

"I'll take care of you; don't you bother," he said; "you've given me that right, you know. My mother is good to you?"

"She is goodness itself—and so is Hetty."

"Well, you mustn't mind the old man; his bark is worse than his bite. If it weren't for that I'd have been demolished long ago."

It was in this way that Andrew practised the rôle of brother to a new-found sister. If anyone had told him he was basely playing with a woman's heart under this guise of brotherhood he would hotly have repudiated the assertion. What had hearts to do with it? he would have asked—and, indeed, his own remained quite comfortably in his control; it was only this poor silly girl's that was going out to him day by day a little more—shyly at first, then confidingly, then irretrievably. Brother and sister? It was a cruel partnership on which he had set his fancy—a partnership which he was to be free to break or to maintain as it pleased and served him, while the other side was to be wholly bound.

Andrew, junior, was certainly a wiser man than his father when he resolved to have nothing to do with any feelings which made him uncomfortable. It was a most serviceable sentiment—a thousandfold better than love, at which he had now and then played. Love is too clamorous, too urgent in its demands; friendship asks so little that you may deny its claims at any moment without a scandal or a scene.

"Or you may wear it for a lifetime," he said to himself, "and never let it gall or fret you." He laughed aloud as now he spurred on his horse to a sharper canter. Love played no part in his scheme of things—a wife who would not expect too much, who would be humbly thankful for a little show of kindness (and to do him justice he was kind in his masterful, careless way to women and children), who would put no restraint on her husband's entire freedom. This was the ideal of married life which he set before him. If he had graduated in Mayfair he could scarcely have been more worldly-wise at twenty-four, for the wife who had all these negative virtues was not Mary Kelynge, the poor companion or governess—she was at best but a sort of sister, whom it would be quite safe to neglect—but Mary Kelynge the heiress.

No wonder he was gay and smiling as he cantered briskly. It was pleasant to be sniffing up the sweet summer air, the thousand odours of hedgerow and field; pleasant to get away from his father's sneers and his mother's sad looks, and perhaps even from that task of playing brother which sometimes palled a little; pleasant to entertain himself with visions and fancies and hopes that every hour were turning into realities.

For the months were slipping away one by one; five of them had gone by since the vault had closed over the remains of old Mr. Hallett—five months without a sign, a hint, a whisper, that the heir still lived and would come to claim his own.

He was dead—without a doubt he was dead. Any court of Equity would presume it. There was scarce a chance in a thousand that he would win; the game was in Andrew's own strong young hands. Was it to be wondered at that when he rode in at the lodge gate and drew rein that he might walk his horse under the shade of the beech avenue, he should already look about him critically, keenly, as if with the eye of a master?

When Andrew had finished his business with the bailiff he remembered a message that took him to the house.

He knew that he should find the housekeeper there in charge, and without difficulty get admission to the library to fetch a book Miss Kelynge had expressed a wish for. His horse had been taken to the stable, and he was in no haste to return. He sauntered up to the door, which, a little to his surprise, he found thrown open. The afternoon sun streamed into the low wide hall, touching the portraits on the wall, and bringing out odd looks of smiling or serious intelligence on the painted faces, touching, too, the dead man's possessions as his hand had relinquished them—his hat, his great-coat, a pair of gloves—hastily pulled off and still bearing the impress of the fingers that had worn them—the stick that had supported his last steps—all these poor, material things that live on to stab and wound the love which death has bereaved.

They held Andrew for a moment, while he looked at them with a kind of resentment. What right had they to remind him of the old man who was gone—dead, buried, forgotten—whose day was over? "It is my day now," he had been saying to himself all the afternoon. "It is my day now," he repeated, half aloud, looking round him at the silent family audience, as if he dared them to deny it.

He turned to the library, to do his errand there first before he went in search of the housekeeper, and of the bread-and-cheese and home-brewed ale she was sure to offer.

The library was a badly lit and rather sombre room at all times, the dark oak of the wainscoting and bookcases absorbing the light; and to one entering it from the vivid outer sunlight it had more than its usual obscurity.

Andrew went into it blindly, as one who feels his way, and he had more than half crossed it before he was aware of a figure seated in the further window.

"Is that you, Mrs. Carter?" he asked, but almost before he had uttered the words he knew that it was not the housekeeper, and he went on—'Don't be savage with me, Lavy; it's so dark here I couldn't make you out, and I didn't expect to see you here."

"Didn't you?" said Lavy; she turned her head in his direction, but she did not rise from the window seat. "I expected you: that's why I'm here; I came on purpose."

"Did you really? Awfully good of you, I'm sure." Andrew seated himself on a corner of the

writing-table, where he faced the light. "If I had known you wanted to see me, I would have gone round by Chalk End on my way home."

"There was a time, not so long ago, when you came without waiting for me to send for you," she said, with a note of suppressed feeling in her voice.

Andrew's ear was quick to catch the accent. He knew, as he himself would have expressed it, that he was in for a scene, and he mentally pulled himself together. He did not like it; he systematically avoided "rows" when it was possible, but since this one seemed to be inevitable, he faced it philosophically.

"Do you know why I have stayed away, Lavy?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, turning upon him suddenly; "I know why you have stayed away, but it will interest me all the same to hear your reasons: they're sure to be very convincing."

He had expected tears perhaps; vehement reproaches at the least, and for a moment he was taken aback; but he rallied quickly, and said, "Unfortunately they are only too convincing, as you say. I stopped away because I saw it was no good going on as we were doing, Lavy, since our fancy for each other could lead to nothing—to nothing but unhappiness for you and me." She stood and listened so quietly that he felt it difficult to go on. "Even if we had ever seriously thought of it we could never have married; my father would never consent."

"You have been a good while in finding that out."

Her composure reassured him, and he went on more fluently.

"I used to think I could get round him. I counted on my mother; she would do anything for me, but the governor has had losses lately, and he is in an awfully bad humour. He gets his knife in, I can tell you! It's scarcely possible to live with him, and there would be no end of a row if I were to propose to—"

"To introduce a beggar to the family."

He had been quite sure Lavinia was going to be sensible and reasonable, and to let him off without that scene which he did not care to face, but he was not so sure now.

He got off the table and went a step nearer her.

"Look here, Lavy," he said, "there's no use taking it like that. There's no girl in the world I care for so much as I care for you; and you know it very well." She laughed a little bitterly, but he went on, with a stronger protest. "If I were independent and free to marry to-morrow, you are the girl I would choose, but what can I do? My hands are tied"—he gave a shrug of his shoulders—"I am in my father's power. I am not even a junior partner. He loves to be master, and he keeps me out as long as he can. He talks of giving me a share at Christmas, but do you suppose he would do it if I were to displease him? He would turn me adrift without the smallest consideration. Even if by some miracle he let me keep my stool in the office, I am but a clerk, with a clerk's pittance. I can't ask you to share a beggarly lot like that, Lavy."

"You are very considerate."

"I've got to look ahead," he said, a little doggedly, stung by the persistent contempt of her tone. "I've got to see things for both of us as they are. It's all very well to talk of love, but love won't butter our bread or put clothes on our backs; and my father will do nothing. There has been an awful row with Mellish over your father's business, and he wouldn't give his consent to our marriage if we were to go from here on our knees to ask it."

"So those were your reasons?" she said at last. She turned her head, and searched him with her great dark eyes. She looked very handsome, with the deep flush of anger on her cheek and its light in her eyes. He remembered that other face that he had left behind him an hour or two ago—that other poor plain face that had kindled, too, under his words and looks, but that never, even when most loving, could be fair to see; and he suffered a sudden pang of regret. Lavy had never been so prized or appreciated by him as now at this moment, when he was about to relinquish all claim to her. The temptation to play the lover—the despairing lover—just once more was strong.

He drew a little nearer.

"Lavy," he began, "my dearest, you'll believe me it has cut me up awfully; it has—"

But she suddenly arrested the words on his lips.

"Stand back!" she said, fiercely. "Don't come any nearer! Don't dare to touch me—or speak to me like that! It's an insult to breathe the same air as you. I have listened to you; now you've got to listen to me." She waved him back imperiously. "I shall be as plain as you, and a little more honest."

"Oh, you know how to be that!"

"Yes, I know how to be that. Andrew Hallett, you are a coward and a knave—a base coward! You have lied to me!"

He started back, stung by her measureless contempt, his swarthy face paling with dreadful anger.

"You are a woman," he said, hoarsely, "and so you are privileged to use words for which I should horsewhip a man within an inch of his life."

"Yes," she said, "I am a woman—an insulted woman—and I dare call things by their true name. You came to me—you sought me out; I did not seek you. I am a Moss. I know my place. I did not aspire to so fine a gentleman as Mr. Andrew Hallett. You came and made love to me, and I—I gave you all my heart. I am not ashamed to confess it. I was a fool—a weak fool—to believe in you, but that was my folly, not my shame. I cared for you enough to be poor with you, though you were so considerate in wishing to spare me—I cared for you enough to forgive you a good deal. Perhaps if you had come to me to-day and said, 'I have found another girl whom it suits me better to marry, or at least to make love to in the meantime—a girl who has splendid chances, and who will make her husband rich and honourable,' I might have

forgiven you, even if I had despised you. Your sincerity might have saved you, but you came to me with a falsehood on your lips—"

"Take care," he said, still white with his passion; "there is a limit even to what a woman dares to say to me."

"There is no limit but the truth," she said. "Oh, never fear, I'll keep well within the truth. You came pretending to care for me still—to be very sorry to lose me. You thought, perhaps, it would please me to hear that. If you think so still, I may tell you I would die sooner than marry you."

"If you hate me so much," he said, striving to recover his composure, "it will be the easier for us to part. And perhaps if you have finished annihilating me—"

"I don't hate you," she said, calmly; "my feeling for you isn't strong enough for that: I only despise you. You needn't go yet."

"Have you any more pleasant things to say to me?"

"Only one thing; I won't keep you long, and it is the last time I shall trouble you to listen to me. You were quite right not to hint at your plans, your schemes, your hopes, for they may betray you yet. It's a wicked game you are playing"—she spoke with more feeling than she had yet shown—"you are drawing a poor girl, who doesn't know any better, on to care for you, and by-and-by, if she disappoints your expectations, you will throw her over as you threw me over. You asked me a little while ago if I knew your reasons. I knew them a little better than you imagined, you see, and I tell you frankly—for I hate your roundabout ways—that if there's anything I can do to thwart your plans and save another woman from being treated as you have treated me, I will do it."

"Thank you for letting me know your intentions," he said, with an ironical bow, but with fury in his heart; "forewarned is forearmed. Is it your pleasure to end the interview now, because my horse has been waiting some time?"

"Yes," said Lavinia, who, it must be confessed, had shown a good deal of spirit as well as an abundant candour, "I've said about all I had on my mind: and now, to save your feelings—you see I can be considerate as well as you—I will go as I came, by the window, and you can fetch the book you want and ride away just as if you had never seen me."

But he made no search for the book, and when he left the library he looked so black and thunderous that Mrs. Carter, who had but heard of his presence in the house, started back half alarmed.

"You don't—do you feel ill, Mr. Andrew?" she asked. "Dear, dear, it's the long ride in the heat! Thomas says the mare was all in a sweat. You'll come into my room, sir, and drink a cup of tea before you start? The kettle's just on the boil."

He repulsed her offer so roughly that she drew herself up, looking rather offended; and Andrew, who was not habitually discourteous, and had, indeed, rather a good-humoured way with his inferiors, noticed it, and made a lame attempt to atone for his rudeness.

"It's the heat, as you say, that's upset me a little; it's frightfully hot. If you could give me a mouthful of whisky-and-water, Mrs. Carter, I think that would put me all right."

"Yes, sir. There's potash, if you prefer it to water. Poor dear Mr. Hallett used to say there was no drink to his mind equal to potash with a dash of whisky in it. Mr. Jones, the butler, used to repeat it many's the time, and as fine a cellar, he said, as there was in the county, if he had been able to drink it. The whisky is Scotch, Mr. Andrew, I believe, and very good; at least, so your papa was pleased to say the last time he was here."

At a lighter moment Andrew would have laughed at this allusion to his papa; but he was in no laughing humour. He had sufficient command of himself, however, to ride with an appearance of careless ease so long as he was in sight of the house. But when he had passed the lodge gates, and, glancing furtively up and down the high road, had made sure that Lavy was not in sight, he punished the mare for the rage and fury that were gnawing at his heart.

Lavy's scalding vials of contempt and scorn had scorched him as her tears and reproaches never would have done had she wept for a month at his feet. He did not fear her threats; he was far too careful and calculating a young gentleman to have written any of those foolishly compromising letters that are so damaging to a lover's reputation for wit and wisdom when they front him in the witness-box. He was not afraid of anything she could do, and yet he cowered and quailed anew under the remembered sting of her lash.

She had read him unerringly, she had found him out; and the love he had so lightly prized, so easily relinquished, went now to feed the channels of her hate.

### CHAPTER XVII.—HOW SIR JAMES WAS MANAGED.

LADY HEMMINGWAY had not at all cooled towards that project of sending Sir James to lunch with dear Cousin Emily. She was as hot over it as ever; only unfortunately it was James himself who had frustrated the plan by choosing an inconvenient moment for one of his little illnesses.

Sir James's bilious attacks were sometimes well timed, as, for instance, on those occasions when the Darbyshires sent a groom on horseback to Spens, bearing an invitation to tennis and an impromptu dance. It was then convenient for Lady Hemmingway to write a little note deploring that poor dear James had one of his bad attacks, and really could not leave his room. The Darbyshires knew quite well what this note was meant to convey, just as they knew Sir James could neither dance nor play tennis any better than a broomstick. There were six of the Darbyshire girls—six portionless girls, who would not have two thousand apiece; and Lady Hemmingway's pretty little underlined note said in the politest phrases that Sir James was a prize quite beyond

their reach. These things are perfectly understood in the genteel world, and even in the rural world of Eastshire; and nobody takes them amiss.

But the times when the weakness of Sir James's constitution fitted comfortably into the scheme of things were fairly balanced by the occasions when his ability to fall sick was quite as tiresome as if he had been a little boy with the measles, who kept his mamma from going to evening parties. His recent surrender, for instance, was most ill-judged, and Lady Hemmingway was too provoked by it to have any sympathy with his sufferings.

"You really give in too easily," she said, sharply; "when I have a headache I make a point of not yielding to it."

"It couldn't have been the King William sherry this time," said Sir James, who took a melancholy pleasure in tracing his sufferings to their possible source, "because I haven't been at Melchisford."

"Perhaps it was the sherry at home. I must speak to Cooper about it. Really, James, you are old enough to know what agrees and what disagrees with you. You ought to make it a matter of principle, as I do, to digest well."

"Perhaps it was the pie," suggested Sir James, neutrally. "Pie, especially if the cook is not careful to make a hole in the crust before baking, is very apt to disagree. It is the compressed gases that are hurtful, I am told."

"What does it matter what caused it?" asked his mother, irritably. "I should think it was quite enough to have had a headache for three days, as you say you have, without worrying yourself to find out how you came to have it."

"Four days," corrected the sufferer. "It began on Sunday; we had pie at lunch on Sunday—"

"James, James, I shall really begin to lose patience with you if you say another word"—most people would have thought she had begun already—"I will not have the dinners of a week past, the dinners that *I* have made a conscience of digesting, if *you* have not, dragged up before me in detail. It is enough to take away one's appetite completely."

"I beg your pardon, mother," said Sir James, with polite contrition; "I haven't much appetite myself this morning." He pushed aside his untasted coffee, and leaned his head upon his hand.

He looked so yellow and miserable that she might have had a little pity on him, but she had none. She would not hear of sending for Dr. Smee, though she was usually ready to summon the surgeon for the most trifling ailment.

"What you want is rousing," she said. "You must shake off your depression, James; you must not yield to it. If you want any more of the doctor's stuff you had better ride over and fetch it yourself, and pay a little visit to Cousin Emily. You promised, you remember, to call."

"I am afraid I couldn't stand the shaking today," said the luckless young man, looking up with a pair of eyes like boiled gooseberries.

His mother considered him scrutinisingly for a moment.

James was certainly not looking his best, and she reflected that it would scarcely do to send him a-wooing with a complexion like a guinea and the expression of a martyr.

"Well," she said, rapidly striking out a new plan, "if you don't fancy riding, you had better drive with me this afternoon. I am going to Melchisford, and you may find Dr. Smee at home. And, by-the-bye, James, now that I think of it, it would be as well for you to have another opinion before deciding to let Barnes have the lease of The Willows."

Sir James looked up, a thread of surprise crossing his melancholy features. His mind travelled rather slowly from one topic to another, and from the question of riding or driving to the letting of The Willows seemed a too abrupt descent.

"It is as good as settled," he said at last. "You remember, you wanted me to see Service, and I saw Service, and I thought—"

But his mother did not wish him to do any thinking.

"Service is all very well," she said, "and I daresay he was a good lawyer in his day, but he is getting old and stupid. I think you might begin gradually, you know, James—gradually, to transfer your business to someone else. I never interfere, as you know very well, James, but I advise, your mother advises, you; and I do think it is most important to have a good lawyer to look after one's interests, especially in these bad times. I hear excellently of Mr. Hallett."

"Hallett of Melchisford?"

"There is no other Hallett, I believe"—she snapped him up—"except our late neighbour in the county; indeed, it is just possible there is a distant relationship (Miss Kelynge is staying there); and it is well to have a lawyer who is respectably connected."

She rose from her place behind the tea-urn and pushed back her chair, and then she said, in a firm voice, the voice one uses to a little boy who is never allowed to be naughty:

"I am going to call on Miss Kelynge this afternoon, James, and you may as well come with me. You can do your little bit of business with Mr. Hallett in his office, you know, and then you can come to the drawing-room to fetch me. As you are not very well I will not ask you to do more than remain a few minutes; but you must be quite well next week—really quite well—no headache and no depression, James, because, since Cousin Emily is kind enough to ask you, you must, in common politeness, go and take lunch with her."

This was how Sir James was managed. The art, as it was practised on him, was not a fine art; it was indeed so rough and rudimentary, so entirely unskilled, that his mother may be pardoned if his clumsy obedience sometimes irritated her. To get your own way by a finely-practised diplomacy is a triumph, to get it by simply asserting it is as inglorious as defeat. And yet, to do Lady Hemmingway justice, Sir James was one of the people with whom it would be perfectly impossible to live unless you managed him. He was like a crookedly hung picture, which speedily becomes a torture unless you set it straight, and

he was usually quite as passive as the picture in allowing himself to be drawn into line.

He was ready obediently to take his place on the narrow seat of the carriage in spite of the unabated headache, which had scarcely allowed him to break his fast at lunch.

"If she is a kind girl," thought his mother, her imagination taking one of those onward bounds that leave lagging reality so far behind, "she will be sorry for his bad health; but I wish he didn't look so cadaverous and yellow. If it had been anything else—but a liver complaint isn't the least interesting, and few people have any sympathy to spare for it."

However, Sir James had to be accepted as he was, complexion and all, and his mother consoled herself by the assurance that in his neat and careful dress James always looked like a gentleman, though some, as we know, considered Cooper to answer the description still better.

In the course of the journey to Melchisford Lady Hemmingway administered a little more of the advice she was so careful to assure him was not interference; and interference it certainly was not, since Sir James had no scheme of his own which it traversed.

By the time they had reached the Red House he had learned his lesson sufficiently well to be trusted to repeat it correctly, and she left him to seek the office entrance while she went up the steps to the private door.

Hannah Mellish, from her post at the opposite window, saw the arrival. She knew the Spens liveries, and had no difficulty in identifying the tall stout lady in the modified dress of a widow that suggested a very comfortable stage of grief, and the well-brushed young man who got out of the carriage so carefully and handed his mother solemnly up the steps.

Hannah knew the widow and her son far better than she had ever known old Mr. Hallett and his niece, though Hallett Place was nearer by several miles to Chalk End than Spens. Lady Hemmingway had come more than once in her pony-carriage to the farm when Hannah reigned there to bargain for spring chickens and butter when Spens had a summer influx of visitors, and its own resources were taxed. Hannah knew her as a rather condescending great lady with very defined ideas as to the price of farm produce from a buyer's point of view; and here she was, going up the steps of the Red House as a visitor—an equal. A little streak of bitterness crept into Hannah's musings; it seemed to her as if all the desirable things of this world went up that opposite flight of steps—fashion, friendship, ease, prosperity—all the gaiety and charm of life. The bank-house had been strangely silent these many days; no fine carriage was reined up there, nobody had laughed or sung in it for ever so long. Hannah did not know what was amiss, but her world was cold and bare and large about her; even the fickle sunshine had crossed the street and left the bank in shadow.

Hannah did not know that behind the drawn blind, which the afternoon warmth could not penetrate, her sister-in-law was lying with a throbbing head, and a heart that kept it sad companionship in aching. Mrs. Hallett had looked so ill after one of many sleepless nights that Hester had persuaded her to lie down and rest.

"Everybody has called lately; you will not miss anyone, mother; and besides, Mary and I will be at home if anybody should come."

Hester had to use many persuasions before her mother would yield. She would not own that she was ill or tired, or that anything was amiss; it was only when Hester said, "Papa will be quite shocked if he sees you looking like that when he comes up to dinner," that she gave in and allowed Hetty to darken the room and bathe her head with eau-de-Cologne.

"That will do, dear," said her mother at last. "I heard the bell a minute or two ago; perhaps your father has sent for something he wants."

"It is only Sophy Barker," said Hester, "come to exchange the club books. I will leave you, mother, if you will promise to rest, and not to move till I come for you. I won't let you be late for dinner; you may trust me."

Mrs. Hallett gave the promise Hester exacted, glad to be left in silence and peace to entertain her anxious thoughts, and to wear as sad a face as she pleased.

Hester, finding Sophy Barker and Miss Kelynge maintaining a difficult conversation in the drawing-room, proposed an adjournment to the lawn, where some little Japanese tables and basket chairs made a pleasant corner under the lime-trees.

Sophy was easily enough persuaded to remain for the afternoon, and produced from her pocket a compact roll of embroidery which, with praiseworthy foresight, she was preparing in advance of a possible trousseau.

"What patience you have!" said Hester, taking up one end of the long punctured strip which Sophy's diligent fingers had traversed. "But suppose, Sophy," she laughed, mischievously—"suppose the husband never comes? Do you know there are twenty girls here in Melchisford to one eligible man? Andrew made the calculation one day. Isn't it insufferable to think what an immense superiority of choice that leaves the conquering sex?"

At the mention of Andrew Mary blushed one of those sudden, deep, uncomfortable blushes that seemed to hint at depths of unrevealed guilt. Were there nineteen girls in Melchisford who would suffer because—if—"

"I suppose I shall want some clothes even if I don't marry," said Sophy, who was rather prim and proper; "and Melchisford isn't the only place where there are young men."

"No," said Hester, lying back and clasping her hands behind her head, "there is the wide world—the wide world that may end for some of them—who knows?—in our own little Melchisford!"

She looked at Mary with a smile, but Mary was still occupied with that vision of the nineteen girls who would rise up to cry out against the one—the one blessed above all the others whom the hero might choose, and she failed to catch the look.

Hester was very gently gay that afternoon with a new inrush of ease that came she could not tell

whence. She was glad that she had persuaded her mother to rest. If the mother would but get well and come downstairs with the old placid look on her comely face, it seemed to Hetty as if the jangling music of the household would straightway become tuneful again. On so rare and perfect a summer's afternoon it was difficult to entertain forebodings or unformulated fears.

It was to this little group that Lady Hemmingway was presently led. She had seen the young people from the window, and had surprised the parlourmaid by saying that she would go out and join them. The maid came first to announce the illustrious visitor, and at sight of the tall, darkly-clad figure approaching them over the grass the girls all rose, Mary clutching the arm of her chair and Sophy dropping her scissors and thimble. Hester alone maintained her perfect ease and serenity. She had pulled her own chair forward and established the visitor in it before that lady had quite made up her mind which of the three she was there to distinguish with her notice.

Hester soon settled the point by saying, simply, "I am sorry my mother is too unwell to leave her room this afternoon. She will regret not having seen you."

"Ah, then you are Miss Hallett," said Lady Hemmingway, still gracious, but inwardly disappointed.

"This is Miss Kelynge," said Hester, understanding the position of matters at once. "Mary, will you take my chair? the sun is in your eyes where you sit."

Lady Hemmingway looked with a good deal of interest at poor Mary as she distressfully changed places with Hester. It seemed to her at that moment that Nature had made one of her unaccountable mistakes in dowering a mere country lawyer's daughter with such decided beauty and defrauding the possible owner of sixty thousand a year of so much as ordinary comeliness. Even that other girl—doubtless some shopkeeper's daughter—who hung so diligently over her sewing, had better points. But sixty thousand pounds covers a great many blemishes; and depend on it there would be others besides Lady Hemmingway who would presently find poor Mary quite pleasing, and even pretty, when this comfortable income came to be hers.

"My dear Miss Kelynge," she said, "it is so strange that we meet now for the first time, we who have been near neighbours these many, many



LADY HEMMINGWAY IN SEARCH OF MISS KELYNGE.

years. But in my husband's lifetime we were much in London, and your uncle, you know, was quite a recluse. We never could persuade him to come to us even for a quiet dinner."

"No," said Mary, "he went nowhere."

"And you, of course, were at school."

"No," said Mary again; "I had a governess. She was at Hallett Place for three years, and then she said it was dull, and she went away, and I never had another."

"Ah," said Lady Hemmingway, covering the little blunder adroitly, "I thoroughly approve of home education. If I had had a daughter she should never have been allowed out of my sight. I could not even let my son go to a public school, though Sir Robert insisted on his going to Cambridge. My boy is all I have, you know, and he is very precious to me."

"Yes," said Mary; but she was thinking of someone else who was an only son, and doubtless very precious to his mother too.

The visitor was very gracious, but she found Mary rather unresponsive. She hoped she was going back to Hallett Place soon: it was a pity to run away from such a charming home.

"We called there at once," she said, "but you had flown. It was all very sad, and I daresay it is more cheerful for you here; but you must not quite forsake us."

"I don't want to go back," blundered Mary; "I should like to stay here always."

"Oh, fie!" Lady Hemmingway shook a playful finger at her. "You really must not desert your order. Think what a boon it would be to us to have such a pleasant neighbour! We are very quiet at present too. Will you not come to us for a little, and help to cheer us? We ought to combine our forces; you should have my company all day, and my son would do his best to amuse you in the evening. He is a very good son, and scarcely ever leaves his mother."

Mary listened with a heart that beat in dull alarm. To leave the Red House where she was so happy—to go among strangers! Fortunately Lady Hemmingway did not press her for a reply, being now moved to include Hester and the diligent Sophy in the warmth of her regard. She admired the ripe old garden, and she had even a word of praise for Sophy's laborious embroidery.

Hester was dispensing tea when Sir James, accompanied by Andrew, crossed the lawn. The young men had known each other at Cambridge, but their slight intimacy had been suffered to lapse from a lack of any mutual taste.

The decorous Sir James might have told certain tales, if he would, of the solicitor's son, and sure it is that young Andrew took no trouble to hide his very indifferent opinion of the baronet's merits.

"Did you ever see such an arrant muff?" he cried, when the visitors had taken their leave. "Such a prig! He's as pleased with himself when he remarks that it's a fine day, as if it were a witticism. Oh, he's a good boy, an excellent little boy, with the nicest little manners in the world! That invincible content is an excellent quality; it served him a great deal better at college than genius. He was such a good boy that the dons never wanted to whip him and put him in the corner."

"As they whipped you, and put you in the corner," said Hester, looking at her brother with a smile which included him in her content. "Sir James is very pleasant, Drew, and he didn't spill a single drop out of the teacups."

"Do you hear that, Miss Kelynge?" cried Andrew (it was Miss Kelynge in public). "He will wait on you as if he were hired for it. Oh, you will find his respectable platitudes very soothing when you go to Spens."

"But I am not going to Spens," said Mary, with a note of alarm in her voice. "I—I didn't promise, and I am not going."

"You would rather be here—you would rather stay with us?"

Nobody but Mary heard that low-voiced question, and her uneasy consciousness responded to it in the usual way. It was cruel of him to ask it, since he knew well enough where her inclination lay.

Hester was busy still with her teacups, and Sophy was neatly rolling up her embroidery before going home.

Sophy's blue eyes were very round, and filled with wonder tinctured with respect as she looked at Andrew Hallett. A young man who could speak so slightingly of a baronet, as if—as if he were made of common clay like other people!

Sophy was sure that the baronet's mother was very unlike other people. She had rolled up that lady's high-voiced word of praise with her embroidery, and was carrying it home for the family ear.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—"AS IN THE OLD TIMES."

LADY HEMMINGWAY took the occasion of her presence in Melchisford to do a little of the shopping that is a necessary bit of a country lady's life. If it were not for that need, real or imaginary, of buying something, life in Eastshire would present insupportable depths of dulness. The tedium of many an afternoon is charmed away in choosing, selecting, examining, as the enterprising draper very well knows.

When Sophy was going home to relate her adventures at the family tea-table she saw Lady Hemmingway in the act of descending at the parental shop, her father himself, bowing and bland, ushering in the widow.

Sophy blushed, and ran a little faster. The Barkers lived in a big handsome house outside the town. The daughters had been well educated, and the sons aspired to something better than a place behind the family counter; but though they were received in Melchisford, Sophy knew that there was a distinction and a difference, and that she would never be invited to play at bagatelle with Sir James, or produce her Madeira work in Lady Hemmingway's drawing-room.

Sir James was not with his mother. Even so docile a young man might be expected to draw

the line of his compliance at the inspection of autumn novelties; he had been sent to the surgery to have that little consultation with Dr. Smee.

But when Lady Hemmingway had finished her examination of Mr. Barker's latest purchases, it was so late that she found she could not put Emily in on that occasion, Emily usually being "taken" along with the groceries and draperies when her cousin had a spare afternoon for the claims of Melchisford.

"And it is very provoking," she said to herself, "for I did want to see Emily." It was, therefore, quite a kind stroke of luck that just as Fanny was leaving Barker's door the doctor's little wife should trip in.

"My dear Emily, I am delighted to have met you," cried Fanny, embracing her cousin with a cordiality that was a surprise to the bowing and deferential Barker. "Since I haven't time to go home with you, you must go with me to Allen's; you really must."

"But I want to buy myself a new jacket," said Emily, with laughing remonstrance. "I really have set my heart on outshining everybody at the bazaar on Tuesday. As a doctor's wife, you know, Fanny, I have so few solid satisfactions"—she looked at her cousin sideways with merry eyes—"that you must not deny me this one."

But Cousin Fanny was firm.

"The jacket can wait," she said; "I have not bought one. I have told Mr. Barker that I will consider the matter, and come again another day."

"But the jacket may disappear on somebody else's back in the meantime."

"Nonsense, Emily; you live here and can come at any time, and I want particularly to speak to you."

So Emily was carried by this more powerful will to Allen's, where groceries were to be had a fraction cheaper than from Cheeseman, in George Street; and on the way she was told of the visit that had just been paid to the Red House.

"A charming old garden!" said Fanny, willing to be gracious to Emily's friends, "and Miss Hester is very pretty."

"Hester is beautiful." Mrs. Smee spoke with conviction. "If she were in London everybody would run after her. Melchisford scarcely knows how to appreciate her." Then she looked at her companion mischievously.

"Wasn't it a little indiscreet to introduce James to such a very attractive girl? He might possibly, just possibly, mistake her for the unattractive one."

"James will never forget what he owes to his position," said James's mother with a bridling chin. "He will not disappoint my expectations. He and the son—that very forward young man—were at Cambridge together, but James has not kept up the acquaintance; he will never do anything foolish."

"No," assented Mrs. Smee dryly; "you are right, Fanny, I don't think he ever will."

"He is very discreet, he has a great deal of common sense; he will certainly not do anything foolish."

"Oh, certainly not!" cried Emily again. "You may feel quite comfortable about him when he comes to lunch with me. He will say just the right things and keep his eyes in the proper quarter. I am afraid he must be a little tired of waiting. Henry is not at home: he was called off to Broomfield; there is no one at home except little Harry. Perhaps James may have gone to the nursery."

"You know quite well he doesn't like children," said Fanny, feeling that she ought to be offended, though she scarcely knew why. But it was no use being offended with Emily, whose house was so conveniently placed for accidental or premeditated meetings; and she was dismissed graciously at Allen's door.

"Go and buy your jacket, you extravagant young woman, and, by-the-bye, you may as well ask Barker what is the lowest price he will take for that black velvet dolman with the feather trimming. Feather trimming is quite unheard of in town, and he really ought to reduce it. You can send me the message by James next week."

Mrs. Smee made a little grimace after the departing carriage; but she duly went on an early day of the following week to invite the young people from the Red House as she was commanded.

As she walked briskly along George Street she glanced across at the windows of the bank house. A subtle, vague, and undefined uneasiness existed in the public mind with regard to Mellish's bank. It took no definite shape in words as yet, but it was in the atmosphere. No one knew how this wordless rumour had arisen, whence it had come, who had first breathed it on the summer air; whether, indeed, it were to be treated as one of those malign breaths to which private enterprise of this sort is specially sensitive—with the indifference it deserved.

Mrs. Smee had her own private opinion, coloured, no doubt, by the "they say" her husband brought home with him from his rounds and imparted under the seal of secrecy.

"Now, look here, Emmy, there's to be no chattering, and no confidences over the tea-cups," he said to his wife. "Mellish is a good fellow, who gives himself none of the stuck-up airs of his brother-in-law; and if he's in a hole, I'm not going to push him in deeper by any word of mine, so remember."

"Of course I will remember, Henry," said Mrs. Henry, who, though she loved a laugh at her neighbours' expense, had a kind heart. "I would not hurt that good fellow for the world; but do you think it's as bad as that?"

"I don't like his look; a ruddy, stout-built man like Mellish doesn't turn lined and haggard and lean about the jaws all at once for nothing," said the doctor, arguing from the outer to the inner man as doctors will. "And they say," he added significantly, "that Hallett has withdrawn his account. You may be sure Hallett will save his own neck whoever suffers; but mind, not a whisper of this."

Mrs. Smee was to be trusted, as her husband knew, but it was with this knowledge in her

mind that she went on her visit to the Red House.

Mrs. Hallett was downstairs that day and alone, but though the doctor's little wife went in with her gayest look and smile, and with the most unconcerned air in the world, as if no such thing as an adverse whisper had reached her ear, she knew in a moment that the shadow of possible calamity had fallen on the Red House too.

Weeks of suspense had wrought a change in Mary Hallett, as well as on the banker across the street. That placid, pleasant face that had kept its serene youthful comeliness so long unimpaired had grown of a sudden old. The visitor could scarcely help a start of shocked surprise as she noticed the washed-out tints of that once pink colour, and the drawn and tremulous lines about the mouth, but she kissed her hostess with a successful dissembling of cheerfulness.

"How cosy you look here!" she said. "Yours is the first fire of the season."

"I—I felt it a little cold,' said Mrs. Hallett, in faint apology; "the autumn is early upon us this year."

"Yes," assented the doctor's wife, with a furtive glance at the outer brightness — the weather which had affected this amiable creature was from within.

Then she hastily delivered herself of her errand. She was rather eager to be gone, feeling as if she had pushed her way into a confidence not meant for her.

"Sir James is a stupid creature," she said, lightly. "Since he is a baronet with a good rent-roll one may be allowed to call him that, I suppose; and if the young people will help me to support his dulness it will be a real godsend. If I am left to his unmixed company, I shall very likely do something desperate: that kind of invincible self-satisfaction always makes me feel murderous."

She ran on lightly of set purpose, but Mrs. Hallett only took in the beginnings of her phrase. She caught at the invitation eagerly.

"The girls will be delighted to go," she said; "it is dull for them: there is so little to amuse young people in Melchisford. I can answer for them—they will go with pleasure."

"And you must let them remain for the day," said Mrs. Smee, mentally enlarging her hospitable design. "Sir James won't afflict us for long; he must make a compromise for once with his digestion, and take it home with him after lunch. Then Hetty and Miss Kelynge and I will be cosy and say as many foolish things as we like, and we shall have my naughty boy from the nursery instead of the good boy from Spens to amuse us."

Mrs. Hallett smiled faintly, but she remembered to ask all those questions that make so large a part of matronly talk. A woman with the maternal instinct can interest herself even in face of the worst calamity in a neighbour's baby.

She was far more keen the next day to let the young people have this pleasure than they were to accept it. Hester had that love of home that had come almost to have the strength of a passion difficult to combat; and as for Mary Kelynge, her every appearance in society had led to so many humiliations that she had very little taste for that kind of martyrdom. She was reconciled in a measure, however, when she heard that Andrew had promised to dine at the Doctor's table and bring the girls safely home. That young man had already come to be in her fancy a bulwark against all alarms.

When the girls had set out, Mrs. Hallett, instead of sitting still and listening with many an anxious start and flush and pallor, as so often of late, busied herself with an almost feverish activity. Even in her anxiety she had not let her housewifely duties lapse, but she seized upon them now with a new vigour. She made the drawing-room, emptied of the girls' presence, as attractive as lay in her skill with flowers fresh cut from the greenhouse, and with a fire that filled it with a dancing brightness of flame; she ran down to the kitchen and startled the cook by the rare peremptoriness of her orders. If an emperor had been her dinner guest she could not have shown more zeal in her choice of dishes. It was her woman's way; her instinct had taught her that, if not the noblest, it is at least a sure way to melt the coldness out of a man's heart. Fill the cup of his comfort to the brim, and your tyrant must needs thaw from his tyranny.

Mr. Hallett perhaps scarcely deserved the name of tyrant, but the cold and bitter anger in which he wrapped John Mellish and his doings had crept into his relations with his wife too, and chilled them. Since the day she had paid that visit to the banker she had been allowed to know her husband's disapproval; and the knowledge made her miserable.

To get a little nearer him, to entice him back by a scrupulous study of his tastes and fancies, her simplicity taught her no better design, and perhaps the utmost cunning could not have suggested a surer.

When he came moodily into the drawing-room before dinner, at the sight of his wife—her cheeks bright with blushes, her dress betokening an unusual care—he lifted his brows in surprise. He glanced round the room, mechanically marking its newly-festive air; his nostrils inhaled the savoury suggestions of good things waiting to be eaten in the dining-room, and his mood perceptibly lightened. Man is, after all, a fallible creature, and while he lives in this world often the shortest cut to his good-nature is through his stomach. Every good wife knows this, and if she does not, she has but ill learned her business.

"Why, Mary," he said, bringing his glance with more of intelligence and scrutiny in it back to his wife, "you look as if you expected company."

"Nobody but you, dear." She laid a hand on his sleeve as he approached to share the hearth-rug with her. Her faithful eyes were looking into his, pleading, as it were, for his kindness.

"We are quite alone to-night; that is why it seemed to me we ought to have a little feast all to ourselves. The children are out, and will not be back till late, and we are alone—just as we used to be in the old days."

There is no man, unless he be utterly distempered, who can withstand this delicate flattery. Children may certainly be a bond linking husband and wife closer together—and there was no mother who loved her children more truly than this one—but wifehood comes before motherhood, and there are moments when its claims are supreme. To regain her place in her husband's heart, to re-establish the old sympathy, was her most exacting need, and for once she was glad, almost fiercely glad, that the children were out of the way, where they could not come between her and her desire.

He seemed to understand her—in the imperfect way in which many a man understands even the woman who has shared the better half of his life, for she is at best but as a book in a foreign tongue to him. His blunt masculine perceptions wholly missed the finer shades and subtleties of her meaning, but he perceived that she was penitent and humble, and his kindness came back with the discovery.

"You might well make me forget the years that have come and gone since we began the journey together," he said, and he stooped and kissed her.

She lifted her hand from his sleeve to his shoulder: she was moved and shaken by his caress.

"Andrew," she said, "don't let anything come between us. Even if there should be one question about which we differ—" she caught her breath.

"You mean your brother John," he interposed, with a momentary return of his gloom.

"He is my brother," she said, pleadingly; "we were brought up together—he was all I had till you came—"

"Well, well," he said, keeping a hold on his gentler mood, "I don't forbid you to go to him if your feelings draw you that way. It is natural, I daresay. I don't say that you are not to go to him, though I say he is not to cross my threshold again."

"What has he done?" she asked in a low voice, which had great trouble in it; "it pains me to be kept in the dark. If you would but tell me, Andrew, I could bear it better."

"You won't be kept in the dark long," he said gently; "you'll know soon enough. But I don't forbid you to go to him," he added, with a tinge of the old pomposity; "nobody shall say that I hindered his sister from going to him at the last."

"Is he going to die" asked Mary, with a new terror at her heart.

"Die!" cried the lawyer with supreme disdain. "Nothing so good. There," he broke off abruptly, "you needn't meet trouble half-way. There's a smell to give one an appetite coming through the door; come, and let us have our dinner as we used to have it before the bairns came to plague us."

She tried to respond, and to get all that she could out of their dual solitude, as if she would entice the old times back. Old memories were at work in him too, and he was softer of voice and manner than he had been for many days. He resolutely put his cares out of sight, and as they sat by the hearth after their meal he set the talk to a lighter key. He spoke of the children.

"I had a letter from my half-cousin Mrs. Chester a day or two ago," he said; "it may be in my pocket." He felt for it. "No, I must have left it in the office. She spoke of Hetty, and expressed a wish to have a visit from her. The child ought to go, Mary; she has seen nothing of the world."

"Yes," said her mother, but hesitatingly, "I suppose she ought to go some day—if a girl must see the world."

"You have got on very well without it," he smiled; "but Hester—Hester must do much better than you have done, Mary."

"I could never wish a better lot for her," said Mary, eagerly. "I have been very happy, Andrew. If Hetty has as good a chance—"

"We must be ambitious for her," he said, slowly. And then he added, with an odd edge of abruptness, "Miss Kelynge—what sort of a girl is she?"

"She is a good girl," said Mrs. Hallett, wondering, but conscientiously trying to reckon up Mary's virtues, and finding nothing but this bald phrase to sum them with—"a good, simple-minded girl."

It was on the tip of her tongue to ask her husband if he had noticed that Andrew was beginning to be influenced by this goodness—this extreme simplicity of character (it was her kind way of saying that the girl was a little stupid); but when she glanced at him and saw his almost careworn looks bent on the flame, she refrained. He might not have noticed, and it might but supply a fresh worry to draw his attention to it.

At that moment, too, a prattle of voices interrupted with laughter was heard in the hall, and the door opened to let the absentees in. Andrew's step went onwards down the corridor, but the girls were already on the threshold.

Hester came first. With one quick glance at the pair by the hearth she felt that peace and healing had come back to her home, and her beautiful face glowed with a smile.

"We have enjoyed ourselves," she said, "and Sir James—for a baronet—is—"

"Oh, don't say he is nice, Hetty," cried Mary, with unusual fluency, "because he frightened me so!"

"He didn't frighten me," said Hester, gravely—"not even by his biggest words. See how bold I am! That is because I am a country girl, father and too provincial to know any better."

She was leaning over his shoulder, and he pulled her round and down beside him.

"Should you like to go to London, my girl?" he asked.

She looked across at her mother, and the smile dawned again in her eyes.

"I like home best" she said.

# A VENERABLE ART.




ST. MARTIN'S—THE LANGDALE SPINNING HOME.

I THINK it is Mr. Ruskin who says somewhere that if an Englishman were now to see a fairy his first idea would be to shoot it. Here in Westmoreland, however, we are better mannered, and I think a few fairies linger with us still. Perhaps they migrated from Scotland, which country they left in 1764, according to Allan Cunningham's precise calculation. Some strange and kindly influences have certainly helped me with my spinning revival, and I like to think it was the fairies—for have they not always been busy with spindle, distaff, and spinning-wheel? Everybody who is up in his Hans Andersen and Grimm knows that much. Especially active are they on St. Distaff's Day, the seventh of January, when the little folk inspect every wheel; and woe be to the idle maid who has neglected hers!

Spinning and weaving are after all only trades, though the poets have written such beautiful things about them that one may dignify them by the name of arts. From Theocritus to Horace is a far cry, but through all those two thousand years, and earlier, in epic, lyric, and national chant, the shuttles gleam and fly, and the distaff is the emblem of virtue and peace. That is in poetry: in hard matter of fact prose I am compelled to own that here in England, at any rate, since the year 1787, when spinning by machinery first came in, hand spinning has been one of the lost arts.

It is just six years ago that the idea came into my head to try and revive the old industry. A great many motives led me to make the experiment. First of all I wanted to give work to the many poor women scattered up and down our Langdale Fells. Wordsworth had eloquently called upon us to restore

> "The venerable art torn from the poor."

And Mr. Ruskin had again and again appealed to English men and women to spin and weave; so it seemed fitting that the venture should be made in Langdale—a valley just half-way between Rydal Mount and Brantwood. What Langdale is like may be seen from our illustration. The valley is closed in by the circling hills, and at the north end the famous Pikes keep watch and ward. A selfish motive also came into play, for I myself longed to possess linen that I could hand down

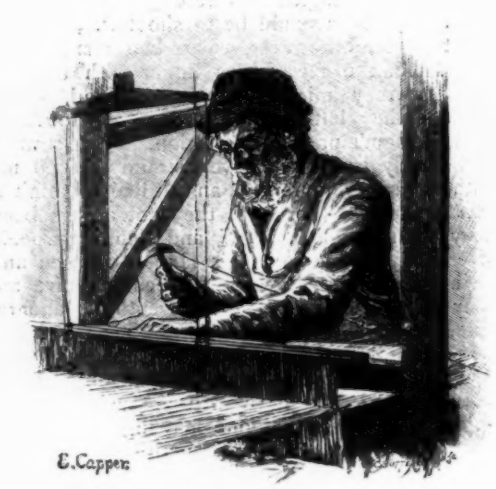
to my grandchildren; and I thought other old-fashioned people might also be tired of machine-made sheets that were always wearing out and wanting sides joined to middle.

In my drawing-room stood an old spinning-wheel, daintly fashioned in ebony with little ivory tips, and round the distaff still clung a hank of flax, discoloured with the dust of unnumbered years. The fairy godmother who came to my assistance was an old woman in the village bent double with the weight of ninety years. She was clearly possessed of some magical powers, for when she sat down to the old wheel it answered instantly to the touch of her bent fingers; it suddenly seemed to wake to life. Round and round it ran with many a creak and groan, and there in a few minutes was a good thread spun on the wheel that had so long been silent. My fairy prince (for every fairy story must have its prince) lived in his palace of art at Brantwood. Of course he was not really a prince, but a magical old professor, which is every bit as good. When he heard of my little enterprise he wrote and said beautiful things, which put us in very good heart. And, indeed, we wanted encouragement very badly, for imps and goblins and wicked genii opposed us tooth and nail, and said many evil things of us and our work: such as that it was sentimental, Utopian, unpractical, and fanciful, and that no reasonable person ever wanted linen to last fifty years, and that it would be very bad for trade if it did. But we left them to grumble, and set to work.

I rented a pretty cottage with a loft for weaving, and a nice lawn to bleach our linen on. It bore the date 1692 on its front, and we dedicated it to St. Martin, because he was a great favourite of Mr. Ruskin's, and a practical hard-working saint to boot. The drawing on the preceding page shows our little spinning home as it stands on the banks of the Brathay, sheltered underneath the hills and trees of Elterwater.

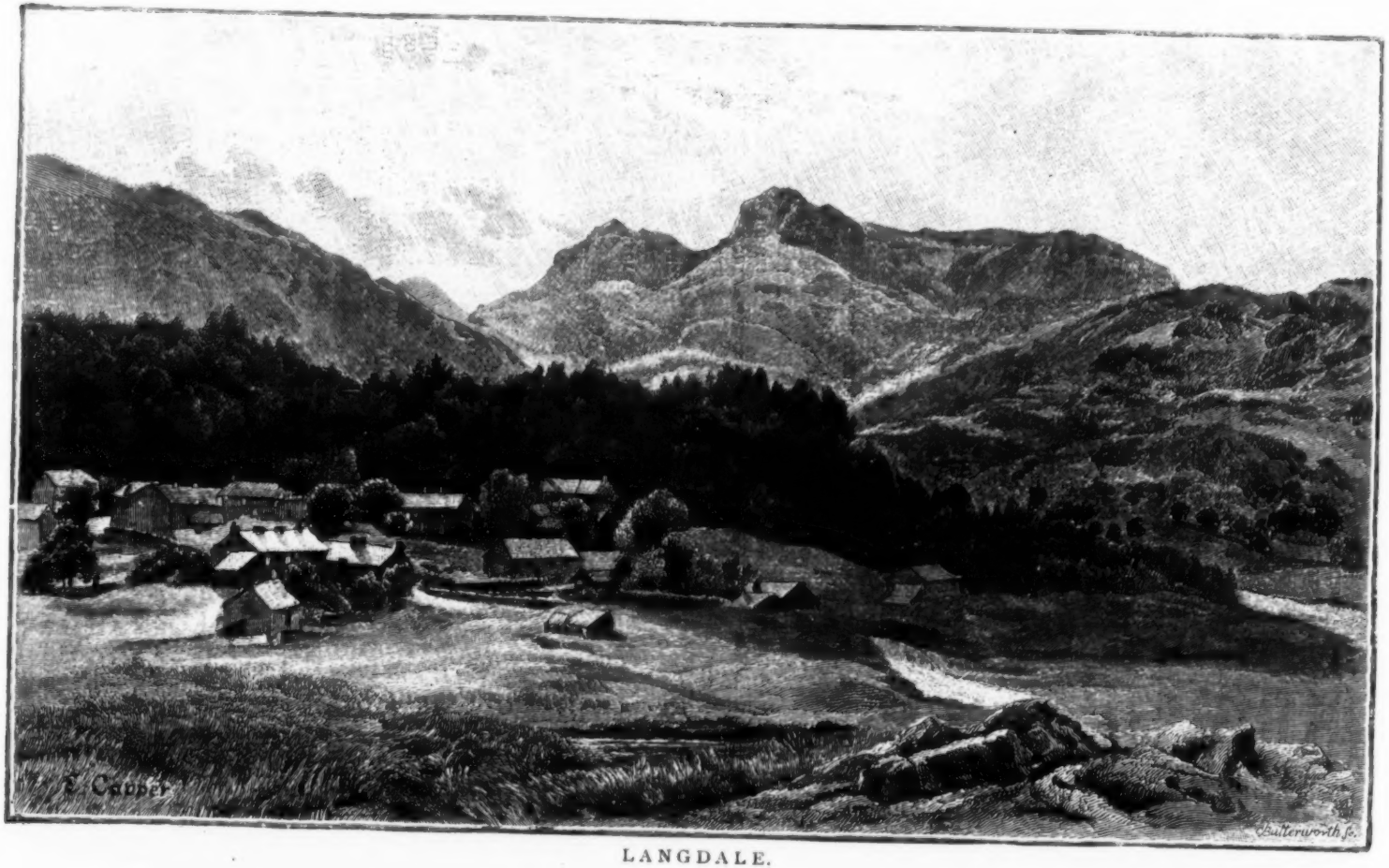


A HOMELY SIGHT.



GOOD OLD JOHN.

Then from a cellar in Kendal we routed up an



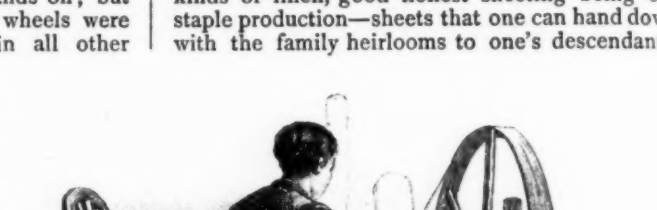
LANGDALE.

ancient loom. It was landed in a score of pieces one wild winter's night in Elterwater. It had been difficult to find; but how much more difficult to fix! It was very humiliating to discover that after hours of labour we had set it up the wrong way round. But by degrees we grew wiser. The next step was to get wheels. We scoured the country side, and begged, bought, and borrowed every old wheel we could lay our hands on; but by-and-by we discovered that old wheels were sentimental and decorative, but in all other respects picturesque snares; so I set our village carpenter to work, and with the help of an old wheel he made us fifteen excellent new ones.

Then the village women joyfully came to learn the new art, which is indeed so old. What dreadful yarn we made at first! It twisted itself up into hard knots and loops. It was very strong certainly, strong enough to swing on—but how weave it? Then it suddenly drifted itself off into gossamer and spiders' webs. Meanwhile I had secured an old weaver, and for weeks his life became a burden to him. In all his sixty years he had never woven such dreadful stringy yarn. The result was practically a hideous material that looked like sacking and felt like a door-mat—great lumps and knots meandered about all over those thirty yards of linen: no two threads were alike, and my heart sank as I looked at it. But the fairies came again to our help, the dear homely fairies of soap and water, and their ethereal sisters of sun, dew, and air. In a few weeks they changed the rough stuff into soft white linen. The lumps remained, it is true; but had not the professor written that inequalities here and there were the honourable badge of all true hand work?

That is nearly six years ago, and now our little industry stands on a firm basis. One of the village women has learnt warping and winding, and we have about thirty spinsters. In one family the grandmother, the daughter, and granddaughter all spin for us. When a woman has learnt to spin, and can manage to produce a fair thread, I lend her a wheel and give her flax; and every month's end the thread is brought to St. Martin's, and there it is weighed and paid for. One of our best spinsters once spun fourteen bobbins in six days, representing an earning of about eight shillings a week. Sometimes when I drop into one of the neighbouring cottages I see the homely sight represented on another page, and I recall the epitaph the old Roman put up to his wife—that she was a good spinster, and stayed much at home.

The yarn when spun has to be sorted; the softer kinds are put aside for weft, and the stronger for warp. The former is wound on spools, as shown in the illustration; the latter is warped on a regular warping mill. The weaving itself is a complicated process, including beaming and knotting on. Our good old John appears to the life, sketched as he sits, pick in hand, throwing the shuttle. We now make seventeen different kinds of linen, good honest sheeting being our staple production—sheets that one can hand down with the family heirlooms to one's descendants.



WINDING ON SPOOLS.

Sometimes hypercritical visitors say it is manifestly coarse. Then I quote Sir Thomas More to them, where he says that in his Utopia fineness in linen was nothing accounted of—they aimed solely at durability.

We have never approached the wonderful old Egyptian linens, spun and woven by the simplest means three thousand years ago, but we have reproduced with absolute fidelity both as to colour and texture the Italian linens of the sixteenth century.

Great quantities of our linen are ordered for all kinds of art needlework, and church and decorative and household purposes. We now employ a staff of about fifty poor ladies embroidering carefully selected designs on our linen, and we have a ready market for all the beautiful things they produce.

We have spun and woven linen for the Queen, and only lately the Princess Louise sent a message to my Langdale spinsters, that she had spun at my wheel and considered herself one of us.

If any wise old-fashioned people want any of our hand-made linen, or care to know anything more about our little industry, let them write to me at The Crag, Ambleside.

ALBERT FLEMING.

# THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

MRS. STOWE, with the aid of her son, has written the story of her life.[1] Although not in the form of an autobiography, it is told for the most part in her own words, and she expresses her hope that it may lead those who read the book "to a firmer trust in God and a deeper sense of His fatherly goodness." "I can say," she adds, "with Valiant for Truth in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' I am going to my Father's, and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now, I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am."

In more ways than one the narrative will be found attractive. It describes the domestic and pecuniary difficulties of a minister's wife, whose husband for many a long year was, as he said, "prodigious poor;" and it records the wonderful triumphs of a writer who, by the force of genius and a heart stirred to its inmost depths, carried the world by storm. There has not been in our century, perhaps, a more striking literary success than Mrs. Stowe achieved by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but there are no signs that the author was unduly elated by her fame; and we shall be surprised if the reader of this pleasant volume does not close it with as warm an admiration for Mrs. Stowe as he has hitherto felt for her books.

Harriet Beecher was born June 14th, 1811, in Litchfield, Connecticut, where her father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, was well known as a Calvinistic divine. Her mother, who died four years after Harriet's birth, leaving behind her a large family, prayed that her sons might be ministers of Christ, and her prayers were answered, for all of them—six in number—devoted themselves to the ministry. From her earliest youth Harriet loved books, but there was little in her father's library likely to attract a child. A few, however, she did find, including a volume of the "Arabian Nights," and the little girl would secure a niche in the study, where, "with a kind of sheltered feeling," she heard her father writing, and speaking from time to time to himself in a loud whisper, while she lived in a happy world of her own. Harriet was very precocious, and had the good fortune (or misfortune) to write an essay at the age of twelve that was read aloud at the school exhibition before an "august assembly of visitors." The subject of the essay was "Can the immortality of the soul be proved by the light of Nature?" It is a remarkable composition for a child, but such a display of youthful logic was to be deplored rather than admired. It is pleasanter to read of the happy life led out of doors with her brothers in the woods, or when they went on fishing excursions.

The little girl had an elder sister name Catherine, a woman of remarkable ability, who fought many a hard battle with doubt and came out victorious. She kept a school in Hartford, Connecticut, and thither Harriet was sent with her head full of poetry and a dream of being a poet. She began to write a drama. "It filled my thoughts sleeping and waking. One day sister Catherine pounced down upon me and said that I must not waste my time writing poetry, but discipline my mind by the study of Butler's 'Analogy.'" Most of her father's sermons were as unintelligible to her, she relates, "as if he had spoken in Choctaw," but one day the good man, forgetting his "hair-splitting distinctions," talked of the love of Christ in the language of the heart. Harriet was deeply moved, and throwing herself into her father's arms told him all she felt.

"'Is it so?' he said, holding me silently to his heart as I felt the hot tears fall on my head; 'then has a new flower blossomed in the kingdom this day!'" There were spiritual conflicts afterwards, and times of darkness and distress, but her faith in God's love triumphed, and throughout a life by no means free from storms she has felt its sustaining power.

When her pupil days were over Harriet became a teacher. Her father having accepted an appointment as president of a theological seminary in Cincinnati, Catherine Beecher determined to start a female college there, with the younger sister as her assistant. And in the outskirts of this city, then considered the capital of the West, Harriet spent the next eighteen years of her life. There, in a debilitating climate, she suffered much from ill-health, there she made her earliest literary efforts, and there she became the wife of Professor Stowe, a man whose sole wealth was his learning. Harriet had to do everything and be everywhere, and as her nursery gradually filled with children there was a heavy tax on the young mother's resources. In a long letter to a friend she describes her domestic troubles with a good deal of humour. A short extract relating her difficulties in the early morning must suffice:

> "Up I jump, and up wakes baby. 'Now, little boy, be good, and let mother dress, because she is in a hurry.' I get my frock half on, and baby by that time has kicked himself down off his pillow and is crying and fisting the bedclothes in great order. I stop with one sleeve off and one on to settle matters with him. Having planted him bolt upright, and gone up and down the chamber barefoot to get pillows and blankets to prop him up, I finish putting my frock on and hurry down to satisfy myself by actual observation that the breakfast is in progress. Then back I come into the nursery, where, remembering that it is washing-day, and that there is a great deal of work to be done, I apply myself vigorously to sweeping, dusting, and the setting to rights so necessary where there are three little mischiefs always pulling down as fast as one can put up."

The "three little mischiefs," and a servant girl who required to be told everything, were impediments to the pursuit of literature; and a

[1] "Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Compiled from her Letters and Journals by her Son, Charles Edward Stowe." Sampson Low.

lady visitor describes a ludicrous scene in the kitchen, where Mrs. Stowe is trying to direct the cooking and to compose a tale at the same time. Sitting at the kitchen-table—which is covered with the materials for a pudding, about which, as well as the rest of the dinner, the "new help" asks questions every moment—behold the story-teller attempting to write a pathetic tale in which, while her heroine's whole frame "is shaken with convulsive sobs," the little maid interposes with questions as to whether she shall put the pork on the top of the beans and put ginger into the pumpkin!

A long wearisome time of ill-health, followed by utter prostration, led Mrs. Stowe to go with two of her sisters to a hydropathic establishment, and there she remained for ten months without seeing husband or children. A year later Mr. Stowe became ill, went to the same water cure, and remained there for fifteen months. Meanwhile cholera broke out in Cincinnati and swept away a large number of the people. From Mrs. Stowe's flock one lamb was taken. That sad autumn Professor Stowe obtained an appointment in Brunswick, Maine, and thither his wife was despatched in the first instance to prepare a home. She took her children with her, and might well write: "To come along such a distance, with the whole charge of children, accounts, and baggage, to push my way through hurrying crowds, looking out for trunks, and bargaining with hackmen, has been a very severe trial of my strength, to say nothing of the usual fatigues of travelling."

It was amidst difficulties innumerable, and at a time when the Fugitive Slave Act required people in the free States of America to assist in capturing escaped slaves, that Mrs. Stowe, moved to the depth of her being by the iniquity of that law, began to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "My heart," she afterwards said, "was bursting with the anguish excited by the cruelty and injustice our nation was showing to the slave, and praying God to let me do a little, and to cause my cry for them to be heard."

The success of the story was unparalleled in American literature. On the first day of publication in book-form (it appeared originally in a newspaper) three thousand copies were sold, and within a year three hundred thousand copies were purchased in America alone. Longfellow declared it to be one of the greatest triumphs recorded in literary history, to say nothing of the higher triumph of its moral effect. What that effect was it is difficult for Englishmen to estimate, but it made clear both to the Northern and Southern States that the time had come to settle for ever the slavery question; and it was the pressure of this question that led a few years later to the American Civil War.

"My heart warms to England," Mrs. Stowe had written, "as, *on the whole*, the strongest, greatest, and best nation on earth;" and now, after another change of residence—for Professor Stowe accepted an invitation to Andover, Mass., where, it may be said in passing, the new abode became "one of the pleasantest literary centres of the country"—Mrs. Stowe, with her husband and brother, set sail for Europe. Her fame had preceded her, not in the old country alone, but on the Continent, where twenty translations of the book quickly followed its first appearance. At this time Mrs. Stowe describes herself as "somewhat more than forty; about as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff; never very much to look at in my best days, and looking like a used-up article now." No modern author, with the exception perhaps of Sir Walter Scott, ever received such a welcome as greeted Mrs. Stowe in England and Scotland. Her journey through the country resembled the progress of a monarch. Stations were thronged and streets crowded by people eager to see the famous author, and often when driving on the roads the carriage was stopped by persons who came to offer flowers. And the highest ladies in the land, including the Queen herself, were glad to welcome the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Some of them did more, and the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Argyll, and Lady Byron, among others, took her to their hearts, and became lifelong friends.

It is impossible in a brief paper to follow Mrs. Stowe through her wanderings and triumphs in England and on the Continent; impossible even to record her subsequent literary successes. A word or two, however, must be said about "Dred," her second great literary venture, because it is possible in the years to come that Mrs. Stowe's reputation will rest more securely on that story than on "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "Dred" did not, however, lack a welcome at the time of publication, and in England a hundred thousand copies were sold in four weeks. "Do you know," Harriet Martineau wrote, "I rather dreaded reading your book! Sick people *are* weak, and one of my chief weaknesses is dislike of novels (except some old ones which I almost know by heart). But oh! the delight I have had in 'Dred!' The genius carries all before it, and drowns everything in glorious pleasure." And she adds, "To say the plain truth, it seems to me so splendid a work of genius that nothing I can say can give you an idea of the intensity of admiration with which I read it."

One is not surprised to find Mrs. Stowe writing: "I am so happy, so blessed!" for the good she had effected by her writings was inestimable; but the "sweet peace that goodness bosoms over" was mingled with not a little sorrow. One loss after another tried her deeply, but she kept a brave and joyous heart notwithstanding, and many a happy hour was spent in her lovely winter home in Florida, surrounded by a luxuriance of vegetable life unknown in northern climes.

"The history of the cottage," she writes, "is this: I found a hut built close to a great live-oak, twenty-five feet in girth, and with over-arching boughs eighty feet up in the air, spreading like a firmament, and all swaying with mossy festoons. We began to live here, and gradually we improved the hut by lath, plaster, and paper. Then we threw out a wide verandah all round, for in these regions the verandah is the living-room of the house. Ours had to be built around the trunk of the tree, so that our cottage has a peculiar and original air, and seems as if it were half tree, or a something that had grown out of the tree. We added on parts, and have thrown out gables and chambers, as a tree throws out new branches, till our cottage is like nobody else's; and yet

we settle into it with real enjoyment. There are all sorts of queer little rooms in it, and we are accommodating at the present a family of seventeen souls. In front the beautiful grand St. John stretches five miles from shore to shore, and we watch the steamboats plying back and forth to the great world we are out of. On all sides large orange-trees, with their dense shade and ever-vivid green, shut out the sun, so that we can sit and walk and live in the open air."

Professor Stowe enjoyed this pleasant life as much as his wife. "My old rabbi, and I," she says, "here set up our tent, he with German and Greek and Hebrew, devouring all sorts of black-letter books; and I spinning ideal webs out of bits that he lets fall here and there." The Professor delighted in strange studies, and had the tastes of a mediæval mystic. His boyish experiences, told in his own words, form the most curious chapter in this volume. A few of them may be given without comment, for, indeed, what comment can be made on the "most singular delusion" under which he lived throughout his childhood? He states that from his infancy he was surrounded by a multitude of animated objects, which were always moving about him, but which he could not touch. He could see them passing through the floors and ceilings, and they excited no alarm, "except when they assumed some hideous and frightful form." The child regarded them as companions, and felt lonely in their absence, and he kept up a conversation with them "by a peculiar sort of spiritual communion." They exhibited all possible combinations of size, shape, and colour, but generally presented a shadowy outline of the human form. These friendly folk were not the boy's only visitors; there were also mischievous and terrible objects which appeared when he was out of health. They came in a sort of cloud, and scared the "rational phantoms," which is not surprising, since if the cloud touched them they melted into it without the possibility of escape. Every room the child occupied had a different set of phantoms—black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey; and there were sometimes visitants of another kind, and among them a very large Indian woman, and a small Indian man, who played on a bass-viol night after night, and then, springing upon a heap of straw, disappeared. Sometimes the visions were of a description frightful enough to deprive a child of reason; and on one bright moonlight night he awoke to find "a large full-length human skeleton of an ashy blue colour in bed with him." The child screamed with fright, and requested permission to occupy another bed, but would not tell the cause of his alarm. "For the remainder of the night I slept but little; but I saw upon the window-seats companies of little fairies, about six inches high, in white robes, gambolling and dancing with incessant merriment. Two of them, a male and female, rather taller than the rest, were dignified with a crown and sceptre. They took the kindest notice of me, smiled upon me with great benignity, and seemed to assure me of their protection."

It seems pretty clear from the boy's visions, and from his statement of how, without knowing why, he sometimes wished himself annihilated, and fell into uncontrollable passions, that his mind was trembling on the verge of insanity. It is significant that the spectres expressed pleasure or pain according to the mood of his mind, and that when they were most vivid his face became pale and his eyes "unusually sparkling and wild."

In her old age it is with no overwhelming feeling of regret that Mrs. Stowe reviews her past life, and counts up the losses that come to all of us as life advances. It was affecting to read old letters, telling of thoughts and feelings long since forgotten; "but I thank God," she writes, "there is one thing running through all of them from the time I was thirteen years old, and that is the intense, unwavering sense of Christ's educating, guiding presence and care." And writing to her brother about two years ago she says: "So my dear brother, let us keep good heart. No evil can befall us; sin alone is evil, and from that Christ will keep us. Our journey is *so* short! I feel about all things now as I do about the things that happen in an hotel after my trunk is packed to go home. I may be vexed and annoyed, but what of that? I am going home soon."

With these words we may fitly close this brief notice of a volume rich in interesting details. In some biographies we read about people without knowing them; in this narrative we seem to be brought as close to Mrs. Stowe as if we had lived in her house, and listened to her talk. Intercourse of this kind with a genial and gifted woman is delightful.

## Rye.

A LITTLE town that stands upon a hill,
Against whose base the white waves once leaped high;
Now spreading round it, even, green and still,
The placid pastures of the marshes lie.

The red-roofed houses and the grey church tower
Bear half asleep the sunshine and the rain;
They wait, so long have waited, for the hour
When the wild welcome sea shall come again.

The lovely lights across the marshes pass,
The dykes grow fair with blossom, reed, and sedge;
The patient beasts crop the long, cool green grass,
The willows shiver at the water's edge;

But the town sleeps, it will not wake for these.
The sea some day again will round it break,
Will surge across these leagues of pastoral peace,
And then the little town will laugh, and wake.

E. NESBIT.

# THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

## THE KING OF DENMARK.



THE KING OF DENMARK.

*From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*

WHEN, in 1863, Frederick VII of Denmark died without heirs, the throne of the "Goths and Vends" was assigned, with the consent of Europe and in accordance with the Treaty of London of 1852, to Duke Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. The "Protocol Prince," as he was derisively nicknamed, had married, in 1842, Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel, whose mother had been a Danish Princess, sister of Christian VIII, the predecessor of King Frederick. It was, therefore, through his wife that the present King became entitled to the legitimate possession of the throne.

A troublous time it was for Denmark when Christian IX took its crown on his head, and he himself helped to make it yet more troublous, for on his accession he hesitated whether he should recognise the Constitution accorded to the people by his predecessor. This at once caused grave discontent, and when, further, he refused to sanction a property bill for Schleswig-Holstein, the exasperation of his subjects threatened him with a revolution; for the Danes to this day remain a turbulent people, and some "tumultuous processions," as they say at Copenhagen, soon showed the newly made King the temperament of the nation. He ceded and signed. But it was against the grain. Christian does not love constitutional forms, and would never of his own free-will have been a constitutional sovereign.

The King of Denmark's own views have, however, counted for little during his reign. He has been largely the victim of adverse circumstances. The first storm-cloud dispersed, he had, after eight months of rule, to meet a second and yet blacker one, for in 1864 broke out the war waged by Prussia and Austria against the helpless little kingdom, that was to be the commencement of Prussia's aggrandisement and Austria's Germanic eclipse.

The ostensible cause for fighting was the Schleswig-Holstein question; but little is known precisely as to what that question was. It is even more complicated than the Balkan one, which is saying a great deal; and it has caused as many rivers of blood and ink to flow. Lord Palmerston was in the habit of saying in the last years of his life—"There have never been but two men who really comprehended the question about the duchies: Prince Albert, who is dead, and I, who have forgotten it."

Roughly speaking, the whole was a drama in

three acts. Act I. The German Confederation, aided by Austria and Prussia, proposed to conquer the duchies. The Germanic Confederation was ousted, and Austria and Prussia undertook the war alone. Act II. The duchies conquered, the allies announced that they made over their possessions to the Duke of Augustenburg,[1] but the pretender soon found himself treated like the German Confederation. Act III, and last. Austria and Prussia fight among themselves for the spoils; and Sadowa ensuing, Austria, ousted from Germany, left the famous duchies in the hands of Prussia, where they remain to this day, although Prussia bound herself by treaty to restore to Denmark Northern Schleswig, which was nearly all old Danish crown land, if the population desired it. A quarter of a century has since passed, and the question has not even been put, nor will it ever be.

Hence before he had been upon the throne eight months King Christian had lost a third of his dominions, and was forced to sign a solemn treaty, ceding to his foes that which they had taken by main force. Thus Christian of Denmark was the first in Europe to pay tribute to the nascent German Empire. Since that day, and not without just cause, King Christian has renounced an international policy; but for all that no peace was to be his.

Ever since his accession the King may be said to have been in chronic feud with his Parliament, and ministerial crises seem perennial in the little kingdom. The fact is that the Danes are not an easy people to govern, and democratic ideas have considerable vogue in their dominion. Christian, on the other hand, is not a man of modern views. It would be difficult to find upon a European throne a person more upright, excellent, and loyal, or a more perfect gentleman in manners and education, but he was brought up in a petty Court, and attained a crown too late in life to enlarge his mental horizon. The King detests democratic ideas, and it is his pride to keep them in check.

Fortunately for himself personally he has had of late years in Herr J. P. S. Estrup a Prime Minister who, while conducting matters with a high hand, has no fear of the anger he excites, or the pistol shots to which he is exposed. This Danish Bismarck, who since 1875 has held office, is a consumptive little man who in a small frame possesses great energy—an energy that is, indeed, almost Bismarckian, though morally as well as physically he would be described as a pigmy when compared with his Teutonic model. The conflict in Denmark is also a miniature reproduction of that waged in the Prussian Diet before Sadowa, in which Bismarck supported his King. At Copenhagen, too, Crown and Parliament carry on a constant duel, in which up to the present the Crown has remained victor. But who can tell whether this will last? Indeed, in these progressive days, one may almost safely predict that it will not.

All these internal dissensions have contributed to make King Christian anything but a popular monarch, though at the same time his people, recognising his personal qualities, in the lapse of years have come to have for the man a sincere affection and sympathy. As a man he is universally beloved and esteemed; and when, in November, 1888, King Christian celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession, it was regarded and treated as a *fête* of domestic rather than political sympathy. And truly for Christian IX may be reversed the saying of La Bruyère: "Il ne manque rien à un Roi que la douceur de la vie privée." The ease of public life has been lacking to the King of Denmark; all private happiness possible to man he has enjoyed to the full. A much tried sovereign, he has been and is the happiest of husbands and fathers; blameless and irreproachable in every respect. It was not derisively that the populace of Copenhagen sang beneath the Royal windows on a raw November evening of 1888 a popular ditty of which the refrain runs: "It is a fine family, that of King Christian."

To begin with, the King has been singularly fortunate in his consort. His wife is certainly a queen among women. Fifteen months his senior, Queen Louise has remained young of visage and form, although her hair is now sprinkled with grey. Well stricken in years (72), she looks at least fifteen years younger than she is. Nor has she only the charm of looks, but that also of intellect. Queen Louise has an exceptionally bright and quick intelligence, unusual powers of judgment, a highly gifted nature, and a heart of gold. Her graciousness of manner, her kindly looks win the hearts of all who come in contact with her. Her education, her mental gifts would have justified her in taking an active part in public affairs; and perchance she would have saved her husband much annoyance. But she has preferred to keep herself in the background, and has claimed instead to rule with all liberty in the royal home. And right wisely has she exerted her sway. That the Danish Royal Family is so united, that the Danish Court is the stock instance of the power of domestic virtue in politics, that few royal houses have made for their children alliances so brilliant, thrown out so many shoots all over Europe, is due to the Queen's goodness, energy, and wisdom.

There are certainly few ladies, even in private life, who at the Queen's age lead such a busy, active life as she does. An early riser, her days are fully occupied from morning to night, and she rarely allows herself an idle moment. And besides all her household and representative duties, the Queen keeps up an extensive correspondence, for the three married daughters and the absent son, King George of Greece, each expect to be kept *au courant* of all sorts of details concerning their much-loved Danish home, and no one can give them so well as "mamma."

The Queen is further devoted to painting and music, and does all in her power to encourage these arts, in both of which she is no mean proficient. She is perhaps most devoted to painting, admitting herself that, much as she loves music and enjoys playing—indeed, she is an untiring

[1] Father of the present Empress of Germany.

performer—she would always leave that to go and paint, while no one can persuade her to stop painting to go to the piano. More than one poor little village church in Denmark possesses an altar-piece specially painted for it by her Majesty, of which the inhabitants are duly proud, as will readily be understood. Of music the Queen has a most thorough knowledge. She is an appreciative and intelligent listener, for fortunately her deafness does not greatly hinder her enjoyment of musical sounds.[1] No concert in Copenhagen seems complete without the Queen's presence, and she seldom misses any. All foreign artists who come to Denmark, though they often complain that the Danish audience is a cold one, are delighted at the reception they meet with from the sovereign. One of her Majesty's greatest pleasures is to get a large bundle of new music, principally duets, and to try them over, for she has a wonderful gift for playing at sight.

In the days when the Royal couple were only two poor princelings their life was a most simple one, and many tales are told of how the Princesses, now Empresses and Queens Apparent, made and did up their dresses, and how the parents would drive out in one carriage, with all their six children squeezed into it. Their life was divided between Copenhagen, Jugenheim (near Darmstadt), and Frankfurt-on-Maine. At the two latter places Duke Christian—not then even nominated presumptive successor to the Danish Crown—eked out his slender income by giving drawing-lessons. No wonder, therefore, that his three little girls gave no credence to a gipsy who in those days foretold for them glorious destinies, promising to one a double crown of queen and empress, to another rule over a large empire, and to a third a queenly title without a kingdom.

But though devoid of luxury and splendour, there was still no happier, more patriarchal home in the length and breadth of Denmark. This is proved if only by the eagerness shown by all the absent children to come home—sure as they are, too, of always having a most hearty welcome from high and low, rich and poor. The King and Queen have no less than thirty-three grandchildren, all of whom, from the most grown-up to the youngest baby, are equally fond of both grandparents, and always enchanted to come to Denmark, where they enjoy a life of unlimited freedom. All the various English, Russian, Greek, and Danish cousins are the best of friends.

Bernstorff is the name of the favourite Royal summer residence, situated about a couple of miles from Copenhagen, on the outskirts of that most beautiful deer-park Dyshaus, of which all Danes are justly proud. The Queen is particularly fond of staying there, but when all the children and grandchildren are assembled together, as they have so frequently been during the last few years, then Bernstorff is too small to house them all, for it is not large. In consequence the Court moves yet further into the country to the Castle of Fredensborg, not far from Elsinore—that spot replete with memories of the ill-fated Prince Hamlet of Denmark.

No reminiscences of any importance are connected with the Castle, but the gardens were once celebrated all over Europe—that was in the days when stiffly-shaped trees and clipped hedges could make an impression. Now in the autumn months, when the beautiful Danish beech-woods are rendered doubly attractive by their changing tints and many-hued foliage, news from Fredensborg is eagerly looked for by all loyal subjects in England, Russia, and Greece, who follow with interest the movements of their respective royalties whilst away on their travels.

Many are the anecdotes told of those happy merry days at Fredensborg, where even the Emperor and Empress of Russia are able for a while to forget their cares and anxieties, and really enjoy a peaceful life free from hidden dangers. Very frequent, too, are the little expeditions to Copenhagen, when loyal Danes are delighted to see the Empress of Russia together with the Princess of Wales, and probably the King of Greece, going about quietly doing their own shopping, or catch a glimpse of the Emperor driving about in a cab with his three English nieces. He is a great walker, this Emperor, and, like his father-in-law, a keen sportsman; so that there are constant shooting-parties held at Fredensborg. King Christian is an admirable horseman, and rarely passes a day without riding and walking, too, is a favourite recreation. In the winter months it is quite common to meet the King in the streets of Copenhagen with no attendant save two collie dogs, one of which, the faithful Rover, was given to him when a puppy by Queen Victoria.

No one can be fonder of a romp with the little ones than the King, and stories are told of how at Fredensborg his Majesty has been seen seated in a very diminutive pony-carriage, trusting himself to the care of a very youthful coachman. Another time he was himself the willing horse for a still younger driver. It is wonderful how at his age he has kept his freshness and elasticity. After dinner it is he who invites his grandchildren to perform gymnastics, and sets them the example. He has a great opinion of the value of physical exercises of all kinds.

When the family are assembled together the Queen always takes advantage of having her daughters with her to perform music in common. It is not rare for them to play eight hands on two pianos—the Queen and Duchess of Cumberland at one, the Empress of Russia and the Princess of Wales at the other. She has great moral influence over these daughters, but is also careful not to bias them in any way in the discharge of the particular duties required by their respective exalted stations.

As a rule their majesties spend Christmas at Fredensborg, and early in January the Court moves into Copenhagen. From then till the King's birthday (April 8th) is the so called season in the Danish capital. When in town the Royal couple go constantly to the theatre. In fact

[1] The Princess of Wales unfortunately inherits her mother's deafness, but like her mother, makes up for weakness in the ears by exceptional quickness of eye.

hardly an evening passes when the King does not look in for an hour or so. There is but one really first-class theatre in Copenhagen, the Royal; but whenever there is anything considered worth seeing at any of the other houses, the Court always goes.

The hours are early. The Opera begins at seven o'clock and most concerts at half-past seven. The Court dinner is at half-past five, and it used to be as early as five o'clock. The hour for luncheon is one o'clock, and this meal is always quite unceremonious, no ladies or gentlemen being in waiting, only the now much reduced family party, consisting of the King and Queen, and the King's two brothers, the Princes Wilhelm and Hans of Glücksburg.

The windows of the luncheon room look out on to the open square, or rather octagon shaped "Plads," on which the four palaces of Amalienburg stand; and every day during the severe weather of last winter the King and Queen invariably collected all that remained on the table after lunch was over, and, making up a large newspaper parcel, passed it through the window to the poor workhouse men who were always there sweeping up the perpetual snow.

Very often, just as lunch is over, some of the Crown Prince's children come over to pay a hurried visit to their grandparents before going back to lessons or to their daily walk or drive.

The dinner, of course, is an affair of more stiffness and etiquette, as the maids of honour (of whom the Queen has three, and who live in the palace), the master of ceremonies, the King's adjutants, and the officers on duty of the guard all dine at the same table as their majesties. After dinner, if there is no theatre that evening, they all retire to their respective rooms, and reassemble at nine o'clock for tea, when the rest of the evening is spent in card-playing. The King, as a rule, has a rubber of whist, and the rest of the party play a round game.

Prince Waldemar, the "Sailor Prince," and the youngest of the family, lives in the so-called Gule Palæ (Yellow Palace), the same in which his parents lived before they were King and Queen, and where all their children, with this last exception, were born.

Prince Waldemar is united to Princess Marie of Orleans, daughter of the Duc de Chartres. It is worth mentioning that this couple were married quite simply, without any ceremony, by the Maire of the Parisian arrondissement where the Princess lived. They have two sons, the eldest of whom, little Prince George, not yet two years old, is the Queen's favourite companion in her daily drives.

The remaining five children of the Royal couple are Frederick Christian, Crown Prince, born in 1843, and married to Princess Louise of Sweden, only daughter of the late King Charles XV; Alexandra, who was married to the Prince of Wales some months ere her father ascended his throne; William George, King of the Hellenes, married to the charming Grand Duchess Olga of Russia; Dagmar, now reigning Empress of Russia; and Thyra, married to the Duke of Cumberland, King of Hanover *in spe*. The latter Princess, after giving birth to five children, was for some years the victim of a nervous malady that affected her reason. Happily the crisis has passed, and the Castle of Gmünden, where the princely couple reside, has resumed its wonted animation.

Crown Prince Frederick, who is already forty-five years of age, has seven children. He is a model father of a family, and an excellent type of heir-apparent—studious, eloquent, amiable, rich, open-handed, and yet not extravagant. His wife, eight years his junior, is remarkable for her quick wittedness, and intelligence. On her first advent at the quiet Danish Court she shocked it a little by her mode of dressing, and her freedom of manners, but she has now toned down, and fitted herself into the simple burgher old-world *milieu*.

The residence of the Crown Prince is opposite the King's, and the two remaining palaces occupy the other side of the "Plads." One of these, which was formerly the residence of the Queen Dowager, is now given up to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, while the fourth, connected by a covered colonnade with the King's palace, is principally used for any festivities at Court, for since the burning of the Christiansborg Castle in 1884, where there were such magnificent halls and reception-rooms, they have been rather at a loss for sufficient room to receive all the invited guests on any great occasions. On the ground-floor of this fourth palace the Queen's sister, Princess Augusta of Hesse, has her winter apartments.

The Danish Civil List is not rich, especially since the loss of the duchies. All included, it scarcely amounts to two million francs. Nevertheless the Royal couple are most liberal. The Queen in especial takes a lively and personal interest in all charitable institutions existing in the realm, and above all in asylums or hospitals for children, as she is essentially a children's friend. Kind and thoughtful to a degree, always ready with generous and judicious help whenever it is needed, never forgetting a good armful of toys when she goes to visit the little patients, the children naturally feel they have a loving friend and helper in their Queen.

Such, then, is this Danish royal family, and if the Danes—or at least a majority among them—are not satisfied with their King as ruler, they are enchanted with him as burgher, as father-in-law, and father. As for their Queen, they simply worship her. Strangers who come to Copenhagen, and who have the privilege of entry at Court, can indeed say with all loyal Danes—who are justly proud not only of their King and Queen, but of the many powerful connections gained for the country by the various marriages made by their children—that the Danish Royal Family is indeed an exceptional one.

# A FORGOTTEN GREAT ENGLISHMAN.

BY JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "JOHN WESTACOTT," "BY THE WESTERN SEA," ETC., ETC.

I.

SHALL we prove the above title to be a misnomer? To be great, and yet to be forgotten by one's own countrymen; to have swayed the minds of men at one of the greatest periods in the world's history; to have led the rulers of that period, and made Popes and Emperors await the words that decide a nation's fate; to have been first and foremost in debates that still re-echo through the world, though nearly five hundred years have elapsed since the actors in these scenes have passed away from earth—and yet to be forgotten!

No English history, no biographical dictionary, no encyclopædia contains the name of the subject of this article; and yet he is remembered lovingly by the country that adopted him, and whose cause he so boldly fought for in their mighty portentous struggle against Europe. But if in England this great man is forgotten, in Bohemia his name is cherished; and her historians give him ample space, and her people of to-day know his name. If in the fifteenth century the Bohemians ransomed him at a high rate of ransom when taken prisoner, so now in this nineteenth century her historians have fully and ably rescued his name from the oblivion to which English historians would have condemned it, if we can say men condemn that which they ignore. The plain name of Peter Payne will ever shine forth as a bright star in Bohemian history; and our aim is to prove that the writers of English history cannot ignore him if they would set before the world the work of the English people, and their onward course, for Peter Payne desperately, strenuously, and persistently cherished the seed which burst forth into much flower and fruit ere his own century had set.

He is, and was, one of the greatest of the leaders of the Wiclifites (known to us English as Hussites) of Bohemia through all the fierce years from 1417 until the year 1452. In 1415 he was Vice-Principal of St. Edmund's Hall in Oxford, but he was driven thence, against the will of the King, Harry of Monmouth, because of his intense earnestness and persistency in spreading the teaching of his master, John Wiclif; and on the 13th February, 1417, he was received amongst the Professors of the Prague University. The first important mention we have of his name is where it occurs in a list of the men who in the year 1420 were held in high esteem in Prague; and here he is spoken of as the Englishman Peter Payne, "who is generally spoken of as Meister Englisch." Five years had elapsed since Huss had died for his adherence to Wiclif's teaching, and already his followers were beginning to break up into those sects that so weakened the unity of Bohemia. A year before the strange town of Tabor had been founded by the troops of people who streamed out to this tent bedecked, water-surrounded height to worship God in their own fashion under the free heavens, and it was in the controversies between the Praguers and the Taborites that Payne's name first came prominently forth as a peacemaker between the controversialists. The Taborites had drawn up certain propositions upon the fourth of the famous Prague Articles, upon the frequenting taverns, extravagance in dress, deceptions in work and trade; and these the new town of Prague had agreed with, but the old town wavered in their decision, not being willing to adopt the reading of the Taborites; but their leaders went to Peter Payne, and after they had been instructed by him they fell in with their fellow-townsmen, and, with some qualifications, and under certain conditions, were one with the Taborites.

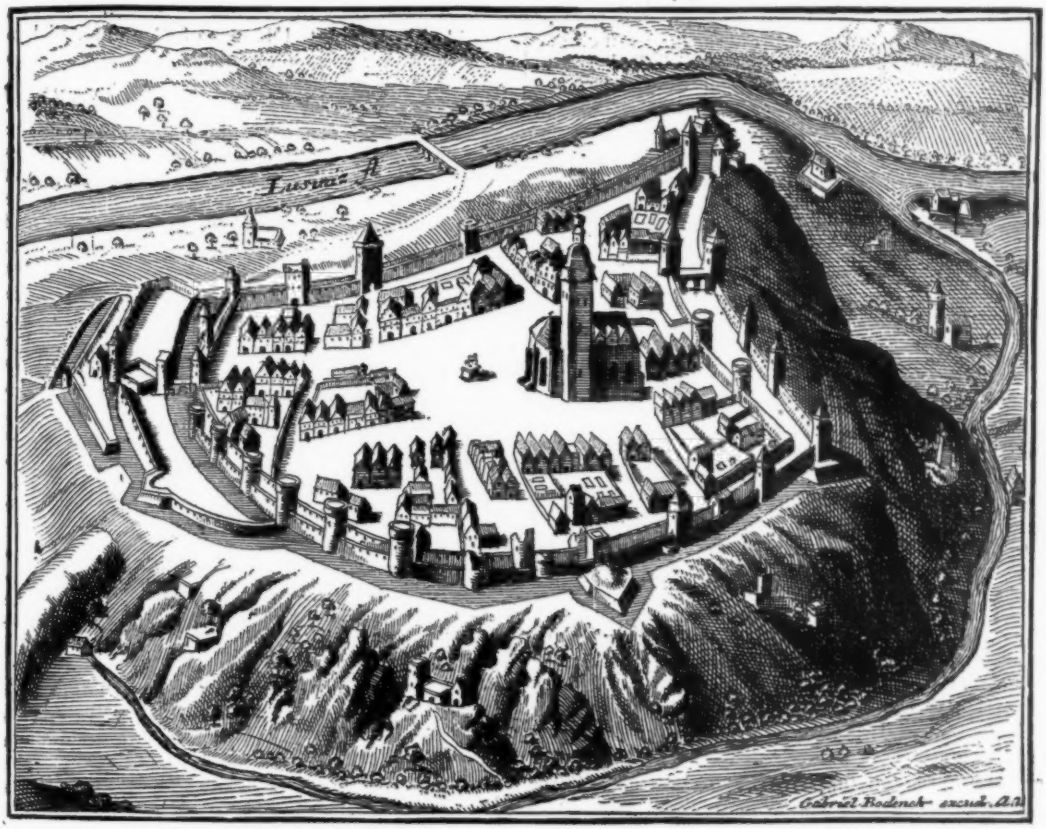
This first action of Payne's gives us the key to his work in Bohemia. It was generally that of a peacemaker and arbitrator, and though we shall find him standing up boldly before Council and Pope and Emperor, holding forth and expounding with fiery words the teaching of his master, Wiclif, yet generally he is the mediator between the passionate fighting sects of the Bohemians.

The teaching of the Taborites was similar to the dream of honest revolutionists in all ages—those of 1789 and 1848—and of some few Socialists of the present day. There was to be no king or over-lord: all were to be brothers and sisters. "In Tabor," ran their first article, "there is no mine and thine, all is in common; and so it ever shall be—all in common, and no personal property. Whoever holds such shall commit a deadly sin." But in Tabor, as in later years, this impossible dream of a universal brotherhood soon vanished, and the laws of Mine and Thine were re-established.

This first public action of Payne's was in the year 1420, and between this and the next time we hear of him, on the 14th of November, 1421, was a time of terror and tumult, and of the fiercest bloodshed in Bohemia: King Sigmund fleeing, and then promising all that is demanded of him, earning his title of the "word-breaker," and leaving his land to be torn by furious sects, who committed fearful horrors in religion's name. In Prague the quarrel was developing into a class-war of Democracy against Aristocracy, the former being led by Priester Johann, formerly a monk of Selaw; and it was as a mediator between this Priester Johann and the magistrates of Prague, upon certain points laid down for the more peaceable ordering of the town, that we find Peter Payne again chosen.

Between this mention of his name and any

further record of his life five fiery bloody years pass over Bohemia. Ziska, with his waggon-forts, marched and countermarched against Sigmund with a rapidity that astonished his contemporaries, but with such attendant horrors that after his victory at Deutch-Brod his remorse for the deeds of cruelty was so great that it clung to him until his death. But Ziska was dead, and the great victory of the Hussites at Aussig over the Germans had been won ere we hear of Payne in the presence of Prince Koryhut upholding Wiclif's doctrines. A reaction had set in in Prague against the teaching



TABOR, FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING OBTAINED BY THE AUTHOR FROM THE TOWN CLERK OF TABOR.

of Wiclif and his follower Huss, and the priests and doctors of that town now taught that the Communion should truly be taken both in bread and wine by the laity, but that many other of the doctrines of Wiclif were heretical, or at least mischievous and errorful. And M. Pribram, who is described as "the most miserable of sinners, but a warm denouncer of heresy, and especially of Wiclifism and Picardism," commenced in such hot terms to inveigh against these errors that the followers of Wiclif began to fear that if Wiclif be declared heretical, Huss, his follower, must also be arraigned under the same category. And to oppose the fiery denunciations of M. Pribram a discussion was arranged in the university, and Peter Payne was chosen to oppose M. Pribram, "for he had ever defended and taught most ardently and thoroughly the views of his famous countryman." The fiercest struggle was, as usual, upon the point of the Transubstantiation; and the importance of the task thus set Payne is made clear by the Bohemian historian's following sentence: "If," he writes, "matters had gone according to M. Pribram, the Chalicers, out of pure opposition to Wiclifism and the bolder Hussites, would have been drawn even nearer to Rome, and would soon have found themselves again in the bosom of the Catholic Church, and all their former sufferings and struggles would have been but strayings from the right way and as but an injurious dream." And so the moment was come when a decision must be made whether Hussitism (ignoring the sects of Taborites and Orphans) should have a self-existence, and become an organic development in the inner life of the future.

As this discussion led up to an important step in Payne's life, we must briefly follow the events of the next year, although his name is not mentioned in them; but the fact of his sustaining the weight of the defence, and his after action, proves that he must have been in the whole heat and turmoil of the events.

Prince Koryhut, thinking that M. Pribram's party outnumbered Payne's, as we may term it, quickened the decision, but not to his own advantage. He sent a private messenger to Pope

Martin, writing that the Bohemians were ready to fall into the Church's arms if but the Pope would himself hear them. The Pope was only willing to listen to them if they unreservedly bowed to the Church's teaching and did not come to wrangle and argue upon various points; and he appointed King Wladislaw and Prince Witold as their intercessors. But the Hussites, as the victors, did not care to become pleaders to the defeated power, and even the moderate Chalicers objected to such an action. These now had as their leader M. Johann Rokycana, a man of poor parentage, but of great power, and preacher in the Marien-Tein Church. Many others amidst the moderate party, with priests, doctors, and burghers, and even close adherents of the Prince, objected with Rokycana to this approaching of Rome; and when at length this preacher, on the 17th of April, 1427, made publicly known the truth of the letter of the Prince, one of those scenes occurred with which Prague in those days was so familiar. The bearers of the Prince's letter had been captured during the night. The words of an old song, which may be translated as follows, quaintly recite the scene:

> "They rode out of Prague as night began,
> Well knowing what Koryhut secretly span;
> But when they rode back from their ride of night,
> They brought all the rogues in the full daylight.
> They bid ring the bells from the towers on high,
> And the folk all flocked to the Tein hard by.
> Not long did the priests in the church there stay,
> But streamed to the Ring in the light of day;
> And they cried aloud, with fearful cries,
> 'Belov'd, we're threaten'd! To arms, arise.
> And the streaming folk then quickly knew
> With treacherous letters they had to do."

The bells did ring forth, and the people, armed, swarmed in street and square, crying out "Treason!" Two men of the court, at the head of an armed troop, possessed themselves of the prince, and at night carried him to the castle. Many of the doctors, Pribram amongst them, were imprisoned in the Rathhouse, and so, without at least bloodshed, Rokycana's party gained the upper hand; and after Easter the prince was taken to one of the wildest castles in all Bohemia, a castle the only entrance to which was, and is, between two narrow walls of rock pierced for shooters, and at this castle, Waldstein, so secretly was he kept, that his faithful followers, amongst whom was the owner of the castle, did not know where he was.

When quiet was restored articles were drawn up to preserve peace and unity, declaring how and what should be believed, and what rules and ordinances in the Christian's observances should be obeyed; and these articles give the difference between the true Chalicers and Rome, and also in what they differ from the Taborites and Orphans. The articles upon the Transubstantiation, upon which Payne felt and spoke so strongly, ran thus: "The visible altar sacrament that Christ Himself, His Apostles, and other saints in truth call 'bread,' is in a miraculous and secret manner before the eyes of our mind and understanding the true body of our Lord Jesus Christ as He received it from the Virgin Mary, died upon the cross, rose again from the dead, and sitteth on the right hand of God." This was to be simply believed; and no new interpretation was to be sought for or accepted. This article was directed not only against the Taborites, but most especially against Peter Payne, so writes the Bohemian chronicler; and thus it happened that this "talented foreigner" separated from the Praguers, joined himself first of all to the followers of Ziska, called the "Orphans," and afterwards to the Taborites, becoming one of their most noteworthy teachers.

To stay the dreaded power that now seemed to threaten all Europe, Pope Martin v strove to induce a new crusade against the Bohemians, and, to aid this, appointed Henry of Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester (whom he had especially raised to the Cardinalate as a strength against Hussitism), as Legate of the Apostolic Chair for Bohemia, Hungary, and Germany. "His name," ran the mandate, "the name of a kingly and victorious race, would so much the more set the enemies of the Church in fear, as his fame was remarkable for the highest virtues, wisdom, experience, and knowledge." Thus we have the strange fact that an Englishman, Cardinal and Bishop, with all Europe and the power of Rome at his back, is appointed by the Pope to arouse a crusade to destroy that which in every critical moment was being vigorously sustained and advanced by that other Englishman, plain Peter Payne, the defender of the teaching of Wiclif.

Mighty indeed now were the efforts made to crush finally this tiny land, whose sturdy, vigorous, and heroic enthusiasts defied all Europe.

A new order of knighthood, that of St. George, was instituted, the members binding themselves especially to combat the Godless heretics of Bohemia. In Germany all feud was to be laid aside, and all countries—Holland and Alsace, Suabia and Switzerland, France, Saxony, Pomerania, and Austria all joined in raising armies to defeat finally this heretical force.

Cardinal Henry of England came at the head of a thousand Englishmen to aid in that defeat, to crush and slaughter the Wiclifites of Bohemia, as the Lollards had been crushed in England. Their own weapons were to be used against them, for waggon-forts were to be with each army.

But the supreme danger had united Bohemia, as it ever did. Praguers, Taborites, and Orphans combined; but their whole force against this mighty host was not fourteen thousand footmen and fifteen hundred horse, with waggons and guns; but, with Priester Prokop at their head, Cardinal Henry joined the crusading host only to meet the first fugitives, and his rage at their cowardice was intense. He placed himself, with the Papal banner unfurled, at the head of the few who heeded him, and, crucifix in hand, stayed the flight, but only for two days. The whole host of crusaders formed once more in battle array at Sachaw, and the princes and leaders swore an oath that they would stand by each other, but the approach of the Bohemian army scattered their firm resolves, and even at the commencement of the fight fleeing bodies of men threw the whole army into disorder. All prayers and

threats of the Cardinal Bishop of Winchester were useless. Useless his mighty rage, and his seizing the Imperial banner and tearing it, and with fearful curses trampling it beneath his feet. Terror of the dreaded waggon-forts and the mighty heretics who manned them alone possessed the whole hosts; and Henry of Winchester must needs fly himself or fall into their hands.

And thus ended for the time this other great Englishman's attempt to enter Bohemia by force of arms. He wrote of the defeat that it was caused by the absence of good tactics and organisation on the part of the crusaders. It was not the number of troops that were required, but war-hardened and war-practised warriors, as were the Bohemians themselves; and he suggested that levies in future should be directed to the sustaining of armies of such men, to combat this terrible foe. And so an income-tax was imposed upon all over fifteen years of age, and with this tax a mighty host of trained inured soldiers was to be raised, to be upon the borders of Bohemia on St. John's Day, 1428. The appointed leaders of the yet further crusade were Cardinal Legate Henry of Winchester, and the Margrave Frederick of Brandenburg. Pope Martin wrote to his newly appointed English Legate, "Thou art truly the man we took thee for, since thou hast shown so much courage and foresight," a lengthy and flattering letter, and he also issued a bull commanding that the yearly tithes should be devoted to the raising of this army. But in another matter he and his Legate went counter to one another; for whilst the Pope in his bull described all Hussites as Adamites (a strange sect whose religion ofttimes developed into orgies of lust, and who took the sacrament naked in the open air; a sect living and hiding themselves in forests and valleys), and commanded that no disputations should be held with them, for the Church required no further testimony of its truth, yet Cardinal Henry had instituted a disputation to try and convince the Bohemians of their errors.

This discussion took place in the castle of Zebrak; and we find our forgotten Englishman's influence has been ever silently working, for, with Master Johann, of Rokycana, he is chosen to defend the tenets and faith of the Bohemians,

This conflict of these two Englishmen, the one with the whole power of Europe behind him, with church and sword, the other with but his power of mind and ardent soul, is strangely remarkable. Of Payne's action of body we have but little; it is whenever mind and soulful sustaining is required that the Chalicers immediately fly to him. That he was ofttimes in extreme danger we can glean, but in fighting he does not seem to have joined, as did so many of the priests and doctors of the time. This disputation led to no convincing of the Bohemians by the Romish delegates of their error, neither does it seem to have welded more closely together Praguers, Taborites, and Orphans. M. Pribram, Payne's old opponent, treats of this disputation in a tractate, but only in a passing manner.

Whilst the theologians were discussing, the Bohemian armies of each sect were marching triumphantly; and until the spring of 1429 went on intermittently this work of fighting and bloody retaliation, until Herr Meinhard, of Neuhaus, a leader of the nobles, but the son of an ardent Wiclifite, took the opportunity of King Sigmund being at Presburg to arrange a meeting between King and the religious leaders of the Hussites. Priester Prokop, as leader both in religion and war, stands first of those chosen to meet the King, but next comes the name of Peter Payne; and these two, with other delegates and some two hundred horsemen, make their way from Bohemia over the mountains, and down the Danube flood to Royal Presburg. Prokop, knowing well he had to do with Sigmund, the "Wordbreaker," taking care to have a safe conduct from him, made sure by the persons of two princely hostages and other nobles.

At Presburg were assembled the chief representatives of all the opposing parties, one of the chief of the King's party being Ulrich of Rosenberg, who played so important a rôle in Bohemia's history in the coming years. He held the castles and territory now owned by Prince Schwarzenberg. Germany also sent bishops and doctors to uphold her views of the questions in discussion, and from Paris also came four learned doctors.

The disputation lasted until the 9th of April; and Sigmund, ever bending to the ascendant of the moment, was gracious and friendly to the Hussites. He spoke of his kingly right, and of his inborn love to Bohemia, and begged them to quit their new ideas and tumult, and to return to the faith of their fathers. If, however, they would not do this, then let there be a truce, until two years hence a general council of the whole Christian Church would be assembled at Basle, and before this council they could lay their articles and submit themselves to this supreme judge in matters of faith; until then let there be a truce between them and all Christian countries.

The answer to this mild speech of Sigmund's was such as Payne ever gave to the soft conciliatory words which would lead the Hussites from the faith of Wiclif. Palacky does not say the words are Payne's, but the thought is certainly his. "It was not they (the Bohemians) who had departed from the old true Christian faith, but their opponents; and there could be no peace until the Church returned from all its false ways again to the teaching of Christ and His apostles. As to the coming council, if it resembled Constance, to that they could not submit themselves, as there their bitterest enemies enounced the law; and it would be madness to appear before their enemies' judgment-seat. Therefore there must be a higher and non-partisan judge between the council and themselves; that judge should be the Holy Scriptures and the law of God, and the writings of those learned men who steadfastly had built their work upon that law."

This sharp difference even the flattering words of Sigmund could not smooth away, and at length the Bohemians drove him from his diplomatic gentleness. They had addressed him as King, but not of Bohemia—as King of Hungary and Rome. This he bore silently, but they informed him that would he change his faith they would receive him

more gladly than any other in the world, and aid him against all his enemies. This was too much for even Sigmund's pliability, and he burst forth, and swore by God and all present, he would rather die than change his faith. The congress ended in the deputies stating they had not the full power to act in the name of the nation, and a Landtag being called in Prague for the 23rd of May, at which Sigmund's ambassadors were to be present.

And thus we can picture Rokycana and Payne and the other deputies again wending their way over the hills and passes of Bohemia, back into the plain-lands around Prague, and being received with anxious hearts and questionings as they came in sight of the high fortress-walled rock of the Wyscherad, that had witnessed so much bloodshed and such fearful horrors for the right of free conscience and the tenets of their English leader Wiclif.

The Landtag was held and certain conditions laid down by the Bohemians for the time, and also for the conduct of the council; amongst others that, to be a "general council," it was necessary that the Greeks and Armenians, and all who received both bread and wine in the Sacrament, should be present. The Taborites also laid before the king their own six points for a reconciliation, but without issue.

Sigmund had not waited for these conditions, but had supported the Pope in bidding a new crusade against Bohemia to be proceeded with; and again we have that other Englishman, Henry of Winchester, hastening with energy to suppress once for all Wiclif's growing power in Europe. Not a thousand, but five thousand, fighting Englishmen he had now with him wherewith to stay the timid Germans from fleeing from the waggon-forts of the Chalicers, and what effect these five thousand English crusaders might have had upon the history of Europe and the foundations of the Reformation cannot be told, for at this moment had uprisen in France a religious enthusiast whose presence had aroused her countrymen to feel that even the English were not indomitable; and Henry of Winchester and his five thousand fighting-men were hastily called upon to give up their crusade against the Wiclifites and to march to France to aid their countrymen, who were fleeing before the Maid of Orleans. Unwillingly by the Cardinal, readily by his men, was this call obeyed, and the Germans quickly seized upon his absence to give up the crusade; and thus was it that the defeat of the English in France by Joan of Arc aided the onward progress of Peter Payne in Bohemia in his fervent, assiduous teaching and upholding of Wiclif's faith. And thus "the Maid" was aiding that mightier movement that was to sweep away for ever the universal power of that Church of which she was so devoted a follower.

How powerfully her work then tended in favour of the Romish Church may be gathered from the fact that a letter was circulated amongst the Bohemians threatening them with the wrath of God "and the Maid" unless they quickly and fully returned to their obedience to the Church.

Whilst these events were agitating Europe the town of Prague was by no means at peace. As usual, when at truce with their foreign foes the Bohemians strove amidst themselves; the old and the new town were ever rivals; and, heal their quarrels as they would, there was no real unity so long as the different religious divisions were at variance. M. Johann Pribram, the great opponent of Wiclif, was again at liberty, and was renewing his ardent opposition to his teachings. "And as Mr. Peter Payne, the countryman and chief pupil of Wiclif, never ceased to defend his master with courage and keenness and penetration," it was determined to hold a disputation between the two, each being supported by four of their most important men.

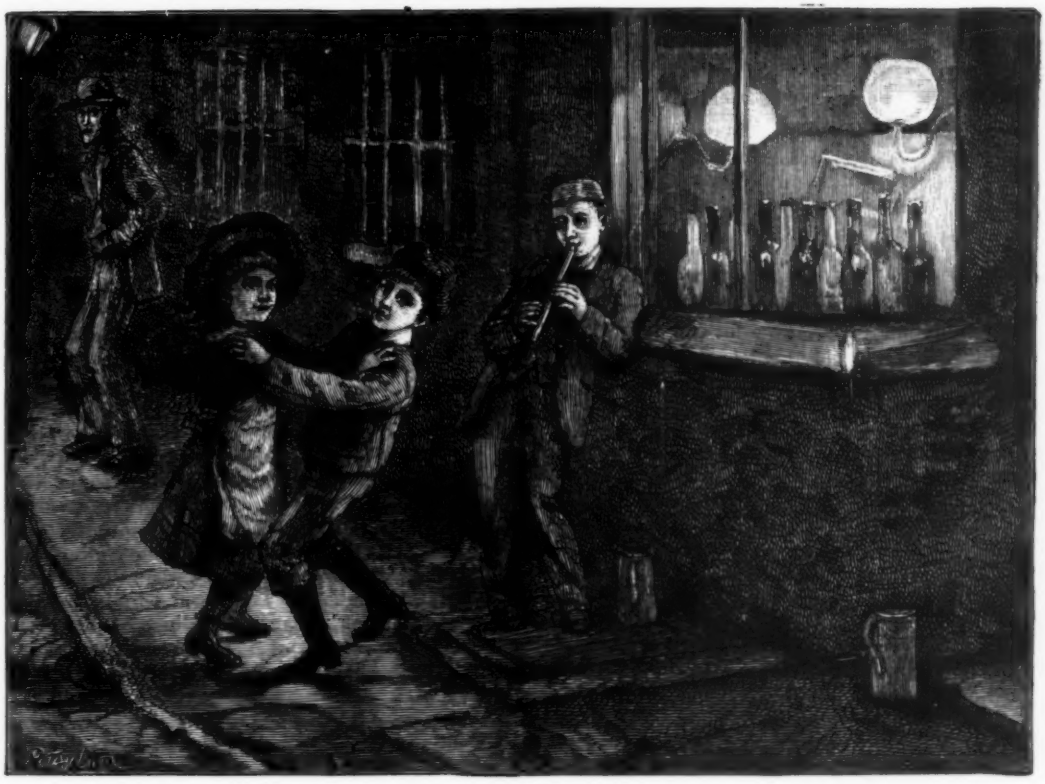
The ordering of this debate is a great proof of the high esteem in which Payne was held (though of that we shall have greater proof), and if further at the moment is wanted, the names of the men who supported him give it. The four were the chief leader, M. Johann, of Rokycana; Priest Wenzel, of Drachow; Priest Peter Nemec, of Saaz; and Niklas, of Pilgram, Bishop of the Taborites, the latter name being a sign that Payne was now in fellowship with the Taborites.

For three weeks this debate lasted. Pribram strove before all to deny any unity between Huss and Wiclif, and chose two hundred passages from his writings that were heretical, errorful, or at least vexatious. Payne won great praise by the acuteness with which he handled these passages, and proved them to be true and Christian teachings; but when the discussion turned upon the question of the Transubstantiation two of his followers left him to agree with Pribram, Rokycana, and Dracow; but Payne was successful in proving error in many of Pribram's statements; and the outcome of the debate was rather a truce than a reconciliation. None of those concerned in the debates were to be denounced as heretics whether the dead or living; Wiclif or Huss, Jacobellus, or Payne, or Pribram, and the words of either were not to be made public save in Latin.

But Pribram could not adhere to this, and quickly denounced Wiclif and Payne, and all the Taborite party as heretics, and this in Bohemian; and the Taborites responded, at a conference held in Tabor from the 6th to the 13th of January, 1430, by a strong command to all their followers that no priest of Pribram's party should be suffered amongst them.

From this date until the next mention of Payne's name two years elapse, and the teaching of Wiclif was, through the adherence of Huss and his followers, and the firm and steadfast upholding of it by his ardent pupil Peter Payne, spreading and taking root in Europe, especially in Germany and France, and even in Spain, many began to waver and be unsettled in their faith. The Hussites were most earnest against the misuse of worldly power by the priesthood, and against the heavy rule of the nobles over the common folk; and their ever-continuous and unbroken victories made many ask whether God was not with them, and their cause just. Thus silently the way was being prepared for the later reformers, Luther and his followers.

# Street Dancers.



SINGING in this London street,
To the rhythm of their feet,
By a window's feeble light
Are two ragged children bright—
Larger sparrows of the town,
Nested 'mong the vapours brown.
Far away the starry mirth
Hangs o'er all the wooded earth.

If these merry ones should know,
Footing in the feeble glow,
Of a wide wood's starry leisure,
Would they foot so fleet a measure?
Ah no!

Maybe now in some far lane,
Dancing on the moon's broad stain,
Watched of placid poplar-trees
Children sing in twos and threes.
Hush! hush! hush! On every lip
Lies a chilly finger tip,
As there floats from fields afar
Clamour of the lone nightjar.

If these merry ones should know,
Footing in the feeble glow,
Other people's mirth and pleasure,
Would they foot so fleet a measure?
Ah no!

Maybe in some isle of isles,
In the South Sea's azure miles,
Dance the savage children small,
Singing to their light footfall.
Hush! hush! hush! they pause and point
Where a shell the seas anoint,
Dropping liquid rainbow light,
Rolls along the sea sands white.

If these merry ones should know,
Footing in the feeble glow,
Other people's mirth and pleasure,
Would they foot so fleet a measure?
Ah no!

Maybe now a Bedouin's brood,
Laughing goes in wildest mood,
Past the spears and palm-stems dry,
Past the camel's dreaming eye.
Hush! hush! hush! they pause them where
Bows the Bedouin's whitening hair—
Peace of youth and peace of age,
Thoughtless joy and sorrow sage.

If these merry ones should know,
Dancing in the feeble glow,
Other people's mirth and pleasure,
Would they foot so fleet a measure?
Ah no!

Others know the healing earth,
Others know the starry mirth;
They will wrap them in the shroud,
Sorrow-worn, yet placid-browed.

London streets have heritage,
Blinder sorrows, harder wage—
Sordid sorrows of the mart,
Sorrows sapping brain and heart.

If these merry ones should know,
Footing in the feeble glow,
Of the healing earth May-treasure,
Would they foot so fleet a measure?
Ah no!

W. B. YEATS.

## OCCUPATIONAL MORTALITY.

A TABLE of mortality that has the minister of religion at the top and the tavern servant at the bottom is likely to be looked upon as quite ideal by a large number of our readers, and perhaps thought by some of them to be rather too good to be true. There is, however, no reason to doubt that on this occasion the statistics give a fair statement of fact, for, although many qualifying circumstances have to be taken into consideration, the general result remains unaltered.

Every ten years the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages publishes a supplement to his annual report, and in the last supplement issued, that for 1885, this table appears. It is daily being quoted from by different organisations with a view of supporting the special object of whatever movement the organisation is connected with; but as it has been very reasonably stated that a man can prove anything by statistics if he is allowed to pick and choose only such items as suit his purpose, we herewith publish the table in full. Instead, however, of merely copying the official arrangement, we have put it in the form of a diagram, and given the occupations in their mortality value so as to appeal to the eye at once. It is based on the returns for 1880, 1881, and 1882, and it shows the mean mortality of males between the ages of 25 and 65 engaged in the different occupations as compared with the mortality of all males of similar ages in England and Wales, this mortality being taken as the 1,000 in the terms of which the rates are given. It does not give all trades, but the selection is representative.

There is one trade, it will be found, that has exactly the average mortality, and this, unexpectedly enough, is that of the tobacconist! The tendency of the table is to prove that the nearer the liquor the shorter the life; but what are we to say to a table that gives the smoke-seller (52) as the mean? One would think we were dealing with some Mahometan land, where the million smoke and not one touches alcohol. Dr. Ogle, in whose official letter to the Registrar-General the table occurs, gives a large number of explanatory notes concerning its details, but of the tobacconist he says nothing. Probably "a table of occupation-mortality in terms of the tobacconist" was anything but what he expected when he began to put the statistics together.

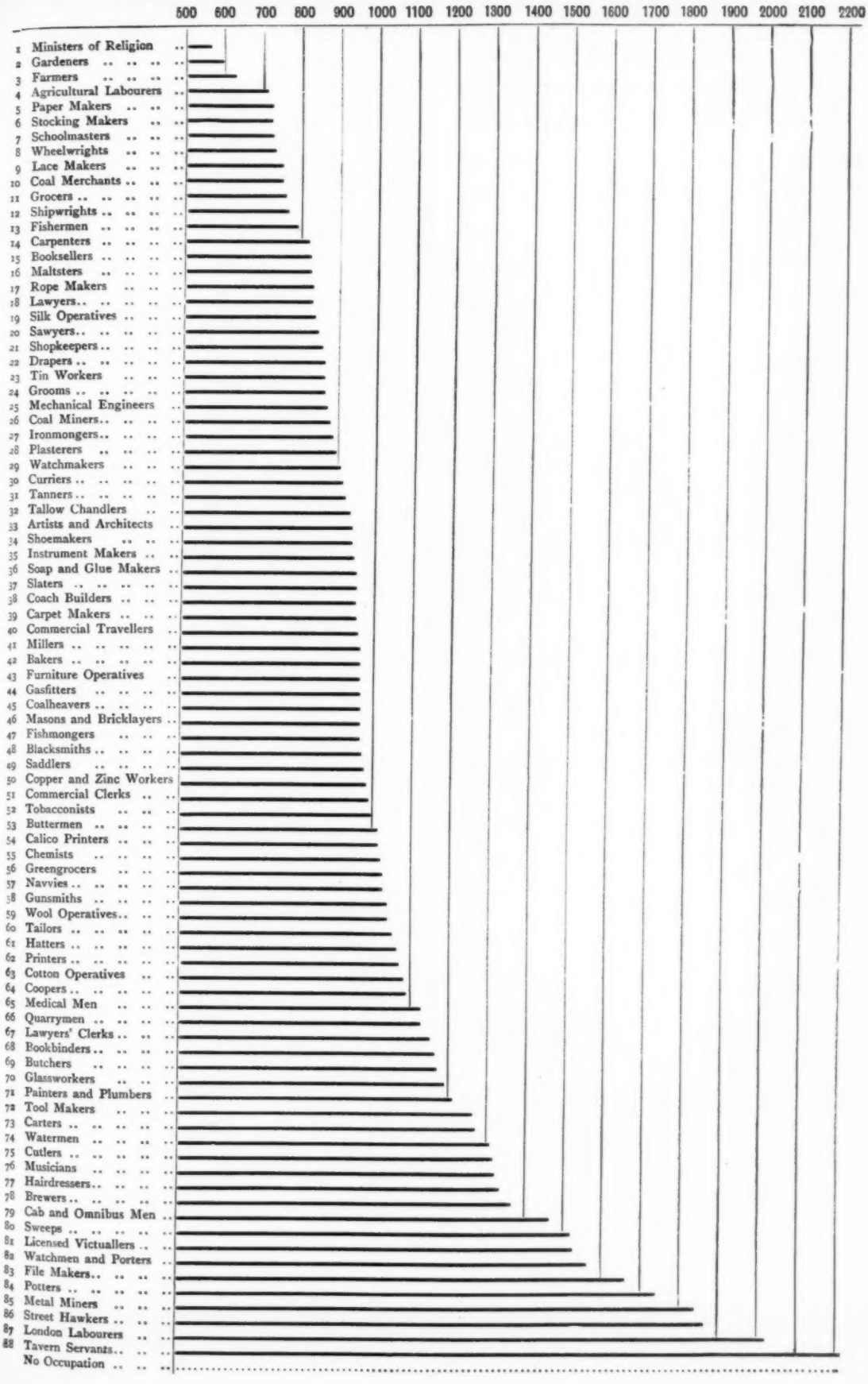
That the Minister of Religion should head the list is what was to be expected. As a rule, he is of healthy descent, he is carefully trained, he looks after his health, he has healthy food, lives in a healthy house, works healthy hours, and has a congenial occupation. As Dr. Ogle says in his notes, "When an insurance society states in its prospectus that of its assured a large proportion consists of clergymen, it doubtlessly states a fact much in its favour, supposing the premiums paid to be those based on the average lifetime of all professional men."

It was also to be expected that the Gardener would hold a good position. He has healthy out-of-door work, and generally a healthy, comfortable home. That he is healthier than the farmer is probably due to the fact that he has not so much money to spend—at least, it would seem to be so on referring to the causes of death, where the liquor tell-tales—alcoholism, gout, and liver disease—are found to be far more fatal to farmers than to gardeners. That the Agricultural Labourer should occupy the fourth place is almost as surprising as that Dorsetshire, where the labourer was supposed to be at his worst, should have the lowest death-rate of the counties. The rate, however, may be placed a little too high, as, owing to the confusion in the returns between different kinds of labourers, it was thought to be safer to base the calculation of the death-rates upon all labourers, whether called agricultural or simply labourers without any prefix, in ten selected counties, in which an overwhelming proportion of the labourers would indisputably be agricultural.

Paper Makers hold their position (5) chiefly to the fact that the only unwholesome processes in the manufacture are the preliminary operations of cutting and sorting the rags, which give off clouds of dust, and serve sometimes as transmitters of infectious diseases such as smallpox; but these preliminary processes are almost exclusively in the hands of women, while the table concerns itself solely with men.

The rate for the Stocking Makers (6) is based entirely on the returns from the hosiery districts of Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire. Schoolmasters occupy the seventh place. Their death-rates have shown a gradual decline for some years, "probably," says Dr. Ogle, "in consequence of

# COMPARATIVE MORTALITY IN DIFFERENT OCCUPATIONS.



the improved status which the profession has been gradually acquiring." The death-rate of Wheelwrights (8) has also been declining for some time.

Grocers (11) often deal in spirituous drinks, and again the three tell-tales—alcoholism, gout, and liver disease—appear prominently in the death-cause tables.

Shipwrights (12), like wheelwrights, have been improving in healthiness during the last few years. Fishermen (13) would be as healthy as farmers if so many did not lose their lives from accident; but, unlike the farmers, the liquor diseases are rare amongst them, and they have a much higher mortality from diseases of the heart and other organs of circulation. Carpenters and Joiners (14) also come out well in the disease return—"they are healthy all round."

Booksellers (15) are grouped with stationers. Maltsters (16) are also a healthy class. To account for their position, Dr. Ogle remarks that "they are concerned with the materials, and not with liquor itself"—a suggestion doubtless due to John Barleycorn. Ropemakers (17) become healthier every year at all ages. Barristers and solicitors, grouped as Lawyers (18), become healthier up to forty-five, and then die off more quickly than they used to do, as is indeed the case in many other occupations. Silk Operatives (19) of course come out creditably, as in silk factories both dust and high temperature have to be avoided in order not to injure the material.

Shopkeepers (21) are general shopkeepers not otherwise classified. Drapers (22) include Manchester warehousemen. Dr. Ogle has something to say with regard to drapers which is curious. "The contrast between drapers and grocers in regard to their respective mortalities from phthisis and tuberculosis is not improbably referable in part to the very great differences observable between an ordinary draper's and an ordinary grocer's shop. The latter has, as a rule, the door wide open, and, not being usually of great size, is thoroughly ventilated; the draper's shop generally has the door shut, or at any rate not so widely opened as the grocer's, inasmuch as dust would damage the goods; it is of considerable depth, and crammed with wares that are constantly being moved about, and that give off fluffy dust during the process. The air is further fouled by numerous gaslights required to show off the goods; and this vitiation is in most cases distinctly perceptible to the nose. Thus probably it comes about that the drapers' mortality from phthisis is one of the highest, while the grocers' is one of the lowest in our list."

Grooms (24) include private coachmen; Mechanical Engineers (25) include machine makers, fitters, millwrights, and boiler makers. Coal Miners (26) are surprisingly healthy, but then no weakly man is likely to start as a coal miner if he can help it. The figures are taken on an average of six different districts, varying very much in healthiness. In Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire the coal miner would rank between the wheelwrights and lacemakers with 734; in the West Riding of Yorkshire his 772 would take him just above the shipwrights; in Durham and Northumberland his 873 would take him above the drapers; but in Staffordshire and Lancashire his 929 would put him below the average of his trade; and his 1081 in Monmouthshire and South Wales would take him below the average of all his countrymen—that is to say, below the tobacconist.

With Plasterers (28) whitewashers are included. Watchmakers (29) of course include clockmakers, and possibly a good many jewellers. Tanners (31) include fellmongers; they hold a high position considering the stenches to which they probably get habituated. Tallow Chandlers (32) include soap-boilers, to whom the same remark would apply. Artists and Architects (33) include engravers and sculptors. Among the Instrument Makers (35) are included the watch and clock makers and jewellers it was found possible to separate from 29. Soap and Glue Makers (36) include tallow and manure manufacturers. With Slaters (37) are included tilers.

Commercial Travellers (40) owe their position, apparently, to their active out-door life, for their return as to alcoholism, gout, and liver disease is very bad, and in suicide they come second. It is, of course, possible that they are attended by unusually outspoken medical men, who have no scruples about hurting the feelings of their relatives by plain-speaking on the death-certificate.

Bakers (42) include confectioners; they have also a bad return with regard to the alcoholic diseases and suicide. Furniture Operatives (43) include cabinet-makers, upholsterers, and French-polishers; and Gasfitters (44) include locksmiths and bellhangers. Masons and Bricklayers (46) include builders. Although bricklayers have the reputation of being intemperate, it is noteworthy that in the alcoholic diseases they are below the average.

Fishmongers (47) include poulterers. Copper and Zinc Workers (50) include lead and brass workers. Commercial Clerks (51) are naturally very varied; the grouping practically includes every kind of clerk except the limb of the law. The death-rate of clerks is much less than it used to be, owing perhaps quite as much to athletic sports as to the improved sanitary conditions of the offices.

Buttermen (53) include milkmen and cheesemongers. Calico Printers (54) include the dyers and bleachers of all textile fabrics. Wool Operatives (59) include both wool and worsted mill-hands, and the figures are based entirely on statistics from the West Riding of Yorkshire. Printers (62) have declined in their death-rate of late years. They owe their unfavourable position entirely to phthisis, the rate of mortality from that cause being actually more than twice as high as the average, the explanation of which is that they have to work under notoriously unhealthy conditions in ill-ventilated rooms, and in an atmosphere unduly heated by engines and gaslights. When the electric light is introduced into the offices there will be a vast improvement in the death-rate.

With Coopers (64) are grouped the wood-

turners and box-makers. Why they should be so much more unhealthy than carpenters and sawyers is not apparent, unless it is that they are more employed indoors and suffer more from thirst. Medical Men (65) is evidently a clear case of "Physician heal thyself," although the report very judiciously omits to state what are the diseases to which the doctors succumb. An ordinary practitioner's day is never done; morning, noon, and midnight he is a slave of the door-bell, and the constant wearisome work, seven days a week, must have an important influence on this waste of life.

There is no doubt as to the reason why Butchers (69) live short lives. The disease table shows it at once; the liquor tell-tales cry out only too clearly. Tool Makers (72) include saw makers, needle makers, pin makers, etc. Watermen (74) include bargees and lightermen. Musicians (76) is a somewhat puzzling entry. What can there be so unhealthy in the practice of music? The explanation is that under musicians are grouped not only Royal Academy professors, but organ-grinders, street niggers, and German bandsmen. Hairdressers (77) owe their high mortality to drink, due perhaps to their having to breathe hair particles instead of fresh air. The high mortality of Cab and Omnibus men (79) is to a certain extent due, in Dr. Ogle's opinion, to a considerable portion of them having taken to the occupation as a refuge, owing to their having fallen from some superior status in consequence of ill-health or evil ways. But as in the case of the brewers, just above them, there is a great excess of the tell-tale liquor diseases. In the case of the Licensed Victuallers (81) the mortality attributed to alcoholism is more than four times as high as the average, and in the case of liver diseases it is actually six times as high as the average. It has been stated with authority that these extraordinary rates are not due to the licensed victuallers as a class, but to about 23 per cent. of them; in which case the drinking practices of this 23 per cent. must be simply outrageous.

The position of Watchmen and Porters (82) including messengers, is accounted for by its being chiefly "gentlemen who have failed in other professions," and sunk very much down in the world, who so describe themselves. That of the File Makers (83) is due to the metallic dust from the grindstones and the lead cushion on which the files are struck. In this trade there is an unmistakable call for some life-saving invention, however its introduction might be opposed by the short-sighted workers. The high mortality of Potters (84) is due to the inhalation of air charged with fine irritating dust, and to exposure to great vicissitudes of temperature, the main causes of death being phthisis and heart disease. Here, again, the state of affairs is a scandal. The potter dies from his work, and not from alcoholism, as is often said by those who never look at the disease-tables.

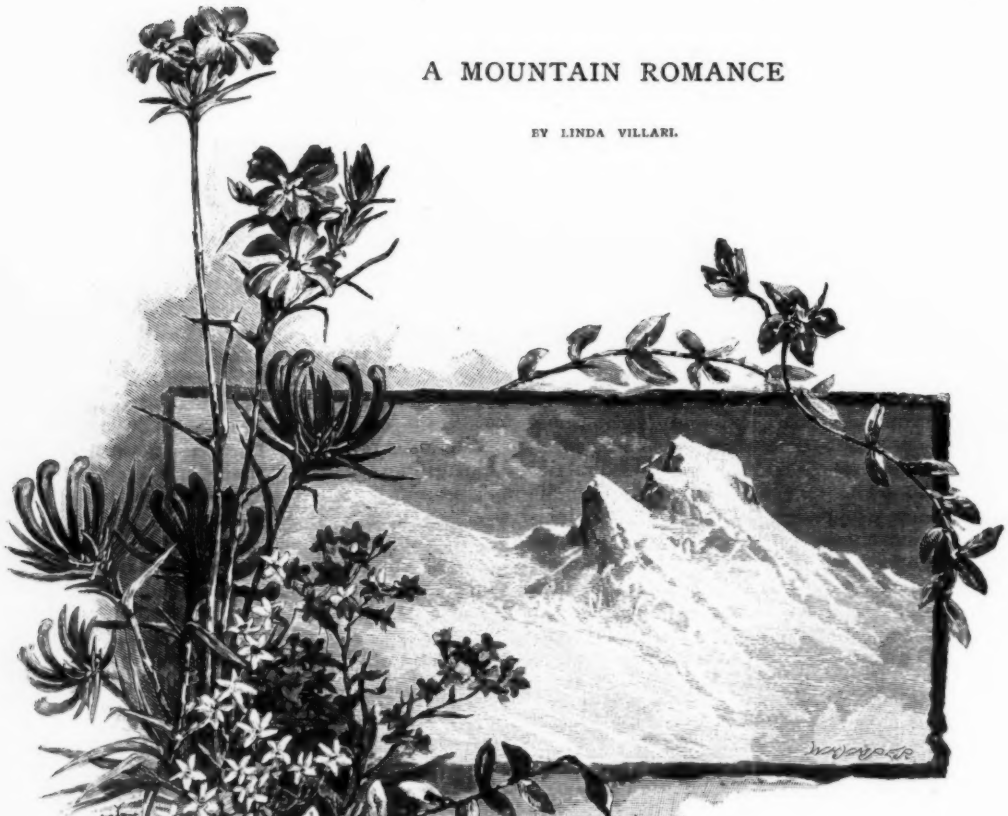
The position of Cornish tin miners—for that is really what Metal Miners (85) means—is almost inexplicable. Nearly two-thirds of their total mortality is attributable to phthisis and respiratory diseases, and as a class the men are notoriously well-conducted and temperate. It has been sought to explain the excessive death-rate by "the emigration of the strongest," but even that hypothesis will not cover the whole field. The file makers, the potters, and the metal miners come in, it will be seen, to break the alcoholic curve, and their presence is as embarrassing to the total abstainer as that of the average trade is to the anti-tobacconist.

With the Street Hawkers and Costermongers (86) we resume the liquor line, although the high rate of mortality is not due to the special unhealthiness of the occupation, as to the kind and condition of a large proportion of the men who adopt these means of livelihood. Costermongering is the most melancholy of pursuits; there are more suicides among the costermongers than among any other men. Of much the same class are those who describe themselves as Labourers in our great cities (87). In the London return the mortality figure for this class is 2,020, the highest but one in our list. It is really the highest but two with which we have to deal, for there is a more unhealthy life than that of a London labourer—namely, that of the man who, according to the signer of his death certificate, does nothing at all. The figure for Unoccupied Males is 2,182. That for the servants and understrappers and general hangers-on at inns and hotels, whom we have grouped as Tavern Servants, is 2,205; with regard to which it should be mentioned that such servants work, as a rule, seventeen hours a day for seven days a week; and that the men who occupy such positions are either those who have failed in other pursuits or else have been born of parents "in the trade," who have sent them into the world with a constitution calculated to astonish even the mortality table maker. Between the 556 of the clergyman and the 2,205 of the potboy there is an appalling difference. But how different are the conditions under which they are born and live!

Melancholy as are these figures, there is one great comfort regarding them as a whole—they are much better than they used to be. As Dr. Ogle says—"The changes in the death-rates have given to the community an annual addition of 1,800,047 years of life shared among its members; and, allowing that the changes in the death-rates are the direct consequences of sanitary interference, we must regard this addition of nearly two million years of life as an annual income derived from money invested in sanitation."

# A MOUNTAIN ROMANCE

BY LINDA VILLARI.



ALPINE FLOWERS.

WE found the rest of the party assembled in a long, low ground-floor apartment, evidently used both as dining-room and study. One big table was laid for our meal, another littered with papers, writing materials, and a pile of business-looking books, brass-cornered and bound in calf.

A huge porcelain stove stood in one corner, pots of ivy and carnations on the window-sills; the furniture was solid, the wainscoting dark; there was a raftered ceiling and a parquet floor. It was a thoroughly German interior, German as the family name, and it was hard to realise that we were on Italian soil.

The Baroness occupied a very tall high-backed chair, and was chatting briskly with my brother. She held a book in her hand, and I saw, to my surprise, that it was the French version of Kit's newest novel. Who would have suspected this mountain magnate of any acquaintance with current literature? Yet, as I soon found, our presence at Chamonal was due to my brother's fame rather than to our care of Elena, for the Baroness made some very pretty speeches about her interest in Christopher's works.

The other persons present consisted of a rustic-looking matron, two insignificant men, and a buxom young lady, whose breadth of bust and plumpness of arm served for the display of many gold chains and jingling bracelets, and whose fluffy hair was guarded by a bristling fence of tortoiseshell spikes. These fellow-guests were solemnly introduced to me in turn. They were all related to our hostess, and all named Felsen-Luscoz or Luscoz-Felsen. But we had hardly exchanged civilities before lunch was served, and the Baron led me to my seat. The old lady took Kit's arm, and as she moved across the room to the head of the table I was impressed by her commanding personality.

Clothed in a straight black gown, with a wisp of rusty lace on her white head, and no ornaments save the small diamond solitaires in her ears, she had the air of an empress. She interested me immensely, and I was glad that the Baron seemed too hungry to talk. And I soon saw that no general conversation was required; our part was to play chorus. Now and then Elena interchanged a word with the nondescript relations, and the lady of the pins and chains seemed to

have an old-standing joke with my neighbour; but whenever the Baroness opened her lips all eyes converged towards her, and respectful silence prevailed. She was familiar with Paris, it appeared, touched on French politics, the stage, and society, and was pleased to find that my cosmopolitan Kit knew some of her friends in that city. Then, reverting to the charms of her valley, she inquired what excursions we had made.

Kit explained that he was very busy with his pen, but hoped to do some mountaineering soon.

"Dr. Bondaz says we must certainly climb the Grauhaupt," I remarked, anxious to see what effect our friend's name would produce.

"Ah! you know the Doctor?" said the Baroness, flashing a keen glance at me. "You will probably see a great deal of him if you attempt that mountain. Even for Alpinists it is tough work. It is true you English ladies are prodigiously strong."

Disclaiming all unusual powers of endurance, I meekly rejoined that most likely my brother would have to make the ascent alone, and, adding that there were many delightful excursions within easier reach, expressed my surprise that Gressoney should be so little known.

"Better so!" exclaimed the lady, tartly. "The less known the better. Long may our people preserve their virtuous simplicity! We do not prey upon foreigners, like our Swiss neighbours at Zermatt."

No, you only swindle relations, I thought, while Kit took up the gauntlet for his beloved Zermatt by gently suggesting that in some respects Italians might do well to imitate the Swiss.

"For instance, Baroness," he said, smiling, "even fair Gressoney would be improved by a carriage road, a few good shops, and a resident medical man."

But he had touched on a tender point, and the Baroness eyed him with haughty displeasure. Clearing her throat, as if with an effort, she replied that Gressoney needed no change. Ease and luxury brought corruption; it was already difficult to manage the people, thanks to new notions imported from Switzerland. She did not wish to see the valley swarming with tourists; she had vetoed all improvement of the road.

"Really," she concluded, "while we natives are content to have our supplies of furniture and other bulky things dragged up on sledges in the winter, the strangers who honour us in the summer months need scarcely complain of inconvenience."

Without seeming to notice her ill-humour, Kit went on with good-tempered persistence:

"Putting strangers and their wants out of the question, why, my dear lady, should the inhabitants be cut off from the conveniences of life for lack of a little enterprise? Why is there no doctor in a populous place, with a mayor and corporation? For yourself and family, for instance, would it not be safer were our young friend Bondaz established at Gressoney, and safer still if his prescriptions could be made up on the spot, instead of being sent to Ivrea? In serious illness such delay must be fatal!"

"My good Monsieur Crane, you are too pessimistic," rejoined the Baroness, with a harsh laugh. "Let the valley folk do as their forefathers did—trust to Heaven and their own wits. Our remoteness from so-called civilisation, our pure air and water, are the best safeguards. There is little disease here; no *goitres*, no *crétins*, as in the Val d'Aosta. Young Bondaz has infected you with the heresies he brought from Turin. 'Tis a pity he did not stay there! He is as mad as his father."

The Baroness said all this in a cold, indifferent tone, but her hand trembled as she raised her glass to her lips, and there was a cruel gleam in her eyes.

I glanced at Elena. Her sweet little face was glowing with indignation; she breathed quickly, and seemed on the point of breaking into eloquent remonstrance. I pitied the child, and, with my usual rashness, threw myself into the breach by sounding the Doctor's praises, and relating all I had heard of his talents. "But, like yourself, Baroness," I concluded, "he is devoted to Gressoney. It is charming to hear his enthusiasm for his native place."

"Nevertheless, this paragon of yours is not a native," rejoined the Baroness, in so sneering a tone that I impulsively said,

"Indeed! I thought he was connected with your house. He has quite the family face."

Her eyelids quivered. "You have been misinformed," she said, hastily. "The Bondaz are of peasant origin."

There was a pause; Kit looked alarmed; the kinsfolk stared steadily at their plates, when suddenly Elena broke the silence in gentle expostulation, "Grandmama! you forget. Was not Franz's mother a Felsen?"

If glances could kill, the savage flash of her grandmother's eyes would have burnt Elena to ashes on the spot. And there was terror as well as wrath in her face. The poor girl seemed amazed by the effect of her words, and bit her lips to keep back her tears. I was full of self-reproach for the indiscretion that had provoked the scene. On the strength of a village tale I had transgressed every rule of courtesy, and injured the persons I wished to befriend. What had I to do with the Doctor's birth or the misdeeds of Baroness Felsen? But, while calling myself to task in this fashion, I was blandly smiling on the Baron, refusing cakes and fruit, and feigning unconsciousness of the set white face at the head of the table.

It was all over in a few seconds. Our hostess turned to the servant at her elbow, bade him serve coffee in the summer-house, bowed to me, and, remarking that she would show the way, swept from the room on Kit's arm, while I followed meekly with the Baron, and Elena disappeared through another door.

This Felsen house was as enigmatic as its owner—as full of startling contrasts. The homely Teutonic dining-room opened into a thoroughly Italian saloon, all crimson satin and gilding. Then came a boudoir, furnished with soft æsthetic tints, stamped leather hangings, Persian rugs, Japanese

bronzes, and rare old china. But the colossal spittoons, standing guard over the chairs, and a rack of pipes by the stove, showed that this charming retreat was mainly a smoking-room. Through a stained-glass door we passed out on to a terrace, where a broad flight of steps led to the garden. These steps were flanked on either side by a bronze chamois perched on a pile of rocks. They were very spirited works, and the Baron called my attention to their artistic merits. His father, he said, had brought them from Germany.

The garden was planned in the Italian style, with pleached alleys, fountains, and symmetrical plots of flowers, but it was evident that rustic thrift had prevailed over baronial taste. The dividing hedges were shapeless and untrimmed; the path to the latticed arbour was lined with gooseberry and currant bushes; the beds were stocked with vegetables. Patches of double poppies and lupins were cheerful notes among the greenery, but these too were grown for use rather than ornament.

Nevertheless, this homely pleasaunce, high above the valley on the tongue of the castle-cliff, formed an ideal point of view. A gracious mosaic of moor and meadow, of homesteads and rocks, lay beneath, intersected by the silver thread of the Lys. Sun-kissed woods rose steeply behind, dark forests streamed down from the opposite range. Further up the valley the mountains shrank back on one side before the frowning advance of the Grauhaupt on the other. Sunshine here, shadow there, a confusion of crags and cascades and black ravines; and beyond, just where giant forms, dimly discerned through masses of vapour, clustered round the head of the vale, a sudden break in the clouds revealed the glittering ice of the Lyskamm and its solemn fields of snow.

The Baron hurried me on to the end of the garden, and I was wondering at his sudden ardour to show me points of the landscape, when he interrupted my remarks on the scenery by asking, with a sudden change of manner, if I thought that fellow had any notions in his head.



AT THE HEAD OF THE VAL DE LYS.

"What fellow?" I inquired.

"Why, the Doctor, of course!" he said, with an unpleasant glance. "You seem to take an interest in him. We all know," he went on, prodding the ground with his stick, "that he must be connected with us in some irregular way; everyone sees the likeness. Does he refer to it? If so, he shall have a lesson, and be taught to keep his place!"

I was disgusted by the man's tone, and, coldly

replying that as I was not in the Doctor's confidence I knew nothing of his views, began to retrace my steps. My companion hurried after me, explaining with elaborate politeness that he had asked the question because the Baroness was very sensitive, and disliked all allusion to the matter. He could not understand what or who had prompted his cousin to speak of it. To this I rejoined by expressing regret for my own inadvertence. By this time we had reached the arbour, and with another dubious glance he bowed himself away and went to join the smokers on the terrace.

I found my hostess fast asleep in a big chair. She seemed grimmer than ever with her eyes closed, but I felt a certain softening towards her as I noticed the lines of pain on her blanched old face. The two kinswomen received me with smiles, and, putting aside their knitting, inquired my wishes as to sugar and cream in the softest of whispers. Elena was employed in serving the men with coffee and liqueurs, but soon came to carry me off. Her grandmother always dozed after lunch; there was time before she woke to show me the prettiest corner of Chamonal. I was only too glad to escape. Subdued small-talk in bad Italian, under the nose of a sleeping hostess, was not entertaining. Elena seemed to have forgotten the scene at table, and, although her eyes were rather red, she was quite calm and cheerful. Turning past a ruined watch-tower at the extremity of the garden, we took a rough path through a larch-wood, clambered down some rocks, and suddenly came to an enchanted dell. A cascade fell flashing through the trees into a little pool at our feet. Parnassus-grass and forget-me-nots enamelled its banks, and beyond a plot of turf rosy cyclamen bloomed at the foot of the rocks. There was a peep of blue sky overhead, a shimmer of emerald light through the larches, and where the torrent hurried down to its next leap, through a natural arch, we saw, framed in the opening, the town of Castel on its tree-fringed bluff across the valley.

"What a fairy bower!" I cried, sinking down on a mossy stump. "Just what I used to dream of as a child. But to make it perfect there should be a little house made of cake, with alicampane windows and a little old witch spinning on the doorstep!"

Elena stared. She had not been nourished on Grimm's tales, but she seemed a true fairy princess as she flitted about in her bright dress gathering a posy of flowers.

"It is my own little nest," she said. "How I used to long for it at the convent! Franz discovered it years ago; he used to hide me here whenever Carlo and the rest were unkind."

"So your friend Franz was not in disgrace then?" I asked.

Her face assumed the look it had worn at dinner. "Grandmamma was often horrid to him even then," she said, emphatically; "but Carlo's father loved him and insisted on having him at the castle. I suppose," she added, reflectively, seating herself at my feet, "that grandmamma dislikes him on his father's account. He has done nothing to offend her, and, whatever she may say, he is one of us, for his mother was cousin to mine. Tante Luisa knows the whole story. Why should grandmamma try to deny it?" She spoke sadly, but her mood quickly changed; and showing me a little cave, scarcely bigger than a dog-kennel, related how she had planned hiding there for life when told she was to be sent to Ivrea. Franz was to be her companion, of course, and their diet of berries and roots was to be varied now and then by midnight raids on the castle pantry. The pretty, sensitive, winsome girl! Had she been of my own kin, the child of poor Nellie herself, I could not have listened more tenderly to her artless talk. I speculated whether she would fight her way to happiness, or succumb to the obstacles in her path. Perhaps, like the dainty flowerets blooming in stony wastes, she too would flourish in spite of her harsh surroundings.

We were scrambling back to the garden by a short cut, when I saw the Baron coming towards us. My elderly gymnastics probably roused more surprise than admiration, for he reproved Elena for bringing me over such difficult ground. The Doctor's fears were surely unfounded! There was nothing of the lover in his manner towards his cousin.

Our hostess was wide awake now, and discussing politics with Kit. She received me most amiably, was glad Elena had taken me to the best points of view, and when we presently rose to take leave, said it was too early to go, and that she must first show us the "marriage crowns" I had expressed a desire to see. So we all streamed upstairs to a long gallery hung with grim family portraits, and among these stiff knights and dames, courtiers and ecclesiastics, I recognised more than once the features of Dr. Bondaz. Meanwhile, the Baroness selected a key from the cluster attached to her silver chatelaine, and, opening a press in the wall, displayed a treasure of heirlooms to our gaze. There were jewelled poniards and crucifixes, reliquaries, snuff-boxes, ancient gems, quaintly set jewels, precious lace and stuffs; but two shelves were entirely filled with the head-gear peculiar to the valley. The Gressoney crown is a disc of beaten gold similar to a saint's halo, set on a filagree cap fitting close to the head, studded with pearls and coloured stones, and with long streamers of ribbon behind, There were at least a dozen of these crowns of various sizes and designs, and richest of all was that worn by the Baroness on her marriage day. This she drew from its case, and after holding it up for our inspection, placed it on Elena's head. It was marvellously becoming, and gave a strangely fantastic charm to the fair young face.

"It suits you rarely, child!" exclaimed the Baroness, drawing back and regarding the girl with the first kind glance I had seen in her hard old eyes. "It shall be yours if you please me. See, Carlo!" she added, "here is a true Gressoney bride."

The Baron's face expressed the coarse approval commonly accorded to female beauty by men of his stamp. Elena reddened painfully under his gaze, and, snatching the crown from her head, hastily replaced it on the shelf.

The Baron turned on his heel with a shrug.

our hostess frowned, and the two kinswomen made gestures of dismay, volubly declaring that it was most unlucky to assume a bridal crown before the due moment. The old lady silenced their clamour by ridiculing their fears, but her face betrayed deep annoyance. She scarcely listened to our well-meant remarks on the beauty of old customs; so, returning thanks for her hospitality, we hastened to take leave.

"Your cloak, madame. You are forgetting it.



A MARRIAGE CROWN.

Oh, please come with me!" pleaded Elena, in a tremulous whisper, and on reaching her room she threw herself sobbing into my arms. What was it? I asked. Surely she was not alarmed by those foolish predictions!

"No, no," she cried, trying to check her tears; "but you heard what grandmamma said—and I —*cannot* obey her."

I did my best to soothe the terror-stricken girl, adding that nowadays no one could force her to marry against her will; she must be firm, insist on her right to choose for herself, and then, moved by pity, I imprudently added,

"You have one good ally, at all events. You know who it is—he bids you be firm and patient."

"Did he say so? Do you think?—Oh! then we can defy them all!" she cried, with a sudden radiance in her eyes.

I was burning to confide my discoveries to Kit as we tramped down the mountain side to the main track, but unluckily the Baron had elected to join us. I could not bear the sight of the man, so, leaving him to prose about avalanches with Kit, I walked on ahead. This part of the valley was new to me, and I was struck by the thriving air of the various hamlets, and the number of solid houses flanked by spacious farm buildings and timber stacks. Flowers bloomed in all the windows, and even the humblest cottage had a garden patch among its potatoes and cabbages.

One house only turned a blank face to the road. It was closely shuttered, and strips of black ribbon fluttered from balcony and door-knocker. It was in mourning for the master, I was told, and the family had withdrawn to the farm at the back.

We found sleepy Gressoney wide awake and all bustle and commotion. Part of the Alpine regiment, or frontier corps, was camping there on its march to the Col d'Ollon. Rows of little brown tents had sprung up in the field behind the post-office, horses stood picketted in rings, and wiry little men in grey and white were lighting fires, planting kettles, scampering to and fro with hay and straw, or marketing with the peasants. Officers were lounging about, and there was quite a crowd of new faces outside the village inn. The Baron's indifferent air suddenly changed to one of pleased surprise. Would we excuse him?—some friends had arrived! And the next instant he had plunged into the group by the inn and was eagerly accosting two ladies. One of the pair was young and strikingly pretty, the other a faded impression of the same type. Both seemed delighted to see the Baron, and his face spoke for itself as he took the girl's hand.

"Ha, ha! a clear field for the Doctor!" I exclaimed, and, taking Kit's arm, related my last scene with Elena.

He was full of sympathy. Something must be done; the poor child should not be sacrificed. And he tugged at his moustache as he always did when in earnest. But, having stirred him to this point, I began to feel alarmed.

"After all, we can do nothing," I said, despondingly.

"You will see; all will go well in the end," he replied. "Ah! here comes that old curmudgeon Denabian!"

We were near the bridge, and Elena's father was riding towards us. He apparently lived on horseback, for I had never yet seen him disjoined from his pony. He was about to pass us with his usual surly nod, but Kit laid a finger on the bridle, and, addressing the old boor in his most genial way, told him we had just seen his daughter. I chimed in with smiling amiability. The man's churlishness gradually abated, and before we left him he had given us an invitation to his mountain dairy, where, he said, we should have at least as good a welcome as at Chamonal.

VI.

WHAT was this stir in Gressoney? Had the Alpine corps roused the quiet natives to revolt? Strolling into the village the second day after our trip to Chamonal, I found quite a crowd in the square. Men were talking excitedly, women crying; the mistress of the general-shop stood wringing her hands on the doorstep, and everyone wore an air of dismay. I saw Dr. Franz striding away in close conversation with an officer, and Tante Luisa up in her balcony craning her neck to look after him. Could anything be wrong at the Denabians'? I was making my way across to inquire, when my landlady's boy came rushing against me, breathless with excitement, and I soon learnt what had occurred. One of the soldiers had fallen over a precipice and been killed. He had gone up the mountain after edelweiss the previous evening, and outstripped his comrade, who had returned alone. Was only missed at roll-call. Search parties had been out all night; his body found this morning up there by the waterfall, a bunch of edelweiss clasped in his hand. So far the panting boy, who then wriggled off to seek further details.

I was passing on to the post with my letters when Tante Luisa caught sight of me, and came down to the door to meet me, full of the shocking event. Her cap was awry, her wrinkled cheeks were wet with tears.

"That poor young man! Only twenty-two! Such a promising soldier, and the best climber in the regiment! His captain had asked him to pick edelweiss for some ladies at the hotel. He had slipped on that treacherous slope—crashed down over the rocks by the waterfall. We knew the place. It was shocking—shocking! Yes, Elena was at home, but terribly upset. What, didn't I know? It was Elena who found the body. She had come down early from Chamonal, taking the river path; had seen the poor man on the ground, thought him asleep, and was passing quickly on, when she noticed blood on the rocks. Finding him to be quite dead, and horribly crushed, she had flown to give the alarm, and reached home almost fainting, She was better now, but needed rest. Would I come to see her later?"

Leaving kind messages for the dear girl, I walked on in a saddened mood. Poor little Elena! What evil Fate dogged her steps? At the threshold of her peaceful valley less than a fortnight before she had been brought face to face with the destroying angel, and now again she had looked on death! A superstitious thrill ran through me. Were these events premonitions of some still more terrible tragedy? The next time, where might not the blow fall?

The sombre folds of the mountains seemed full of threats, the ice crests pitilessly cold! The soft wind rustling through the woods sounded softly; there was a note of mockery even in the voice of the Lys; storm clouds were drifting up from the south; all the glamour was gone from the scene; the valley lay shadowed and desolate in the grip of the hills!

After all, we are abominably callous to others' woes, and, ourselves unhurt, sympathy is an easy vent to a pleasant sense of escape. Half an hour later I was plunged in London chit-chat with friends suddenly arrived from Zermatt. Perhaps their holiday spirits helped to restore mine. Kit had heard my tale with sympathy, but pooh-poohed my presentiments of ill. "Accidents happened everywhere," he remarked. "I put it to your common sense, Joan; if Elena were in London now, would you expect some tragedy to befall her because she chanced to see a man run over, or another fall off a roof?"

And just then, with a great clatter of nailed boots and alpenstocks, those friends from Zermatt burst into our room. Nevertheless, when the village bells began to toll, Kit and I quietly slipped away to the soldier's funeral.

All Gressoney was gathered in the church, the altar a blaze of light, a row of burning tapers on every prayer-bench. Soldiers bore in their dead comrade on his flower-decked bier, while the rest of the men and their officers stood reverently ranged along the aisle. It was a most impressive ceremony, and scarcely a face in the church was unmoved. As we slipped into seats near the door I recognised Elena and her aunt in the veiled figures kneeling beside me.

"You should not have come," I whispered, as a trembling hand pressed mine.

"It was my duty," she returned.

The service was soon over; priest and acolytes moved from the altar, and we all followed the procession to the grave. There was barely space for the crowd in the narrow paths of the cemetery, but all made way for Elena as she stepped forward to place a wreath of choice flowers on the coffin; and the soldiers hailed the kindly act with a murmur of gratitude. The girl's veil had fallen back, and standing there in the evening light, so pale, pitiful, and reverent, she scarcely seemed a thing of this earth. No wonder that Dr. Franz, whose head rose above the crowd, should have watched her with so tender a look on his face.

It jarred on my nerves at this instant to hear a woman's voice near me ask "who that pretty girl was." The speaker was the Baron's friend, the brilliant blonde from Turin, and it was the Baron who replied, in a sneering tone, "Only one of my country cousins."

"What good souls are these Gressoney folk!" I exclaimed, when all was over and Kit and I were hastening back to our cheerful friends at the hotel. "Tante Luisa tells me that half the village joined in the search for that poor man, and that no one thought of going to rest until the body was found."

"Yes, they seem to be a simple, kindly race," replied Kit; "but don't think me very cynical, Joan, if I add that, in the monotony of their life, even a tragedy is a godsend. It stirs their pulses, you see, and gives them something to talk of. Besides, the love of these mountaineers for their hills is strongly mingled with dread. They cannot forget the perils of rock and ice, for no year passes without its tale of victims. These guardian peaks are tyrants to those dwelling at their feet—Nature,

a stepmother, exacting sacrifice from her children. The inhabitants have, I am sure, a misty, undefined feeling that this poor soldier's death is some assurance of safety to themselves. He was called, so they are left; the spirit of the mountain is propitiated for a while. Human nature is still very pagan at bottom."

"Oh, you are too analytical!" I cried, impatiently "Never mind what hidden motives prompted the kindly deed, the deed remains. Few good deeds are purely altruistic, yet the world would be poorer without them."

Christopher laughingly remarked that, womanlike, I was begging the question, and cast his cigar-end into the swiftly-rushing stream.

I went on, eagerly: "If everything must be analysed, then our interest in that dear little girl and her love-tale is entirely spurious. It hurts us to see her suffer merely because she resembles one who was dear to us: not at all for her own sake. We sigh and sympathise, are curious about her concerns, yet are powerless to help her in the least. We shall soon go away, forget all about her; only once in a while, perhaps, sitting by our London fireside, we shall recur to the Gressoney romance and idly wonder how it ended—whether Elena married the Baron after all, and what may have become of the Doctor."

"Speak for yourself, Joan!" cried my brother, standing still and turning to me with an odd, far-away look in his eyes. "It is no spurious sentiment—on my part at least. You don't know—for I never told you—it is hard to speak of these things; but down at Ivrea I had the strangest experience. Night after night my angel wife visited my dreams. I always beheld her pointing to a dim figure in the distance—a young figure with a face strangely resembling her own, only sad and tearful, whereas *hers* was radiant. She seemed to command me to approach the figure, but whenever I tried to move towards it a great flood of water rose at my feet and kept me back. Yet I felt no perplexity. Nellie's face told me that the time had not come; I was to wait. And then I always awoke with a feeling that I had a definite task to perform, although ways and means were still hidden. At first sight of Elena Denabian I understood some part of the vision—*I was to help her.* How, will be shown in due time. The dream has never been repeated here. Nellie knows I shall obey her."

"Kit—my dear Kit!" I began, with a sudden return of my old foolish fears, but something in my brother's face checked the words on my lips. I felt strangely moved, and, squeezing his hand affectionately, I only murmured, "And I will help you; we will do all we can."

Then hand-in-hand, as when we were children together, we turned from the shadowy path by the river and stumbled across the dewy fields towards the light and warmth of our inn.

VII

BUT though silenced and carried away for the moment, my brother's confidences gave me a restless night, and I prowled up and down the balcony, looking out over the moonlit valley, listening to the mingled voices of cascade and river, and vainly trying to calm the whirl in my brain. Kit was a constant surprise to me; but hitherto the fantastic strain that gave so much charm to his books had seldom clashed with his common-sense views of life. To my sisterly eyes, as well as to those of the outer world, he was a cheerful, energetic man, methodically dividing his time between brain-work and amusement; a keen student of humanity; and, though full of benevolent interest in his fellow-men, usually more generous with his purse than his time. "His mission in life was to write books," he said. Yet, on the strength of feverish dreams—probably caused by the heat of Ivrea—and a chance resemblance to his dead wife, he now held himself vowed to the service of Elena Denabian.

I was angry, jealous, provoked, yet could not altogether blame him, and had actually pledged him my support! We were a couple of idiots. But it was sheer nonsense, of course. Nothing would be required of us; all would go well. Probably by the time we began to pack our trunks girl and lover would have carried the day against all opposition. Besides, what had we to do with their concerns? It was too ridiculous! What danger could threaten the child? And why should Christopher Crane, of all people, be called to play the knight errant? It had been a mistake to come to Gressoney. Could I not find some pretext for hurrying back to England? What, and leave Kit to his Quixotic schemes? No, that would never do; besides, had he not come to me in my need, cheered and consoled me? I must stand by him, and hope for the best.

So, towards cockcrow, I crept shivering to bed, and awoke from a dreamless sleep almost resigned to Kit's vagaries. For some days nothing occurred to remind me of them. Our Zermatt friends were still with us, charmed with the pretty valley and quiet, comfortable inn. They were alert, amusing people, living at every pore, equally interested in politics, social questions, literature, nature, and art. Their company seemed to restore Kit to his normal London frame of mind. He laid aside his work, and made long excursions with the men. The ladies of the party being satiated with mountaineering, preferred mild strolls with me and gipsy teas in the woods. Much to my surprise I saw nothing of Elena Denabian, and Kit never mentioned her name. The Alpine regiment had marched away the morning after the soldier's funeral, and the village had lapsed into its usual slumber. We met the Baron sometimes, but he was always in attendance on the Turin belle. We were a phalanx of English, and our intercourse was confined to bows. But one Sunday afternoon, when we were all busy with home letters, the landlady's boy rushed into the room, with "The Baron's compliments, and would we come out to see his chamois and bouquetins?"

We found the pretty creatures on the rough ground behind the house. About a dozen bouquetins and as many chamois stood clustered round their favourite keeper, gazing at us with a

suspicious air, as though ready for flight if we stirred a finger. The bouquetin, or steinbock, is not indigenous to the Monte Rosa district, and the Baron's herd had been reared from a pair imported by his father from the Cogne mountains. They are much thicker than the chamois in leg, neck, and shoulder; stately, sturdy creatures, dark brown or mouse-coloured, and with formidable knobbed horns about two feet in length,



THE BOUQUETIN.

bent back in a scimitar-like curve. We all stood motionless at first for fear of scaring the shy things, scarcely daring to whisper our admiration. But they presently allowed us to approach them, and several of the chamois took salt from our hands. The bouquetin were less tame, and only their keeper's voice kept them from rushing off in alarm. Two magnificent bucks with dark brown coats stood perched on a rock, watching us with fierce restless eyes, and despising our offers of salt. The Baron laughed at our attempts. "Those two were quite untameable," he said.

Just then I saw Elena emerge from the crowd that had quietly formed by the inn. She came nearer and nearer to our four-footed visitors. They eyed her, I thought, with friendly gaze, as though she were a sylvan thing like themselves, as, threading the herd, she pressed forward towards the defiant bucks. The next moment her red skirt was between their dark flanks, both beasts were licking salt from her hand, and accepting her caresses. It was the prettiest group—this slender, smiling human creature petting these forest kings. The keeper crossed himself as at sight of a miracle, and a low murmur of applause came from the crowd. Tante Luisa was fairly crying with delight.

"How did you do it? How did you do it?" we all asked when the girl slipped down from the rock and came quietly towards us.

"I love them, and they know it, perhaps," she replied, with a little catch in her breath.

"Cospetto, Elena! That would make a hit in a circus!" exclaimed the Baron, with a loud laugh. "You would be announced in big letters as the ibex charmer of Gressoney. Now, Signorina Adele," he added, turning to the young lady from Turin, "it is your turn to try, since" (here he lowered his voice) "the show is all in your honour."

The beautiful blonde smiled.

"Willingly, but not alone; *you* must come too," she said, archly. "And give me plenty of salt; that is the true charm."

The couple glided forward with infinite caution, and, as with us, the tamer beasts were gracious enough. But at their first step towards the big boulder the bouquetin took flight, leapt away, and the next instant the whole herd—chamois and ibex—were off, bounding up the steep hillside with keepers and boys in pursuit, and were presently lost to sight in the woods above.

The Baron, after shouting angrily to his men, led the Turin ladies to his unfinished mansion. "They could wait on the terrace," he said, "until the herd was collected, and brought back to the valley."

Our English friends were enthusiastic on Elena's charms. Who was she? Why had we never shown them this village belle? and so forth. The object of these remarks had gone into the inn with her aunt, but presently reappeared alone, and came towards us with a timid air, as though rather scared by the presence of so many strange faces. I hastened to introduce her to our friends. Noting her pretty modest ways, and the trustful glance of her sweet young eyes, I felt persuaded that even older heads than Kit's might well be turned by her beauty. Not that she made the least attempt to attract him; on the contrary, all her attentions were for me. It was so long since we had met: not since that poor soldier was buried. She had been up at Chamonal; her grandmother wished to come to call upon me, but had been too unwell. Now she had a great favour to ask. As usual at this season they were going to their dairy up in the hills at Chiaverena. "Would we spend a day there—any day that suited us best, but soon, in order to come home by moonlight?" Then, hesitatingly, "Would our English friends come also? She was sure her father would be delighted to see them."

I was not sure of this, and she seemed relieved when I said that our travellers were going over the Théodule Pass the following day, and that we were to accompany them to the foot of the glacier. Therefore, old bones needing rest between two excursions, might we fix our visit to the châlet a day or so later?

"That would suit capitally," she replied, "and Tante Luisa would have time to prepare a better welcome." The old lady confirmed this; she had just been arranging for supplies from that worthy woman the mistress of the inn.

"Where is our friend the Doctor? It is a whole week since I have seen him," asked Kit, diplomatically addressing his question to the aunt.

Tante Luisa explained that the young man had been called to Turin on business, but thought he had now returned to Issime. The Baroness needed

his advice, so he would soon be seen at Gressoney.

Just then the blast of the post horn was heard, and Beata came cantering up the path at the head of his mules. This lively *cavallaro* seemed proud of his importance as the connecting link between Gressoney and the outer world, and always halted a moment at the inn, to drop parcels, news, and messages, on his way to the post with the mail. As the Figaro of the village, Beata's arrival was the event of the day. On this occasion he brought various small parcels for the Denabians, and as he bent from the saddle to give them into the aunt's impatient hands, he said,

"I've a packet for the signorina too—those good sisters at Ivrea always keep her in mind—where can it be!" and jumping down he searched a basket fastened to one of the mules, and produced a cardboard box. But the letter simultaneously pressed into Elena's hand was dexterously juggled from his pocket.

Elena flushed crimson, and with a sudden motherly impulse I asked her if she would like to come upstairs and inspect her convent gift at once.

She assented with a dazed air, and her first words when we were alone in my room confirmed my belief that the letter came from Franz, and was the first she had ever had.

She was hot and ashamed. "Beata should have brought it to the house," she said, "or given it to my aunt. There can be no reason for secrecy; and what must you have thought, dear madame?" Her delicacy surprised as much as it pleased me; convent-bred girls, I fancied, were skilled in petty concealments.

Meanwhile she stood fingering the missive, eyeing it with a half frightened, half wistful air.

"If I were you, I would read it at once; it must be important," I said, laughingly, and turning away, I devoted myself to the rearrangement of my books. There was a short silence, a rustling of paper, then a startled cry, and Elena flew to me, holding out the precious letter. I took it reluctantly. Such an appeal to my matronly wisdom was equally unexpected and touching, for my own girls had conducted their love affairs with truly modern independence.

"Please read it. I don't understand," she stammered, with cheeks flaming, tears falling, and a tremulous smile. Yet the writer's words were sufficiently explicit. "He had made a strange discovery that might compel him to leave the valley for ever. An excellent post in Turin had been offered him for the following year. He could decide nothing until he had seen her. Would she let him speak to her father? Would she consent to leave Gressoney? Might he seek her father at Chiaverena, where there was no fear of meeting the Baroness?" Then followed a string of tender words and allusions which must have been perfectly intelligible to their recipient.

"What is it you cannot understand, dear?" I said, taking her to my arms. "If you knew he loved you—if you love him, of course he must speak to your father."

"Ye-es! but why at once? Why should he think of leaving the valley? And what discovery can he have made?"

Discovery! It suddenly flashed upon me what he had discovered, though to leave the valley for that reason seemed a *non sequitur*.

"Well," I said, hesitatingly, "perhaps he has too much talent to be content with obscurity—only doubts whether you would be willing to leave your native place. But you would follow him anywhere, would you not?"

"To the world's end," was the prompt reply; "but why this haste?"

"Lovers are always in haste, dear child. My youngest girl was whisked off to India just one month after it had been settled that the engagement was to last for two years at least. Come, sit down quietly, write a line to tell this ardent youth when he may appear at the châlet, and I'll give the note to Beata myself—that is," I added, "if you have quite made up your mind about Dr. Franz, and are prepared to face the grandmamma's wrath?"

"I would face the whole world for his sake, dear madame, but how—what shall I write?"

"Just that, I should say, or merely a word as to when he may come to the châlet. He will understand. Meanwhile I will keep your aunt company downstairs. She must be wondering what has become of us."

But the old lady had gone home, the landlady said, so I sat and knitted on the deserted bench by the porch, pondering over this new phase of the Gressoney romance.

Elena wrote her letter, confided it, with many blushes, to my care, and then I escorted her to her own door, with the packet from the nuns still unopened in her hand.

# THE NEWSPAPER PRINTING PRESS OF TO-DAY.

II.

A REMARKABLE and not a pleasant feature of mankind, if we come to consider it, is that of glorifying the inventions of the past and vilifying the inventions of the present! The ancient principle of let well alone, that fine old principle that would have left man even without a stick to till the ground with—for why should he worry himself to save his fingers?—is not one to be proud of, and it is one that man never is proud of unless he has a chance of applying it to those alive around him. He will hold the mirror up to Nature: but he will never himself stand squarely in front of the mirror. And therein he is like the dull printers of whom we now make sport.

For many years, both here and in America, the book printers would have nothing to do with the new machinery. And a dozen years ago it would have been decried as impossible to print an illustrated journal from the reel, just as the printers of 1820 proved to their own satisfaction that woodcuts could only be printed with the venerable platen. "What!" said they, "print them in a mangle, with a forme inked with a stick of treacle! Impossible!"

"It was almost the unanimous opinion of the printing trade," says Mr. De Vinne, "even as late as 1840, that really fine woodcut presswork must be done on the hand-press, and on hand-made paper."

Charles Knight was of a different opinion. He was persuaded that it was possible to print woodcuts by machinery; and, encouraged by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, he began in 1832 the "Penny Magazine," which was the pioneer of modern illustrated journalism.

The machines on which the "Penny Magazine" was printed were the same in principle as that in Nicholson's 1790 patent; and the Wharfedales, Bremners, and other machines on which is printed most illustrated work to-day only differ from them in detail. The forme, in which the illustration is set,

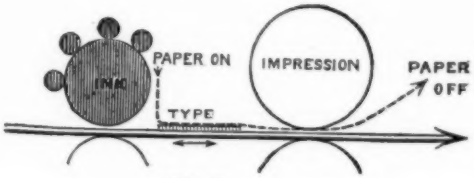



FIG. 5
NICHOLSON

remains flat, it is inked under rollers as it travels, the paper is fed into the machine in separate sheets, and a cylinder running in one direction or in alternate directions presses the paper on the forme as it travels under it and obtains the impression; while in perfecting machines—that is, in machines printing on both sides of the paper—there are two impression cylinders, and the other parts are duplicated.

Admirable as are these machines—and the best of work is done on them—it is evident that for periodicals running long numbers they will soon be replaced by the rotary press. The great difficulty has been to curve the blocks from which the illustrations are printed. To curve a stereo of type is now easy enough, but to bend an illustration without distortion is a more difficult matter. Mr. Ingram of the "Illustrated London News" has minimised this difficulty in a very ingenious way. In his machines he prints his unillustrated forme on a cylinder of the usual news diameter, but the outer forme—that which prints the other side of the paper on which the illustrations come—is of double the diameter of the other. This cylinder has two sets of formes, and travels at half the speed of the first. Two impressions are thus obtained from the first forme before the paper takes the double impression from the second. The curve of the illustrations is consequently very flat; and this idea has been further carried out in the new Marinoni, such as was introduced into this country to print "The Girl's Own Paper," and is now, with the Middletons, printing the "Daily Graphic," wherein the cylinders all carry a double set of plates.

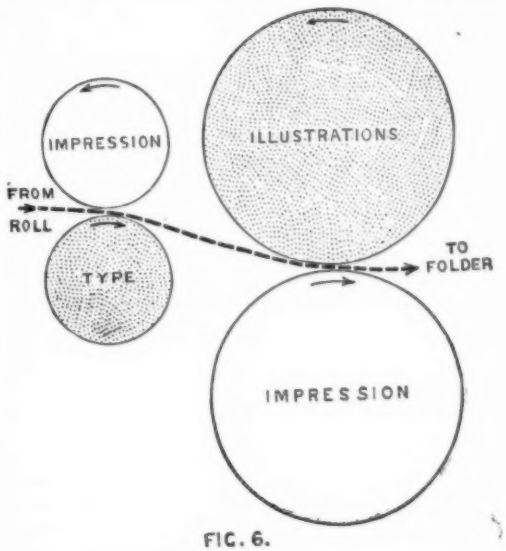



FIG. 6.
INGRAM.

The illustrations are all printed from stereotype or electrotype. They are prepared in many ways. They are drawn on the wood and engraved; or

they are drawn on paper and photographed on to the wood and engraved; or they are drawn on paper and transferred to a printing block by means of one of the many processes; or, where great fineness of line is required, they are engraved on wood and then reduced by process on to the blocks in the way that has been adopted for some time by "The Century" and other American magazines.

In the old style of wood-engraving the subject was drawn on the wood; in the new it is photographed on to the wood, and the original drawing remains as a guide and check to the engraver. This photographing is managed in several ways, but we will only take two as examples. Something more is required beyond merely making a photograph. The boxwood block consists of many blocks all screwed together, for, owing to the cutting being made on the upright fibre, single blocks large enough are seldom procurable; and if this compound block be made too wet it will become uneven, and spoil. Again, nothing must be put on its surface which will clog the engraving tool or make the cutting more laborious; and again, whatever chemicals are used must not make the wood rotten or friable, for, if so, fineness of line is impossible.

In one method, then, the drawing is placed in front of a camera, a negative is taken of it, and from this a clear thin positive is obtained, also on glass. This is toned and fixed as if it were a transparency, and then soaked in a weak solution of sulphuric acid to loosen the film. A piece of wet albumenised paper is laid on it, and when pressed brings the film off safely, to be transferred to the wood block and left till it is dry enough to be cut into.

One more method will suffice. The block receives a layer of white colour, which has been mixed with a solution of gelatin and water. A solution of red prussiate of potass and water is mixed with a solution of ferric citrate of ammonia and water, and this mixture is made and brushed over the block in the dark. A negative of the drawing is taken in the usual way, and this is placed over the block, which is then subjected to the action of the light. In less than a quarter of an hour the block is returned to the dark room, and there washed with a wet sponge, when a beautiful blue picture is revealed on it. Had a salt of uranium been used the picture would have been red. Should the image be too dark, a few drops of sulphuric acid soon lightens it up.

The engraver cuts down into the wood, leaving only such parts of it as he wishes to print from. If the drawing is one in line, the lines he leaves are those of the artist, and consequently where the lines cross he has to cut out minute lozenges; but if the drawing is in wash, or if the original be a photograph of a picture or some natural object, he has to work in the manner he thinks best to obtain the effect.

Proof impressions are printed on a hand-press, but in these days the wood is not further printed from. It is used merely as a source of electrotypes. A squeeze in wax or some such substance is taken from it; the mould so produced is dusted on the inside with plumbago, and attached to the zinc pole of an electric cell, of which the other pole is a copper plate, and when the electrical action is set up the transference leads to a fine deposit of copper in every hole and corner of the dusted wax, which deposit is necessarily a facsimile of the engraved portion of the block which yielded the squeeze. The copper electro thus produced is mounted type high, and becomes the block from which the printing is made.

But wood-engraving no longer flourishes as it did. It is an art requiring two artists—the draughtsman and the engraver, the more mechanical of the two having the last, and most important, word. In this it is at a disadvantage, and in another respect it is unfavourably situated, for when good work has to be done engraving is not cheap. No wonder, therefore, that it is being superseded by the "processes," which cost less, and require no middleman.

These processes are nearly all photo-mechanical, and most of them are based on the discovery that a colloid substance such as gelatin, starch, or gum, when mixed with an alkaline chromate, such as bichromate of potass or ammonia, and exposed to the light, becomes insoluble in water. Ordinary gelatin swells in cold water and dissolves in hot. Treat it with bichromate, expose it to the light, and then wash it in cold water. Where the light has fallen, there will be an irremovable film of hardness; and where the light has been stopped from falling, the bichromate will soak out, and the gelatin swell. But wash it in warm water. Still the film of hardness will remain, but the rest of the material will simply disappear in solution.

The way in which this discovery can be utilised is easily intelligible. A negative is taken of a drawing, and in it the lights and shades are of course reversed: where the drawing is dark, the negative will be light; where it is light, the negative will be dark. The negative is laid on the prepared gelatin, and exposed to the light, when another reversal takes place, for where the negative allows most light to pass the thicker will be the hardened film beneath. In this way the gelatin slab is split into two layers, a soft unaltered one and a hardened one, with the elevations extending downwards away from the negative, just as the ice on a sheet of water is thickest where the cold is greatest; and the gelatin has only to be turned upside down and washed to have its soft layer cleared away, and leave a relief which can be printed from to obtain such effects as in the collotype, where the photographic origin of the print is unmistakable.

The turning upside down is not necessary where there are no half tints, or where the half tint is obtained by a "texture." In 1841, when Joseph Dixon wished to copy bank-notes in America, he mixed gum arabic with bichromate of potass on a lithographic stone, and exposed the sensitive surface to the action of light through the bank-note he wished to copy. Where there was ink on the note, the gum remained unaltered; where the light passed through the paper, the hardening took place; and all Dixon had to do

was to wash away the unaltered gum, and ink the stone and proceed as in lithography.

With regard to this alteration of bichromatised gelatin an important discovery was made by Paul Pretsch. He found that the surface of the less exposed parts was covered with a multitude of tiny crape-like markings or folds, due to the strains that were set up in the mass resulting in interlacing folds and fissures. By utilising these markings he secured his half tints for letterpress printing. After exposing and soaking he had a film with high lights raised and smooth, with middle lights raised and grained, and with blacks deepened and smooth. Of this he took a cast, and then by a double electrotyping he got his printing surface.

Half tints have been the difficulty of all process inventors. For fast machine printing it is indispensable that they should be obtained in some way from a surface which, like type, is all on a level. Satisfactory results can only be had from blocks in which the modulations of light and shade depend on different thicknesses of line. A block dependent for its "greys" on different degrees of depression would soon yield nothing but a smudge. What is wanted is a "discriminating tint" giving thickness in the blacks and fineness in the half-lights.

One process arrives at the tint by a combination. A transparent plate is hatched or stippled in parallel lines, or rather a screen so hatched is photographed on to the plate; a transparent positive is made of the drawing; the two plates are then placed together, and from them a negative is photographed in the ordinary way; but in the camera the lined negative undergoes a certain amount of shifting in order to cross-hatch or break the lines and give the discriminating grain. This shifting is the secret of the process, and the only thing for which novelty is claimed in the patent. In fact, the notion was not new. But if we diverge into patents our task will be endless. Let it be said once for all that most of them are worthless, and that the only protection is in some trivial secret of manipulation.

There are other grain processes besides this one. There is one in which a grained glass is used, which has given most beautiful results even for fast newspaper printing. There is another in which glass powdered to flour is used; there is another in which dust is thrown up in front of the negative while it is in the camera; and there ought to be one in which the air-brush is used, if only someone would think it worth while to do so.

We may divide the ordinary newspaper printing processes into two groups—one being photo-relief, the other zinc-etching.

In photo-relief the sensitised gelatin is hardened by the light, as we have said, so that the lines left in the shaded soft compound can be washed out, and the depressions accentuated by the swelling of the mass beneath the hard film on either side. Of the slab thus washed a wax cast is taken; the wax cast gives a plaster-of-paris mould; and the mould gives the cast in stereo metal.

In the zinc-etching systems the gelatin is spread on the zinc, and when the negative is removed the slab is washed and inked; it is then cleaned to clear away the ink that is not filling the depressions; and then it is placed in an acid bath to be etched. The hardened gelatin is bitten away on each side of the inked lines, and would be bitten away beneath them were not steps taken to prevent it. Powdered resin is dusted over the plate so as to rest on the inked ridges and roll down their flanks and protect them, but only so much resin is used as will remain on the flanks without reaching the valley between. Another etching is then given, and in this way the ink is borne on sloping ridges with V-shaped troughs, the troughs being of course very shallow, and sometimes being made more shallow by the ridges receiving a final planing. It is often noticed by artists that when a drawing is reduced by process the thickness of the lines is not reduced in proportion to the reduction of the drawing, and it is almost as frequently answered that the statement is absurd. But it is true nevertheless, for the lines in the process-block can be thickened in three ways—either by the final planing or by the dusting on of the resin or by the coarse grain of the zinc.

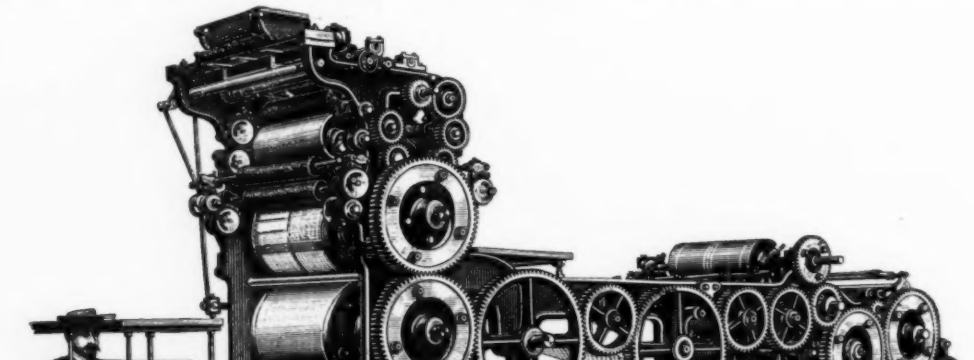
Drawings for these photo-mechanical processes have therefore to be made with specially fine lines, or they can be photographed on to wood first, cut finely, and then reduced on to the gelatin. But all drawings will not photograph satisfactorily, for care must be exercised in the choice of pigments. Yellows will turn darker in the photograph and blues will turn lighter; consequently the most fitting colours are the pure blacks and greys. Many draughtsmen for process mix their colours like Reynolds did—with brains and prejudice—but in one quarter, at any rate, the secret seems to be that there is no black like lampblack, except it be lampblack with a little gamboge to give it depth.

"Process" is, however, a wide term. Some of the processes used by our newspapers are not even photo-mechanical, the effects being produced by an eidograph or pantagraph scratching in wax on zinc to be etched, or in wax or plaster-of-paris to be electrotyped or stereotyped from. Some are ordinary photo-zincographs, drawn on prepared paper and transferred full-size to the metal. But such rough-and-ready methods are evidently doomed. Every month the photo-mechanical processes are improved; and if they could only be got to give a deeper, sharper plate, so as to be workable by the ordinary printer (who is always so free with ink in the wrong place), it would be time to write the epitaph of the last of the wood-engravers, who may possibly be said to have died of bichromatised colloids.

Let us return to our main road with the electrotype from the wood, or the block from the process. The block is then set with the type, and a careful cast is taken from the forme as in ordinary news-work, or curved electros of the cuts are fitted in.

But illustrated work differs from ordinary news-work in one important particular. In a mass of type of the same size the pressure is even, but

where there are blocks with much black in them or much open work, the resistance is uneven, and the pressure consequently varies. The black blocks resist more than type, and open blocks hardly resist at all; and thus cuts with much contrast of light and shade require much more pressure in some parts than in others, and to print a cut properly the pressure must be in proportion to the resistance.



THE MARINONI ROTARY FOR ILLUSTRATED WORK.

The way in which this result is obtained is called overlaying. Thomas Bewick, of Newcastle, the father of modern wood-engraving, is said to have introduced overlays; but this cannot be true, for there are marks of unequal pressure in several sixteenth-century prints. Bewick, too, is said to have been the first to lower his blocks a shade where he wanted a delicate tint; but the dodge is at least as old as Holbein's "Dance of Death." He also is said to have been the first to cut on the columnar fibre of the wood; but that practice was recommended in Papillon's book when Bewick was six years old. However, he may have been the first to use all three contrivances together; and as to the overlaying, he certainly seems to have independently invented it or revived it after a long interval.

The practice is somewhat of an art or mystery, but its principle is clear. The printer cannot decrease the ordinary pressure, but where blackness is wanted the pressure can be increased by thickening the cylinder, and the cylinder is thickened just at the spot required by pasting pieces of paper on to it. These pieces of paper have to be of a peculiar shape, and the shape depends on the subject. Three or four impressions of the cut are taken on thinnish paper. These impressions are not like artists' proofs, in which the ink is modulated, but they are hard, crude pulls, showing what the cut would look like if left to itself; and the printer's object is to arrange his overlays so as to make the impression worked off the machine look as much like the artist's proof as he can manage. With a

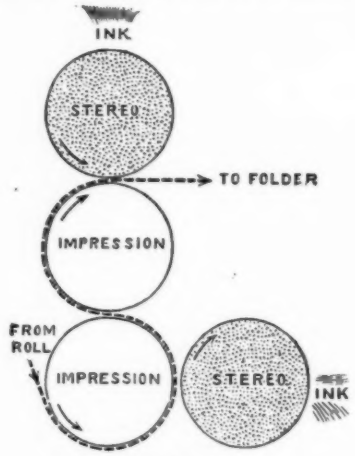



FIG 7
MARINONI

pair of scissors he snips out of one of his flat pulls all the light shading and fine work. He then snips away from another pull everything but the deep blacks. He then snips another pull so as to leave the blacks and the half tints. And with another he may leave a little more of the shading. He may even make six overlays, or—and it is better if he can so manage it—he may do with three. He then pastes these together one over the other so as to make the thinnest possible pad on the cylinder, and when they are dry he takes a proof impression, and trims the pad till he has it correct, giving dark where dark should be, light where light should be, and every intermediate tint, but without clogging a line in the dark or losing a single dot in the lightest work of the original. By this slight patch on the cylinder he will probably have attained at the point of greatest resistance a pressure of a thousand pounds on the square inch, whereas in the open work of the cut the pressure will be no more than that on the body of the letterpress.

In the past it was customary to work entirely with soft packing—that is to say, with a thick blanket or cloth between the impression cylinder and the paper, so as to equalise the printing and allow for irregularities in the height of the type. With "soft packing" the overlays were often very numerous; but nowadays we have changed all that. Our first-class illustrated magazines are printed by the "hard packing" system, in which the impression is given from an almost unyielding surface. In another point we have improved: we calender the paper and print on it when it is dry. In many of the news machines, as we have seen, the paper is still damped, chiefly because it is so poor and common, but in illustrated rotary work the paper is printed on as it comes from the mill.

In the new Marinoni we have a machine printing with hard packing on dry paper at the rate of 7,000 copies an hour. The cylinders, each of double size, are arranged in the shape of an L, the two impression cylinders in the middle, with a type cylinder on the top and a type cylinder alongside the lower impression one. The paper passes through a smoother, and enters at the very bottom of the machine; it passes upwards as it takes its first type; runs outwards and upwards round the upper impression cylinder; and after receiving its second printing drops down into the folders. There are no tapes, but there is a gathering drum with grippers, which takes four sheets at a time. And before being cut the web passes through some six or seven feet of space, so as to have just the fraction of a moment to dry. One peculiarity of the machine is the set-off arrangement, which consists of a full width web of paper running off one spindle on to another round the outer forme cylinder underneath the web which is being printed.

As with the other rotaries, the saving of labour is enormous. Work which with a cylinder machine would require twenty men can by it be done with three. It can turn out 2,600 copies per hour per man. Forty years ago the Lightning, as we have seen, yielded 420 copies per man of an ordinary unillustrated sheet. Now our Walters turn out occasionally-illustrated sheets at the rate of 3,140 copies per man, and our Quadruple Hoes have brought the average over 5,000.

There are two main causes for the cheapness of our newspapers. Thanks to new materials, new machinery, and no duty, the paper costs but a quarter what it used to do; and though rotary presses at £7,000 apiece require a somewhat alarming sinking of capital, yet so great is the saving of labour that with higher individual wages the mere printing costs not a tenth of what it did in the days of the Lightning, and not a hundredth of what it did at the time of Nicholson's Patent a hundred years ago. W. J. GORDON.

## March Winds.

THE wild March winds are up and away,
Threading the streets of the dusty town;
The little ones laugh to hear the fray,
Thinking of Spring and her violet crown;
Thinking of Spring, who bravely stands,
Waiting under the sheltering hills;
They know she is ready to fill their hands
With primrose stars and with daffodils.

The wild March winds are up and away,
Bound for the moor and the rocky bluff
They've many a cheery word to say,
Though it be told in a voice so rough.
Waken, oh, bleak and dreary wold!
Soon will the rapture of summer come:
And over your mantle of purple and gold,
The sunbeams shine and the brown bee hum.

The wild March winds are up and away,
Crossing the furrows and fields forlorn;
They shout as they go of a happier day,
Fruitage of autumn, and goodly corn.
Then at the sound of their boisterous mirth,
Thrills the seed, until wondrous Life
Has a bout with Death in the heart of earth,
To rise a conqueror from the strife.

And thus, my soul, must it ever be,
Long as the circling seasons run;
Grim Death for a watchful enemy—
Life but in rigorous conflict won.
Blow, thou Spirit of Power and Might,
Darkness Thy fair creation binds;
'Twill fly at Thy word, as the wintry night
Before the breath of the wild March winds.

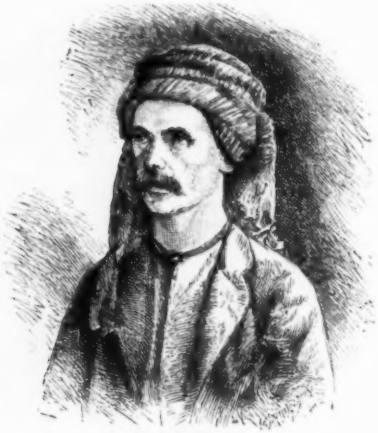
SYDNEY GREY.

# ITALIAN EXPLORERS IN AFRICA.

BY SOFIA BOMPIANI.

THE name of an Italian explorer, Giovanni Casati, is now indissolubly connected with that of Emin Pasha, of whom he was the companion in the wilds of Africa. Their dangerous situation, shut in for years between rebellious Soudanese and ferocious and cruel tribes in the south, excited the sympathy of the civilised world. The long silence which followed Stanley's relief expedition into the Dark Continent, no word coming from him or from Emin Pasha, or from Casati, seemed ominous of disaster. They were all mourned as lost or dead, and tidings of their dreadful end were daily expected. But the cloud lifted; Stanley was successful in reaching them, relieving their wants, and bringing them, almost against their own will, back to home and friends, to honour and fame.

Casati, who was the counsellor of Emin Pasha, has reflected honour on the Italian character. Stanley says, "Questions of law, honour, and duty were brought forward by Casati, who expressed himself clearly that 'moralmente' Emin Pasha was bound to stay by his people." This fidelity of the heroes to their trust was not the least of the difficulties encountered by Stanley in saving them. But when it was proved that few of their followers remained faithful, even Casati was convinced, and yielded to the counsel and persuasions of Stanley.



CAPTAIN CASATI.

Captain Casati was born in 1838 at Monza, near Milan. He was a soldier in the war of 1866, and afterwards, in the suppression of brigandage in Southern Italy, and wherever he went, gained the esteem of those who knew him.

In the year 1879 he left Italy, and with limited means went to Africa to join Romolo Gessi, on the Bahr-el-Gazal in destroying the slave trade. From Khartoum, a month's journey up the Nile brought him to Gessi Pasha, who received him more as a dear relative than as a subordinate officer, and nursed him through a violent fever which followed immediately. After one month and a-half spent thus together, Gessi left for Khartoum and the Nile, on that fatal journey when his ship, the Safia, was locked for months in the arms of aquatic plants and five hundred of his people died from famine, as he himself also did on arriving at Suez. Casati then alone made long and difficult explorations to Niam-Niam, Bamba, and Guruguru.

For one year nothing was heard from him. Then came a letter. Then another year of silence, and another letter; and from 1883 to 1886, three years, not a word was heard from him nor from Emin Pasha, whom he had joined. He found the grave of Miani at Tangasi, under the tamarind-tree. He studied the course of the river Uelle; visited the Sultan of Mambanga; was taken prisoner by the Sultan Azamga, but escaped to Sultan Ghirimbi, who protected him. He then went to Bakangoi, crossed Monbutù, and found refuge at Ladò with Emin Pasha.

He took part with Emin Pasha in the long resistance made with a few Egyptian soldiers to the Soudanese, who drove them continually farther south. The relief funds collected for Emin were also for the liberation of Casati, and Stanley, on leaving Italy for his adventurous search, said, "I go as much for Casati as for Emin."

The Italians naturally thought chiefly of him. The African Commercial Exploration Society of Milan received subscriptions for him, and Giacomo di Brazzà and Antonio Pecile, on their return from the Ogowè and the Congo, offered their rare collections to the Government for a sum destined for the relief of Casati.

The return of Casati and Emin to the civilised world was greeted with joy, and such an ovation was offered them by Emperors, Kings, Queens, and Governments as was never before received by any travellers.

They were faithful to the trust given by General Gordon as long as it was possible to be so, and then followed their preserver Stanley on foot through unpathed dark forests, crossed new rivers, found new lakes, until they saw at last the cross on the steeple, and all the delights and comforts of civilised life. Casati, worn out with the fatigues of the journey, received at Zanzibar the congratulations of the Roman Geographical Society, which offered to pay the expenses of his return to Italy. He has been greeted as a brother returned from the dead—one lost and found.

The interest awakened by these events affords a favourable opportunity for returning to the subject of African exploration, and giving some

further account of Italians who have borne a share in it. In previous papers we recorded the achievements of some of the most distinguished.[1]

Let us now begin with one of the most remarkable characters of the Roman Church—the Capuchin monk Cardinal Massaja, who died near Naples in August last.



CARDINAL MASSAJA.

I have myself seen him of a summer day—a venerable man with a thick grey beard, dressed in the brown cloth gown of the Capuchin friars. He was seated in the garden of the Villa Ruffinella at Frascati, and surrounded by a number of the young priests residing in the college.

When near his eightieth year the order came to him from his superiors—and such commands neither age nor infirmity can resist—to write a history of his years spent in Africa.

The task was difficult, not only on account of his advanced years, but for want of notes, all his writings having been lost in the various exiles that he suffered from the seat of his mission. Yet Massaja has written from memory, and such other aids as he could procure in Rome, a work of seven volumes, which is illustrated by numerous engravings.

A large part of these reminiscences relates exclusively to his monastic character. Vigils, fasts, the celebration of masses, the recitation of the rosary, the improvising of chapels in upper rooms by covering wooden boxes with red cloth, and all the many forms and ceremonies of the ascetic life occupy much of the work. He gave little attention to the natural sciences, except in the first years of his missionary life in Africa, when he had little communication with the natives from ignorance of their languages, and time remained for these studies. He considered them extraneous to his mission, and time devoted to them as a betrayal of "God, the Church, and souls."

Monsignore Massaja, however, made use of a scant acquaintance with medicine and surgery which he had acquired when chaplain of a hospital at Turin. This, especially his skill in vaccination, procured him the good-will of the natives, and aided his missionary efforts.

Guglielmo Massaja was in the year 1845 teacher of theology in the Capuchin convent near Turin. At least ten years before he had expressed a desire to become a missionary in pagan lands, but, absorbed in his regular duties and verging on mature life, he had almost forgotten this aspiration of his youth, when he was one day informed by his superiors that he had been selected for a difficult mission to Africa.

At Rome, before sailing for Alexandria, he visited Gregory XVI, then on his death-bed. He was a great admirer of this Pontiff, of whom, on the contrary, the Liberal Italians retain most bitter memories.

For one reason or another all his movements were made in secret. He slipped away secretly from his scholars at Turin; he sailed from Europe in secret, and in secret travelled over Abyssinia to reach Galla. Dressed as an Arab merchant, under the name of Antonio Bartorelli, he passed through the diocese of Abba Salama, the native Bishop of Abyssinia.

In this journey through Abyssinia to Tigre, which lies beyond, the Roman Catholic Bishop often traded or even slept with those who were in search of him; and Abuna Messias—the name given him by Abba Salama—was unrecognised in the coarse dress and uncut beard of the wandering merchant. Once he was drawn up by a rope over a precipice to pass the night in safety in a hidden grotto. He crossed the rivers on square rafts, pushed forward at each corner by a negro in the water, or tied to a double rope, which a band of natives moved slowly around from hand to hand. Arrived at last within sight, from the top of a mountain, of the Galla land to which he was appointed missionary, Massaja declared he felt the joy of the Israelites when near the promised land. When, by crossing the last river, he actually stood upon it, he dropped the merchant's dress, arrayed himself in the brown Capuchin robe, and, with his companions, fell on his knees to chant a Te Deum.

He was not without adventures with wild beasts. One morning before daylight, as he walked alone in advance of his companions to recite his prayers, through a bamboo thicket on the crest of a hill he heard the soft step of a leopard as it trod over the fallen leaves. He wrapped himself from head to foot in a large piece of linen that he had with him, leaving only room to look out, while he clasped the cross closer, and began to bless himself and recommend himself to God. While his heart beat like a hammer, he saw the leopard turn when it came near, look fixedly towards him, and then pass on.

He once ran out of a burning prairie followed by a train of wild animals—leopards, antelopes, and serpents—that sought, like him and his companions and their faithful *asinello*, to escape. The donkey had his legs and tail burnt, and a large serpent, although it made prodigious leaps forward and upward over the burning reeds and plants, fell at last into that furnace, and was consumed. The natives are accustomed, in order to

[1] Antinori, Cecchi, Chiarini, Gessi, Matteucci, Miani, Piaggia, Savoiroux, Savorgnan di Brazzà. See "Leisure Hour," 1888, pp. 526, 590, 692, 749.

clear the prairies of serpents and animals, and also to prevent the vegetable matter from decaying after the rains and producing miasmas, to set the dry grass and shrubs on fire, keeping themselves out of its track. But that day the wind blew towards Massaja, who escaped from the fire with great difficulty.

He was nearly drowned in the night, at another time, by one of those terrific river floods that come sweeping down from above, and in a moment carry away man and beast and tree. He had chosen for the night's rest an island in the river, upon which was a large tree. This served as a refuge when the flood came. After eating his frugal supper, "having still many prayers to recite," he let his companions stretch themselves on the sandbank to sleep while he watched and prayed. His prayers ended, he stretched himself on the sandbank to sleep, but was soon awakened by thunder and lightning and the rush of waters, which compelled them all to mount the sycamore-tree. The island was soon covered, and the patient ass tied to the tree floated for hours with only his head above water.

At another time, when he had taken refuge under a fruit-tree during a storm, the fruit came beating down like stones upon him.

After his first journey to Abyssinia Massaja returned to Europe, visited France and England, made visits to Lord Palmerston in London, and to Mahommed Ali in Cairo on his return. And ascending the Blue Nile to Khartoum, he hoped to reach the Galla land from that side without passing through Abyssinia. But the mountains and the people both opposed him, and rendered it necessary to return by the Nile to a point where he could enter Abyssinia.

A visit he made on this journey to Galla, while in disguise, to a shepherd people called Zellàn, in the mountains, is an idyll. He there reassumed his missionary character, and taught those simple minded country people religion as he understood it; and they became so attached to him that they all wept when, after three weeks, he prepared to depart.

Massaja founded during his long sojourn in Africa numerous missionary stations in Galla, and also in Shoa, where he became the friend and adviser of King Menelik.

Another missionary, Pasteur G. P. Weitzecker —a descendant of the Waldenses, who kept the faith of old so pure in Italy, and whose bones lie scattered over "the Alpine mountains cold"—still labours in South Africa. The Synod of the Waldensian Church, which meets annually at Torre Pellice, in the valleys of the Cottian Alps, was surprised in 1883 by the request of one of the pastors for a leave of absence of ten years. Pasteur Weitzecker proposed to take the place in Basutoland, in South Africa, of the French missionary Coillard, who has since gone forward to the Zambesi river.

The Synod, although reluctant to spare one of the few Waldensian pastors who evangelise Italy, consented, not a little proud at the same time of sending out its first missionary to pagan lands.

Early in the following year Weitzecker and his wife went out to Africa as missionaries of the French society, first, however, making a tour through Italy to salute their friends and make collections in favour of their future work. The collections were small, as the congregations of Italy are poor, but the people listened with fervent interest to his accounts of the country to which he was going.

The long journey by sea safely accomplished, the two travelled overland in heavy carts to Leribe, the station in Basutoland.



PASTEUR WEITZECKER.

The details of their work there have been full of interest, but we need not enter into them, as the ground is already familiar to many readers. Mr. Weitzecker has presented to the Ethnological Museum of Rome a collection of the musical and agricultural instruments, and of the weapons of war, ornaments and clothes of the Basuto people. This collection is highly prized by the Italian Government, which has conferred upon him the title of Cavaliere. He writes often for the bulletin of the Roman Geographical Society, of which he is a member, and was sent at the expense of the society to visit the Italians living at the diamond mines at Kimberley.

Count Pietro Savorgnan di Brazzà, although in the service of France, was born in Italy, which he left at thirteen years of age. He now calls himself a Frenchman, but his father, mother, and several brothers are Italians, and live in Rome.

While attached to the naval station established by the French Government on the deserted coast of the Gaboon, to prevent the slave-trade, Pietro Brazzà in 1874 made an expedition up the river Ogowè. Before him, Paul Du Chaillu had suggested that the numerous small rivers by which the Ogowè pours its waters into the Atlantic came from a large stream above, perhaps connected with the central lakes of Africa; and in 1862 had followed on foot one of the tributaries of the left bank.

Two officers of the French Marine afterwards ascended beyond the delta, and proved the existence of this great river.

It remained for Brazzà, in several bold explorations through the lands of cannibals, often the only white man of his party, and without shoes,

to ascend the river to its sources, and cross on foot over the few miles that separated them from the sources of another river (the Alima), which afterwards empties into the Congo. All this territory, a splendid acquisition, he has placed under the dominion of France. He proved that the Ogowè was not the same river as the Lualaba, about that time discovered near the Lakes, the outlet of which was then unknown, but which was afterwards seen to be identical with the Congo.

Chiefly at his own expense, but with some aid from the French Government and scientific societies, Brazzà, after a year of preparation, set out up the river, with ample supplies of salt, guns, beads, knives, and razors—objects which take the place of money with the savage tribes. He had with him three Europeans, thirteen black Mahommedans from Senegal, four interpreters from the Gaboon, and a cook, whose talent, however, served little, as Brazzà carried with him only biscuits, rice, coffee, sugar, sardines, chocolate, and other prepared food.

He was conveyed by a French steamer to Point Fétiche, beyond the delta, and there kindly received by old Renoqué, the most powerful chief on the river, who was eager to have commercial relations with the mouth of the Ogowè.

Brazzà there embarked with his company on four long boats adapted to passing the rapids. The banks of the Ogowè are peopled by various tribes, often at war with each other, who exact heavy tribute from white travellers.

The Osseyebas are cannibals, who fortunately, however, care little for the flesh of white men, but highly appreciate their merchandise. The Apingis acted as wreckers on the shore when several of the long boats were upset, and they robbed Brazzà of a bale of tobacco and a large part of the heavy goods which he carried. The Okandas above the rapids received him kindly and let him establish headquarters on their land while he negotiated with the Osseyebas and the Adumas for permission to advance into their territory.

Brazzà made acquaintance with Mamiaka, an Osseyeba chief, and leaving the Okandas, in company with only three men he went forward into this unknown country, inhabited by cannibals. But overcome by the fatigue and hardships of the way, and excited by the lies, duplicity, and cunning of the savages, his health gave way, and he returned in a boat to his headquarters.

This second journey up the Ogowè was even more dangerous and fatiguing, but resulted in discovering the sources of the river. The courageous traveller was detained by the treacherous Adumas, who coveted the contents of his boxes. He only escaped from them by bribing with gold the grand Fetish man, or witch doctor, whose power over these superstitious savages is unlimited. He next went up as far as the Falls of Poubara, sixty feet high, where the river divides, and is no longer navigable owing to the frequent rapids and falls. On the banks of the stream he found the tribes of the Okota, the Sciache, the Auangi, the Sebé, the Obamba, and the Odimbo, the latter of whom use the short bow and barbed poisoned arrows.

It was clear at last from these explorations that the Ogowè was not a direct route to the centre of the African Continent; and there was yet an immense tract of unknown country between its sources and the Upper Nile.

How was it possible for him to go forward in this maze of unknown rivers, mountains, forests, and savage tribes, constantly subject to the miasmatic fevers of the country, with heavy baggage, and with bearers who dreaded to leave the river, which was their road home, and often on the way threw down their loads, refusing to go farther? Up to this point Brazzà had travelled through a fertile but unhealthy country, where provisions were abundant and the people friendly. But he had reached the bare rocky mountains and half desert land of the Batékès, a warlike tribe given to pillage, and almost destitute of food.

To replace the bearers he had brought from down the river, he employed slaves, giving them liberty from the first, which they used to desert him as soon as they reached their own tribes, thus rejoining their friends and relatives who had already sold them once as slaves, and would sell them again. To protect himself and his goods from the Batékès, Brazzà, when left with only three faithful men, early one morning buried a box of gunpowder, so that he could blow it up when necessary. This mysterious proceeding so alarmed the superstitious marauders that they called him a Fetish, and left him in peace. On this part of his journey famine was his constant companion, and he learned to eat like the natives white ants



PIETRO SAVORGNAN DI BRAZZÀ.

and grasshoppers cooked in palm-oil, which he soon found very good. Here he discovered the Alima, a river with several tributaries, and his route lay towards the centre of the African Continent.

His progress through their land was opposed by the Apfourus, and he was attacked by the inhabitants of every village, often marching with his few companions through long lines of savages armed with clubs, when a moment of weakness would have been fatal. In the night he heard the beating of drums and sounds from the river shores and the tops of the hills like the neighing

of horses, and saw watch-fires kindled all along the shores. He heard the enemy sing war-songs, the refrain of which was that his flesh would soon be eaten at their festival of victory. He took refuge in his boats on the river, and next day was attacked by thirty boatloads of blacks, who were soon routed by the well-directed fire of his fifteen guns. But the following night Brazzà escaped from this dangerous locality, and crossing, by the light of bamboo torches, a marshy forest, he reached at last some hills, and soon was out of the power of the Apfourus.

He returned to the country of the Batékès, which he found desolated by famine, and even almost without water. He and his two white companions won the good-will of their followers by dividing food and water with them. The Batékès were won, but, sick and without means, Brazzà resolved to leave this inhospitable and enigmatical land. Not until his return to Europe did he comprehend that the Alima was a tributary of the Congo, the great river of Livingstone and Stanley, and that he had crossed the hilly region of about fifty miles between the sources of the Ogowé and the waters of the Alima, there narrow but deep, clear, and navigable for large boats.

The swift and happy return down the Ogowé to the friendly Okandas, where he found new supplies, was almost saddened by a singular accident. The long boat in which was Dr. Ballay, the companion in all these perils of Brazzà, was upset by a huge hippopotamus, throwing out the occupants, and giving them a cold bath and a fright, but nothing worse.

At another time, when a boat containing forty-four boxes full of the merchandise and the stores that were to serve for the journey slipped its moorings at night, and went down the stream, Brazzà ran down the shore barefooted, cutting his feet on the rocks, and leaving his men at certain distances to watch the river. When he had outstripped them all, and walked for three hours, he prepared to spend the rest of the night on the rocks. He built a large fire to protect himself from the cold and the wind, and thought sadly of all the precious things lost; among them his instruments and documents. As day dawned, however, he saw his boat caught among the rocks at the foot of a large tree that grew in a narrow part of the river. He saved it from some thieving Apingis by firing a revolver over their heads, and then persuaded them to aid him in bringing it to land.

After three years of this adventurous life Brazzà went to France; but, soon wearying of an easy life, returned to the rivers and forests of Africa.

With the Osseyebas he crossed dense forests, where the sun was never visible, passing under green domes of leaves and branches, and wading over the brooks and streams when he did not cross them on the shaking trunks of huge trees.

In these long marshes, where even the men of the forest sometimes lost their way, he hung his hammock at evening, when the darkening of the forest showed that the sun had set, and the Osseyebas gathered sticks, leaves, and bark, with which they made huts, beds, and fires.

He gained the admiration and respect of the savages by killing elephants and wild bulls in the forest, which served them all for food, and awed them by his guns and revolvers, his fireworks and magnesium lights. The Adumas discovered by Brazzà are a debased and brutish race. They are destitute of history or traditions, or poetic ideas, even the coarsest. They are cowardly and perverse, and sell their own children, fathers, and brothers into slavery. When they sing together in time while rowing, in order to row together, their songs have no sense or meaning whatever. They considered Brazzà their prey; and, cunning and rapacious, despoiled him whenever they could, although professing to be friendly. They believed that he brought with him in his boxes, the smallpox which then afflicted the tribes along his route, and said, "The white chief is wicked, and carries with him a box full of maladies. When he passes through a village he opens this box and all the diseases fly out, which make our men die."

But, by the care he took of the sick, and the medicines given by his companion Dr. Ballay, he persuaded them of his kind intentions. His rule when among these savages was always to be more severe on himself than on them, and to practice humanity and justice. His aim, he says, rather than to discover new lands or new tribes, was to carry civilisation to these unknown and distant countries. But he often failed in these humane efforts. At one time he found a savage whom he knew in slavery and liberated him, but was surprised that instead of enjoying his liberty and continuing with him the savage returned to the same treacherous friend who had before ill-treated him and reduced him to slavery.

The second journey of Brazzà, from 1879 to 1882, was made at the expense of the French Government, which he had persuaded of the value of this territory. He started for the Congo and the mouth of the river Alima, the upper part of which he had already discovered, at nearly the same time that Stanley travelled on the other shore of the Congo, at the expense chiefly of the King of the Belgians.

The contrast was great between the mountainous, precipitous country where Stanley travelled and the comparatively easy district traversed by Brazzà to the north of the great African waterway.

At the confluence of the Ogowè with the river Passa, Brazzà, in 1880, founded the first French station, and called it Franceville. It was in communication by the Ogowè with the Atlantic, and by an easy overland journey also with the Alima and the Congo.

An embassy came to him from Makoko, the chief of forty tribes. "To the great white chief of Ogowè, whose terrible guns have never served to attack, and whose feet are accompanied by peace and abundance, Makoko sends the word of peace, and hopes to see his friend."

Makoko understood the benefits of an alliance with the white man, and soon placed all his

territory under the protection of the French flag. When the white chief expressed a wish thousands of black men were ready to obey it.

Makoko received Brazzà one day in state. Stretched on a lion's skin spread over the red throne, his wives and children and courtiers, as well as the witch doctor, around him, he awaited the entrance of the explorer. The new ally, on his part, wore his naval costume, with gold buttons and bands, and was accompanied by his brother Giacomo, Attilio Pecile, and other Europeans. Thus, a friendly alliance was concluded with the chief whose power reached to the mouth of the Alima on the Congo.

The forty tributary chiefs of Makoko came—some from the Equator—to meet Brazzà a few days later. It was a strange and imposing spectacle. He was their friend, not their conqueror, and they believed in the protection of the French flag, which was accepted and raised by everyone of them. Yet more than once he was obliged to meet real battles with people of these tribes before he could persuade them of his superior force and skill. Brazzà founded two stations, one on the Ogowè and one on the Congo, Franceville and Brazzaville, which are said to be self-sustaining. By these access is obtained to the upper Congo, which leads to the heart of Africa. Navigation up the Ogowè to Franceville is easy, and the distance across the country to the point where the Alima is navigable is forty-five miles. The distance from Franceville to Brazzaville on the Congo is 180 miles. This is a fertile country and thickly settled. Brazzà recounts that he once stopped with 700 men at a village near evening, and was not only fed, but he started next morning, by paying ninety pounds of salt, with provisions for two or three days.

After the second journey he was welcomed in France with enthusiasm, and received from the Government large subsidies to make roads, improve the stations, and launch a small steam vessel on the Congo at Brazzaville. About seven thousand natives in the basin of the Ogowè are at the service of France to carry weights and row on the rivers. Slavery and human sacrifices are diminished, and this population of five millions are losing their vices and cruelty by contact with civilised men. In ten years 450,000 dollars were expended by the explorer, and his judgment, patience, and endurance were beyond all praise. He is still there, although at one time recalled by the French Government. Italians naturally regret that a man of such energy should disown his country, and lay his life and achievements at the feet of another nation.

## NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

### MEDITERRANEAN FISH IN THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

MANY reports have lately appeared as to sardines and anchovies having been caught in large numbers, along with pilchards, off the southern coast of England. A more singular capture occurred during last year.

An eminent naturalist, Mr. Crane, F.L.S., who keeps as watchful an eye on the fish-shops at Brighton as the late Frank Buckland did on those of London, saw an unusual fish in Hellyer's well-known shop in Market Street.

"You have got a rare and curious fish here," said Mr. Crane to Mr. Larkin, the successor of the late Mr. Hellyer; "where did it come from?"

"It was caught fifteen miles from Brighton;" and, on being told it was a specimen of a fish never before caught in northern waters, Mr. Larkin presented it to Mr. Crane for the town museum, where it now forms a conspicuous object.

It is a specimen of the *Scorpœia scrofa*, a fish of the family of *Cyttidæ*, of which the John Dory is the most familiarly known species. In fact, the scorpœia in appearance most resembles the John Dory, with high and spiked dorsal fin, but smaller in size, and of a beautiful red colour, brighter than that of any mullet. Within a week the fish was prepared and mounted, with description and a record of the time and place of capture.

By a curious coincidence, a few days after securing this prize for the museum a catalogue of old books on Natural History was sent to Mr. Crane from London. In the list was the great work "Gulielmus Rondeletius de Piscibus Marinis," a large folio, published at Paris in 1554. The book is now rarely met with, but is still a standard work for ichthyologists. This copy, at once secured by Mr. Crane, is a fine folio, in perfect condition; and on turning to *Scorpœia scrofa* an admirable figure of the fish appears, with accurate description by the distinguished author, who gives as its only habitat "Mare Mediterraneum."

The scorpœia of Rondeletius is cited by Dr. Gunther, of the British Museum, in his Catalogue of Fishes, published in 1860 (Vol II, p. 108.)

What has caused the recent migration of Southern European fishes to our seas is not known. It may be from change of temperature, which has during the past winter shown itself on land, as evidenced by the extraordinary number of plants flowering at unwonted seasons. We fear that no accurate observations have been made as to the temperature in the waters of the Channel such as meteorologists have recorded at the various stations on land. It is a subject to which Professor Ray Lankester and his assistants of the Marine Observatory at Plymouth ought to give attention.

Meanwhile a welcome addition has been made to the specimens in the Brighton collection, which is one of the richest and best arranged of all our provincial museums. Mr. Crane has given many years of zealous and generous labour to this museum, and to the preparation of a catalogue containing a description of every specimen in the collection. In this Museum, and in the Reference and Lending Library under the same roof, of which Mr. Madden, a distinguished man of letters, is superintendent, Brighton has advantages possessed by few towns in England; and we trust the citizens will have intelligence and public spirit to support such excellent institutions. J. M.

### ODD FISHES.

I suppose that most of us derive our notions of the finny tribes from those eminently respectable edible fishes displayed on fishmongers' stalls, but only those who occasionally see our fishers drawing their nets or lines can form any idea of the strange creatures which day by day are contemptuously thrown back into the waters as being unfit for the market. One of these odd fish has a huge head and gaping jaws out of all proportion to his small lean body; another is known to the fishers as the sea-pig, and has sharp prickles all down his back, which make him unpleasant to his captors; but perhaps the queerest of these "occasional" visitors is one commonly called "the lump fish," a most grotesquely hideous fat creature, covered with rows of rough knobs, and having on the under side a large hard lump, whence it derives its name. I am told that this fish in the course of its little life undergoes changes as numerous and as curious as, in the fresh-water kingdom, is the development of frogs' spawn into tadpoles and full-grown frogs. He begins life in a tiny egg, and when first hatched strongly resembles the said tadpole, with large head and slim body. In course of time, though still large-headed and smooth-skinned, he is duly provided with fins. In his last transformation he becomes the bloated creature I have described, with head and fins alike buried in fat, and his whole body covered with coarse rough tubercles.

But of all marine oddities surely the most eccentric family are the flat fishes, with their ludicrously twisted faces. Poor things, they seem conscious of their ugliness, for instead of swimming about gaily like other fish, they go wriggling along beneath the sand, and only reveal their presence by an occasional shuffle. Indeed, I think no one can look at the face of a flounder without marvelling why a whole race so eccentric should have come into existence. Strange to say, the fishers on our Scottish east coast have precisely the same legends as the Germans to account for this peculiarity—namely, that the flounder was doomed to have a crooked face to all eternity as a punishment for having rudely mocked some other fish, and made faces at it as it passed!

The extraordinary thing is that all new-born flat fishes, though shaped something like shillings, are perfectly symmetrical. For the first week or so of its baby-life an infant sole or flounder swims vertically, like other fishes; its two sides are alike, and it has an eye on each side of its head. The baby sole, hatched on some sandy shallow, and transparent as jelly, starts as a rover, travelling where fancy leads him in the free open sea. Very soon, however, it seems to realise the dangers of unprotected travel amongst numberless foes, who are well protected with offensive weapons in the form of strong jaws and sharp teeth, while the poor soles, flounders, brill, plaice, rays, skates, and other flat fish of all sorts are singularly defenceless. So, obedient to the dictates of prudence, the travelled sole returns to the sand-bank where it was hatched, and there, the better to conceal itself, lies down flat on one side (generally on the left side), and so continues to the end of its days, burrowing in sand or mud. Never again does it swim upright in a brave, independent fashion, but flaps and shuffles along on one side as if its whole object in life was to escape observation.

And Nature—pitying mother—helps it to elude its foes by adapting its colour to that of the ground on which it lies. No longer transparent, as in infancy, its under side now becomes of a dead opaque white, so that when it must rise in search of food and air it may be the less conspicuous to other fishes looking up to the light. At the same time the upper side assumes the colour of the bed on which it chiefly rests. Flounders, which delight in the muddy estuaries of great rivers, become mud-coloured; while soles, which prefer sand-banks, are spotted with sand-coloured marks on a dark ground. Plaice, which most commonly lie on gravelly beds, are covered with bright coloured spots, which might easily be mistaken for wet pebbles. So, too, are the turbot, which are also covered with raised lumps, so as strangely to resemble the shingly banks on which they generally rest. It is even said that some varieties of flat fish have the power of changing their colour at will, so as to match their surroundings, and thus more effectually conceal themselves.

For the same reason soles are able to adapt themselves to the very form of the ribbed sand on which they lie, following its lines the more closely by means of the fringing fins which encircle them, and which they partially bury in the sand.

But the most remarkable point in the transformation of these creatures is the independent line of action adopted by the eye, which, when its owner takes to swimming, or rather wriggling along on one side, finds itself always buried in sand. Objecting to this treatment, it first works its way forward on the under side, and then gradually travels upwards, looking about it all the time, till it finds itself opposite the other eye, but of course, like the rest of the queerly-twisted face, it is all on one side. There is, however, one branch of this family in which the locomotive eye, while leaving its original mask and socket apparently unchanged, gazing at the sand, really closes itself for awhile, and, taking a short cut straight through the head, reappears on the upper side, and there remains. For awhile the under eye retains such a natural appearance that a casual

observer would certainly assume the creature to be possessed of three eyes.

The family has not arrived at unanimity of opinion as to which is the most comfortable side to lie upon. Most of its members lie on the left side, their coloured side and correctly placed right eye being uppermost. But brill, turbot, halibut, fluke, and megrim lie on the right side, which becomes white, while the left side comes to the surface, and its eye looks straight. But individuals vary in their ideas of comfort, and occasionally a sole lies on the left side and a turbot on the right.

I should mention that these remarks do not apply to the ugliest of all flat fish—the skate, and other members of the ray family, which is not related to the flounder, being a sort of flat dog-fish, and symmetrical in its structure, with an eye on each side of its face. Its ugliness is, however, so fully recognised by the people that to address a person as a "dun skate" is a climax of north country abuse!

While speaking of flat fish, I must not forget to mention a curious prejudice against their use as food which till very recent days prevailed among the Celtic population of Scotland. Indeed, that it is not yet fully conquered may be gathered from the statement of a fisherman of the Isle of Lewis, who, in giving evidence before the Royal Commission, remarked that he and his comrades "often caught turbot on their lines, but they used them all for bait!" On being asked whether he was not aware that turbot commanded a high price in the London market, he replied, "Yes, but London is far from here!" Considering all we hear of the poverty and starvation of these islanders the force of prejudice must be strong indeed!

It certainly is a very remarkable survival of the old Celtic detestation of scaleless fishes, an objection quite in keeping with the Levitical law, which commanded that, "Whatsoever hath no fins, nor scales, in the seas and in the rivers, of all that moveth in the waters, that shall be an abomination unto you." (Lev. ii. 10.) So real has this feeling proved that till very recent years the poorest people would not eat these despised dainties; and even on the coast of Fife and Aberdeen fine turbot fit for any alderman's feast were thrown away, as there was no sale for them till the Saxon came north.

Scotch fishers in general have not learnt wisdom so far as supplying the market is concerned; but the purchaser requiring a turbot on the east coast must remember to ask for a roden-fluke or flounder, for should he ask for turbot he will be served with halibut, which is a very coarse fish of the same family.

Of the terrible waste of good fish where these are rejected we may form some idea by considering the enormous size attained by many of these. One halibut captured at Wick was found to weigh 231 lbs. Another taken off the Northumbrian coast weighed 294 lbs. But when we look to America, where everything seems to run to size, we find that halibut have been captured weighing from 400 lbs. to 600 lbs.! One weighing 475 lbs. was exhibited in the Canadian Court at the International Fisheries Exhibition, preserved in a plate-glass refrigerator.

In like manner the skate of foreign lands is sometimes a very magnificent edition of our modest fish. For instance, one was caught in Ceylon in the spring of 1884 which measured seventeen feet across and fifteen feet in length (including the tail, which accounted for five feet). Its body was three feet in height, and its great gaping mouth was three feet wide. Such was its muscular strength that two boys who rashly stood on one of its great flapping fins, under the impression that it was dead, were tossed in the air like tennis-balls!

But irrespective of such monsters as these, thirty pounds is no uncommon weight for a good turbot, and some have been captured of double this weight. Moreover, allowing for the most enormous destruction of infant turbots, there must surely be a very large survival of a race so prolific that the late Frank Buckland counted no less than 14,311,200 eggs in the roe. Just imagine being the fond parent of fourteen million interesting children! I do not know how naturalists arrive at their conclusions, but some estimate that so multitudinous are the hungry foes ever seeking to devour them that perhaps not more than one of this large family attains maturity. Nevertheless they must be tolerably abundant where a single report of fisheries on the coast of Jutland tells of the capture of 240,000 turbot, weighing on an average upwards of one pound each. This certainly suggests a considerable item in the food-supply of the people.

I do not mean to suggest that size is always by any means an advantage in the selection of fish; on the contrary, it is always a red-letter day for us in our sea-side home when the fishers bring us tiny flounders for breakfast—the most delicate of all fishes (always excepting the flying-fish of warmer seas); but the fishing-ground where these are obtained is not much in favour.

Sometimes it happens that the lines have proved fatal to a multitude of the creatures which we (only seeing them high and dry on the sands) familiarly call jelly-fish, a mere bagful of sea-water, but which, in their native element, floating joyously in summer seas, are amongst the loveliest of graceful sea creatures, shaped like an inverted crystal goblet exquisitely marked with a brilliant pattern of rings or stars, and edged with a fringe of long sensitive feelers.

Strange as the stages of development from a caterpillar to a glad winged butterfly are the transformations through which some of these exquisite *medusæ* pass in the course of their short lives. When the autumn days approach, and the mother jelly-fish knows that she must soon melt away and lose herself in ocean foam, she lays thousands of tiny eggs, each covered with invisible hairs—hairs which move at will, like the spinner of the sea-urchin, by means of which the little living eggs paddle their way to safe hiding-places in the crannies of the rock, and there moor themselves. Thus anchored, and secure from winter storms, they patiently await whatever may be in store for them.

Presently from each egg there grows a tiny stem, whence spring delicate branches, and every branch is covered with minute cups edged with little dainty arms that float on every side. And when spring changes to summer, each graceful flower-like cup develops a new life, and becomes a tiny jelly-fish with thousands of fringe-like sensitive feelers, and the little creature frees itself from the stem and floats away in the bright waters to commence its own glad life of independence.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

## THE GREAT CENTRAL BAKERY IN PARIS.

AT a moment when our English bread and bakeries are receiving a good deal of attention it may not be uninteresting to hear of a visit recently made to the central *boulangerie* in Paris through the kind permission of the *Assistance Publique*.

The bread necessary for the consumption of all the hospitals and institutions of Paris which are under the control of the Assistance Publique has, since 1797, been made in a central establishment in the Place Scipion, and known by the name of the Boulangerie Scipion or Centrale.

This Boulangerie Centrale not only furnishes bread to the hospitals and hospices of Paris, but sells and delivers both bread and flour to most of the municipal and departmental services, as well as to several private charities.

This method of provisioning is according to the custom formerly adopted by the Hôtel Dieu and the general hospitals, both of which possessed their special *boulangeries* and particular mills. It was a method justified in the opinion of the administrators of that period by the consideration that when the point in question is the subsistence of the hospitals of a great city it is preferable to have an establishment of this kind, even though the bread should cost more, than to run the risks which might belong to provisioning from individual city bakeries.

The *boulangerie* consists of two distinct sections, as we shall see, a mill and a bakery.

The place itself has a history. It occupies the ground, and part even of the building which was constructed in 1540 by Bullioud, President of St. Marcel, and was bought in 1580 by a rich Italian, Scipion Sardini, who inhabited it until 1596. Acquired in 1639 by the governors and administrators "of the sick and infirm poor," it was by them appropriated to the use of this class of the community under the title of the Hospital of St. Martha.

Some years later, about 1675, the bakery, which had up to that time been established in the Salpêtrière, was removed to Place Scipion, and was henceforth to serve all the Hospitals-General.

In the same way as the Hôtel Dieu and the Incurables, the Hospitals-General obtained a great part of their flour from grain grown on their farms. This grain was prepared in three mills, one near the mouth of the Seine and the others at Corbeille, and known even to this day as the Mills of Corbeille, although they were sold long ago.

After the Revolution the reorganisation of the hospitals took place, and the first care of the General Council was to unite all the *boulangeries* with that in the Place Scipion; and this was completed, when at length, in 1797, the *boulangerie* of the Hôtel Dieu was annexed. Such is the origin of the establishment known now as the Boulangerie Centrale of Paris. Its present condition has been arrived at by degrees, and by resolutely wiping off abuses as they became known.

After a radical change in 1821 no important alteration took place in its organisation for thirty years, though one or two improvements were made; but at length, in 1856, the *boulangerie* underwent an important transformation both as regarded the provisioning and the processes of fabrication.

Experiments were made under the direction of a committee, which showed the possibility of obtaining a dough, with flour sifted to 75 per cent. —that is, with 25 per cent. only of bran—of sufficient whiteness, and presenting, as regards taste and hygienic properties, the same conditions as the bread of the bakers prepared generally with flour sifted to 66 or even 63 per cent.

These considerations decided the administration to construct a mill in the central *boulangerie*, to be worked by steam, at an expense of 300,000 francs, or £12,000, of which a large part was taken up by the city.

As a result, the *boulangerie* works with twelve pairs of mill or grindstones, of which six are ordinary and six are oscillating, moved by a special machine of 40 horse-power.

Since that time numberless improvements have been made in the plant as well as many additions to it; for example, a smoke-consuming apparatus for economising the fuel, and extra ovens at the time of the war for the supplying of bread to the troops, and special ventilation. In 1861 a huge bread-pantry was built, and adjoining the *boulangerie* in the Rue du Fer à Moulin store-houses were added for corn and flour.

The administration has always welcomed experiments which might conduce to improvement. Some of those made in the Boulangerie Scipion have been very interesting—one especially, by M. Mège-Mouriès, who, in studying a grain of corn through his microscope, recognised under the

cortical envelope, or outside covering, a hard part which contained more "azote" than the other portion. This he proved to be the most nutritious of the whole grain, but it was rejected in the manufacture of white bread because of its colouring matter, and because of its adhering to the pellicles of bran after grinding. His idea was to separate these brown groats from the other matter and use it for the best white bread; but his process, which was by washings, was defective and costly. Good came of it, however, for M. Salone, the director of this *boulangerie*, succeeded in rendering it practical by substituting a dry for the wet method of separation, and so manipulating it that it could be employed in the best white bread without in any way injuring the colour.

Other experiments have resulted in what at the present time is considered a perfect system of cleansing, kneading, ventilating, grinding, and sifting.

The grindstones, both those for the corn and those for the groats, grind from 130 to 140 kilos in an hour, and they work from six o'clock in the morning to six in the evening.

As one approaches the *boulangerie* it shows but few outward signs of the life and activity within. It is built round a court-yard, one side of which is given up to the offices, a second to the dwellings of five of the workpeople—of whom there are altogether seventy—and the other two sides are devoted to the actual bakery. The bread is made both by night and day, which is not surprising when one learns that 25,000 kilos[1] of bread are required each day—10,000 for the hospitals, hospices, and charitable institutions, and 15,000 for the depôts of sale established by the city for the benefit of workpeople and the poor.

The flour is sifted to about 74 per cent., in which are comprised the flour of the first shoot, the groats, and the second and third flour—these two last in a proportion of from 4 to 5 per cent. As to the fourth flour, which is too brown to be comprised in the mixture, it is, as well as the foreign matter and other products (23 to 24 per cent.), sold for general use in the course of the day. It is the same with the oats or barley siftings. Every loaf is the same weight—viz., two kilos.

The ovens, ten in number, lighted by gas and heated to a tremendous heat, were each served by two men, one of whom took the bread out or pushed it in with a long iron pole, while the other arranged it for him. The dough was carried from the kneading-trough to the ovens in long and shallow baskets, the shape and size of the bread. The men were scantily dressed, on account of the heat, and looked weird and uncanny, but they were scrupulously clean.

In this same room were huge machines mixing the dough with rapidity; they were worked by steam, and fascinated us by their steady regularity.

To the left is the pantry, a vast room full of shelves, where the bread is placed when baked, and where the name of the hospital for which it is intended is attached; for it is here that the bread is distributed at five o'clock every morning, when all the hospital carts arrive. A paper of delivery, indicating the number of loaves and their weight, is given to each conductor of every carriage. We tasted the bread, which was excellent.

To the right of this pantry rises a vast building, of which the ground-floor and first-floor serve as a store-house for grain, and the second and third floors as store-rooms for flour. These magazines are all very large and well ventilated.

The grain comes from all parts of the world, and the varieties were put into our hands that we might detect, if possible, the differences existing both in the grain and in the flour produced.

In the middle of the granary there are a series of traps or shafts running from the grinding-room above. The quantities are told off by the mealman and distributed into these shafts, which correspond to the mill-hoppers, placed on the first-floor. From these mill-hoppers the flour passes by little sifters to the ground-floor, and ends its career in the various kneading-troughs, which extend from one end to the other of the great baking hall.

The bakers are divided into two brigades—the first work from seven in the morning to five or six in the evening, according to the season of the year, and the second from six in the evening to five or six in the morning. The ten ovens are almost continually in use.

We were quite bewildered by the power and velocity of the machinery. Huge wheels of glittering steel and brass, whirling round and round, filled the air with clamour and noise, while they worked with untiring patience for their master—man. It was interesting to watch the various degrees of fineness to which the flour was reduced by these huge grinders, and to see how carefully the cylinders were guarded by silk canvas. We asked our guide if many accidents occurred, and he said he had been director of the machinery for twenty years, and in all that time had seen but one.

We watched the processes by which the flour was brought to a state of perfection. It was then weighed, regulated, and put in sacks by order of merit and fineness; after which it was mixed in a large room, where it was heaped up to the ceiling, for all the world like an edible and gigantic snowdrift.

As our journey through these regions of bread came to an end we were dazed by all we had seen; but one fact stood out clear and distinct—namely, that from beginning to end nothing soiled touched the material of which the bread was made—and such bread one does not often taste.

We went in habited in black—we came out white as snow.

E. BREWER.

[1] A kilo is 2·204 lb., nearly 2¼ lb.

# A CRUISE AMONG THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

## IV.—TAHITI.

So much has been written about Tahiti by various visitors to that island—chief among the South Seas—that a long description of it would be as unnecessary as out of place in this paper, which is designed to treat rather of the less known and less visited parts of the Pacific.

We sighted the mountains of Tahiti, 8,000 feet high, when about seventy miles distant, and consequently some time elapsed before we reached our anchorage in Papeete harbour. On approaching the latter these mountains, and those of the neighbouring island of Murea, are strikingly grand in appearance, exhibiting abrupt peaks and mighty ravines with precipitous sides. They are somewhat bare, clothed with little else but grass, except in the valleys, which, like the plains by the sea-shore, are well wooded. A barrier reef surrounds the island at a distance of from a quarter to half a mile from the beach, and this reef is broken by numerous gaps, admitting vessels to anchorage in the smooth water inside. Through one of these gaps we passed into the harbour of Papeete, on the north-west side of the island, and anchored off the thoroughly French-looking little town stretching along the sheltered shore.

Papeete is a town lying in a garden. The neat red roofs of its white houses are half concealed by splendid trees. Each street is an avenue, and the smooth roadway is cool and dim beneath the arch-forming branches of the trees which line its sides. The enclosures surrounding the houses are rich with flowers. Outside the town the whole country lying at the foot of the mountains is one vast garden of fruit and flower, wood and stream. Calm bays reach in from the sea here and there, and through their crystal waters the beauties of the coral forests and caverns below can be seen.

Tahiti is a beautiful island, in which Nature is so generous that the natives have little need to work for their living. But they appeared to us less happy-looking than those of Atiu and Rarotonga. This no doubt is the result of their feeling themselves a conquered people, their independence lost. And the French, who cannot colonise like the Anglo-Saxon race, have apparently done very little to improve their fair possession. Jealous of foreigners, they have to a great extent stifled trade by their treatment of foreign vessels, which now often prefer to visit islands where more tolerance is encountered, and by the want of encouragement to Tahitian industries, which are, or were, chiefly in English hands. The natives are demoralised by the influx of French soldiers and sailors; and the island is treated by the French squadron and garrison as a pleasure garden rather than as a centre of civilisation, and licentiousness and insobriety prevail unchecked. Laws, indeed, there are, but they are laxly carried out. It is impossible to avoid comparison with the neighbouring island of Rarotonga, where, under a simple-minded native queen, a higher standard of morality and order is maintained, without the cumbrous and elaborate farce of government kept up in Tahiti, with its Palais de Justice, gendarmerie, *prison coloniale*, various and many departmental *bureaux*, betitled officials, bombastic public placards.

This rich island, with all its possible resources, is wasted by the French, under whose rule, devoid of beneficence and merely burdensome, the natives secretly chafe. In spite of these reflections, and to return from generalities to our own particular visit, we spent a very pleasant week there, thanks to the hospitality of several friends English and French. And indeed, in such a glorious climate, and amidst such scenery, it would be hard not to enjoy oneself, especially after a long cruise at sea.

## V.—PITCAIRN ISLAND.

In making the subsequent passage to South America we had occasion to call at Pitcairn Island, and were consequently able to become acquainted with its little community, which will always possess a peculiar interest to the English, as consisting of the descendants of the Bounty mutineers.

The history of those mutineers is pretty generally known, but may here be briefly repeated. The Bounty, an English sloop-of-war, commanded by Lieutenant Robert Bligh, was sent out to Tahiti in December, 1787, for the purpose of obtaining bread-fruit trees, to be introduced into certain of the West Indian islands. She arrived at Tahiti in October, 1788, and lay there some months. The fascinations of the beautiful island, and perhaps especially of its graceful women, proved strong to the man-of-war's men, so strong, indeed, that a few days after leaving Tahiti on the return voyage a number of the men, headed by a few officers, set the captain, with nineteen others who remained loyal to him, adrift in an open boat, with a few necessaries, and then took the ship back to Tahiti. Bligh, after great hardships and sufferings, reached the island of Timor, to the southward of Java, in his open boat, a distance of nearly four thousand miles, with the loss of only one life.

Of the mutineers, some who remained in Tahiti were afterwards captured and hung. Nine others took the Bounty, accompanied by their Tahitian wives and a few natives, to Pitcairn Island, where they burnt her and established a settlement. At first their existence there was a stormy one; quarrels with the natives they had brought with them led to bloodshed, and in a few

years all the mutineers had met with violent deaths except two—Young and Adams. These two lived to a ripe old age; in their latter years repentant and pious, bringing up the young people of the colony in the way of religion and quietness. After Young's death old Adams continued alone as the teacher and head of the community. They increased in numbers to the third generation, and still revered and obeyed this patriarch, living in accordance with his simple and pious precepts. When he died, in 1829, the elder ones remaining carried out the same principles, and to this day the Pitcairn Islanders remain a model moral community.

In 1856 their numbers had increased beyond the supporting powers of the little island, and the whole body emigrated to Norfolk Island, some distance to the westward. But in two or three years a longing for their old home led a number of them back to Pitcairn, where they still remain. The Queen has always taken an interest in their welfare, and some years ago sent them a fine harmonium for their miniature church. The island is also visited at intervals by English men-of-war, who report the progress and the wants of the islanders. Merchant ships in passing also frequently call.

We anchored off the only available landing place, on the north side of the island. Looking ashore, the appearance of the place is striking. The island is barely three miles long by one broad, yet it is over a thousand feet high, suggestive of some huge submarine mountain protruding its highest peak in mid-ocean. Its steep sides are wooded and green, and descend, broken by an occasional plateau assiduously cultivated, precipitously to the water's edge. The village lies on a slope less steep than the average, and is so hidden among trees that only a few thatched roofs here and there are visible from the sea. Below the village the slope ends in a red perpendicular cliff two hundred feet or so high, at the base of which the surf of the sea beats upon large black detached rocks. On each side of the village stands a tremendous precipice facing the sea, the two about a mile and a half apart, rising sheer and naked almost the whole height of the island. They look like two stern and mighty giants uprearing boldly to protect the village nestling in pastoral peace on the green slope between them. This fancy is strengthened in the case of the greater of the two precipices by a curious resemblance in its upper part to the profile of a man's head, even the eye and mouth being represented by marked indentations. Near the base of this one, the easternmost of the two, is the landing-place, a small sandy cove partly protected by outlying rocks from the swell setting in on the coast.

From this cove a boat put out as we anchored, and as she came alongside and her occupants came over our gangway we scanned them with no little interest. They were, on the whole, an English-looking set of men, dark in complexion in some cases, but in others as fair as though there had been no admixture of Tahitian blood. They were dressed in European style, and had a seafaring appearance, due to their semi-nautical attire, the result of contact with ships and sailors, and to their occupation of fishing, which forms a part of their daily work. They were headed by Mr. Robert McCoy, a name familiar to those acquainted with the history of the Bounty mutiny, like the names of Christian and Young, which were largely represented among our visitors. Mr. McCoy was the "magistrate" for the time being, an office filled annually by election among the islanders. Owing to the intermarriage of so few in the first place there were a great many of the same name—cousins, uncles, and nephews. The oldest of the men, Thursday October Christian and Moses Young, were grandsons of the original Bounty mutineers so named.

As we were to remain at the island until the next day I accepted the hospitable offer of Moses Young to spend the night ashore, and shortly afterwards landed under his guidance to view the colony. Disembarking on the little beach, near which was a boat-house and a number of island-built canoes used for fishing purposes, we ascended a steep path of red clay rising sidewise up the face of the bush-grown cliffs, above which it became level, and led us towards the village. It was an exceedingly pretty walk, the path first passing through a wood of tropical beauty, the banks on either side rich with ferns, and then, as the settlement was approached, through patches cultivated with sweet potatoes, yams, arrowroot, pineapples, and bananas.

We found the village to be a collection of well-built wooden huts, roofed with pandanus-leaf, and scattered on the hillside in no sort of order, but connected by neat paths, winding through the groves of orange, lime, hybiscus, and cocoanut trees that sheltered and shaded the settlement. The aspect of the village, thus lying among the trees, as in a wooded garden, was peaceful and pretty. Roses, lilies, and geraniums grew untended near some of the houses, and a few wild flowers added their beauties to the slopes beneath the trees.

In the village we met a number of the gentler sex, who form a considerable majority of the population. These were for the most part quite fair in complexion, resembling English rustic women, but without the ruddiness of the latter. A few, however, were of the "nut-brown" type, betraying their semi-Tahitian descent. They were all dressed with extreme simplicity, in plain cotton print dresses, generally with a loose bodice or jacket, showing an absence of the confining corset of civilisation. With them was the venerable Mr. Young, a cousin of my host, who acts as pastor to the community. In his company, and that of his wife, kind-hearted and active Mrs. Young, I visited the little church, a long low white-washed building, not unlike an English cottage. Its interior was neatly furnished with rows of polished benches, and at the east end a little sanctuary was railed off, in which stood a communion table and the handsome American organ presented by Queen Victoria, which was in sad need of repair.

The Pitcairn islanders have hitherto steadily maintained in its simplest form the worship of

the Church of England, and the earnest steadfastness of their religious belief has always been worthy of high admiration. It will be a matter of regret, therefore, to many who are interested in the little community to hear that within the last year or two their principles have undergone a revolution, and that they have enrolled themselves among the Seventh-day Adventists—a sect originating in the United States. It was with natural surprise that I heard of this change, and in the course of conversation found that its cause was the visit to the island of an Adventist missionary who remained some months inculcating the doctrines of his sect among the islanders. He could have found no better soil in which to sow his doubtful seed. Very earnest and anxious to learn, implicit believers and reverencers of the Bible, the simple islanders, ignorant of sophistry and the subtleties of Scriptural deductions, listened attentively to the arguments of their fanatical visitor, who, taking the Bible as his standpoint, soon convinced them of the soundness of his views. These views (by no means new, of course) are founded chiefly on passages in Daniel and the Revelations, and are sufficiently indicated in the title of the sect. The island was flooded with Seventh-day Adventist literature, emanating from the headquarters of the sect in Michigan, and the islanders were full of the enthusiasm of converts in the pursuit of their new creed. From the same source as that of their religious teachings the poor Pitcairnites have received pamphlets fulminating against the use of tea and coffee, and urging entire abstinence therefrom. These have had their desired effect already on some of the Pitcairn enthusiasts, who, already teetotallers, are denying themselves those domestic comforts. The use of tobacco has also, with perhaps more reason, been given up altogether.

After seeing the church, we visited the large schoolroom adjoining it, where all the children and young women attend daily for instruction. Miss Rosalind Young, the pastor's daughter—a young lady who has made her appearance as an author in an American magazine—is the teacher, her father undertaking the musical department, which is a special feature in the education of the islanders. We then walked through the village, or rather from house to house, by the paths winding through the wood which shelters the settlement. Orange-trees, loaded with green but ripe fruit, abounded by the path-sides, and pineapples, over-ripe from want of plucking, formed boundaries in places. Bananas, limes, papaw, and cocoanuts were plentiful all around. We entered several of the houses, which are all more or less on the same plan, simply but strongly built of wood, and thatched admirably with pandanus leaves. Generally each house consisted of one large central room, into which one stepped on entering, and of a number of small cabin-like sleeping rooms leading from it, divided by partitions not reaching to the lofty thatched roof. The furniture was simple and well-made, in style much like that of many an English cottage. The domestic life of the Pitcairn islanders, in fact, resembles more that of the English rustic than of the Tahitian native, although characteristics of both quaintly blend in some matters. For instance, the Pitcairn women industriously make pretty little baskets woven of leaves by Tahitian art, but adorned with designs of flowers and figures in coloured worsted, with simple English mottoes, much like the ornamental handiwork of some of our rustic maidens. The houses themselves, too, are constructed on Tahitian lines, but English domesticity reigns within.

After seeing the village, Mrs. Young took me up the hill to see the various plantations. The walk was of great beauty, for Nature is lavish of her gifts to the small island, and its inhabitants have turned them to good account, each family cultivating patches of vegetable, grain, and fruit in all available places. The path was steep, but my kind guide, although the oldest woman in the island, displayed an activity that spoke well for the healthiness of the climate. From the summit of the island, swept by the fresh sea-breeze, we enjoyed beautiful views of the bold steeps and green ledges below us.

Returning to the village at dusk, my host met us, and led me to his house, where a substantial supper awaited us. This disposed of, we adjourned to another house in which a number of the islanders, chiefly women and girls, had assembled for music. This consisted chiefly of part-songs and hymns, sung very creditably, showing the good training all had undergone at the hands of Mr. Young. The quality of voice in the women possessed something of the peculiarities noticeable in the native singing we had already heard in other islands, and the same tendency to long-drawn pauses was sometimes displayed, but all the parts, strictly learnt from note, were true. At half-past ten (a late hour for the islanders) the party dispersed, and I returned with my host to his house, where he left me for the night in as comfortable a little room as one could desire, in which I passed my "night in Pitcairn Island"—a rather unusual experience.

I was awakened at about five in the morning by the sound of singing which proceeded from an adjacent house. Sung fully in parts to a beautiful tune, this morning hymn (for such it was) formed a curious and pleasing *reveillé*, and it was followed in a few minutes by another hymn, similarly sung by the inmates of the house in which I was lying. I could then hear the reading of a chapter of the Bible, each member taking a verse. I afterwards found that this formed the daily practice in every house in the island. When I made my appearance a little later all were astir and at their various domestic occupations indoors and out. Accompanied by some of the islanders, who were going on board the ship, I walked down to the landing-place in the fresh coolness of morning having said "good-bye" to my kind entertainers, who sent baskets of vegetables and fruits down with me as farewell gifts. In a few hours our sails were again spread to the south-east trade wind, and Pitcairn Island, with its curious little community, descended from our countrymen, was numbered among our many memories of the Pacific.

# NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY

## THE WEATHER-PLANT.

IN the autumn of last year some extraordinary paragraphs and letters appeared in London newspapers giving accounts from Vienna of a plant the movements of which, it was said, predict the changes of the weather. The more delicate leaves, it was alleged, foretell meteorological changes forty-eight hours in advance, whilst its hardier leaves indicate such phenomena as explosions in mines and earthquakes as much as three days beforehand. On November 5th, according to the Vienna correspondent of "The Times," Herr Nowack wished it to be known that at that date his plants were giving indications of shocks of earthquake, which might be expected to occur during the next week within one hundred German miles south of Vienna. Herr Nowack's claims for his plants were endorsed by the late Prince Rudolph—no inconsiderable naturalist—and by the Archduke Reiner. Several Austrian tourists' clubs had discarded both aneroid and ordinary barometer in favour of the prophetic plant in question, and it seemed as if the days of weather-charts and storm-warnings of the orthodox kind were numbered, and were about to be superseded. In July steps were taken at Kew Gardens to test the merits of the plant, Herr Nowack obtaining an introduction there from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who when in Austria had his attention called to the subject by the late Crown Prince Rudolph.

The "Kew Bulletin of Miscellaneous Information" for January contains a report made by Dr. Oliver, of University College, on a series of experiments carried out in the Jodrell Laboratory of the Royal Gardens last autumn. Herr Nowack attended at Kew Gardens in person and superintended the experiments, he himself preparing the forecasts, and Dr. Oliver and Mr. Weiss making a close inspection of the movements of the plants, and noting the actual weather experienced from day to day so as to check the correctness or otherwise of the predictions. The plant is the well-known tropical legume, *Abrus precatorius*, a shrubby climber, originally a native of the East Indies, but now scattered to the Mauritius, West Indies, and other tropical countries. The leaflets of this plant are not unlike those of the more familiar acacia, but it is better known in England by its scarlet bead-like seeds, which are largely used in some Roman Catholic countries for rosaries; hence its vernacular name, the "Paternoster pea."

Herr Nowack professed to be able to ascertain what would occur at some future date—the weather forty-eight hours hence, and earthquakes and fire-damp days or weeks hence, anywhere up to a distance of many hundred miles. But notwithstanding the unexampled facilities accorded to him, that gentleman made a very poor show of what it was possible to attain in the way of forecasting anything. There were numerous changes in the weather during October, but although there were over a hundred and forty predictions, Dr. Oliver states that only one change was anticipated by Herr Nowack. The predictions of earthquakes, *schlagwetter* (fire-damp in coal-mines), and the positions of areas of high and of low barometer within the limits of the Meteorological Office Daily Weather-charts were submitted to Mr. R. H. Scott, and were found to be as unsuccessful as the weather-forecasts. Of nine earthquake predictions, one was correct and eight failures; of nine *schlagwetter* two were correct, two nearly so, and five failures. Between fifty and sixty barometric charts were drawn up, and on placing them side by side with those prepared from the facts at the Meteorological Office "no accordance was found between the successive pairs of maps."

There can be no doubt that the claims so unwisely made for *Abrus precatorius* as a weather-plant have been badly discredited. A second and more unfortunate result would be the misappreciation and neglect of such merits of a meteorological character as the plant may yet possess, in spite of the exaggeration of which it has apparently been the victim. That it will well repay closer observation than it has so far received from English botanists seems clear from the candid and ably-written report of the experimenter at Kew, Dr. Oliver. "From the moment," writes Dr. Oliver, "I had these plants under observation I was much impressed with the extraordinary sensitiveness of their leaflets to alterations in the intensity of the light, and the view which I first formed as to the nature of their up-and-down movements was, in the main, that they were caused by these fluctuations." The action of light on many leguminous plants has long been a well known fact to vegetable physiologists, as may be found by reference to the works of Pfeffer and the Darwins; but it will hardly be denied that more recently our physicists have made claims for the action of electricity and magnetism upon plants which somewhat diminish the territory of the botanist. "Sensitive and other muscular plants are well known to set up electric currents," said Dr. Oliver Lodge in his address to the Liverpool Physical Society, "and about their electric phenomena there is much to work out." In fact, light means much more to the physicist than to the botanist in these days, when electric waves and light waves have just been proved to be identical.

Herr Nowack's claims for *Abrus precatorius* as a weather-forecast have doubtless defeated themselves by their own exorbitancy, but it is quite possible that a new era has began in the observations of a singularly interesting plant, and that from the physical side of the questions raised new and important data may accrue.

### THE INTENSE DARKNESS OF THUNDERCLOUDS AND LURID YELLOW LIGHT.

At a recent meeting of the Physical Society of London Mr. Shelford Bidwell, F.R.S., read an important paper on "The Electrification of the Steam-jet," with experiments showing the bearing of the subject upon meteorology. The author showed that the opacity of steam issuing from a nozzle is greatly increased by bringing electrified points near it, and that its colour is changed to orange-brown. Electrified balls and discs when placed in the steam produced similar effects. On examining the absorption spectrum of the unelectrified jet, little or no selective absorption was detected, but on electrification the violet disappeared, the blue and green were diminished, and the orange and red remained unchanged. From these results the author concludes that electrification causes an increase in the size of the water particles in the steam, from something small compared with the wave-length of light to about one-fifty-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

These observations are of considerable meteorological interest, for the steam-jet phenomena go far towards explaining the cause of the intense darkness of thunderclouds, and of the lurid yellow light with which that darkness is frequently tempered. Helmholtz conjectures that the sudden condensation and increase in the size of the water particles may be due to molecular tremors or shock imparted by the electrification, upsetting the unstable equilibrium of the supersaturated vapour, just as a supersaturated saline solution is suddenly crystallised when disturbed. On reading Helmholtz's paper, the author tried the effect of gas-flames on water-jets, and found that when luminous they influenced the jet considerably, whereas non-luminous flames had no appreciable effect. He also found that luminous flames are positively electrified, and demonstrated this before the audience. The new and important observation that gas-flames are electrified was confirmed at the meeting by the president, Professor Reinold.

### VARIABLE STARS: ALGOL AND ITS SATELLITE.

The phenomena of variable stars—stars which periodically die down into greatly reduced light or complete invisibility, and then resume their full-orbed brilliancy—would be vividly brought home to us if our own sun were one of the number. Did the sun become eclipsed to us every three days, as is the case with some other stars, the climate of the earth would seriously suffer. In well-known cases, where the eclipse lasts for three or four hundred days, it is easy to understand how a "glacial period" may occur on the satellites thus deprived of light and heat. Among the short-period "variables" which are visible in our northern latitudes is the star Algol, which, fortunately for amateur observers devoid of powerful telescopes, is visible with the naked eye. Algol is usually a little fainter than a star of the second magnitude, but if watched it will be found that it remains at this degree of brightness only for two days and thirteen and a half hours, and that it then rapidly declines in lustre, and within some three and a half hours becomes nearly fourth magnitude. It continues at this minimum about fifteen minutes; then it suddenly acquires greater brilliancy, and in three and a half hours assumes its ordinary magnitude. This periodical fluctuation of light is so regular in its occurrence, and the star dies down so punctually to its degree of least brightness, that the minima can be predicted within a few seconds; so that tables recording their exact times are drawn up in our astronomical almanacks for a year in advance. There have been various theories proposed to account for the phenomena. There are short-period variables like Algol, whose period, as we have seen, is less than three days, and long-period variables like Mira, whose period is over 330 days. With stars of the long-period type and the peculiar causes of their fluctuations we are not now concerned, but with short-period variables like Algol all the facts seem explicable by supposing that a large dark satellite makes periodical transits across the face of the principal star. With regard to the theory which would suppose that the primary has different intensities of illumination on opposite sides, Mr. W. H. S. Monck, a well-known Dublin observer, has remarked that this will hardly account for the light remaining constant for sixty hours and then falling in four or five hours to two-fifths its former value. So far the observations at Greenwich are in favour of the satellite theory. It is manifest that a satellite which can revolve around so large a star as Algol undoubtedly is in less than three days, and produce a reduction of light in the proportion of five to two, must be in close proximity to its primary.

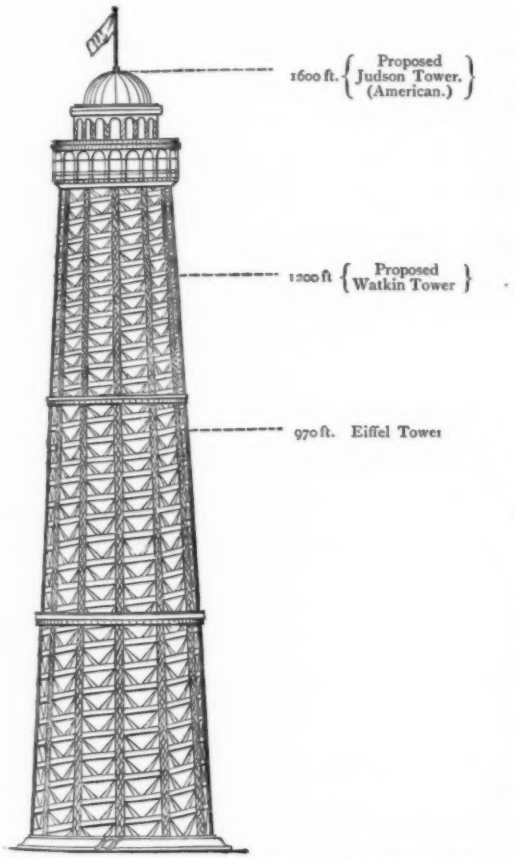
Some remarkable deductions with regard both to Algol and its satellite are just reported from Berlin. At the meeting of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences, held on November 28th, Professor Vogel gave the results he had obtained from photographs of the spectrum of this variable. Professor Pickering had pointed out some years ago that if the variation in stars of the Algol class were due to the transit of a dark satellite across the disc of its primary, producing a partial eclipse, then since in every case yet known the two bodies must be close to each other, and of not very disproportionate size, the primary must revolve with very considerable rapidity in an orbit round the common centre of gravity of the two, and therefore be sometimes approaching the earth with great rapidity, and sometimes receding from it. Six photographs of the spectrum of Algol—obtained, three during last winter and three during the past November—have shown that before the minimum the lines of the spectrum of Algol are markedly displaced towards the red, showing a motion of recession, but that after the minimum the displacement is towards the blue, showing a motion of approach. Assuming a circular orbit for the star, and combining the details given by the spectroscope with the accompanying variation of the star's light, Professor Vogel derives the following elements for the system of Algol:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Diameter of Algol ..... | 1,074,100 | English miles. |
| Diameter of the dark companion ..... ..... | 840,600 | ,, ,, |
| Distance of the centre ..... ... | 3,269,000 | ,, ,, |
| Speed of Algol in its orbit..... | 27 | miles per second. |
| Speed of the companion in its orbit ..... ..... | 56 | ,, ,, |
| Mass of Algol.. ..... ..... | ⅓ | of the Sun. |
| Mass of the companion..... | ⅔ | ,, ,, |
| Speed of translation of the entire system towards the earth | 2 | miles per second. |

Mr. W. H. Monck announces that the observations made at Greenwich tend to the same results as those arrived at by Professor Vogel.

### A 1600-FEET TOWER.

As the Eiffel Tower of the Paris Exhibition, some 970 feet in height, is to be succeeded by




PROPOSED 1600-FT. TOWER. AMERICAN EXHIBITION, 1892.

the Watkin Tower in London, rising to 1200 feet, so it would appear there is to be a Judson Tower at the American Exhibition of 1892, excelling its two predecessors, and aspiring to a height of 1600 feet. The design of the Judson Tower, as will be seen from the engraving, makes no pretension to the graceful outlines of the structure in the Champ de Mars. What the author aims at is a tower some 630 feet higher, and provided with almost unlimited accommodation for visitors. Its capacity for sightseers would seem to be almost boundless. Two separate and independent roads run from base to summit, with a width varying from 75 ft. at the bottom to 50 ft. at the top. Each road makes seventeen complete circuits of the tower, and is 3¾ miles in length, with a gradient of 8 in 100. One path is to be reserved for ordinary street vehicles, while the other is to be traversed at half-minute intervals by tramcars, propelled by Judson's pneumatic system, and capable of carrying sixty passengers each. Inside the spiral inclines are to be ten circular floors 275 ft. in diameter, or 125 ft. less than the base of the tower. The exact purpose of these does not seem to be yet determined, but one American paper drops a hint that they would furnish sites for a number of popular hotels.

As to the plan of the tower, especially with regard to the roads from base to summit, the designer can hardly be held to have plagiarised from M. Eiffel. Though far less picturesque than the well-known Chaldean "ziggurats" (familiarly known to the present generation by the slabs from Koyunjik, and in the pages of Canon Rawlinson's "Five Great Monarchies," and by the "restorations" of MM. Perrot and Chipiez), the roads leading up to the summit of the Judson Tower inevitably remind the reader of those wonderful structures of the Mesopotamian plains, which were temple and observatory in one. It is estimated that as many as 94,000 persons will be able to ascend the Judson Tower daily.

### ADVANCES IN HIGH-POWER MICROSCOPY.

The annual winter conversazione of the chief microscopical societies in London and the large towns have again afforded opportunities for utilising the summer Saturday afternoon excursions to the pond-side, the woodland, and the sea-shore; and the papers which have been read and the objects exhibited have helped to kindle afresh the torch of science at these useful and pleasant social gatherings. It is here that the new recruits of microscopy, the amateurs full of enthusiasm for their newly-discovered science, receive practical guidance which saves them from mistakes but too commonly made. Here the novice is restrained from the danger of rushing prematurely into high-power microscopy, with its one-tenth object-glasses and its immersion-lenses, and is taught to enjoy to the full the almost boundless world which is opened to him by the lenses of lower powers, the half-inch and even the one-inch glasses. The initiation which may thus be gained into the fascinating life-lore of the minute aquatic world, the structure and tissues of organic and inorganic nature, and indeed the whole of the microcosmos around us, is an end and a reward in itself, even though the microscopists never venture into the complex questions of optics which beset the use of the higher powers.

Naturally enough, however, it is in the region

of high-power microscopy that the annals of the season have been most fruitful. During the winter of 1889-90 Dr. Zeiss's "apochromatic" lenses have come still further under notice, with the result of confirming the impression that the high-power work of the future will almost necessarily be done with these glasses. As the first important era in the history of the microscope set in when the lenses were achromatised, a fairly large aperture being secured with an accompanying reduction instead of an increase in the marginal false colours, so a second era, with the promise of conquests hitherto undreamt of, seem to have set in now that the lenses are "apochromatised"[1] and the intrusive colours still further cut off. It would take us too deeply into the complex and highly-refined questions of optics were we to follow the "higher microscopy" into the fascinating and fruitful regions which have lately been opened up by Professor Abbé and his able English disciples. (*Inter alia* it may be mentioned as a sign of the times that it is no uncommon sight now to see a microscope in which as many as twenty lenses—a veritable optical battery—are employed in the common task of exhibiting and resolving the object!) Suffice it to say that between the immediate past and the present there is an ever-widening gap. In the old days of achromatism and its imperfect correction of coloured rays and spherical aberration, only the extreme rays—the violet and the red—could be collected to one focus, the consequence being that the images of objects seen through such a lens were bordered on one side with a purple fringe and on the other with a green fringe. In fact, the "secondary spectrum" remained uncorrected. The feature of the new "apochromatic" glasses is that the secondary chromatic aberration is now eliminated; the lenses collect three different rays to one focus, and only leave uncorrected a small tertiary spectrum. By these means a more perfect concentration of all the rays proceeding from the object is obtained. Lastly, not only the secondary chromatic aberration, but the chromatic difference of spherical aberration, has been done away with. The use of compensating eye-pieces in connection with the apochromatic glasses has already been mentioned in a former paper.

Unquestionably the event of the winter conversazione was the announcement at the Royal Microscopical Society in December of the production of a new object-glass, which was said to have cost the enormous sum of £400. It was of course an apochromatic, with the largest aperture yet known. It is reassuring to learn that the cost of this new glass has been somewhat overrated. The design was started by Professor Abbé, of Jena, four years ago, but it was only in August last that the Professor was able to complete the preliminary calculations, and to commence the actual execution of the objective, which was finished on the 17th September. It is of one-tenth of an inch focus, and with an aperture of 1·63 (the highest aperture previously known was 1·52). It has a special compensating eye-piece, which removes the last traces of colour. It is of course an "immersion" objective; immersion in microscopy consisting of the interposition of a fluid between the front lens of the objective and the object itself, and even between the condenser and the object; the aim being of course to compel the rays of light to pass direct from the condenser into the objective instead of escaping into the air by the numerous outlets otherwise on hand *en route*. (All microscopists are aware that, as regards minute structure more especially, collection of the widest possible angular field of rays from the object is a point of the utmost importance for correct *delineation*, quite irrespective of greater illumination; and it is in this respect that immersion objectives have such an enormous advantage.) The immersion fluid used is mono bromide of naphthaline. Other refinements of the astutest kind for further economising the light, and using to the utmost the extraordinary angle of aperture, might be mentioned; but we must content ourselves with a brief description of the lenses of the objective itself. These consist of the following battery:—(1) Front lens (more than a hemisphere) of flint-index 1·72; (2) achromatic lens; (3) crown glass len; (4) achromatic lens; (5) correcting lens, three glasses. It should be said that three of the lenses are in fluorite. The new objective has been tried upon the time-honoured test-objects—the minute plantlets Amphipleura and Pleurosigma, with the result of showing how imperfect the previous resolutions of these diatoms had been with the best objectives. Many other objects which have hitherto required oblique light for their resolution have now been resolved with axial light. A series of micro-photographs had been taken with magnifying powers up to 15,000 diameters.

Lest, however, it should be thought that the higher microscopy leads up to prohibitory prices as regards the necessary lenses, it may be added that a very satisfactory movement is taking place with regard to low powers, even with the unique apochromatics. Professor Abbé and Dr. Zeiss have just produced a new half-inch object glass at a cheap rate, which is considered by experts to be the highest achievement of optical science. Mr. E. M. Nelson, one of the foremost of London microscopists, both in theory and practice, recently produced at the Quekett Microscopical Club a one-inch and a two-third object glass (semi-apochromatic), each of which may be had for a few shillings, or at least at about half the price of English objectives. In high-power work Reichart's one-twelfth oil immersion (apochromatic) can be had for £5.

Microscopists of all ranks—low-power amateurs and high-power experts alike—will be glad to learn that the new edition of that some-time classic "Carpenter on the Microscope" has been charmingly re-written, much enlarged, and brought down to date by Dr. Dallinger, F.R.S., assisted in the "brass and glass" department by Mr. E. M. Nelson. This comprehensive work will give for the first time in English a concise and intelligible account of the more modern views of the nature

[1] See "Leisure Hour" for 1889, page 208.

of microscopic vision (including the now generally accepted "diffraction theory" of the formation of images, which is so familiarly associated with the name of Professor Abbé), as well as treating fully of the latest instruments, lenses, and combinations, the modes of preparing objects for microscopical examination, and an enlarged and modernised account of the microscopical objects and structures which were so good a feature in Dr. Carpenter's manual. For beginners and advanced students alike the work promises to be invaluable. It will probably be issued before the autumn.

### REMARKABLE HAILSTONES.

The hailstones here pictured are reproduced from the lithographs of this form of hail which are given in Professor Abisch's paper "Ueber

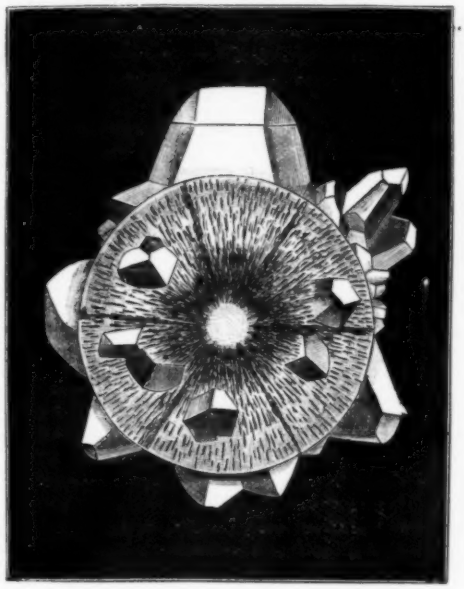


FIG. 1.

Kristallinischen Hagel im Thrialethischen Gebirge," published at Tiflis. They fell on June 21st at Bjelor Klintsch, a village about twenty miles south-west of Tiflis, in the Russian Caucassus. It will be seen that, like two others of a similar character already pictured in our pages,[1] they are spheroidal bodies of definite crystallised structure overgrown by a series of clear crystals exhibiting various combinations of the hexagonal system. It will naturally be asked how can masses of ice of such size be formed in the air, allowing both

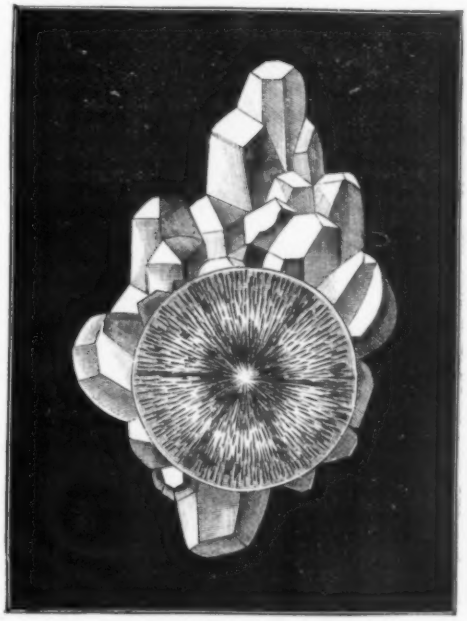


FIG. 2.

for a certain statical period of their existence in a more rudimentary form, and for the time occupied in their descent, inasmuch as when either drops of water or ice crystals get beyond a certain size they can be no longer buoyed up in the air. It should, however, be remembered that this certain size is by no means always the same size. Moving air can support a heavier weight than still air, and there are often strong winds blowing in hailstorms either within or above our own range of vision. Whirlwinds and ascending currents often not only arrest the falling hailstones, but carry them up again to a very considerable height. The circumstances generally attendant upon hailstorms—the sultry close weather which precedes them, the sudden barometric depression, and the rapid ascent of moist warm air into the upper regions of the atmosphere—help to explain the interesting phenomena.

[1] "Leisure Hour" for August, 1887, page 571.

## A Dream of Spinning and Weaving.

A BEAUTIFUL dream came once to me;
I set it down for thee and thee.

I wandered away from mist which spoke
Of a distant city's murk and smoke;

To seek for linen clean and fair
(Such the king's daughter of old did wear),

So fair that my soul the search refused
Where the workers' hearts were broken and bruised,

Or shut away from the light of home
In the factory's noise and dust and gloom.

"Is there never a place," said my heart to my heart,
"Where labour and joy are not apart?

"Where hand and brain delight can take
In true work done for true work's sake?"

And I dreamt the good north countrymen
Said, "Here will ye find the white linen,

"Made from the blue-flowered plant which grew
Fed by our English sun and dew."

I would have my thread, I told them, spun
Where the light of the happy English sun

Through window or open door shines clear
On grandam, mother, or maiden dear.

I would have the thread spun strong and smooth
By the hands of age or the hands of youth;

Which, it would matter not a whit,
So the women were glad a-spinning it;

So hand and foot the pleasure knew
Of work that is happiness to do;

That shuts not away from home and hearth,
And the sweetest joys of all the earth.

The girls should sing and the grandams croon
Dear words which go to familiar tune.

And the web should be woven by hands that know
To fling the shuttle to and fro,

Nor fear to pause with a smile, and say,
"God give ye, neighbour of mine, good-day;"

Nor fear to leave the loom alone
Before the golden day had gone.

I would have the linen laid a-bleach,
In sound of children's laugh and speech,

In the dear green fields a-near the home,
Where crisp breath of the wind should come;

And the dew should fall a-morn, a-night,
And the sun shine down in his lovely might,

Till white it grew and whiter still
As wind, dew, sun, should work their will.

The good linen should wear and last
When my time on earth were over and past;

And win fair praises verily
In the days a-coming by-and-by.

And where should the spinning and weaving be?
Oh, where but in the north country,

Where Ruskin's feet tread wood and hill,
And Wordsworth's spirit broodeth still?

And, because in my dream it seemed I knew
That one was a-work to make it true,

Asleep or awake, my heart did say,
"*God bless you, Master Fleming, to-day!*"

EMILY H. HICKEY.

## Varieties.

**The Chinese Poet Li-tai-po.**—This poet wrote verses on the spur of the moment, and the power to do this distinguished him from other writers. However short a time he spent on his impromptu efforts, they seemed to be excellent, and to need no correction. The following story, with the accompanying piece, will help to illustrate the reputation of this author for impromptu poems. The poet himself speaks.

"A friend named Hoo, of the city of Hwang Shan, had some silver pheasants which had been hatched by a domestic hen belonging to the house. They were very tame and knew their names, coming when called, and taking food from the hands of those persons with whom they were familiar. But these birds were choice and peculiar in their habits, and not easy to rear. I was very anxious to have such birds, and had failed to find any, but my friend Hoo parted with his and made me a present of a pair, only asking a poem in return. Hearing this, I was very pleased, because it was just what I had long wanted. I took my pencil in hand, called out three times, and the poem was finished. Without adding stroke or point I gave it him."

A PAIR OF SILVER PHEASANTS.

Permit me with fine pieces of my clear cut jade to buy
A pair of your white pheasants which much delight my eye,
They shine like silver brocade woven with art and care,
The snow just newly fallen may not with them compare.

Their shadows in the fishpond reflected you may see,
As they brush their stately feathers under the old elm tree.
They roost in quiet places beneath the moon by night,
And leisurely 'mid falling flowers walk in the broad daylight.
To amuse myself when lonely, I wished such birds to own,
While wandering on the mountains, I sit on some grey stone.
These birds my friend most kindly has given to me to-day,
I will send them in their cages at my country home to stay.

Another poem by the same author is called "Washing my Tassel." The dust storms of China render much cleaning very necessary to the traveller—

Quiet I watch the fish as they swim in this green pool,
Where autumn leaves are falling on the waters clear and cool,
And purple fins are leaping as the sun begins to sink,
And each one where it touches sends a circle to the brink.
See, too, the white mist floating where the bamboos close their rank,
And the Autumn moonlight sleeping upon the sandy bank.
Why seek the ancient river, known for its dark blue wave?
No better stream than this to wash my tassel I need crave.

In this poem the dark blue wave is the original Tsanglang. It is mentioned by the ethical writer Mencius. Confucius heard a boy singing, "Is the water of the Tsanglang river clear, I can wash the tassel of my hat. Is it muddy, I can wash my feet." "Hear," said the sage to his disciples, "what is said in this song. He will wash his hat tassel in the river when it is clear, and his feet when it is muddy. Things are as we make them. When men, families, and nations act so that observers must look on them as muddy, they will treat them as such. If men injure themselves, they lay themselves open to be injured by others. If their acts are morally clear, men will honour them as such. The river is an image of man. If clear, it will be applied to honourable uses, if muddy, less honourable duties will be assigned to it."

The poet calling out three times was as if appealing to the inspiration of the genii to come to his assistance in making the poem.—*H. J. Edkins, M.D.*

**Newspapers of the World.**—The statistics of the newspaper press in all countries were collected and tabulated by "La Nature" during the International Exhibition at Paris. The facts given show that Germany has the honour of publishing the largest number of periodicals in Europe, these numbering 5,500, of which 800 are dailies. Journals devoted to special religious dogmas, creeds, and scientific theories abound more in this than in any other country. The oldest German journal is the "Gazette des Postes" of Frankfort, founded in 1616; the most widely circulated, the "Berliner Tageblatt," issues but 55,000 copies. After Germany comes England, which publishes over 3,000 newspapers, 809 of which are dailies. France follows with a nearly equal number, of which only a quarter are dailies, bi-weeklies, or tri-weeklies. Italy holds the fourth rank by publishing 1,400 journals, 200 of which appear at Rome, 140 at Milan, 120 at Naples, 94 at Turin, and 79 at Florence. Of these 170 are dailies. In Austria-Hungary there are 1,200 journals, of which 150 are dailies. So far as other countries are concerned, Spain follows with 850 and Russia with 800, 200 of the latter appearing at St. Petersburg and 75 at Moscow. In Greece journals are proportionately numerous, every little market town and village having one. Athens publishes 54, all of which are dailies. In Switzerland there are 450 journals published, and Belgium and Holland furnish an almost equal number. In Sweden, Norway, and Portugal journalism is but little cultivated, while in Turkey it is quite active. In all, Europe is credited with over 20,000 journals. Turning to Asia, the figures show that here no fewer than 3,000 newspapers are issued, most of which appear in Japan and the British Indies. China is very poorly supplied, having but the "King-Pau" (official journal of Pekin), which issues three editions a day on paper of different colours, and one journal at Shanghai and one in Corea. Japan, on the other hand, publishes 1,500 journals. Africa makes but a very poor show, having but 200 newspapers, 30 of which are published in Egypt, and the rest in European colonies. America has a large share of representation in the world's Press, the United States alone issuing 12,500 papers, 1,000 of which are dailies. There are papers in all the languages spoken by the polyglot population of the States. In Canada 700 journals are published, many of which are French. Besides Mexico and Brazil, in which quite a large number of papers are published, it may be stated that the Argentine Republic has 60 journals. Australia is credited with 700 papers, all of which are English. It used to be the boast of a famous patent medicine dealer, Mr. Holloway, that his advertisements appeared in every newspaper in the world, and possibly that was the case thirty or forty years ago, when copies of all these papers could be seen on his premises, then near Temple Bar. But to read all papers, or to collect them, is an impossibility now. The British Museum itself could hardly contain them in its spacious newspaper department.

**Cocoa-nut Butter.**—The United States Consul at Mannheim, in his last report, refers to a discovery by German chemists in the cocoa-nut of a fatty substitute for butter. Immediately after the discovery a firm was established in Mannheim for the purpose of manufacturing the new article, to which it has given the name of cocoa-nut butter. Although in existence only a year, it is unable to meet the constant demands made on it. The nuts come mainly from the South Sea Islands. The new butter is of a clear, whitish colour, and is said to be better adapted for cooking than table purposes. It is neither disagreeable to the taste nor smell. At present it is chiefly used in hospitals and other State institutions. In Germany there are about 50 factories engaged in producing margarines and other artificial butters.

**Sofia, the Capital of Bulgaria.**—An American who visited Sofia last year, to break the journey from Vienna to Constantinople, was greatly struck with the Bulgarian capital. "I have never," he says, "seen such a curious blending of the Orient and the Occident as here. The part of the old town which has been spared has narrow, irregular streets, low houses, small shops, and all the characteristics, including the people and their dress, of a Turkish town in the remote interior, while alongside of it are all the features of a rapidly growing town in one of our Western States—broad streets recently laid out, with new buildings going up on either side, and everything in sharp contrast to the old town. Prince Ferdinand was absent at the time, but he seems to have secured the confidence and esteem of the Bulgarians, while they still cherish a strong affection for Prince Alexander, the predecessor of Ferdinand, who was compelled by Russia to leave the country. The Powers, on account of the opposition of Russia, have not yet acknowledged Ferdinand as a regularly elected prince; but the Bulgarians do not seem to care so long as he is left without molestation. Bulgaria has shown a great amount of pluck, and her advance to this degree of national independence has been a surprise to the civilised world."

**Death-rate in Great Cities.**—The death-rate in cities where records are kept, varies from the maximum of 41 per 1,000 at Cairo, 34 at Alexandria, 30 at St. Petersburg, to the minimum of 16·82 at Philadelphia, and 16·63 at Washington. London has a good position in the mortality, 22; Edinburgh, 20; Dublin, 28. Paris, Vienna, New York, and Naples are all about 27 per 1,000. In India, Calcutta is given at 31·85, and Bombay, 25·16. Melbourne is only 18·83, and Sydney, 19·52.

**Printing as an Art.**—There is a great deal of nonsense talked by people who have little knowledge of the practical art of printing about the superiority of the style in which the books of the early printers were produced to that of the present-day printer. A well-known artist and designer was recently reported to have said in the course of a public lecture that "machinery may have improved printing as a trade, but it declined it as an art." This is altogether erroneous; there never were such beautiful and really artistic books made as at the present time. The Guttenberg Bible is often pointed out as a specimen of printing such as his successors even centuries after could not achieve. The illustrations certainly were very fine, but in regard to the printing

it may safely be said that no modern publisher would accept such work from his printer. Baskerville is often similarly belauded, but those who have examined his work know that it would now be considered second or third rate. Illustrations such as are common to-day could not by any possibility be done by hand without machinery. The majority of this very artist's exquisite designs would be useless if there were no machines to work them on. Without speaking of cheapness of impression, leading to large sales, which alone can remunerate such an artist, there is absolutely no hand-press that would print many of the larger pictures. The art of printing has advanced by leaps and bounds since machinery was introduced, and the machine is as superior to the press in the quality of its products as the railway train is to the stage coach in regard to speed, safety, economy, and comfort in travelling.—*The Stationers' Journal.*

**Through Central Asia.**—The following account of M. Bonvalot's tour in Central Asia is taken by the Paris "Figaro" from a letter from the traveller himself. He is accompanied by Prince Henry of Orleans, the eldest son of the Duc de Chartres. They have safely reached the Russo-Chinese frontier, and when the traveller wrote were about to cross into Chinese territory. M. Bonvalot's present object is nothing less than to make his way into Tonquin across China. The following is his proposed itinerary—from Omsk to Semipalatinsk, then to Bakti, next to Chuguchak, and thence onwards in succession through Chicho, Manas, Urumtsi, Karashar, Korla, by the course of the Tarim and Lob Nar, to Karkalik, across the Tchamuen Tai by way of Naichi Gob to Koukon Sar, Tsamdo, Batang, Yunnafor, and finally Tonquin. M. Bonvalot ends his itinerary with the following reflections:—"A sufficiently hazardous task, perhaps incapable of execution. In a word that is our ideal, but complications and accidents may perhaps compel us to modify it. For the present we hope to reach China as quickly as possible. The approach of winter on the higher plateaus of Tibet frightens me a little, and makes me long to be there."

**A Waterloo Veteran.**—Towards the close of 1889 Lieutenant-Colonel Basil Jackson, veteran, died at Ross, Herefordshire. He attained the age of ninety-four in June, and had had no illness up to the last week in September, when he took to his bed. The deceased was born in Glasgow in 1795, entered the Military College at the age of thirteen, and obtained an ensigncy in a Line Regiment when not quite sixteen. In 1814 he was employed obtaining barrack accommodation for the English soldiery in Belgium. He served through the Waterloo campaign, and was subsequently chosen by Sir Hudson Lowe to accompany the Staff Corps to St. Helena. About eighteen months before the death of Napoleon Lieutenant Jackson left St. Helena, then served in Canada, and for the next twenty years was Professor of Military Surveying in the East India College at Addiscombe. He retired from the army on being made a lieutenant-colonel.

**Moorish Pilgrims to Mecca.**—The British Consuls in the different ports of Morocco in their annual reports invariably devote a paragraph to the pilgrimage to Mecca during the year under review as an important feature in the history and trade of the district. The Consul at Mogador, in his latest report, brings it in between "currency and exchange," and "fisheries," and gives some interesting information with reference to it. Even in these days of steam the pilgrimage is a long and toilsome one; the path to the honourable designation "Hadj," which is coveted by every pious Moslem, is not one of roses. Sometimes four hundred or five hundred pilgrims start in the year from Mogador *viâ* Alexandria for Mecca, and similar numbers from the other Moorish ports. The proper time for departure is as soon as possible after the great feast which celebrates the close of the Ramadan. Like other Mohammedan feasts, this is movable, and occurs about eleven days earlier each year. The steamboat companies charge the pilgrims forty-eight shillings to Alexandria, whence fresh arrangements have to be made for the sea transport to Jeddah, and then by land to Mecca. They are usually carried on deck or in the hold, and as the fare does not include provisions much hardship must be endured by many of the poorer pilgrims, who often sell almost all their goods to raise the comparatively large sum required for the passage. From their dirty condition they are not favourite passengers with the other occupants of the vessel. They do a little trafficking on their return in retailing to the faithful at home sundry little articles, curiosities, scented aloe-wood, and incense from the Holy City. The pilgrimage may now be accomplished in four months, though six are often taken. Many of the older and weaker pilgrims die on the road. In years of famine, or when there are reports of quarantine in the East, few or no pilgrims go, and when the time of the feast falls before the completion of harvest but few of the rural population can get away from their agricultural occupations.

**Steel Pens—How First Invented.**—Mr. Joseph Gillott was a Birmingham working jeweller in 1830. One day he accidentally split one of his fine steel tools, and being suddenly required to sign a receipt, not finding his quill pen at hand he used the split tool as a ready substitute. This happy accident led to the idea of making pens of metal. It was carried out with secrecy and promptitude, and the pens of Gillott became famous. The manufacture of metal pens has been as important as any invention connected with business and education since that of printing. There are now numerous firms which produce as many pens every day as all the geese in England could have supplied in a year. There is still, however, a large demand for quills and quill pens; but for common use, in these days of universal education, the importance of Gillott's first invention is incalculable.

**National Library of France.**—The National Library of Paris has a far larger collection of books than our British Museum, having about 2,300,000 volumes, whilst ours has little above 1,500,000. The reading-room in the French library is even more frequented than ours. Besides a room for very popular reading, there is at the Paris National Library a beautiful hall called the *Salle de Travail*, the visitors to which must have an easily-procured card of admission. An immense apartment it is, lighted by cupola-shaped sky-lights, with rows of books surmounted by decorative frescoes, with desks and chairs for over four hundred people, with the officials on a platform overlooking all, and behind them the glass doors leading into a huge magazine, where no less than 800,000 volumes are stored under a single roof.

**Something Wrong at the Mint.**—Whatever may be thought of the artistic taste of the Jubilee coinage, it is certain that the mechanical part of the issue is not so good as in former times. Complaints are frequent of the imperfect impressions both in gold and silver pieces, and the number of cracked sovereigns is considerable. The metal may be perfect, but the moulding should be inspected.

**The Sassoon Family.**—The Queen having conferred a baronetcy on Sir Albert Sassoon, the following facts may be found interesting. The head and founder of the house of Sassoon was Mr. David Sassoon, a native of Bagdad, who married first a Miss Joseph of the same place, and became the father of Albert Abdallah David (the present Sir Albert), Reuben, Arthur, Solomon, Frederick, and Sassoon Sassoon. David was the recognised leader of the Jews in his native city, and when he emigrated with his family to Bombay (though he sent most of his sons to be educated in Europe), he took the same position by reason of his great munificence, and his great wealth. He had established a great business as banker and merchant, having connections in China, London, and the Persian Gulf—opium being reported to be the staple of their trade. When he died he left a vast fortune to his sons—it has been set down at as much as two millions sterling, including property in China—who still further extended the business, and Albert succeeded his brothers Arthur and Reuben in coming to live in London. Albert distinguished himself in Bombay by continuing his father's princely benefactions. In consequence of these services to the second greatest city of the British Empire, the first greatest city bestowed on him its freedom in 1873, the Queen having in 1872 knighted him by patent. Previously (in 1867) he had been created a C.S.I., for his services as a member of the Legislative Council of Bombay.

Sir Albert, who lived at Lancaster Gate up to a few years ago, now resides, when in town, in Kensington Gore, his Brighton residence being at 1, Eastern Terrace. Sir Albert, who has the Persian Order of the Lion and Sun, is now seventy-two years of age, and remains the head of the Eastern Jews. He married, in 1838, Hannah, daughter of E. Moise, Esq.; but his wife, unable to bear the English climate, habitually lives in Sans Souci, his palace at Bombay. Sir Albert's son Edward married a daughter of Baron Gustave Rothschild, of Paris. Mr. Reuben Sassoon, who is even more of a society man than his brother, is, like him, a Vice-President of the Anglo-Jewish Association, and resembles him in his generous instincts. He married the sister-in-law of the late Dr. Artom, the Chief Rabbi of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews in London, and lives in Belgrave Square. Mr. Arthur Sassoon and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild married two sisters. Sir Albert has lately had the Duke and Duchess of Fife as his guests at Brighton.

**Gravelling Trustees.**—In the discussion about asphalte and other slippery pavements we wonder that no reference has been made to "the Gravelling Trust." This was a bequest by Miss Lisetta Rist, of Stratford, who left £1,500 in trust for scattering gravel and sand on the streets to save horses from falling. The fund must be of more value at this date, but seems to lie dormant. This lady, along with a sister, used to scatter the gravel from baskets carried by themselves, and they took special charge of the steep roads near Tower Hill. An account of the kind ladies, and of the Gravelling Trust, was communicated to the first volume of the "Boy's Own Paper" (p. 227) by the late Sir Charles Reed, Chairman of the London School Board.

**King Log and King Stork.**—In Walter Crane's clever and amusing book of "Æsop's Fables for Children" the old story of the frogs and their king is thus told—

> "The frogs prayed to Jove for a king,
> Not a log, but a livelier thing.
> Jove sent them a stork,
> Who did royal work,
> For he gobbled them up, did their king."

The moral added (whether by Walter Crane, the artist, or by W. J. Linton, the versifier, we know not) is DON'T HAVE KINGS.

This republican sentiment reminds us of the anti-monarchical opinions of the famous Dr. Adam, Rector of the Edinburgh High School, in Sir Walter Scott's boyhood, and author of the "Ancient Geography," "Roman Antiquities," and other classic books bearing his name. He was a learned and good man, but a sad radical in those loyal times. Once at a public examination, in presence of the Lord Provost and other magnates, he asked a boy the Latin for a king. "REX," said the boy. "Is there not another name for a king?" "TYRANNUS," was the answer. "Right, sir," said Dr. Adam, with peculiar emphasis.

**Antiquity of Man.**—Sir Richard Owen, the great naturalist, told the following anecdote to Sir Adam Black, M.P., publisher of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," when dining with him at Richmond Park. In excavating a dock at Newcastle-on-Tyne they came upon an ancient forest. The trees were petrified on one side, with hard dark wood within; but the most remarkable part of the discovery was that one of the trees was cut in the trunk by a tool, and by the hand of man, which the engineer in charge of the works said must have been done thousands of years before the creation of man in Paradise. Owen was sent for, and at first was puzzled. He was told that chips of wood had also been found. This excited the professor's suspicion, as he thought that the sea at an early time must have washed the chips away. The engineer, however, insisted that this was a proof of England being peopled long before Adam's time. Next day a navvy called Darby Joe, who had been employed at that place in working for a railway, was brought to the tree, and asked if he knew anything about the cutting on that trunk. "That's ma cuttin'," said he. "And the chips?" "Them's ma cuttin', too," and added that the top of the tree should not be far off. Professor Owen offered half-a-crown to any man who should find it first, and it was soon forthcoming. The story is told in Adam Black's "Life." Professor Owen was not so easily taken in as was a pupil of Sir Charles Lyell, who, on some ancient pottery being found some hundreds of feet deep in the Delta of Egypt, calculated that tens of thousands of years must have elapsed since that pottery was made, judging by the annual depth of the Nile deposits of mud. It was soon afterwards discovered that the pottery lay at the bottom of a very deep well!

**Toleration.**—The following is the celebrated passage of John Locke on toleration, of which little was understood before his time, and even long after. "No person has any right, in any manner, to prejudice another person in his civil right, because he is of another church or religion. All the rights and franchises that belong to him as a man or as a citizen are inviolably to be preserved to him. . . . If we may openly speak the truth, and as becomes one man to another, neither Pagan, nor Mohammedan, nor Jew ought to be excluded from the civil rights of the Commonwealth because of his religion. The Gospel commands no such thing. And the Commonwealth, which embraces indifferently all men that are honest, peaceable, and industrious, requires it not."

Milton did not go so far as this, saying that Roman Catholics ought not to have entire toleration, inasmuch as they profess allegiance first to a foreign Power, and also because they can be so easily absolved from their oaths.

**Döllinger's Testimony on the Vatican Decrees.**—By the lamented death of Dr. Döllinger, the leader of the Old Catholics, the Christian Church has lost one of its ablest and most learned defenders. Against the new departure from the creed of the Roman Church under Pius IX he maintained a strong protest. He thus wrote to the Rev. Dr. Nevin, of the American Episcopal Church in Rome, from Munich, May 4th, 1879: "Nobody possessing a scientific culture of mind can ever accept the decrees of the Vatican Council. Having devoted during the last nine years my time principally to the renewed study of all the questions connected with the history of the Popes and the councils, and, I may say, gone again over the whole ground of ecclesiastical history, the result is that the proofs of the falsehood of the Vatican decrees amount to a demonstration. When I am told that I must swear to the truth of those doctrines my feeling is just as if I were asked to swear that two and two make five, and not four."

**Death Rate in London.**—The ordinary average death-rate in London is about 20 per 1,000; but in the week when influenza was at its height the rate was 32·4 per 1,000. Of 2,747 deaths 715 were referred to bronchitic complaints, the usual number being 352; and of fatal cases of pneumonia there were 253, the usual average for the same week being 140.

**Nurses' National Pension Fund.**—The bonus fund from subscribers, apart from contributions, amounts to about £36,000. A gift of £10,000, contributed by a hundred persons, was announced at the beginning of this year.

**Burmese Women.**—In replying to an address presented at Mandelay Prince Albert Victor paid a neat compliment to the Burmese ladies who had taken a prominent part in the public welcome to the grandson of Queen Victoria. "It will, I feel sure, be additional gratification to her Majesty to hear from me how very active a part the women of Burmah, owing to the excellent and enlightened social position accorded to them, have been able to take in the loyal manifestations of welcome with which, as a member of her Majesty's family, I have been greeted ever since I landed."

**Horticultural Society.**—Since the removal of the society from its modern site at South Kensington to the old historic garden at Chiswick fresh energy has been shown in its experimental and practical work. Standard and typical varieties of vegetables are grown for comparison with new varieties. Exhaustive trials of certain classes of vegetables are to be made every few years in rotation and descriptive reports made. In the floral department are to be included all plants and flowers of a distinctively decorative garden character, whether for cultivation under glass or out of doors;

but only a few classes can be illustrated each year. Some idea of the extent of the work carried on at Chiswick under the superintendence of Mr. Barron may be gathered from the following statements in the report for last year: "Trial has been made of 104 varieties of potatoes, 50 of broccoli, 108 of vegetable marrows, pumpkins, and gourds, 30 of onions, 30 of Brussels sprouts, and 41 of peas. Among flowers trial has been made of 270 varieties of garden annuals, 66 of China asters, 20 of stocks, 190 of dahlias, besides zonal and other pelargoniums, Lemoine's new hybrid gladioli, heliotropes, iris, etc. Ivies, of which the society possesses a very fine collection, have been specially examined and classified. Of chrysanthemums 800 varieties were grown, and these not only added very materially to the display at the Chrysanthemum Centenary Conference, but, from not being so severely disbudded as is usually the case in producing show blooms, the plants themselves, as well as the blossoms, were greatly admired. A new hybrid tomato, considered to be one of the best in cultivation, has been raised by Mr. Barron, and the seed distributed amongst the Fellows."

**Masonic Principles.**—In his reply to a Masonic address, on the occasion of inaugurating a new hospital at Bournemouth, the Prince of Wales expressed in a few but happily chosen words the principles by which Freemasons profess to be actuated. This speech was as follows:—"Worshipful Masters, Wardens, and Brethren,—I thank you very warmly for your address and for your fraternal greetings on the occasion of my visit to your town. I highly approve of the truly Masonic sentiments which you express, and I assure you that I rejoice to be able to take a leading part in a ceremony having for its object the inauguration of a building which has been erected for the relief of the sick and suffering poor, relief and charity being the two cardinal virtues in our craft. I am proud to have an opportunity of meeting the members of a lodge which can boast of so ancient a history as your mother lodge Hengist, and I appreciate very sincerely your kind reference to the Queen and the Duke of Sussex, my great uncle, and a predecessor in the distinguished office which I have now had the honour of occupying for so many years."

**Banking in London.**—Alderman Sir R. N. Fowler, M.P., at a meeting of the Institute of Bankers, gave an interesting review of the history of banking in England and London. Sir Thomas Gresham was the first to suggest it to Queen Elizabeth that she should raise loans from her own subjects, instead of from Lombardy or German Bankers. In London, Childs' Bank dated from 1620, Hoares' from 1680, Strachan's from 1685. The Bank of England was not established till 1694.

**French Drink Bill.**—The Anti-Alcohol Congress in Paris brought out many serious facts, one of which is that the dram-shops in Paris have risen since 1880 from 24,000 to 29,000. In thirty years the consumption of alcohol has been trebled, and as much as 36,000,000 gallons has been manufactured out of potatoes for the French market. This shows an average yearly consumption of over twelve quarts per adult man. The consumption of alcohol doubled between 1875 and 1885. It attains its maximum in the colliery districts of the Nord, while strangely enough in the wine countries of Southern France the consumption is lowest. However, deaths from alcoholism are much fewer in the north of France than in either England or Russia. The Congress voted a resolution to the effect that inebriates should be treated as mad, and that prison-hospitals should be created for them.

**The "Mont-de-Piété" in Paris.**—The annual report of the board which administers the *monts-de-piété*, or establishments at which money is lent upon objects placed in pawn, is to the effect that during the year 1888, the latest yet published, 1,510,959 articles were pledged for a sum of £1,425,357, and 780,384 objects pledged anew for a sum of £845,445. The number of objects sold was 177,415, and they produced a total of about £180,000. The greater part of the articles pledged were for sums of from six to ten francs, and then came the articles pledged for from three to four francs. Only 1·77 per cent. of the whole amount lent was in sums between £20 and £40, while the proportion on pledges over £40 was but 1·23 per cent. The board of directors calculates that the total reduction to persons who have pledged goods within the last two years, brought about by the gradual diminution of the rate of interest, is at least £68,000, and they propose to obtain the sanction of the next French Chamber to two other measures—one for loans upon negotiable securities, which will be of benefit to small investors, and the other for the reorganisation of the system of appraising the articles offered in pledge.

**A Right Imperial Message.**—The German Emperor sent a noble message to the British nation and army, through Lord Wolseley, Adjutant General, on the death of Lord Napier of Magdala, gracefully signing his letter as an admiral of the British fleet:—"The British army has just lost one of its ablest generals and bravest soldiers. I deeply grieve for the loss of excellent Lord Napier of Magdala, and I hasten to express my most heartfelt and sincere sympathy to you and to the whole British forces. His noble character, fine gentlemanly bearing, his simplicity and splendid soldiering, were qualities for which my grandfather and father always held him in high esteem. Please convey my feeling of sincerest regret to the Queen and the army.—WILLIAM, I.R., Admiral of the Fleet."

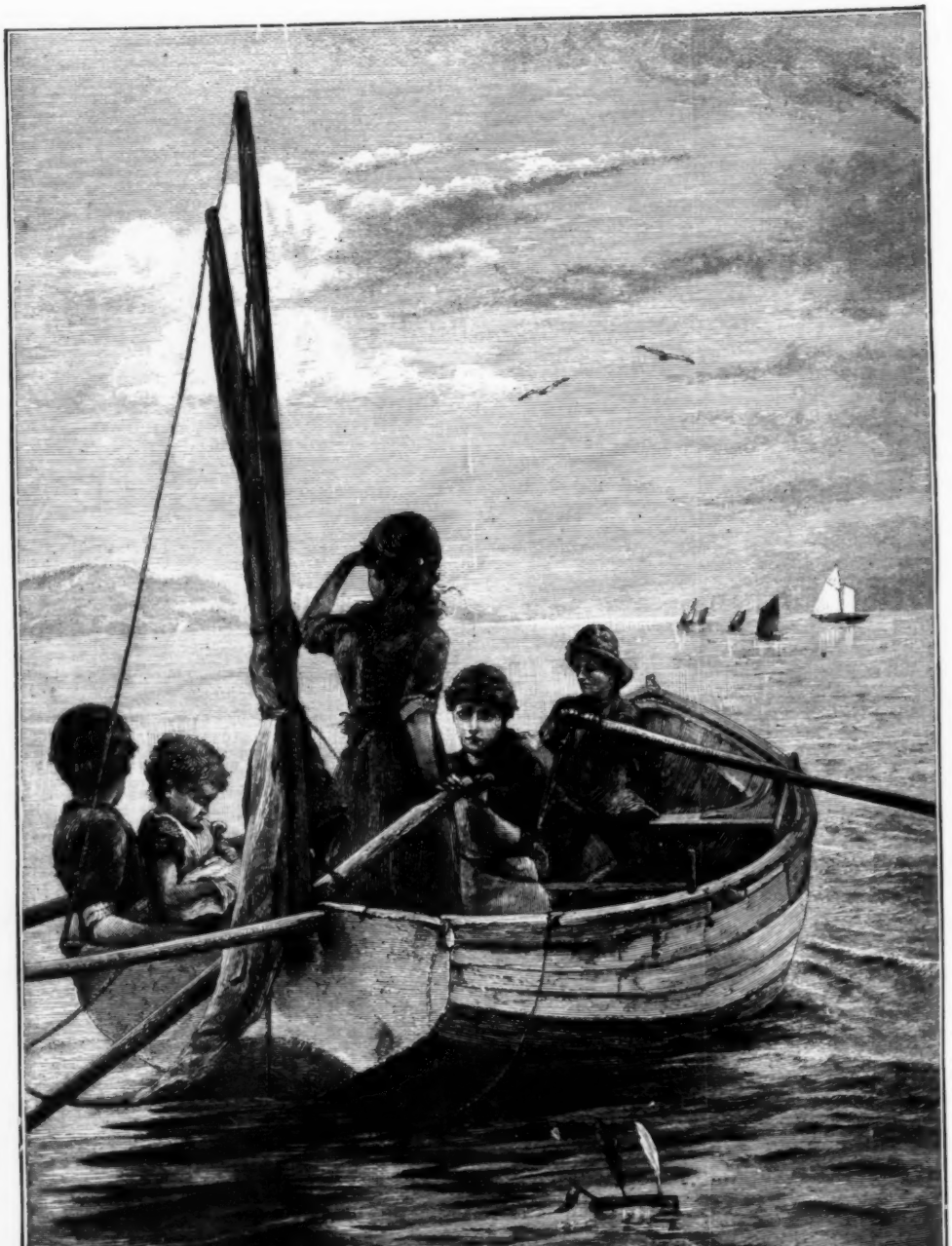
**Jane Taylor, of Norwich.**—In our recent paper on Robert Browning reference was made to his poem "Rephan," which is described in his volume as founded on a story by "Jane Taylor, of Norwich." Mr. Gilbert writes to the "Athenæum," that of the eminent Norwich family he does not remember one of the name of "Jane," and says he thinks that the story referred to is that called "How it Strikes a Stranger," by Jane Taylor, of Ongar.

**"The Order of Release."**—The painting by Mr. Millais which bears this name, and of which we give a reproduction in our Frontispiece this month, was painted in 1853, and exhibited the same year at the Royal Academy. It belongs, therefore, to the earlier series of his works, but to the period when his fame was already established, and the pre-Raphaelite school had made good its claim to respect. "The stamp of actual truth," it was said by Mr. Andrew Lang, "is on it, and if ever such an event happened, if ever a Highlander's wife brought a pardon for her husband to a reluctant turnkey, things must have occurred thus. The work is saved by expression and colour from the realism of a photograph. The woman's shrewd, triumphant air is wonderfully caught, though the face of the pardoned man is concealed like that of Agamemnon in the Greek picture, but by a subtler artifice. The colour of the plaid and the gaoler's scarlet jacket reinforce each other, but do not obliterate the black and tan of the collie. The good dog seems actually alive. The child in the woman's arms is uncompromisingly 'Hieland.' The flesh painting, as of the child's bare legs, is wonderfully real; the man's legs are less tanned than usually are those of the wearers of the kilt. Perhaps he has grown pale in prison, as a clansman might do whose head seemed likely soon to be set on Carlisle wall. As a matter of truthful detail observe the keys in the gaoler's hand, the clear steel shining through a touch of rust. The subject and the sentiment, no less than the treatment, made this picture a complete success."

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## Astronomical Almanack for March.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | ☉ rises 6.47 A.M. |
| 2 | S | 2 SUNDAY IN LENT |
| 3 | M | ☉ sets 5.39 P.M. |
| 4 | T | Clock before ☉ 11m. 52s. |
| 5 | W | Mars a morning star |
| 6 | T | Full ☽ 6.48 P.M. |
| 7 | F | Jupiter a morning star |
| 8 | S | Regulus S. 10.56 P.M. |
| 9 | S | 3 SUNDAY IN LENT |
| 10 | M | Saturn an evening star |
| 11 | T | Canis Major S. 7.23 P.M. |
| 12 | W | Castor and Pollux S. 8 P.M. |
| 13 | T | ☽ rises 6.21 A.M. |
| 14 | F | ☽ 3 Quarter 4.5 A.M. |
| 15 | S | ☽ sets 6.2 P.M. |
| 16 | S | 4 SUNDAY IN LENT |
| 17 | M | Daybreak 4.18 A.M. |
| 18 | T | Twilight ends 8.2 P.M. |
| 19 | W | Length of Day 12h. 5m. |
| 20 | T | Spring Quarter begins [New ☽ 9.1 P.M. |
| 21 | F | Sirius S. 6.43 P.M. |
| 22 | S | Venus sets 6.57 P.M. |
| 23 | S | 5 SUNDAY IN LENT |
| 24 | M | Sickle in Leo S. 10.0 P.M. |
| 25 | T | Lady Day |
| 26 | W | ☉ rises 5.51 A.M. |
| 27 | T | Camb. Lent Term ends |
| 28 | F | ☽ 1 Quarter 9.32 A.M. |
| 29 | S | Oxford Lent Term ends |
| 30 | S | PALM SUNDAY |
| 31 | M | ☉ sets 6.29 P.M. |



*Royal Academy*, 1889.]

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

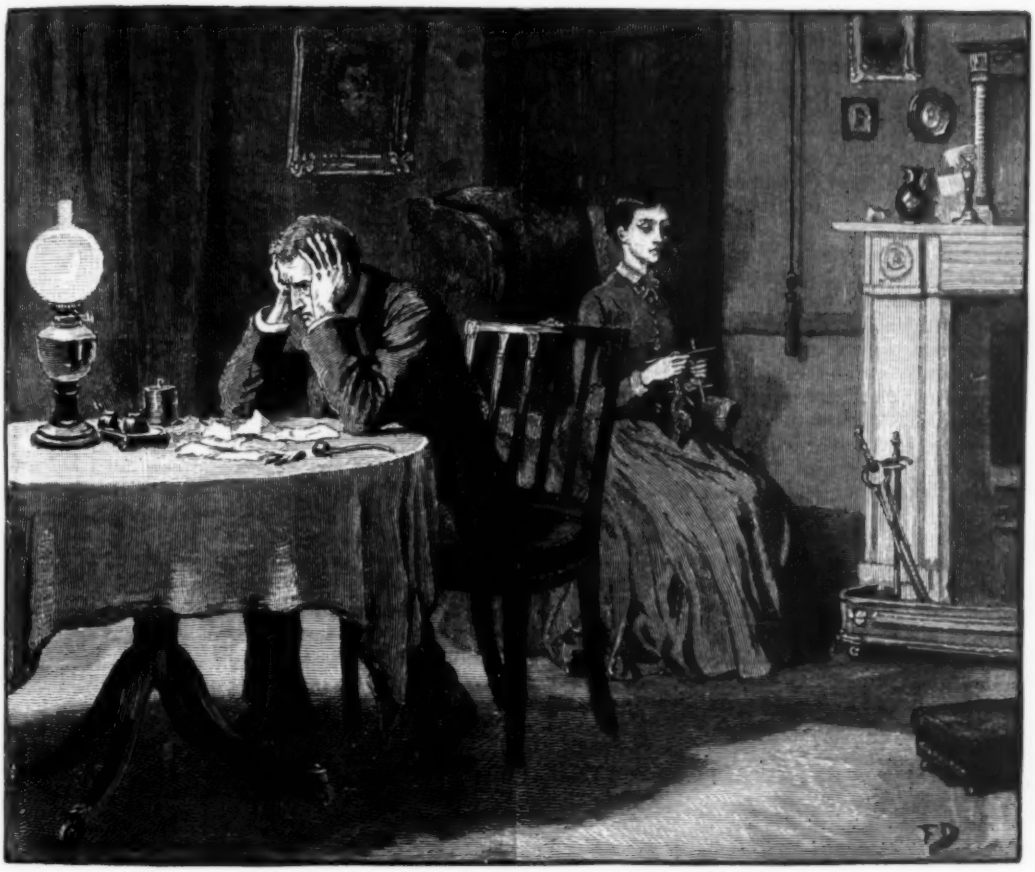
[*After David Carr, by permission.*

# SENIOR AND JUNIOR

## A COUNTRY TOWN CHRONICLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "GREAT GRANDMAMMA SEVERN," 'THE CHILCOTES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIX.—THE DEATH OF HOPE.



HE HAD THE LOOK OF A MAN WHO WAS AT BAY.

THE pair across the street on whom dark days had also fallen did not seek to mend matters in the simple sentimental fashion of Mary Hallett.

The shadow lay the deeper there because it was as completely ignored as if it had not been. This reticence was not like a man of John Mellish's bluff outspoken temper, but care moulds us into queer shapes, and makes us what our neighbours are pleased to call inconsistent.

When he came up at night from the bank, and spread his elbows on the board and buried his head in his hands, he had the dogged look of a man who is at bay; but he said never a word. Hannah, too, was silent but for the click of her knitting-needles. She had not the foolish, timorous fibre of her sister-in-law; she was not of the order of women who can bear anything but to be shut out from wedded love; it was not to her husband and home, but to her own kith and kin by birth, that the force of her nature went out in something of a rude and elemental tenderness.

"I married to serve them," she thought, and though she was not a woman who reflected, she could not but wonder whether her sacrifice were not like to turn out a disaster.

Without any hint of her intention, she tied on her bonnet one day, and set out for Chalk End. John Mellish saw her go, and held his peace. He had the kind of forbearance for her that a giant has for a creature whose small stature makes a claim on him. He was keen to spare his little companion while he could, and there were moments when he was sustained by the delusive

hope, common to all men in his circumstances, that some kind stroke of luck would of a sudden mend matters, and make surrender needless.

While he saw Hannah punctual over her household duties, practising diligently her knack of tidiness in the parlour, and her skill over the kitchen range, he held easily enough that she guessed nothing. The foolish man forgot to reckon on the silence of his big house—the dining-room where nobody shared the good cheer, the punch-bowl buried in the cupboard, the cards hidden in a drawer, waiting for visitors who never appeared. There were visitors, to be sure, many of them, who came up the clean polished steps outside, but they never ascended higher than the bank, where they arrived on a business that made John Mellish wince and shiver as he heard their footsteps and voices behind the partition. Hannah heard them too, and in her dumb way she understood.

She walked all the way to Chalk End. The distance was nothing to her—a country woman born and bred; and her light active figure seemed to devour the road as she went steadfastly on.

She was a curious little person, curious enough to make one turn and look at her, if one met her on the bare unadventurous Eastshire highways. Her figure was almost meagre in its slim proportions, and her dress was scanty and strangely lacking in any sign of feminine vanity—a skirt of some homespun stuff, a jacket of an archaic cut, and a bonnet tied securely over the tightly braided hair. After all, there was nothing that spoke for her but her eyes—strange eyes that glowed with a dark fire, suggesting a far more intelligent soul than that which lurked behind them.

She came in sight of the farm about midday. Even before she reached it she, whose life was centred here, felt as if a breath of its decay came to meet her on the warm autumn air. And yet even its ruin was accomplishing itself in a slow and leisurely way—slow as the changing tints in the elms and oaks, sluggish as the blood in Caleb Moss's veins.

She opened the yard gate, lifting the loop of rope that replaced the latch. There was a scattering of cocks and hens at her advance, but no sign of any human presence. Even the pigs were for once grunting in the straw, unwatched by Caleb's meditative eye. Hannah looked about her, and drew in her breath sharply, with a widening of her nostrils. The ivy was torn, and hung forlorn from the east wall; a pane in the window was broken, and the wind sucked the curtain hanging there idly in and out; the paint had rotted off the fences; the weeds rioted in the garden of the sluggard—everywhere declension, apathy, and silence—silence that is as incongruous in a farmyard as is noise in a churchyard.

She went round to the back of the house, where the kitchen-garden lent itself to the general neglect, and there she saw Lavinia Moss.

Lavy was seated on the doorstep, the open door behind her making a black background for her strong young figure.

She sat in what might have seemed at first sight a slothful content, waiting for the travelling of the sun towards her. But it was not in Lavy's nature to be idle, and anyone who knew her would have understood that it was despair and not pleasure that had seated her there.

But Aunt Hannah would not recognise this.

"Girl," she said, in her broadest vernacular, "what be you doing there? Be there naught for you to do but hang you fitten i' the sun?"

Lavy looked down at her feet as they stuck out before her, then she raised her head and looked at her aunt.

"There's nothing else to do," she said.

Hannah came a step nearer.

"The ivery's torn fro' the east gable," she said, "the window i' the keeping-room's broke, the hulve—"

Lavy got up slowly. She checked this recital with a motion of her hand. She looked down at the little stiff, prim figure with the blazing eyes, and a kind of sad respect was in her look.

"You did your best," she said; "you did the work of ten women when you were here, but even if you had been here these five years past you couldn't have helped things from going down, down, down. Father knows I did what I could to follow in your steps. I worked"—she held out her strong hands as if they bore witness to this truth—"I slaved, I tried it for five years, and after that I gave it up—I took my pleasure. Why shouldn't I?" she asked, with sudden fierceness. "I might have died here at my post; but living or dying, there was no bettering of things. If father had put in a bailiff years ago," she said—"but there, you know father," she smiled a dreary little smile, "you his own flesh and blood—though you are as unlike as fire and water. You ought to have been the man, Aunt Hannah," she said, with sudden conviction. "But it's Caleb Moss and not you that owns Chalk End; and so the ivery's torn, as you say, and the hulve is chocked, and the window's broken. And it's no more use mending them than it is stopping the Thames with your two hands; and that's the hammer on't"—she ended with a provincialism that seemed to give the final note to her argument.

Hannah looked at her as if she would read her soul with those fierce eyes of hers, but she said nothing. There was something in her absolute silence as pathetic as tears and lamentations would have been in another order of woman.

She turned her back on the house and went slowly down the paved path in the middle of the rotting kitchen-garden, looking to the right and left of her, missing nothing of its decay.

Lavy followed her, silent as she. They made the circuit of the garden, and came out upon the farm-buildings beyond. The barn-door swung loose upon its broken hinges, a rent in the roof made a window for the bright September sky to shine down on the nakedness within. Where were the stores that should have been garnered here? Hannah Mellish paused on the threshold and looked up at that gap where the summer sun had peeped and the autumn rains had descended and where the winter storms would spend their fury, though there was nothing they could harm. And from this too she turned away without a word.

And so from door to door she passed in curious silent inspection, Lavy following her with a drooping head and a heart that beat too dully for pain. At the dairy-door she stepped before her aunt.

"Don't go in," she said; "it's—it's cold there stepping out of the heat. You'll take a glass of milk in the house, Aunt Mellish, where it's warmer?"

Hannah faintly shook her head, but she turned away. At the last of the low red buildings the fields began. She wavered there a moment, and for a moment more she stood transfixed; and Lavy, following her glance, saw a figure stretched upon a bare patch which a chestnut had cleared for itself in a field of bearded wheat.

It was but a poor sickly crop that stirred itself in response to the breeze, and it shrank away from the shade cast by the green dome of the chestnut. On a day that was mellow and warmed through and through with the sun it was a pleasant place to lie, and there Caleb Moss lay and dreamed and watched the curl of smoke ascend from his pipe and melt upon the blue, and told himself he was ready for Fate.

"Come, aunt," said Lavy, with a new kindness in her voice, "come in and rest."

She put an arm about the stiff little figure and turned her round, her face set towards the house.

In the brilliancy of the glowing autumn day the dilapidated place had an artistic value—its decay so peaceful, gentle, so ripe of tone and tint, the sun seemed to revel in the richness of the reds and browns as it bathed it. The pigeons from their home in a gable came swooping and wheeling down in flashes of silver; a murmur of doves stole out from the eves like a benediction. If only it had not meant the death-blow to hope in one poor heart!

Hannah walked before her niece into the house, resisting the offered support, still voiceless, still stiff and prim, but for those dark, quick-glancing eyes. It was empty and silent and open as the barn to the eye of day, windows and doors thrown wide, as if the secret of its poverty were no longer worth the concealing.

The younger girls had escaped to the cousinly farm, where care was at least cloaked and hidden from sight. There were signs of their recent presence in plenty—tags of ribbon and finery, bits of girlish vanities that made the absence of their young voices strike with a greater chill on the heart. Hannah looked into all the rooms—into the cupboards; she even vacantly lifted the lid of the old carved oak hutch that stood on an upper landing as it had stood for generations, and Lavy, understanding at last that this was a farewell, stole downstairs secretly and let her be.

When she reappeared in the keeping-room she was buttoning the jacket on her spare, skimpy little figure. Lavy had produced a bottle of cowslip wine and a tall, old-fashioned glass.

"It's all that's left of last year's brew," she said; "you'll drink before you go?"

Hannah took the glass mechanically in her hand, but she set it down untasted.

"It's like drinking to the dead," she said. "I was born here, and I would have died here but that I thought to bring him good by going from it."

A curious spasm crossed her face for an instant, but presently left it rigid as before.

"We are none of us likely to die here," said Lavinia; "unless," she looked at her aunt—"unless somebody buys Chalk End and lets father stay on as a servant—though it would be a poor bargain anybody would get in him," she said, with a frankness that was not meant disrespectfully.

"You'll do better than that, Lavy."

"No," said Lavy, with a sort of quiet violence; "if I know your meaning, it would be doing worse, not better. You may count on that as done with, and never speak of it more. I'll stop on here if they'll have me—those that come after us. Must you be going?"

"I've left trouble behind me."

"There's trouble everywhere," said the girl, bitterly. "I'll go a step of the way with you, aunt."

She caught up a hat that hung on a peg behind the door and signified that she was ready, and they passed out. Hannah went first, walking rapidly and never once looking round—not even when they reached a meeting of the ways where the Melchisford Road trended sharply and shut the farm from view.

"I'll go with you to the Four Want Ways," said Lavy, referring to a further divergence a mile or two beyond where the white roads cross and loop each other over the flat face of the land.

They stepped out together steadily, their faces set straight towards the horizon. They might have been walking for a wager, so unfalteringly did they keep pace with each other.

The jocund charm of the September day, so fresh, so vivid in its play of light and shade, seemed wholly lost on them; but perhaps it was not so. It is difficult to estimate the full force of an affection that has no intellectual power of expression, but though the peasant never talks of scenery, he sometimes breathes in its spirit, and now and then to the finer among his kind it whispers secrets that the cultured may easily miss.

At the Four Want Ways Lavy stopped precipitately and held out her hand. The action had its own significance, for as a rule a careless nod sufficed for their farewells. Their liking for each other, as for Nature, was an uncultured instinct. Hannah put out her small, hard, work-worn hand and met the clasp of Lavy's strong fingers, and then she turned away and walked on alone towards the town. It was the true farewell of her old home she was taking that day; five years before she had left it as a bride. She had forsaken it, it is true, but only in an outward sense, for all that she possessed of heart and desire and hope were bound up with it still, and that hope was dead.

Lavy stood a long time idly looking after the little figure plodding unflinchingly on. Deprived of this heroic little person's presence and the stimulus of her fierce example, Lavy's sense of discouragement returned upon her. Her steps lagged, she felt tired and sick, and bitterly in

distaste of her life. To go back and watch the sinking of the home into ruin seemed so poor a thing to do—to sit with folded hands a cowardly acquiescence. And yet, as she had said before, there was nothing else to do. She envied while she despised her father. If only she too might have shut her eyes and ears and told herself that it was Fate!

When she began at last listlessly to retrace her steps she noticed on the unbroken whiteness of the road a pony carriage advancing towards her. The pony appeared to be taking an erratic course—now with a wilful onward trot, now pausing to crop the wayside grasses. Presently signals of distress came from the occupant, whom Lavinia now recognised to be Miss Kelynge. She quickened her steps, and running forward arrested the pony midway in a zigzag across the road to a more luscious patch of greenness.

"Oh, Lavy, do help me!" cried Mary, in real distress; "I can't make it stop! It will go on, and I'm so afraid I shall be thrown out!"

"There, he'll stand quiet enough," said Lavy, with a touch of contempt which was an ease to her own heart; "it's the grass on the brew he's after. You sit still, I'll hold him. How did they come to let you out alone?"

"I'm not alone: Hester is with me. She went into the wood to get coloured leaves. I thought I could hold the reins, but the pony is so wild."

"Wild!" echoed Lavy, disdainfully; "a baby could hold him!"

"Yes," assented Mary, shamefacedly; "I am a great coward, I know."

Lavy did not answer. She glanced towards the edge of the wood where Hester Hallett had disappeared. She was entertaining a sudden resolution. Here, where chance had thrown her alone with her rival—the girl whom Andrew was fooling as he had fooled her—was the opportunity for the warning she had resolved upon.

While she was questioning how to begin Mary gave her her chance.

"I never see you now, Lavy," she said, anxious to propitiate her rescuer; "and we used to have such good times together. You never come to the Red House."

"No," said Lavinia, shortly. "I'm not wanted there; and if I was I wouldn't set foot in it."

"Why?"

"Because there is one there that I despise."

Mary looked up into the speaker's face blankly. Her mind worked so laboriously that she was a long time in absorbing the sense of Lavy's words; and even then they left her bewildered.

"Not Hester?" she faltered.

"Not Miss Hallett; I've nothing to say against her."

"Her mother, or her father?" Mary groped feebly in her perplexity, and then suddenly the colour in her sallow face deepened—deepened till it was overspread with a dull distressed red.

"Ah," said Lavy, watching her keenly, "you've come to it at last; there's a name you won't name, and no more will I. There's no need of names where we both understand, and I warn you, Mary Kelynge, if you don't take care he'll give you cause to despise him too—or worse maybe than that, for there's little hurt done when you can stop at despising."

"It's false!" cried Mary, finding words at last in the midst of her confusion.

"It's true, or I wouldn't be here to tell you. It isn't that I want him for myself," she explained, with a blunt honesty; "he's not for me, but no more is he for you. Can't you see," she said, with a kind of rough pity, "it's your money he's after, and not you?—the money that may never be yours. If you should turn out poor, do you suppose he'll go on caring for you and wanting to make you his wife? We women are fools—fools," she said, bitterly, "when we trust a man with our love!"

She seemed to have all at once forgotten her mission of warning. Her eyes were dark and gloomy and absent in the glance with which she swept the landscape as she turned abruptly away, leaving her victim to the mercy of the pony's moods.

She had been cruel, though she had not meant altogether unkindly. She felt no ill-will towards the hapless Mary, and had an honest desire to save her from sorrow, but she could not easily calculate the force of her words upon a nature so limited.

A man or a woman may be dull and yet be sensitive enough; dulness is no anodyne for that sort of trouble. Mary felt herself caught in the clutch of a horrible doubt and dread, and she writhed, but the more because her mind worked too slowly to present her at once with arguments that should shatter Lavy's assertion.

"It's your money he's after." Again and again the words rang in her ears; they seemed to dance on the clear air and mock her as she shrank huddled in a corner of the little carriage, the reins fallen at her feet, the pony straying hither and thither at the bidding of its fancy.

It was thus Hester found her when she came out of the wood laden with its spoils of red and gold.

"Why, Mary," she said, "you will be in the ditch if you don't look out."

She jumped into the carriage, letting her treasures fall in a loose heap, groping for the reins. "You shouldn't let Rorie see that you are afraid of him: it demoralises him at once," she began merrily. Then she turned, and saw by her companion's face that it was something more than a lack of nerve that had blanched and stricken it, and made her shrink and tremble in the corner.

"What is it?" she cried, "has anything happened?"

"Lavy Moss has been here," gasped Mary; "she has been talking to me—"

"Now? while I have been gone?"

Hester stood up, balancing herself with one hand on the back of the carriage, and looked all around her narrowly.

"I don't see her," she said.

"But she was here," reiterated Mary, Hester's disbelief acting as a stimulus to her mind, "and she has been saying dreadful things to me about—" but there she broke off. Not in words

could she put that tormenting doubt that Lavy had sown within her.

"Was it about Andrew?" Hester asked the question gravely, and found her answer in Mary's increased distress.

She did not speak immediately, but after a little, when the trotting of the pony's feet was all the stir there was, she said with something of an effort:

"Mary, if she spoke of Andrew, perhaps she had cause. Andrew is my brother, and I—I care very much for him, but there are young men who must always have someone to amuse themselves with. They don't mean anything, but perhaps they don't know how much they seem to mean, and if Lavinia Moss—" she broke off hesitatingly, feeling how hopelessly difficult was her explanation or her warning, whichever she wished it to be.

"See," she said, glad to divert her own thoughts and her companion's, "how dark it has grown all at once; we shall scarcely get home without a drenching." She touched the pony with her whip, and sent the little carriage spinning over the white road.

It was true as she had said that a great change had passed over the sky—a sort of trouble and blackness was sending the sunshine before it. The day, as so often in that flat east country, had failed to keep its glorious promise, and was ending in sadness.

The greyness overtook a little figure tramping steadily back to Melchisford. The wind had dropped, and its dainty music among the tree-tops was stilled; a fine mist-like rain began to fall, but Hannah Mellish was scarcely conscious that it was wetting her. She was very wet indeed when she reached the bank-house, and John Mellish, coming suddenly out of the dining-room, noticed it.

"You've met the storm," he said; "you're wet."

She looked down at her skirts as if she had hardly noticed the fact before.

"It's beginning to bange," she said.

She came out of her room presently—neat, prim, orderly as ever, and began to take the tea-cups from a cupboard, and make preparations for a meal. Of late the banker had had no appetite for dinner, and seeing that he could be persuaded to take nothing but a cup of tea, she prepared it herself that he might be sure of getting it comfortably. She did not lapse from the smallest of her cares on this night, and he watched her as she passed from the cupboard to the table with a sort of dull wonder.

He knew that she must have found little to cheer her at the farm, and yet she could warm the cups and measure the tea as if she had not so much as a care on her mind.

"If she can comfort herself like that," he thought, "and I suppose some folk can, it won't be so bad," and this reflection made him say as if he would prepare her a little,

"I'm afraid you found Caleb none too cheerful, Hannah, and it's a sad dull home for you to come back to, my girl, and I can't do anything more for him."

She held a cup poised in her hand for a single second before she put it down.

"There's trouble everywhere," she said, briefly, using the words Lavy had already used that morning.

He said no more. He did not know whether to feel repulsed or comforted by her exceeding quietness and self-restraint.

Did she not guess in what deadly sickness of suspense he was living his days?

She knew it all, but she had not a word of comfort for him. That accepted sorrow which she had taken upon her earlier in the day left her numb. She was without power to suffer any more.

### CHAPTER XX.—ANDREW TURNS PHYSICIAN.

IT was not to be looked for that Mary Kelynge should conceal the distress that had held her awake all night, and made the darkness live with voices that kept telling her she had given her heart too lightly to a man who prized it not at all.

For absolute outer command over the emotions we must go to the savage or to his brother, who has had centuries of tradition and culture in which to educate him in control. Mary stood midway between these two, and was as artlessly ready to express her feelings on all occasions as if no binding rules had ever been imposed upon society.

She came down to breakfast on the morning after her encounter with Lavy Moss wearing her shame so plainly on her face that her host and hostess must needs have seen it had they not been busy with cares of their own.

Andrew saw it, and it puzzled him not a little. When he bade her good-morning she shrank away from him as if he had struck her; when he asked her for the marmalade she could scarce still the trembling of her hand to pass him the dish without letting it fall. The bold, full glances he shot across the table seemed to fill her with dismay, yet she must needs encounter them as if they fascinated while they frightened her. Not on the first day of her presence there had she been so full of starts and tremulous quiverings and scared looks as on this, when she had been for months an inmate of the house, and as good as one of the family.

Andrew tried all the expedients which the course of the meal allowed. He made a pretence of wanting anything that happened to be on her side of the table. On another morning she would have cut the bread and poured out the coffee in a pleased flutter, but on this she bungled so hopelessly that Hester had to come to her aid. Hester cast indignant looks at her brother, which he politely ignored. She knew what was going on in that poor slow mind; and though she pitied Mary, she had nothing but indignation for Andrew. If he had truly cared for Mary, he would have seen that she suffered, and had compassion on her weakness.

Of compassion, however, he had none; he

wanted to get to the bottom of the thing, to know what malign influence was thwarting him.

"What on earth is up now?" he asked himself in that moment he gave to the fire and the newspaper before descending to the office. "Somebody has got at her." His thoughts flew straight as a dart to Lavy Moss. She had flung her gauntlet down; she had said it was to be war between them; she had said that she would hurt his schemes if she could. At the remembrance of the scorn with which she had lashed him his hatred rose and raged in him.

"If it was Lavy," he said, "if it was Lavy—"

In that idle space which was all the young man was allowed before the cares of the day began Mary had of late always been his companion. She could not brush his coat or his hat as she would have loved to do, because he required neither when he descended to the lower floor, but she brought his pipe and held the matches while he lit it. She would have allowed him if he had pleased to whiff it in her face, and was humbly grateful for a word or look of kindness.

"Mrs. Hallett and she are made in the same mould," said Mrs. Smee, when the afore-mentioned lunch had given her an opportunity of using her insight on Miss Kelynge; "they are the kind of women who would lie down and let their husbands or brothers walk over them. When you want a mat for your feet, Henry, you must look out for another wife."

A mat for his feet—a slave to obey his slightest whim—this was what he had held her to be. He knew well enough that she loved him; he had discovered long ago that he could lure her with a look. There were times when he had sickened at her docility, and wondered if he could endure her dumb devotion throughout a lifetime; but now that she was making her poor little attempt at resistance he felt that he must win her back.

"There's that idiot Hemmingway has been told to look after her," he said to himself. The prize was too valuable for him to let it slip from his grasp without an effort to retain it. It had never seemed so valuable as now when his possession of it was threatened.

He smoked his pipe in solitude that morning, for the moment breakfast was concluded Hester had whisked her companion out of the room. She put her arm round Mary's waist and carried her off with a backward look of defiance in her big grey eyes, at which Andrew laughed good humouredly.

"I've but to whistle, and she'll come back to me, in spite of Hetty's little wiles," he said to himself, and supported by that conviction he went downstairs, and bore his father's growlings with a great deal of good-nature.

He had one of those fortunate tempers that are not put out by trifles. He bore the parental frettings with a really admirable patience; and though Lavy's scorn had roused him to hatred, Hester's rebellion only made him smile.

"I want you to help me to arrange the flowers," Hester had said to Mary.

With the end of September the choice was growing very limited, and necessitated many excursions round the garden and into the greenhouse. Hester loved those errands, and would fly out and in, knowing the secret haunt of every autumn visitor in that big garden, where the flowers came year by year as expected guests—not mere tenants at the gardener's will, but owners of the soil. Mary plodded after her, conscientious even in the middle of her dazed abhorrence of herself. She plucked yellow and red and blue, following Hetty's light figure like a clumsy belated shadow; but if she thought about the garden at all it was only to think that she must go and leave it—it and all the world she had learned to love.

"Hester," she said, finding it easier to speak when they had got back to the drawing-room, "I think I had better be leaving the Red House."

Hester was standing on a footstool to reach more easily a bracket where she was considering an arrangement of blossoms. The girl had something of an artist's eye, and loved her task. She turned round from this eminence and viewed Mary with astonishment.

"Leave us?" she echoed.

Mary put an irresolute hand up to her lip, as if to hide its trembling.

"I've been here a long time—"

"Do you mean that you are tired of us?"

"No. Oh, no!" cried Mary in eager disclaimer; "that could never be, but it might be you are tired of me."

Hester stepped down from her stool, where she felt that the argument was unequal.

"Have we—any of us told you so—my mother, my father, my brother, or I?"

"No, you are too kind; you would never tell me."

"Ah," said Hester, with a faint irony, "don't be too sure of that! But while we like to have you, will you not stay with us? It has been a pleasure to have you here—a real pleasure," she said honestly. "See how good it has been for me to have a girl friend—I who never had a girl friend before. Is that all your reason for going from us, Mary—your fear that we have wearied of your company?"

The light blue eyes fell before the steady searching glance of the grey ones.

"Where would you go to?" Hester went on, quickly, in pity covering the other's confusion. "Back to Hallett Place? It is too big, too lonely for you to live alone in—you and the family pictures, you and the family ghost; that would be dull company. It is dull here too, no doubt, but it is better than that."

"It isn't dull here. It is not that, it is—" She struggled hopelessly for a moment with her embarrassment, and then yielding to it hid her face.

"It is that you are tired, and that things look dark to you to-day," said Hester, touched to a very kind sort of compassion. "You slept badly perhaps, or had ugly dreams. Broken nights—though you and I know little enough about them—take their revenge next day. You shall come upstairs with me to my little room, where it is quiet, and rest there, and by-and-by when you wake up things will look brighter."

"They can never do that—because—it is all my fault. And I think I'd better go away. There are other places besides Hallett's; there is London. People go to London."

"But not girls like you and me; we should be lost in London."

"That would perhaps be best—to be lost."

"Ah," said Hetty, gaily, "that wandering heir, that mysterious Mr. Frank—what a bad example he has set! So you want to be lost too, and to set all that queer elaborate machinery papa uses in motion on your account? I warn you, Mary, if you lose yourself I shall turn detective and find you."

Hester saw by this time that it was necessary to take the step of making up Mary's mind for her. Someone as a rule performed this office, and though Hester usually refrained from meddling, the occasion required it of her now.

"I think you had better not say anything to father or mother about going," she said. "They have some cares just now, and this would add another to them. Stay with us, Mary, and I promise no one shall trouble you or molest you or annoy you in any way; and in a week or two, if you still wish it, I will ask father to send us both to London. He spoke the other night as if he wished me to go"—she stifled a sigh—"and if that is so we might as well set out on our travels together."

One had only to be resolute in that matter of ordering Mary's mind, and the thing was done. Hester knew it, but she quite forgot to reckon that Andrew knew it too, and was settling with himself downstairs, as he hung diligently over his desk, what colour to give to this poor chameleon of a will.

Hester took the patient upstairs and tended her with the greatest zeal and kindness. It did not wholly displease her when any little ailment thrust a victim into her hands on whom to lavish all her cares. The nursing instinct is not given to every woman, though poetical license allows her to be a ministering angel; but Hester had it in a marked degree. She soothed Mary's thrilling nerves and almost made her forget her shame and affront, though all the while she made as if it were a headache, and not a heartache, she was charming away with her little devices.

The best of women are hypocrites when it comes to an affair of the heart, and think that their blank and smiling looks can deceive all the world. When Mary put her head down on the pillow she comforted herself with the thought that Hester had not guessed the secret of her bitter self-abasement, while Hester as she walked downstairs was saying to herself with vibrating indignation that Andrew should not play with this poor girl, and draw her on, perhaps only to throw her off as he had thrown off Lavy Moss.

But it was an unequal game, and there was scarce a chance that she should win it.

Andrew knew his own power, and had not the smallest fear of the issue. In those months when Mary had been an inmate of the Red House Hester had seen some things and guessed others. The progress of that curious friendship had not been lost upon her. She was convinced now that Andrew only loved Mary's chance of sixty thousand a year, and would not have spent five minutes in her society had it been quite certain she would never possess that comfortable income.

A woman's instinct, even if she has had no experience of her own, is usually a safe guide in these matters. A thousand things had told her that it was not love that was the motive of all those private walks and talks and little confidences; and she was moved to a very honest indignation on Mary's account. It was a shock to a woman of her innocent nature to find that her brother could be so base, so dishonourable, as to win a poor girl's affections for the sake of her fortune.

Hester was twenty, and a simple country girl, all unused to the ways and ideas and the fashion of thought in the world, where, if she had spoken out her sense of contempt for a fortune-hunter, she would only have proved what a very unsophisticated young woman she was.

"If she goes away," thought Hester, "he will follow her. She must stay here, and I will protect her."

Her first idea of protection was to encourage Mary to combat her headache by keeping quietly upstairs, whither her nurse toiled up and down with tempting things to eat and drink, and books and work and all manner of distractions. Thus when Andrew came in to lunch the place opposite him was vacant, and again at dinner-time the same thing happened.

"What has become of Miss Kelynge?" he asked during the course of this latter meal, looking across at his sister. "Has she run away too?"

"She has a headache, and she is resting," said Hester, answering the look unfalteringly.

"It appears to have been rather a sudden attack," he said, smiling, and inwardly amused over this simple device; "but I suppose headaches do come on suddenly sometimes."

Hester blushed a little guiltily, but it was his mother who answered.

"My dear boy," she said, with a fond look at her son, "fortunately you don't know anything about them, or you wouldn't talk so. Imagine anyone bringing on a headache purposely!"

"Oh," said Andrew, "I beg your pardon, I'm sure, and Hester's too. I thought the plea of a headache was one of those recognised little hypocrisies with which ladies ease life—a sort of 'Not at home' to inconvenient folk, in short."

"Poor Mary will be better to-morrow, I hope," said the other innocent Mary, who had no reason to feel guilty. "Hester, have you tried a cold-water bandage? It always does me good."

"Yes, mother."

"Hester has tried everything, I'm sure," said Andrew, with twinkling eyes. "Suppose I turn physician and send her up some chicken?"

Mr. Hallett had appeared to be safe wrapped from observation of this scene in a dark abstraction, but at his son's words he looked up and said, harshly, "Your mother and sister can attend to Miss Kelynge's wants. I don't suppose you will pretend to know better than they what she requires."

"Mary has dined," said Hester, coldly.

Andrew took his snubbing in quite good part, and rattled away gaily about something else. He held the talk in his own hands, for Mr. Hallett relapsed into a moody silence that affected the spirits of his wife and daughter and kept them silent too.

After dinner, when Hester was coming down from one of those many excursions to the prisoner above, she met her brother in the hall. He seemed to be wandering about in an aimless and rather disconsolate manner. She paused to look at him. Could it be possible that he really missed Mary?

"Hetty," he said, "can't that headache get along a little while without you? It's dull for a fellow, with nobody to speak to. Come and play something; you haven't played for ages."

"I'll play if you like," she answered.

Perhaps she had been wrong after all. The mere possibility made her penitent.

She went with him into the drawing-room, where the fire made ruddy leaps of light on the wall. The lamps were not lit, for Mrs. Hallett was with the master in the dining-room.

Hester sat down at the piano and softly touched the keys. The gentle music stole into the next room, where her father sat moodily over his glass of port, and he sighed when he heard it.

Andrew walked up and down the long room, now and then stopping to drum an accompaniment with his fingers on table or chair-back, or to lift and idly examine an ornament.

But presently, as was the way with her when she played, she was carried away with the spirit of her music, and knew nothing of what was passing around her. She did not know, for instance, that Andrew no longer paced in time to her chords, but had slipped from the room, leaving her alone.

In two minutes after he left the drawing-room he was in the library scribbling a little three-cornered note. It was his prescription for the patient upstairs, and, to judge by its effect, a great deal more efficacious than the chicken would have been.

With what a start and flood of colour, with what a trembling and quivering, the poor girl read it!

"I am quite unhappy to think you are ill," it said; "do let me see you, if only for five minutes. I shall wait outside in the corridor till you come."

The maid with whom he despatched the note of course took the news of it downstairs, where the kitchen audience made up its mind that there had been a quarrel and a reconciliation. Andrew had slipped half-a-crown into the girl's hand, and he knew that she would tell no tales upstairs.

The kitchen folk were wrong about the quarrel, and yet, when at last the door of Hester's little sitting-room was timidly opened and Mary came out, it looked mightily as if she were guilty. Yet she came to him, as he knew she would, blushing, abashed, distressed, miserable; yet she came.

"Thank you so much for granting my request," said Andrew, taking her hand with a great deal of devotion. "I've been quite unhappy to think that you are ill."

"I am not ill"

She tried to withdraw her hand, but he held it fast.

"Then it must be I who have done something to displease you, and that makes me more unhappy still."

"Would that make you unhappy?" she faltered.

She looked at him wistfully. She had been crying, he could see, and her poor plain face was all red and tear-stained. It was a very humble and pathetic look she gave him as she asked the question, and he was not untouched by it.

"Poor soul," he thought; "how much she cares for me!"

"Don't you know that yet?" he said, with a great deal of reproach and fervour in his voice. "Have we been friends all these months and you can doubt me still?"

Hester woke up with a start when Andrew laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Have I been playing long?" she asked, coming back from the world of sweet sounds.

"Only an hour," said Andrew, with a laugh.

When Hester went up to her patient at bedtime she was surprised to find her sitting by the fire, her tears all dried, and with quite a blushing content on her face.

"I am better," she said, throwing her arms round Hester's neck; "I am much better, Hetty To-morrow I shall be quite well."

## CHAPTER XXI.—A SMILING MARY.

ANDREW knew that that one day of retirement when Hester did her simple best to cure a heartache, and had wholly failed, as we have seen, had brought matters to a crisis.

But for Lavy Moss and her interference—his language when he thought of Lavy need not be recorded—he might have gone on to the end of the chapter playing that convenient rôle of friend; but to make sure of the prize he had now to abandon that lukewarm attitude, and take on some of the ardour of a lover.

There could scarcely have been an explanation that had not this inevitable result; and in short the ten minutes Andrew spent in the corridor while Hester played to an empty room, more or less sealed him as an accepted suitor.

He might shrug his shoulders, and declare that explanations were "the very mischief"—but all the same, the thing was done; and upon the whole not ill done. With every passing month he had become more boldly sceptical towards that phantom of an heir that still barred the way to Mary's paradise, till now when September was yielding to October it came to be a mere shadow, too intangible to disturb his security.

In a month or two, then, Mary would be rich—rich beyond the wont of women, and more helpless than the most helpless of her sex—in a month or two she would want an adviser, a protector, a steward. And who so able, who with a better claim than he to fill this post? This was how he preferred to look at the future It was a pleasant

and comfortable way to regard it, and he was even able to warm himself over his generosity when he reflected how well and ably he should carry out that trust.

Depend on it, if we were not all willing to practise this gentle hypocrisy with ourselves, half the mean things done in the world would neither be done nor thought. There is scarcely one of us that would not start away in shame from so raw-boned a statement of fact as this for instance:

"I may as well make love to the girl, or pretend to make love to her, since the chances are a hundred to one that she comes in for all that pile. If she doesn't, why there are ways of falling out of love again; and in any case the governor would never give his consent to my marriage with a girl who hadn't a sixpence. After all, the onus of breaking off the match at the last would lie with him."

How much more agreeable, more refined a way of putting it was this other—this picture of a guardian devoted to the interests of his friend!

Mary came down to breakfast next morning with a look on her face that transfigured it. She was no longer miserable, abashed, frightened; and though she still blushed, that red flag that she mounted so readily was not now the signal of distress. She seemed, indeed, to have acquired a modest confidence, as if her self-respect had been awakened, and she at last recognised her right to live and enjoy. The change was so marked that even Mr. Hallett noticed it.

"Glad to see you down again," he said, as he rose punctiliously to shake hands with her. "You slept off your headache, I hope?"

"Yes—no," stammered Mary, looking at him with a kind of wistful appeal; "I am very well indeed, thank you."

She went round the table, and bending over Mrs. Hallett's chair kissed her voluntarily, and passing behind Hester's she performed the same ceremony there. Andrew wondered, with a creeping coldness down his spine, whether she would salute him too, but she contented herself with bringing out one of her deepest blushes as she answered his greeting.

He kept his eyes studiously this morning upon his plate—no more bold glances thrown across the table, no more appeals for the marmalade or the butter; and yet none of those subtle indications of her new mood were lost upon him—a new trimness in her dress, an abandonment of crape, and the substitution of a red bow at her throat; a something less of clumsiness at the waist, a new departure in frills; a new kind of shining in the meek eyes, a new pulse of joy in the heart that set it singing—and all for him, all for him!

Nor were any of these signs lost on Hester. She could have told you, indeed, being a woman, that Mary had sat up at night or risen early in the morning to sew in those tuckers and despoil her bodice of half its crape. Yesterday you would have said she could not pile on crape enough, and here she was breaking out into a daring hint of scarlet, as if sorrow for her were at an end.

What did it mean, and how had twelve hours wrought this miracle? Hester looked at her brother, and found no solution in his face, which for him was solemn, and perhaps even glum, and yet Mary was smiling and saying how bright a day it was for the 1st of October.

Poor Hester, that championship about which she was so valiant was destined to a very short life! As yesterday, when the meal was over she invited Mary to help her. It was not the flowers to-day, but her books, or her music, or her birds perhaps that needed Mary's aid, but for once Mary met the request with an excuse. She reddened, it is true, and spoke with the meekest apology; but still it was a refusal.

Hester walked out of the room with her pretty head held a little proudly. She went aimlessly into the empty drawing-room, and knelt on the window-seat, looking with unseeing eyes on the serene day Mary had praised.

"I give her up," she said to herself, "I give her up. She believes in him; in some way or other unknown to me he has made her do that."

While she was groping with her perplexity over this sudden conversion there flashed across her the remembrance of Andrew's look on the evening before.

"Perhaps he really does love her," she thought. The miracle seemed less impossible since the Mary all tears and tremors was metamorphosed into a smiling Mary, almost comely in her new content.

"Oh, Drew," said Hetty, melting towards him, "if you really do love her, how ashamed I shall feel for having doubted you!"

Mary, at least, was convinced that Andrew loved her while they snatched a moment's talk in the library. He had his arm round her waist, where last night's explanation had given it a right to be.

"You have slept off all your doubts and distrusts?" he asked. "You believe in me now, Mary?"

He believed in himself at that moment.

She looked up at him with a kind of guilty shame.

"I ought never to have doubted you."

"You took a woman's word for mine, and that perhaps was natural enough. You see, possibly—just possibly—it sounds a conceited thing to say, she thought she had a right to be jealous of our friendship."

"She said she did not want you for herself," said Mary, naïvely.

Andrew bit his lip.

"Oh, her warning—I know she warned you—was no doubt purely disinterested. I can guess pretty well what she said, and how she said it. I know her—"

"You know her—well?" Even so meek a woman as Mary had her jealous pangs and fears.

"I haven't spoken to her for months; I've scarcely so much as seen her since I knew you," he said, with a significance she could not miss. "Perhaps that may account for her displeasure towards me, and yet it may be, Mary, you ought to have believed her."

"You are unkind; you hurt me when you say that."

"Oh, I'm not a saint," he said, with a fine candour. "If she said that the prospect of your having Hallett Place pleased me, she said nothing that was not true. It is a fine old place, and I should like to see you mistress of it. I am no friend to interlopers suddenly appearing, as if they were acting a novel; I like things to go in their straight course, and the right thing is that you should inherit. So you see, Miss Moss was not wrong if she attributed the baseness of a wish for your success to me."

"But I may never have that money; she ought to have remembered that. You care for me even though the chances are I should be quite poor?"

"Of course, of course," said Andrew, with less fluency; "and there is that possibility—that you may be turned out at the last moment."

"I don't think Hallett Place will ever be mine. I don't want it, unless—unless to give it to you. I have an idea that the heir will return in time. I wish he would."

"I'm afraid that most Christian wish will scarcely produce him."

"Do you know what Hetty and I call him, Andrew?"

"What do you call him?"

"We call him Frank; and we have settled that he is to be found quite at the last, like the hero of a play."

"And turn you out!"

"It would not be turning me out; it would be coming to his own."

"That contingency hasn't arrived yet," said Andrew, gaily. "If you want a melodrama of that order you must go to a more bustling stage for it: sleepy Melchisford couldn't rise to such an occasion. No, no, Mary; we shall see you enthroned, and we as your humble subjects will bow before you."

"Not you, not you!" she said, blushing painfully, for it cost her something of an effort to speak out the love she felt for him; "it is I who must look up to you."

"And meantime, Mary," he said, when he had rewarded her for this humble speech, "we must keep our secret to ourselves for a little time. Your face this morning, my dear, spoke too plainly for you."

"Why," she asked, blankly—"why a secret? Is it wrong?"

"Oh, not wrong," he answered, fluently; "but people will talk of it, and buzz it about. They will say unpleasant things—"

"About me?" She flushed and looked troubled. "Oh, Andrew, they will say I am not worthy of you!"

"No, it is not that that they will say; they will say"—he looked very melancholy—"that I am courting you for your money."

"But they can't say that, because I haven't got any."

How she harped on that string! He felt himself growing irritated over this persistence, but he controlled himself.

"Then they will say something else equally unpleasant. An engagement is the signal for all the scandal-mongers to set to work and bespatter you. Can't you imagine the tea-parties and the tittle-tattle, child—you who are a woman, and must have assisted at many such functions?"

She blanched a little, but presently she rallied.

"I have been nowhere—scarcely at a tea-party in my life," she said; "but I shouldn't mind the talk if you didn't. I shouldn't like them to say untrue things about you."

"Pooh! that's nothing," he said, as if it were indeed nothing, though a minute before it had seemed to be much. "It is the fingering of our affairs that I dislike—the discussion and re-discussion, the pawing over of our concerns, that I cannot stomach. Don't let us give ourselves as a prey to the gossips just yet; let us be as we have been awhile; it has been very pleasant, has it not?"

Of course she assented to that, but she had an unconquered doubt.

"Is it your father?" she asked, timidly. "Do you think he would object to me?"

"Scarcely, Mary, scarcely," he said, smilingly, though with a mental reservation. "But he is bothered and worried, as you can see, and he wouldn't take a proper interest in this little matter. No, we must keep our own counsel. To tell my mother or Hester would be to tell Melchisford. You women can't keep a confidence among yourselves, Mary; a secret is never safe with you till you bury it in someone else's bosom. But when a man is your confederate there is a chance for you; fear of him may keep you silent."

"I will do it for love," said Mary, very simply and honestly.

It was something of a sacrifice, for a lover is such a wonderful possession, especially to a girl who is plain and homely, and little likely to be sought. She would have liked to share this fine secret of hers with Hester and with Hester's mother, and perhaps even with Lavy Moss. For the rest of Melchisford she cared little. It was a triumph to have proved Lavy in the wrong, and something of a discipline to hold one's tongue and let Lavy go on believing that her argument had prevailed. But she would do this for him, this or anything he liked to ask—lie down and let him use her as a mat, as Mrs. Smee had said—this young man whom Mrs. Smee found commonplace and provincial and little short of odious. But then, you see, she was not in love with him.

Andrew did not in these days often seek his father's company. Mr. Hallett was scarcely pleasant society for a young man of a lively temperament; he was uncertain of mood, irritable, suspicious, as one whose conscience goads him.

What had the older man done that he should look at the other with that furtive air? Nothing—nothing at all, young Andrew would have said—nothing to pull a long face over, nothing but help himself out of a mess, which every man surely has a right to do, even if he does it at the expense of a neighbour.

On a Sunday afternoon, when Mr. Hallett was making that slow inspection of the garden and

stables which twenty-five years had crystallised into a fixed habit, Andrew sauntered up to him.

"The trees are taking very kindly to the ground," he said, as he joined his father at the new plantation; "but it will be a year or two before they make a comfortable screen." He glanced up at the house over the wall, little guessing what secret of his it had so nearly betrayed. "It would be better if you could buy the cottage."

"I should have thought even you would have felt that we have had enough to do with the bank."

"Well, I don't know; I think myself we have come out of that business very comfortably. Moss will be the one to suffer, if such a mooning idiot can be said to have any feelings. I've been wondering, by-the-bye," he went on lightly, "if you wouldn't care to rent the farm when the question of a tenant turns up?"

Mr. Hallett turned on his son sharply.

"Why should I do that?"

"It's a tidy bit of land," said Andrew, carelessly, "and in better hands it might be a good speculation."

"Moss has a big family, hasn't he?" Mr. Hallett asked, after a pause, in which perhaps he entertained a passing pity for the fallen man.

"Six girls," said Andrew, easily. "They'll have to go out to service. They want a new dairymaid at Hallett Place; what do you say to taking on the eldest? She's sharp enough."

That inward vision which had prompted this suggestion of Lavy as a servant in the household where he hoped to be master gave him a keen sense of satisfaction.

"You've settled it, I see," said his father, dryly. "That spruce is dead;" he pointed with his stick to a defaulter in the flourishing plantation.

"Shall I pull it up?" Andrew asked, understanding that he was to say no more; but while he lent himself to the task his father said, with abrupt and almost unnecessary emphasis,

"I will have nothing to do with Moss's farm or Moss's girls, and neither shall you. If you want an answer, you have it."

## CHAPTER XXII.—TOM CONFESSES HIS FAILURE.

IT was a long time before Tom was able to make any progress in the mission which he had assumed, or which perhaps we ought to say had been thrust upon him, for was it not Dot who had laid her commands upon him in the first instance? Seeing it was Dot who had urged him to the search, Tom was of course ready to go forth with the greatest alacrity. He would have attempted things a thousandfold more difficult and distasteful for her sweet sake, but even love of Dot did not enable him to choose his own time for the investigation. A young man in an office, even if he is senior clerk, cannot command a holiday when he desires to have it. If he could, cricket and football would no doubt secure many valuable allies, and the insinuating Germans, who never want holidays, would people the city. Tom therefore had to wait, and the three conspirators were doomed to suffer as best they might the frequent reports that reached them from Melchisford of Andrew Hallett's triumph. These represented him as quite secure of his prize, for even Melchisford, much as it loved a mystery, could not maintain an unchilled faith in an heir who made no sign. The hero they had hoped for was not forthcoming, and the heroine whom they had despised had to be accepted in his stead.

It was not romantic, but perhaps Melchisford had been a little too daring in expecting the age of romance to be restored for its benefit. Lost people are only found in the last volume of the three which Mudie's vans distribute over the land, and Melchisford had to be content, like the rest of the world, to satisfy its appetite for marvels at the price of two guineas a year.

When Will Somers heard these rumours he grew very red in the face, and showed other symptoms of extreme displeasure. Since Will neither envied Andrew, the lady, nor the money, his interest in the matter may seem extreme. Will himself attributed it to that love of justice and fair-play, and hatred of a mean action, which is the inheritance of every honest Briton; but perhaps the wish to please Hester Hallett was a stronger motive still. To care for a woman, even if the caring can never result in happiness, is still to hold her wishes sacred, and to secure them at a cost. Will desired the lost man's restoration for Hester's sake first, and, second, because it would be such a dear delight to see that audacious schemer, Andrew Hallett, brought low. Yes, it was worth a year's salary; yes, it was worth waiting for.

The waiting looked long, longer perhaps to Will, who had no stake in the matter, than to his friend, whose self-distrust made him unhopeful of success in his adventure. But when an autumn holiday set Tom free and gave him his opportunity, he braced himself to the business, and set forth, liberally equipped with advice and cheered by the faith that shone in one bright pair of eyes.

It was agreed when he set out that Dot and Will should meet him on his return, and his telegram summoned them to the station. It was a Wednesday night, and Will had called for his sister at the boarding-school in Bayswater, where she dragooned the daughters of gentlemen undergoing that process known as "finishing" at Miss Pendleton's establishment, and where the young governess was hovering in the passage with her bonnet on. She tripped out to meet him with a face which cleared into sunshine.

"I was so afraid I mightn't get away after all," she said; "let us go quickly, Will, in case they call me back."

"But it's your night out, Dot. You ought to make a stand for your rights. Do you suppose the parlour-maid or the cook would allow her liberty to be infringed? She would give warning on the spot."

"But a governess can't afford to stand on her dignity: that privilege is left to the ladies of the kitchen. Miss McMurdo, the parlour-boarder, wished me to go to a concert with her; and a

parlour-boarder's wishes are sacred, you know, Will. But when I told her I expected you to come for me she made up her mind to stay at home, and that was really very good-natured of her, for I was half afraid she would offer to go with us."

"Then she would have discovered that my wishes are sacred too," said Will, grimly. "See, Dot, we are safe from pursuit even if Miss McMurdo should change her mind; and it is nearly an hour till Tom's train is due. Where shall we go?"

They had made such haste that they found themselves on the confines of the City. The bustle of the day was over there, and the long grey streets were chill and deserted.

"I hear a church bell," said Dot; "there must be an evening service; let us go to it."

So they went to an old church near the terminus at which Tom would alight. It is not one of the show City churches, nor is there any illustrious dust buried under brass or stone there to attract visitors from the other side of the sea, who are the only explorers of unknown London. It stands on a little island of graveyard, long disused, which sets it on week-days apart from the tide of life that throbs round it. On Sundays the silence penetrates beyond this mouldering green waste, and fills the surrounding streets and squares; the tread of the feet, the noise of voices, all stilled, as if death reigned there too. A bell was sending out a thin monotonous note, as if it had little heart over the business, and expected few to listen to it; and, indeed, its mid-week appeal had only called together some half-dozen people, including the brother and sister, and of these three were clearly caretakers from neighbouring offices. The caretaker can always be distinguished by the discerning; her bonnet and her shawl betray her.

It was not a lively service. Dot's clear young voice was half afraid to lift itself among the quavers of her companions; when she sang even in subdued tones the others turned and looked at her: perhaps they did not often see anything so young and fresh and sweet in that mouldy place. She brought the sunshine there, and the scent of flowers, and the remembrance of country delights; and the vicar, dull and apathetic with the stagnation of his lot, wished he had thought of some words of better cheer when he saw her among his audience.

When the service was over they went out to meet Tom.

Tom was looking out for that bright face too, and when he saw it on the platform his own grew responsively cheerful. But Will, who was watching him critically as the train slowed, knew that he had nothing very important to tell. It was not with the air of a conqueror that their ambassador came back—the moment for confounding Andrew Hallett had not yet arrived.

"I haven't brought him, Dot," he said, smilingly, for her bright eyes were searching the carriage as if she half expected a stranger to alight from it, and announce himself melodramatically as the long lost heir; "and I'm afraid I haven't done much to advance his cause"

"Never mind," she said bravely, swallowing her disappointment; "I am sure you are tired, Tom, and hungry; and you want to rest and eat, don't you?"

"No, I want to tell you the little there is to tell. I had dinner before I left."

"To be sure," said Will; "here have we been waiting hours for you, and we're not going to let you off till we have extracted the last particle of news. So come along and hold forth."

"Where shall we go?"

"There is the waiting-room—"

"No, we can't talk comfortably there."

"I don't suppose they would let us into the church even if we could stand any more of its ghostliness and gloom."

"They can't prevent us sitting in the churchyard," said Tom, "and its chastened atmosphere will just suit my tale. You are not afraid, Dot?"

No, Dot was not afraid with two strong protectors, so they went to the little neglected churchyard where nobody had been laid for so long that the very ghosts must be too old and decrepit to haunt it. The gate was open, for there is a right of way across this city of the sleeping, though few people care to use it on an autumn night, when winds blow drearily with suggestions of death and the supernatural. They went in, and took possession of a stone that had fallen on its face, hiding the inscription it bore. There is nothing in the old church worth stealing, so that these three invaders were secure even from the scrutiny of a policeman. Tom spread his travelling rug on the stone for Dot, and wrapped his great-coat about her, and they all sat down to listen to his story.

"I got to my destination on Friday night," he said, "too late for anything but bed. It's a little place, and it hadn't gone mad like the places nearer town with holiday-making, and I had the choice of the inn, and was received with distinction. It's such a sleepy and un-get-at-able place that I understand now how this poor lady came to choose it. You could bury yourself there very easily even now, and be forgotten. Also how she came to appeal to my father. There was literally no one else in the same rank of life to whom she could turn unless it was the rector, and the rector of those days was, I have since found, non-resident in the village."

"That ought to have made your task much easier, since it narrows the circle."

"In one way, yes; and in another, no."

"A stranger's arrival would be an event in so small and quiet a place, and country folk have long memories for anything out of the common."

"But a quarter of a century makes a strain even on the best memory; and after all there's nothing so remarkable in the fact of a lady living quietly and poorly with her child and her servant."

"Then there was a servant? Come, that should help."

"Unfortunately it only hinders," said Tom. "I'll tell you everything in half a dozen words. In the first place, the child was not born in the village; he was, as well as I can make out, a year old or so when they came there. That was blow number one."

Dot's face fell.

"That puts things as far off as ever, doesn't it, Tom?"

"It certainly is a staggerer. But he must have been born somewhere, since it's certain he existed, and somebody cleverer than I may be able to clear the matter up. I learned one thing, though, that I did not expect—the mother died there. She is buried under the name of Alice Smith—another proof that we're on the right lines. I saw her grave."

"Dead!" said Dot and Will, in a breath.

"Yes; I don't think it ought to surprise us. In the first place, we might have gathered from that scrap of a letter that she knew herself to be beyond hope when she wrote it. It was only in the last extremity that a woman of her pride would reveal her secret to a stranger. Then if she had been living she must have seen the advertisements, and for her boy's sake she would have come forward. She wished him to be acknowledged; we have proof of that in the fact that she tried to secure one friend for him who knew his history; but her death makes the investigation a little more difficult. There was no one else who had so strong an interest in clearing up the mystery."

"What of the father?"

"I could hear nothing of him, and it is certain he was never in the village. She called herself a widow, and she probably was one. We may take it if the man was the low-born adventurer he is credited with being he would have come forward if he had been in the flesh; he would have had everything to gain by publicity."

"Then you must fall back on the servant: she is your last hope. If she went with her mistress from Hallett Place, as she seems to have done, she must be in possession of all we want to know. You've got to find her."

"And that is just where I'm pulled up short. The woman disappeared with the child immediately after the mother's death. I found one or two people who remembered her, and they had no good word for her. She was the one of the group who made the strongest impression on the village mind. The poor lady, I fancy, was broken down and saddened by ill-health and unhappiness, and was little seen, but tradition still paints this woman in black colours as a stormy and forbidding person, who ruled with a high hand. But for this and her dramatic flight with the child the whole episode would no doubt have been forgotten long ago, but a disappearance is just the sort of thing to take hold of the rural imagination, and I had several versions of the affair; one old crone even asserted that in her belief the child had been made away with, but that's improbable; it would obviously be in the nurse's interest to keep the child alive on the chance of his being owned by the grandfather."

"Then why did she make no sign?"

"Ah, if you could tell us that we should know the whole."

"Did you find nobody who could tell you where she went? Even in a village she couldn't vanish without leaving some trace."

"History is blank on the point. Probably there was no great sorrow over her departure—I can fancy there might even be rejoicing. Even the virtuous villager objects to have his charity too severely taxed, and you could scarcely expect him to run after a lady who went in for free fights and general abuse and beg her to come back again. A little of that kind of liveliness goes a long way."

"Then practically the clue ends with the mother's death?"

"It does for me. I own I'm fairly—"

"Stumped," put in Will.

"Stumped," echoed Tom. "The woman's flight was blow number two, and I confess I'm not equal to tracking her after more than a quarter of a century. It might be done, I daresay, but it would take three things I haven't got—skill and time and money. I suppose, since I've failed, the only thing to do is to hand over this bit of evidence to the Halletts and let them make what they can of it. For all I know, I may be subject to some dire penalty for not divulging it before this."

"Nothing of the kind," said Will; "there's no haste to tell. For my part, if I could produce the missing fellow to-morrow I would hold him in reserve till Andrew junior had compromised himself beyond even his ability to wriggle out of a false position; I would let the sword dangle over his head till the last moment."

"Ah, but Will, think of the girl," said Dot, pitifully: "you have forgotten poor Miss Kelynge. If he has made her care for him—"

"Care for him? Who would care for such a cad and a knave?"

"He could make her care," said Dot, with conviction.

She knew how weak the woman's heart is, how ready to surrender at a word of kindness, how eager to idealise, to create a hero out of the poorest stuff; and Mary Kelynge was made by Nature to be a victim to this kind of folly.

"Yes," said Tom, coming to Dot's rescue, "if it is a question between—"

"Unmasking the villain," put in Will, who seemed eagerly impatient to colour the talk.

"Well, put it that way, though I think it is a little too strong. Between traversing Master Andrew's plans and wounding the girl's feelings there's no doubt what ought to be done."

"Oh, you're bound to argue that way of course," said Will, with an inflection of sarcasm; "and no doubt, in the interests of justice, you're bound also to state what you know some day or other. But is it so certain that you can't carry the thing any further?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"If it's money that hinders—"

"I don't think it's money, though that would be wanted too, so much as ability. My cleverness doesn't go out in that way;" he smiled—"Nature did not cut me out for the business."

"Listen, both of you," said Dot, "I have something to propose. Hester is coming to London very soon: let us tell her what Tom has discovered; it will interest her very much. She will know if—" Dot paused hesitatingly—"she will know if her brother is going too far, and if we ought to check his hopes and prevent him from stealing poor

Mary's heart," was what she meant to say; but to her surprise Will yielded at once.

Perhaps he foresaw in those proposed confidences chances of meeting Hester, of hearing her talk, of looking into her beautiful face, which he could not otherwise secure. True, he could not take the glory of the discovery to himself—how he envied Tom that privilege!—but at least he should be present at the consultations where Hester's illuminating suggestions were sure to be of the greatest value. Dot, indeed, though she was a wise little woman, whose duty it was to instruct others, was not considered by him a very valuable counsellor; but Dot was his sister, and it was for other young men to find her a fountain of wisdom.

"Yes," he said, "let us tell Miss Hallett; you can make your formal statement to her father all the same, Tom. When does she come, Dot?"

"In a week. I know her address, and it will be easy to arrange a meeting, but we won't ask poor Hester to come and share this tombstone



THEY HAD FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT WILL

If your news had been ever so cheerful, Tom, I think we must have found it hard to rejoice with you in so gloomy a place."

"Come, let us leave it, then."

He got up from the stone and held out a hand to her. She placed hers in it, and they went away together. They had forgotten Will, who lingered behind to light his pipe in the shelter of another tomb where the wind could not prevail. They forgot Will and the lost man too, and Tom's

mission, in which he had not distinguished himself. They were together, and for the time the desolate place of graves was another Garden where two walked alone and asked for nothing but that dual companionship. Dot forgot her fears, and the sad place was sad no longer.

"You have not told me," she said by-and-by, "but was it not hard for you to go back where—where the shadow fell on your father's life? You were going for another, to help him if you could, but you, Tom, perhaps I should not have asked you to go—"

"No," he said, "I have no memories of that time; I was too young when I left it to remember. It was all strange to me; and as Tom Rose, who was to know me for—my father's son? If it was sad, well, I had but to think of you, Dot, and the brightness came back again. My dear, we will not let that shadow rest on our lives, we will take the good with a thankful heart, and that dark memory will help us to be more generous and merciful in judging others, not knowing the strength of their temptations. That will take the bitterness out of it, Dot."

"Amen," she said, very gently. She looked up, her lips were quivering, but they smiled too; and if there were tears in her eyes, they were there for joy and pride in him.

Then Will came towards them, with Tom's bag in one hand and his rug over his arm, and they were stricken with reproach and shame, as doubtless they had reason to be; and they were so eager with apologies for having lost themselves, not to speak of Tom's baggage, that Will's hurt feelings were soothed, and he consented to accompany them to Bayswater in the omnibus.

Perhaps Will consoled himself with remembering that the trio in which he played so minor a part would presently be turned into a quartette, and four, as everybody will own, is a much more easily manageable and divisible number than three.

## A Deserted House.

WHAT a dull, common-place street,
  Houses unending,
Cloudland and chimney-stacks meet,
  Windows want mending,
Venetians all out of repair,
  Dirty and shabby,
Curtains the worse for wear,
  Maid-servants drabby!

What do I here to-night,
  With footstep that slackens,
Peering with lessening sight
  As the night blackens,
Mooning along in the dark,
  Memories hoarding?—
Here is the house! rising stark
  Gleams a white boarding.

"House to let!" empty and blank
  Stares every casement,
Musty, and fusty, and dank,
  Mice in the basement.
Sentiment covers her head,
  Shrinks in confusion:
Thought to awaken the dead?
  Bah! a delusion!

Why to the stern test of fact
  Squalid and sordid
Bring by my own foolish act
  All my past hoarded?
Let the dead bury their dead:
  Lest it affright thee,
Stir not the mould from their bed
  Who once could delight thee;

Lest the grim skull that is there,
  Ghastly and grinning,
Take the place of a face that was fair,
  Gracious and winning.
So I will leave this dead house,
  Ere I abhor it,
Leave it to beetle and mouse,
  Forget that I saw it.

HELEN SMETHAM.

# THE POETRY OF THE CENTURY:

## A RETROSPECT AND ANTICIPATION.

THERE are few things more remarkable in the history of our literature than the splendour of song which brightened the early years of this century. The last age, indeed, was not without its poets; but for the most part these poets were not singers, and lacked the noble imagination and wealth of melody that distinguished an earlier and a later period. Pope's consummate gift as a satirist, his skill as an artificer in verse, and the dainty fancy that produced a "Rape of the Lock," place him at the head of the second order of poets, unless, indeed, Dryden may claim precedence. The time is passed, it may be hoped, for a critic of poetry to write disparagingly of Pope, but that is no reason for ignoring the limitations of his genius. It may be true, as Mr. Ruskin says, that we have nothing else in its range so perfect; but into the highest regions of song Pope cannot soar. The note of inspiration is lacking—the note, I mean, that is to be found in almost every page of Spenser, of Milton, and of many of the minor Elizabethan poets. In this respect Thomson comes nearer to them than Pope; there are flashes of "the light that never was on sea or land" in Collins and Gray, mixed with much that is conventional, but it was not until the later years of the century that we see indications of a revivifying power in the poems of Cowper and of Burns.

With the new age arose a fresh spring-time of poetry, to be followed by a lovely summer. It was as though every bud was bursting into blossom, every bird into song, every flower in meadow and wood opening its eyes in the sunshine. Wordsworth writes of Burns as having "walked in glory and in joy, following his plough along the mountain-side," and it was the same gladness of song that distinguished Wordsworth himself, the greatest poet of our century. He was not understood at first—a great imaginative thinker seldom is; and it must be admitted that his own perversity, combined with a want of humour well-nigh portentous, considerably delayed his fame. But as in 1798 he had published the "Lines" written above Tintern Abbey, and, in 1800, "Michael," "The Old Cumberland Beggar," "The Two April Mornings," "The Fountain," "Three years she grew in sun and shower," and some other poems almost equally characteristic of his genius, he had done enough by the very earliest days of the century to show that those days had brought with them one of the rarest of gifts—a poet of the highest originality. Wordsworth, as his great successor has truly said, "uttered nothing base," but unfortunately he wrote a good deal when he had not his singing robes on. He can be prosaic, he can be dull, and yet even at his lowest level, when, as Sir Walter Scott said, he "crept upon all fours," there is something in his bearing that is not commonplace.

In the brooding thoughts born of imagination Wordsworth is the profoundest poet since Shakespeare; in the music of song he is surpassed by his friend Coleridge, with whom he began his poetical career in 1798. It is strange to think, by the way, that the first volume of the "Lyrical Ballads" might have been read by Cowper. Like Wordsworth, Coleridge is one of the chief poetical glories of the age, chiefly because he had an ear for harmony which, except by Milton, has never been surpassed. His lines are music, and like a lovely strain of music we cannot listen to them too often, and never feel inclined to say with Shakespeare's Orsino:

> "Enough; no more.
> 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

In 1805 Walter Scott, who had made some tentative efforts previously, may be said to have begun his poetical career with the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Its success was enormous. Like Byron a little later, he leapt into fame at a bound, and was accounted the most popular poet of the time. "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" sent his reputation up still higher; and it was not ill-deserved. We must judge of a poet by the qualities he has, and not by those in which he is lacking. Scott saw things vividly, and painted them with a simplicity and force unsurpassed in modern literature. His verse lays hold of the memory; and while careless about felicities of expression, the rapid strokes with which he draws his scenes are masterly and precise. The greatest of all story-tellers in prose, he knows also how to tell a tale in verse, where the fiction should be subordinate to the poetical emotion. The manliness of Scott's poetry is, I think, a feature especially attractive in this day, when among our minor versemen every curious subtlety of expression is preferred to directness. And no poet since the days of Homer has described battle-scenes with such power. In his sentiment he is sometimes a little commonplace; in scenes that require vigorous action, never. And what a wholesome writer he is! The breezes of the mountains are not more invigorating.

Far otherwise was the poetry of Lord Byron, who followed closely upon Scott in the publication of his poems, and who, with the modesty natural to him, Scott considerably overrated. For a time his poetry created a fever of admiration, and while Wordsworth was not receiving money enough for his verse to pay, as he said, for shoe-leather, Byron gained thousands of pounds for meretricious work that has long since ceased to be admired.

Not that Byron's entire work was of that character. Had it been so he would never have brought some of the largest of modern intellects under his spell. But his most striking literary qualities were not distinctly poetical. His wit and satire are more conspicuous than his imagination, and these gifts are unfortunately exhibited in poems which display at the same time whatever in his character was basest and most depraved.

The impression made by Lord Byron on the mind of the English people was extraordinary.

> "He taught us little; but our soul
> Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll,"

is the poetical expression of what thousands felt when the report of his death reached England. "Poor Byron! Alas, poor Byron!" Carlyle wrote; "the news of his death came upon my heart like a mass of lead." And his future wife wrote: "If they had said the sun or the moon was gone out of the heavens it could not have struck me with the idea of a more awful and dreary blank in the creation than the words, 'Byron is dead!'"

In these later years his power has lessened in as great a degree perhaps as that of Wordsworth has increased; and a living poet who has earned ample laurels as a critic of poetry does not scruple to place Byron, save for the qualities we have mentioned, in the third order of poets. At the same time he extols Shelley, whose melancholy and most painful story shall not be touched on here. For music, it may be admitted, Shelley's chief modern rival is Coleridge, but the heart and intellect claim to be satisfied as well as the ear, and to these the poetry of Shelley does not greatly minister. Neither, indeed, does that of Keats, who has written poems unsurpassed for richness of imagery and enchanting felicity of expression. He seems to have had every poetical gift with the exception of spiritual insight, and that might have come with the "years that bring the philosophic mind." There was fulfilment in Keats as well as promise, and no reader of his poetry should forget that he died at the early age of twenty-six.

This slight sketch of the poets who have for ever made memorable the first thirty or forty years of the century will at least serve, superficial though it be, to remind the reader how for forty years longer the continuity of poetic fame has been preserved. Keats died in 1821, Lord Tennyson's earliest poems appeared in 1827, and from that day to the present (for "Rizpah" and "Crossing the Bar" are worthy of the Laureate in his prime) this delightful poet has proved his right to a royal place in the "realms of gold."

To attempt to criticise Tennyson's work in this rapid glance over a wide field of poetry would be an impertinence, neither is it needful to do more than refer to his noble rival and friend who has so recently been buried in the resting-place of England's poets. But it may at least be pointed out in passing that the two greatest poets since Wordsworth died in 1850 are alike distinguished for reverence, for purity, for a lofty ideal, for a chivalric estimate, which is ever the true estimate, of woman, and for a sincerity of purpose without which no work of lasting value has ever been achieved. They have never, like too many of our poets,

> "Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the lofty line."

In this respect, too, the highest praise is due to several living poets, who, although less distinguished than the two giants we have mentioned, have an honoured place among the singers of the age. Mr. Coventry Patmore, whose theme throughout his most popular verse is Love, writes of it with manly ardour and at the same time with virginal purity. There is not a line in his "Angel in the House" that has a taint of earthiness, and Mr. Aubrey de Vere's high-souled Muse may find fit companionship with that of Keble himself.

Miss Jean Ingelow, like her illustrious predecessor Elizabeth Barrett Browning, is a Christian poet of a noble type, whose voice of song is at once sweet and inspiring. The life and freshness of her verse caught the ear of the public at once, and though her work is sometimes a little careless and diffuse, the author of "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" deserves her fame. Equal to her in popularity, but unlike in other respects, is Mr. Lewis Morris, who won the reputation he has gained chiefly by the "Epic of Hades," a poem that has the merit of originality both in subject and treatment. The wide circulation of this Epic proves that the general reader can appreciate poetry which happens to fall in with his taste. The poet's later works have been almost equally successful, and of recent days he has shown his versatility as a writer of official odes. Something, too, might be said here, if this paper were an elaborate essay and not a sketch, in praise of some living and some recently deceased poets; of Allingham and Mrs. Pfeiffer; of Mackay and Miss Rossetti; of H. S. Sutton and Professor Shairp, of Inchbold, better known as an exquisite landscape painter; of George Macdonald, and of William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet. There is, however, but space for the remark that the verse of these singers—and genuine singers they are—is immeasurably superior to the verse produced by the minor poets of the last century. It is more elevated in tone, more musical, more imaginative, and, in a word, more poetical.

It is something to live in an age when poets such as these are our friends and teachers; and looking across the sea our obligation is enlarged when we remember what Longfellow and Bryant, Mr. Whittier and Mr. Lowell, have done for us.

> "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
> The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"

And now in this last decade of the century the question naturally arises—which was indeed recently asked in these columns—What is likely to be the future of English poetry? Has the race of giants died out? and are we threatened with the "scrannel-pipes" of pigmies? Looking back upon the past—and it is only through what we

know of the past that we are able to prophesy, however timidly, of the future—we find that poetry, the finest of the Arts, is also the rarest, and that there has been many a barren period in which the voice of song was feeble or altogether mute. Versemen there may have been, but they are sorry substitutes for poets. Chaucer—the father of English poetry, as Dryden called him—died in 1400, and if it cannot be truly said that he left no poetical children, yet, although interesting to students, they have no permanent standing in the line of poets; and it was not until the advent of Spenser, who was born about 1552, that Chaucer had a successor and an equal. During the greater portion, then, of two centuries our British world lacked a poet worthy of being called a classic. A period followed in which the whole air, so to speak, was full of song. Even the minor Elizabethan poets—as Mr. Bullen has proved by his anthology entitled "Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books"—had a lovely note of their own which distinguished them from mocking-birds. Indeed, each of these mellifluous lyrists might have said, in the words of Tennyson,

> "I do but sing because I must,
> And pipe but as the linnets sing."

In a poetical sense, Milton may be described as the last of the Elizabethans. He clasps hands with Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Spenser, but who was there when Milton died worthy to carry on the poetical succession? Dryden and Pope are great names, but they belong, as I have said, to a lower order of greatness, and their imitators, the minor versifiers of the age, mistook the art of stringing couplets for poetry. It is significant of the absence of poetic life through long periods of the eighteenth century that it numbered among its Laureates such insignificant versifiers as Nahum Tate, Eusden, Colley Cibber, Whitehead, and Pye.

It is possible, then, that the joyous spring, the brilliant summer, and golden autumn of poetry which have given such glory to our age may be followed by a winter in which natural growth under the eye of Heaven will be suspended and the tender flowers of song raised by artificial heat. In other words, and to drop metaphor, the verse of the coming years may owe more to Art than Nature. "After a certain period," said Warton, "in every age and in every country, men grow weary of the natural and search after the singular." This was the case with Donne and Cowley in the seventeenth century. Both were poets of rare genius, who have marred their fame by eccentricities and conceits, and their extravagances misled several smaller poets, who outbid them in fantastic turns of expression. Readers who by accident or vocation have gained a considerable acquaintance with the minor poets of our day, whose volumes are as numerous (would that they were also as beautiful!) as spring flowers, may have frequently noticed a straining after effect and an endeavour to conceal the commonplace by verbal subtleties and by the adoption of metres alien to the genius of the language. "Never," says an able critic, "were there so many capable of polishing measures quite unexceptionable as to form and structure; never fewer whose efforts have lifted them above what is, to be sure, an unprecedented level, but still a level."

No doubt the verse that is due to culture and not to genius has its momentary attractions. Ingenuity and knowledge may produce something agreeable in form, and with even the semblance of life, but if the vital principle—creative imagination—be wanting, the popularity of the hour will not save it from corruption.

At the same time it is well to remember that it is not always poetry of the highest order which satisfies the heart most fully. Some of the lines we recall with the greatest delight are due to singers whose place in the Temple of Fame is comparatively obscure. They came from the heart of the writers probably in some hour of strong emotion, and the warm life with which they glow thrills the heart of the reader also. And there are times when these "simple and heartfelt lays" give us more pleasure than the finest efforts of genius, just as there are times when a voice like that of Wordsworth's Highland Reaper, singing perhaps of

> "—old unhappy far-off things,
> And battles long ago,"

is a sweeter sound to us than the voice of the most accomplished singer. Indeed, we have only to open any popular selection of verse to see how many of the poems most dear and most familiar come from the pen of writers who, judging critically, do not perhaps merit the high name of poets.

It is as unnecessary as it would be impertinent to pass an offhand judgment on the claims of any conspicuous living versifier to a place in the brotherhood of poets, but this at least may be maintained without presumption, that the poetical imagination seeks its choicest food in faith and hope, and that when these are lacking poetry must decline.

That, we mean to say, is the *tendency* of all poetry which has its source in doubt, though there have been, and may be in the future, poets who, like Clough and Matthew Arnold, find in vagueness and uncertainty a stimulus to the imagination. The most illustrious example, not indeed of the doubt and obstinate questionings that beset all thinking men in pagan Rome, but of absolute denial, is Lucretius,

> "Who dropped his plummet down the broad
> Deep universe, and said 'No God.'
>
> Finding no bottom: he denied
> Divinity the divine and died
> Chief poet on the Tiber side."

These, however, are exceptions, and the rule holds good that joy is the element in which a poet lives, while pessimism is for the most part the grave of noble verse. With what voice will he sing who holds "this goodly frame the earth"

to be a "sterile promontory," and "this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours"? For to the man who has lost his faith in God and immortality Nature herself is no longer a temple of beauty, but

> "The spheres eternal are a grand illusion;
> The empyrean is a void abyss."

These are the words of James Thomson—not the poet of "The Seasons," but the author of "The City of the Dreadful Night"—who died but recently, and dedicates his mournful verse to Leopardi, the poetical high priest of pessimism. It seems strange that a man who regards our human lot as one of unmitigated sorrow, and the sleep of annihilation as the sole escape from it, should take the trouble to set his woes to song. Dust and ashes hardly call for music! Thomson has at least the merit of sincerity, and the words he puts into the mouth of a preacher in a cathedral pulpit in his dark city of despair express his own creed:

> "This little life is all we must endure,
> The grave's most holy peace is ever sure.
> We fall asleep and never wake again;
> Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh,
> Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh
> In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.
>
> We finish thus; and all our wretched race
> Shall finish with its cycle, and give place
> To other beings, with their own time-doom.
> Infinite æons ere our kind began;
> Infinite æons after the last man
> Has joined the mammoth in earth's tomb and womb.
>
> * * * *
>
> O Brothers of sad lives! they are so brief;
> A few short years must bring us all relief.
> Can we not bear these years of labouring breath?
> But if you would not this poor life fulfil,
> Lo! you are free to end it when you will,
> Without the fear of waking after death."

This is the preacher's gospel, in which, in "tones sad and tender as a requiem lay," he bids the people rejoice, and professes to find comfort himself:

> "My Brother, my poor Brothers, it is thus;
> This life itself holds nothing good for us,
> But it ends soon, and never more can be;
> And we knew nothing of it ere our birth,
> And shall know nothing when consigned to earth;
> I ponder these thoughts, and they comfort me."

Some minor poets of the day with less force than Thomson appear to take a ghastly pleasure in hugging their despair. One of them with a rare lyrical gift, whose sweetness of touch led to the hope of something higher and better in the future, will be sadly remembered even by those who knew her only through her verses, as having recently died a mournful death. In the little volume published after her death this is the sad strain in which Miss Amy Levy writes:

> "Our hopes go down that sailed before the breeze;
> Our creeds upon the rocks are rent in twain;
> Something it is if at the last remain
> One floating spar cast up by hungry seas.
>
> The secret of our being who can tell?
> To praise the gods and Fate is not my part;
> Evil I see, and pain; within my heart
> There is no voice that whispers, 'All is well.'"

The poetry of despair, or even of indifference, will not, we may trust, be the poetry of the future in the England of Milton and of Wordsworth, of Tennyson and of Browning, but it is sufficiently exemplified by the smaller poets of our day to call for comment and regret. Happily there are poets whose estimate of the meaning and worth of life has been unaffected by the pessimist and the Comtist—poets who, whether their distinction be great or small, are at one in their belief in the government of the world by a Being perfect in holiness and in love.

One significant trait in the poetry of our time remains to be mentioned. I allude to the art of writing verses of society. Never since the days of Prior has such graceful poetry of this class been written, and from Thackeray to Mr. Dobson we have had quite a nest of singing birds chirping in this winning style. One does not appreciate these efforts too highly in saying that they are welcome at all times, and most welcome in that after-dinner mood that does not crave for verse of a loftier kind.

Now, I can imagine that some readers who have no special love of poetry, and "like it next to prose," may ask why so much stress has been laid on the tendencies of modern verse. In their eyes poetry may appear a feigned thing, fit indeed for the amusement of an idle hour, but of no great account in the spiritual and intellectual progress of the country. "It is indeed a serious matter," they may say, "when books weighty with thought or facts have a sceptical tendency; but is it not altogether a false estimate of poetry to place it on a level with works of philosophy and science?" On the contrary, its influence on the intellect and heart cannot be estimated too highly. Poetry appeals to the emotions, to the imagination, to the ear; it moves our strongest feelings, and sways us we know not how. It is the highest form of expression, the most enduring form of which language is capable; and poets have been not inaptly called the unacknowledged legislators of mankind. In the early and most sensitive period of life they are among the principal, because the best beloved, teachers; and Wordsworth does not overrate their power when he exclaims in lines glowing with the love of country:

> "We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
> Of earth's first blood—have titles manifold."

Mr. Matthew Arnold, it must be admitted, by his extravagant praise of poetry has done as much as the weight of his authority is worth to depreciate its value. It is not true, nothing indeed can be more untrue than his assertion that as the facts on which Christianity is based are failing us, we shall find an ever surer and surer stay in poetry. We need a firmer ground for our faith than ideas, and we might as well expect to find in poetry the future religion of the world as to find in Mr. Arnold's "stream of tendency that makes for righteousness" a substitute for the Christ of the New Testament. Milton understood better than Mr. Arnold the real service rendered by poetry, which is designed "to imbreed and cherish in a great nation the seeds of virtue and civility." This is what the noblest verse of the past has done, and this is what one hopes for in the poetry of the future. It is, therefore, of no small moment to observe the poetical tendencies of our day as represented by its youthful poets, as well as by the more mature successors of Lord Tennyson and Browning. The outlook is not, I think, cheerful. Mr. Swinburne's finest work, "Atalanta in Calydon," was published about a quarter of a century ago; and though he has written much since, remarkable for a marvellous flow of language and command of metre, and not a little that had better have been left unwritten, he can scarcely be said to have risen to a higher level than he reached so decisively in 1864. Mr. Buchanan, too, has written much in many forms since a well-known critic drew attention to his early poems a year later; but despite greater efforts, his early lyrics are still the poems we remember most gratefully in recalling the poetical labours of this versatile writer. Mr. Alfred Austin, who started as a satirist, has grown into a poet, who, when he sits under his trees and listens to the thrushes, has a voice almost as sweet as theirs. He is too ambitious, however, not to plan and execute poems on a large scale, in which it is not always possible to follow him either as a poet or a moralist. Mr. William Morris, the "idle singer of an idle lay," has been somewhat rashly compared to Chaucer; but he is a poet of an original and fine order, whose poetical ardour in years gone by would seem to have been as great as his political ardour is now. He, too, did his loveliest work as a singer in the sixties, and is not one of the poets who has had to wait for his fame. No reader of the "Life and Death of Jason," published in 1867, could doubt that he was in the presence of a true and of a sweet poet, and the "Earthly Paradise" will have confirmed the impression.

Poetry, however, is an exacting mistress, and demands before greatness can be achieved the devotion of a life. These are the poets of a younger generation who stand below Tennyson—how much below it is not for the present writer to say—and it is possible that when our revered Laureate "crosses the bar" (long may it be yet!) to one of these poets the wreath may be awarded. Who can say? Genius of the poetical order steals into the world with no sound of trumpet or public acclamation; and there may be living now some nearly-fledged poet whose power, at present hidden from the world, will make itself acknowledged. Even then, however, the claims of older men are not likely to be put aside in favour of a stripling, even though he may be a David, and can slay a giant with a sling and a stone.

JOHN DENNIS



# THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

## THE REIGNING FAMILY OF PORTUGAL.



THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

[*From a Photograph by A. Bobone*

IN Portuguese annals the date of December 1st, 1640, is known as that of "the glorious revolution against the Spanish usurper," a revolution which placed upon the throne of Portugal that Duke of Braganza who ascended it under the name of Dom Joao IV.

For sixty long years had the country groaned under its Spanish masters. It was a period of humiliation deep and galling, following as it did upon the catastrophe on African soil that lost to the land its autonomy.

Little wonder, therefore, that when the favourable moment came to reassert themselves the people turned as with one accord to the Princes of the house of Braganza as their saviours. This noble family is one of the oldest and most powerful in Europe, of vast wealth and great merit. Probably no country can show such another house privileged at all times to take almost royal rank. The Kings of Spain had long watched these dukes with anxiety, in view of their great and unusual privileges, feeling dimly that they were too important and powerful to remain vassals for ever. It was quite natural that the Portuguese should turn to their family for deliverance from the heavy Spanish yoke.

The history of this revolution that ended the Spanish dominion in Portugal is romantic. A given day and hour had been secretly appointed for action. It was a cold winter's morning when one by one the actors in the conspiracy gathered together silently outside the palace, where no suspicion of their design was harboured.

At nine precisely the assembled nobles entered the gates of the viceregal abode, felled the guards, and, carrying all opposition before them, slew the Prime Minister of the Duchess of Mantua, then Spanish Regent.

"Liberty, liberty!" shouted one of the noble conspirators from the palace balcony to the assembled people below. "Liberty! Long live Dom Joao IV! The Duke of Braganza is our legitimate king!"

And the crowd echoed the cry of "Liberty!" from thousands of throats. Like lightning the insurrectionary movement spread throughout the provinces; there was no hesitation on the part of the people, no resistance worth naming on the

part of the enemy. The Spanish dominion that seemed so firmly rooted vanished as though touched by an enchanter's wand, and the down-trodden Portuguese uprose again firm and intrepid as in their palmiest days.

From that time forward December 1st is celebrated in Portugal with enthusiasm, and from that date the Braganzas have held its sovereignty.

The late King, Dom Luis I, ascended its throne in 1861, in consequence of the untimely death of his brother, Dom Pedro V. The history of this accession is a tragedy. Dom Pedro was the eldest son of that Queen Maria da Gloria who became sovereign as a mere child, and whose helplessness and charms moved the pity of all Europe. He himself was but eighteen when called on to rule, but he won his subjects' love at once by his grave demeanour and solicitude for their welfare—a love that culminated in very worship after he had shown heroic virtues and rare abnegation in moments of national danger, yellow fever succeeding cholera in decimating the land shortly after he had come into power. Wherever the epidemics raged most there was seen the youthful form of the King, and no persuasion could keep him away.

"My post," he used to say, "is where the hand of sickness weighs heaviest, and where the sickle of death mows the flower of my people. My place is close to the suffering and the sorrowful; it is for this that I am king."

The city of Lisbon, considering that the King had in those sad days proved himself its greatest citizen, unanimously voted him a medal, and the Humanitarian Society of Oporto likewise conferred on him one of the decorations it grants but to the highest of all merits. These two insignia were ever of all his orders those most prized by the King, for he had won them by his own deeds.

In 1856 the young King married the youthful Princess Stéphanie of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. A year later, after a few days' illness, she was laid in her grave. The nation grieved with its sovereign, whose sorrow was deep and heartfelt. Touching are the words in which he thanked them for their sympathy.

"During the four years of my reign," he wrote, "my people and I have been companions in misfortune. My conscience tells me that I never abandoned them in their trials. To-day, when I myself need comfort, they in their turn do not abandon me. I find my consolation in my religion, which bids me believe and hope, and in my people's tears as they mingle with mine."

The image of this lost wife was never effaced from Dom Pedro's memory, and his grief no doubt helped to sap his strength, which was still further taxed when, in 1861, he insisted upon making a tour through all his provinces, visiting all the unhealthy districts that he might judge of their needs with his own eyes. When he returned to Lisbon in the autumn, fatigued and enervated, he found his brothers Fernando and Augusto stricken with malignant fever. Nothing could keep him from their bedsides. The tragedy that followed is familiar to all: the elder prince died, the second was long at death's door, and survived almost by a miracle, and had not yet turned the corner of recovery when the King, low in body and mind, also caught the infection, and expired within four days. The grief of the land was sincere and poignant. It is said by those who witnessed it that never was seen such a sight as that in Lisbon the night the monarch lay dying. Rich and poor flocked into the churches and prayed earnestly to God to preserve the valued life of him who was to them father and brother. The bells tolled without ceasing. Everyone was unnerved; the only calm spirit in the midst of this consternation was the King's. He rejoiced that for him the hour of liberation from the trammels of the flesh had struck.

Scarcely had he passed away when his remaining brothers, Luis and Joao, arrived in Lisbon, hastily summoned thither by the dire news of the royal sickness. At once Dom Joao also caught the infection, and despite of care he too expired. The people now rose up in tumult, thinking that malevolence had been at work. And it took long to calm them and to prove that the malignant spirits were none other than bad drainage and unwholesome conditions.

It was amid such gloom that the late departed ruler became King of Portugal and the Algarves. Born in 1838, he had received the same careful education as his brothers, and early gave signs of the love of study that distinguished him. A year after his accession he married Maria Pia, second daughter of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, who at the time of her marriage was but fifteen years old. The union proved a happy one, and the course of their life was tranquil. The King, though he did not gain the worship of his people like his royal brother, was yet well beloved, and they were satisfied with his reign, during whose course Portugal had seen many internal changes—changes in the direction of modern progress that have perchance been pressed upon it even a little too rapidly for its comprehension and absorption, and which of late show threatening signs of the inevitable reaction induced by a too violent mutation of conditions. A student by nature, the health of the King in his later years precluded him from taking a very active part in public affairs; but the Government, which is representative (Cortes), like all Parliaments marched of itself without his intervention. What he loved best were literary and artistic pursuits. He was fond, too, of the society of artists, who were congenial to his naturally gay temperament. Though he has written nothing original, he spent much time over literary work, and translated—and very well too—various foreign authors, his best work being translations of the "Merchant of Venice," "Othello," and "Hamlet." In personal appearance he rather resembled some jolly Dutch sea-captain. His manners were unaffected and easy, his tastes advanced and simple, and he did all he could to counteract the rigid Spanish etiquette that did not harmonise with his own liberal ideas.

Very popular was the Queen, who had secured the affections of a people singularly warm-hearted and attached to its royal house. In person she is

tall, elegant of bearing, with a mixture of reserve, grace of manner, and *bonhomie* that recalls her hunter father. Nor does she fail to resemble him in other respects. Like Victor Emmanuel, Queen Maria Pia was a passionate votary of shooting and all kinds of sport, a taste in which the King concurred. Unable, however, to gratify it always to its full extent, the Queen, when in *villeggiatura* at the watering-place of Caldas, used to amuse herself with the harmless practice of aiming with a rifle out of a high window at earthenware bottles floating in the sea, and placed there for that purpose. It is said that it was not often that she missed her unstable mark.

But for all these mannish tasks she was a queen and a woman. She dressed with taste and elegance, her jewels were among the most costly of any regent's, and her household was ruled with an etiquette that proved that she never forgot her rank, even if it pleased her at times to disguise it. This she does most frequently when bound upon some of those errands of mercy for which she is famed, and which have gained her the name of "Angel of Charity." Philanthropy is with her as much a passion as hunting, music, or painting. She is at the head of all Portuguese charitable establishments, which she directs in person, even to the minutest details. Always to the fore if any disaster occurred, any appeals were made to the public purse, she did not confine her charitable exertions to public calamities only. Endless are the anecdotes told of her good deeds. Many and many a time has she quitted the palace at some early morning hour, unaccompanied, simply dressed in black; and none of the household dare ask whither went her Majesty, for all knew she was bound on some secret errand of mercy. Once when a civic guard, recognising her and seeing her enter one of the lowest quarters of Lisbon, followed her to watch over her safety, she sternly forbade him to divulge what he had seen, or to unmask her anonymity. In all cases of distress brought under her notice she desires, if possible, to judge for herself, and behold with her own eyes.

It was no uncommon sight to see her on quitting the cathedral after morning mass surrounded by a crowd of poor people, who knelt as she passed, kissed the hem of her dress, or presented her some petition. These she invariably took in her own hand and read on her return home.

The life led by the late King and his Queen was, like that of most royal personages, highly methodical. The Queen rose early, and breakfasted on a simple cup of chocolate at seven, after which she at once set to work, directing her correspondence, reading some of the newest publications, or attending to her philanthropic institutions. At midday was the general lunch, which was partaken of in company with the King and royal household. At two o'clock when in Lisbon the Queen received at the Palace of Azuda, when she showed herself most accessible, and was ever ready to converse with her visitors, especially on charitable or artistic themes. At four o'clock she went out driving either in the town or the lovely environs of Lisbon. Most often she visited Mafra, which may be called the Versailles of Lisbon. Here she was able to gratify some of her sportswoman tastes—shooting, rowing, or driving four-in-hand. By eight o'clock she was back in the palace for dinner, after which she frequently went to the theatre. The Queen-Dowager plays the piano and sings with taste, and her water-colour paintings are graceful. Quite recently she painted a charming fan for the Queen of Italy representing the pier at Lisbon and the tower of Belem. She is passionately fond of flowers, especially of maiden-hair ferns and lilies of the valley, of which basketfuls always adorn her private apartments. The King, too, loved flowers; and the grounds about the Palace of Azuda resemble a botanical garden more than a private one. But better than flowers he loved birds, and his aviaries were stocked with native and foreign specimens, which were his pets and his delight. The Queen, less retiring by nature than the King, loved society even more than great receptions. She encouraged *petits comités*, when music, informal dancing, and talk formed the entertainments of the evening. She directed these little *réunions* with the tact and skill of a good hostess and a *grande dame*. Unlike most royal receptions, those held under her auspices were not dull. After the King's health declined so seriously it was the Queen who tended him, and who proved herself the best assistant to the doctors. In a word, she is in all respects a superior woman. The recollections that abide with her in these days of her sorrow must be fragrant still.

Two sons are the fruit of this royal union. The eldest, Dom Carlos, Duke of Braganza, now King of Portugal, was born in 1863. He, too, like his maternal grandfather, is a mighty hunter. Until called to the throne most of his time was spent at Villa Vicosa, the ancient residence of the Dukes of Braganza, whose vast adjoining estates permitted him to gratify to the full his love of sport. It is said of him that he is good and kind-hearted, but by no means clever, nor distinguished for any salient traits. No anecdotes about him circulate in society or among the people. He remains as yet for them rather an unknown quantity. Time alone can show what manner of ruler he will make. In 1886 he married the Princess Amélie, eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris. The reception accorded to the bride on her public entry into Lisbon was something equally touching and imposing. All the splendour of the ancient days when Portugal took high rank among nations, glorious in her brave discoverers and learned men, seemed revived for the nonce in the magnificent processions that filed through the streets, gorgeous pageants whose picturesqueness was enhanced by the beauty of the town of Lisbon itself—that masterpiece of the great Minister of Joao I, the Marquis of Pombal, who caused it to uprise more lovely than ever from the ruins occasioned by the great earthquake of 1755, that laid it low. Like Rome, this city too is built on seven hills, and its beauty has been the theme of poets and painters. A quaint German legend tells how a certain knight of Jerusalem desired to behold in a magic mirror the most beautiful city of Europe. At his desire there uprose before his gaze, in all its beauty, Lisbon the Great, as it was called in

those days. And even now, though no longer the emporium of Eastern trade, no longer the wealthy busy centre, Lisbon still retains her natural charms.

To Lisbon the Orleans Princess was tenderly welcomed, and it is pleasant to know that she has fulfilled the fond expectations her advent awoke in Portuguese breasts. Her young daughter-in-law is also a special favourite with the Dowager Queen. Indeed, the Portuguese royal family are very united and affectionate.

Before the young couple had ended their honeymoon the Duke of Braganza was called upon to serve his apprenticeship as ruler during the temporary absence of his father, who had left for reasons of health. He acquitted himself of his task in such a manner that the Portuguese were well satisfied, and trust that, now Dom Carlos is called upon to succeed his sire, his government will be one of peace and sound administration. An heir is also already provided for. The rejoicings throughout the land at the birth of this first child were great, the late King giving in its honour a series of State banquets, on which occasion there figured on the table that far-famed service of plate, well known to amateurs, which is of such rare workmanship and of such costly material that it is seldom removed from the strong rooms in which it is safeguarded. A magnificent pageant, too, was the formal coronation of the new King on December 28 of last year, though for the King and Queen the pleasure of the ceremony must have been considerably marred by the fact that both were suffering from a severe attack of the influenza epidemic that has raged throughout Europe.

Such this royal family of Portugal, of whom the Queen-Dowager is certainly the most picturesque and prominent member; good, kind, homely persons, who, as far as their personal characters are concerned, will never disturb the peace of Europe, but who, all of them, strive to do their duty in that exalted station of life to which they have been called.

## At the Prison Gate.

Once by a foreign prison gate,
  Deep in the gloom of frowning stone,
I saw a woman, desolate,
    Sitting alone;
Immeasurable pain enwound,
Infinite anguish lapped her round
As the sea laps some sunken shore
Where flowers will blossom never more.

Despair sat shrined in her dry eyes—
  Her heart, I thought, in blood must weep,
For hopes that never more can rise
    From their death-sleep;
And round her hovered phantoms grey—
Ghosts of delight dead many a day;
And all the thorns of life seemed wed
In one sharp crown about her head.

And all the poor world's aching heart
  Beat there, I thought, and could not break.
Oh! to be strong to bear the smart—
    The vast heart-ache!
Then through my soul a clear light shone;
What I would do, my Lord has done;
He bore the whole world's crown of thorn—
For her sake, too, that crown was worn!

E. NESBIT.




AT THE PRISON GATE.



## ABOUT PRIMROSES.

IF there is one subject more than another in which guessing is very often easy, and nearly always fatal, it is, perhaps, that which treats of the origin and derivation of words. But, admitting that what seems obvious is often most inaccurate and untrue, is there any doubt but that the "primrose" really means the "first rose," or "first flower" of the year? At the first glance the origin and meaning of the word seem quite clear and unmistakable; yet this very easy derivation is not the right one, as may be seen by considering the way in which the word used to be spelt. In old herbals the word is written "pryme-rolle," and Chaucer's form of it is "primerole." This is the same as the old French "primeverole," and the Italian "primaverola," a diminutive formed from the two parts, "prima" and "vera"—"first" and "spring." So that, after all, the original meaning of the word primrose seems to be the first flower of spring.

In the south of Europe this name is given to the daisy, for the primrose is seldom found. The Germans call it by quite a different name. To them it is the "himmel-schlussel," the "key of heaven;" or simply the "schlussel-blume," the "key-flower." The latter name seems properly to belong to the cowslip, and may be a reference to the likeness which its hanging blossoms bear to a bunch of keys.

But there is a fuller meaning in the name than this. It seems to have the reputation—enjoyed also by several other plants—of opening the doors which bar the way to great treasures hidden by unknown hands.

There are many such legends of opening plants. Thus we are told that in Iceland there is a belief that the curious and rather local plant herb-paris is capable of opening any lock, and it is called "lasa grass," the plant which "looses," or unlocks. The striking appearance of herb-paris—the four great leaves surrounding a solitary and very peculiar flower—was probably considered sufficient reason for attributing to it some extraordinary power.

Again, in the swampy meadows of Russia grows the "rasivtrava" ("rasiv" signifying to open, and "trava" a herb), by means of which housebreakers are supposed to effect an easy entrance into any house they please.

There are other plants which are said to be used by birds for making their way to a nest which has been built up, or in some way hidden; and there are on record remarkable tales which are quoted in proof of this statement.

But we need not travel so far as Russia or Iceland to find strange and amusing ideas about flowers—even primroses. In Devonshire it is considered unlucky to carry a solitary primrose, violet, or snowdrop. In Worcestershire the same superstition still lingers; to carry into some farmhouses less than a handful of primroses is to incur the reproachful anger of the farmer's wife. To her it means the destruction of a brood of young ducks or chickens. In other parts these flowers are dreaded because they are much sought after to put upon coffins and graves. Some people surround with the same gloomy associations the beautiful white sprays of the blackthorn; even in the less superstitious regions of society I have heard similar objections raised to wearing pink or white camellias.

Some older books mention a rather different use to which a primrose may be put. They direct "a youth or a maiden" to pull the flower from its

stock, and, having cut off the tops of the stamens with a pair of scissors, to lay it in a secret place, where no human eye can see it. The experimenter is then told to "think through the day of his sweetheart, and to dream of her through the night." Next morning he is to examine the flower. If he find "the stamens shot out to their former height," he is to understand that "success will attend him in love;" if not, he can only expect disappointment. The answers of this floral oracle must have been characterised by an exasperating sameness, which no doubt soon threw discredit upon its impartiality and prophetic truth.

Beside its beauty, the primrose has few qualities which render it useful to mankind. The possibility of using it for the production of wine has been proved by experiment; but its services in this direction do not appear to be as acceptable as those of the cowslip. One authority states that "primrose-pudding" has been tried as a change; but, as if to discourage further culinary attempts upon it, the same authority as positively affirms that the flower is "eaten only by pigs." There is only one medicinal property of the primrose generally mentioned: it is stated that about 1½ drachms of it act as an emetic.

In speaking of the cowslip I must note how unequally it is distributed in different parts of the country. In some districts I have seen the fields as yellow with cowslips as later on they are with buttercups; in others they are seldom found in great numbers, and are small and stunted.

Few people have any difficulty in distinguishing a cowslip from a primrose; but there is another flower, something between the two, and so like either of them that its very existence is often overlooked—I mean the oxlip. It may be readily distinguished from the primrose, because its flowers do not grow upon separate stems, but in a bunch, something like those of the cowslip. It differs, however, from the cowslip in having flowers larger and of a paler hue. From its peculiar position, midway between these two species, the oxlip seems to be a cross between them.

In some parts of Norfolk, perhaps elsewhere also, the idea is current that the primrose and the cowslip may be changed the one into the other. I well remember years ago carrying out the directions of the country folk, and planting a row of the former upside down, in the hope of effecting such a transformation. I was not disappointed; probably because in a few days I was doing something else, certainly not because my efforts were perceptibly successful.

There is one peculiarity which is common to all three of these nearly-related flowers. Many village children know what some of my friends never found out for themselves—that there are two kinds of primroses. One kind has in the centre of the flower a little knob like a pin's head, which is called the stigma. The other, instead of the little knob, has several oblong bodies covered with yellow pollen; these are the anthers. If one primrose of each kind be taken and carefully slit from the bottom to the top with a sharp penknife it will be found that there is a pin-like pistil, with a stigma at the top, and a row of anthers in each of them; but their positions in the two flowers are different.

In the pin-eyed primrose the stigma is at the very top of the long tube of the flower, and the stamens are so far down the tube that before the flower was cut they were invisible. In the thrum-eyed primrose these positions are reversed; the stamens are at the top of the tube, and the stigma is about half-way down. So that clearly there are two kinds of primroses; and the same is true of cowslips and oxlips.

Then comes the question, what is the reason for this marked difference in the construction of these flowers? The answer has been worked out and given to us by Darwin and others. It appears that both the pollen-covered anthers and the pin-like stigma take part in the production of seeds. A full account of the process need not be given here; it is only necessary to say that the pollen of the anthers must be brought in contact with the surface of the stigma. Further, that the seeds produced are healthier, stronger, and more numerous if the pollen which is brought upon the stigma come, not from the anthers of that same flower, but from those of some other flower altogether.

Now, there are several carriers by which this transferrence of the pollen from flower to flower may be effected. In the case of the hazel the pollen is contained by the catkins, better known as "lamb's-tails;" and the wind blows it in clouds from tree to tree. This takes place long before the leaves come out; for these would be materially in the way at such a time. Most flowers, however, seem to rely for this important service on the insects which visit them from time to time in search of the honey which lies hidden within their blossoms. In their eagerness for this the insects push and hustle and force their way into the very heart of one flower, cover themselves with its pollen, and, unsuspecting as a child that has smelt a tiger-lily, fly off to some other, generally of the same kind. Anyone who will watch a bee on its daily rounds may see the process going on.

Now apply this to the case of the primrose, and the reason for a variation in its structure becomes more evident. We have only to think of what happens when a bee visits this flower. Suppose it to alight upon a thrum-eyed blossom. To get at the honey for which it has come it thrusts its head into the centre of the flower, and plunges its trunk down to the bottom of the long tube of the corolla. In so doing it pushes through, and crushes against, the pollen-bearing anthers, so as to cover its head and legs with their yellow dust. Then it flies away, perhaps to another of the same kind, and gathers upon it still more pollen. Sooner or later it will alight upon a flower of the pin-eyed kind. Again it thrusts its head into the centre of the flower; and so brings it in contact with the stigma, to which some of the pollen adheres. In this way the pollen from the anthers of one flower has been carried to the stigma of another; and thus the health of the seeds which will be formed is insured.

In a precisely similar way, had the bee in the first instance happened upon a pin-eyed flower the pollen would have attached itself, not to the head of the insect, but to its trunk. When a thrum-eyed flower was next visited, and the trunk again thrust down the long corolla-tube, it would, when half-way down, have crushed against the stigma, and would have left upon it some of the pollen-dust.

This, then, is the explanation given of the difference between the pin-eyed and the thrum-eyed primroses, cowslips, or oxlips. A few minutes' examination of the flowers themselves will make it clearer than any explanation can do.

The insects which visit the primrose, and unconsciously do it so great a service, are not bees, but moths. Humble-bees find the cowslip, with its short corolla-tube, better suited to their wants. The original type of all our flowers seems to be something like our common buttercups—a yellow or yellowish-green flower, with many anthers and many stigmas. A flower that has so far changed from the original type as to have only one stigma, and a special arrangement for securing cross-fertilisation by the insects which visit it, must be considered to have reached a high stage of development. This being the case, it is a little surprising that it has retained its yellow colour. Yellow seems to be the colour of the most primitive flowers. Those that have developed considerably, and have become more or less dependent upon insects, seem to have changed their colour also, in deference to the taste of their visitors. The change has probably been from yellow to white and red, and then to blue or purple. The other highly-developed members of the primrose family are red or blue. The primrose itself is a striking exception to this rule.

One is inclined to wonder sometimes why the primrose is such a general favourite. This is due in part, no doubt, to the fact that it comes out when scarcely another flower is to be seen; but it always seems to me to be peculiarly English. In the "Winter's Tale" it is regarded as a symbol of early youth:

> "Pale primroses,
> That die unmarried ere they can behold
> Bold Phœbus in his strength."

In "Cymbeline" it is one of the flowers that are to sweeten the sad grave of Fidele. Milton felt a thrill of sympathy with "the sad primrose, that forsaken dies." To Spenser it spoke of sadness, and even of death:

> "Mine was the primrose in the lowly shade!
> Oh! that so fair a flower so soon should fade,
> And through untimely tempest fade away."

These quotations are familiar, but here are two verses of Thomas Carew which are not so well known:

> "Ask me why I send you here,
> This firstling of the infant year;
> Ask me why I send to you
> This primrose all be-pearled with dew;
> I straight will whisper in your ears,
> The sweets of love are washed with tears.
>
> Ask me why this flower doth show
> So yellow, green, and sickly too;
> Ask me why the stalk is weak,
> And bending, yet it doth not break;
> I must tell you these discover
> What doubts and fears are in a lover."

But it is not only to the poet that the primrose is dear. To every Englishman in whose heart the good and beautiful still find a place it speaks with a voice of power. There is one remarkable example of this on record. We are told that a vessel bore into an Australian port an emigrant who had brought with him from his English home a pot of primroses. They were in flower at the time. The news spread, and with it a longing to see the little yellow flowers once more. Crowds thronged to get a sight of them, and as they were carried from the vessel to their new home they had to be strongly guarded from the enthusiasm of the people.

By those hard-working, money-gaining men its voice of power was heard, and at its sound old associations came rushing back upon them. The high-banked lanes and dripping hazel-woods in which, long before the snow had vanished from the hollows, they searched for those crumpled leaves—a promise of yellow blossoms soon to come. That grassy bed, long forsaken by the little stream, where, though few knew it, wild snowdrops might be found. The lonely clump of trees crowning a solitary round hill, to which they climbed for the blue sweet violets that were hidden in their shade. And then, coming from the deep shadows of the pines out into the bright sunshine on the open down, what a strange, vague hope thrilled them as they gazed upon the broad, rich lands below, and the glittering river winding far through the golden valley to the misty outline of the sea! Yes, and the cosy thatched homestead, with its front of yellow plaster half-hidden in roses and jasmine; but the garden's special pride were the rich, dark gilly-flowers, whose scent was wafted on the still summer air as far as the village cross. And above the cross, nestling against the hillside, the little church, the honeysuckle twining about its porch, and within it a cool and solemn air, and the mellow light of the stained-windows falling softly on the marble altar-floor.

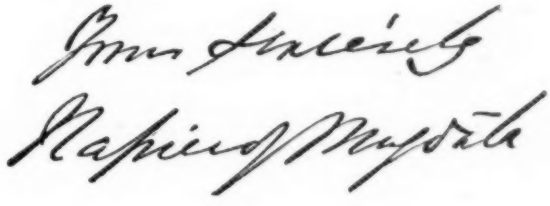
Such were the associations which clustered round those fragile yellow blossoms in a far-off land. Such are the treasures of memory which that little key-flower, if we but learn its secret, can unlock; so that we cease to wonder why it has been called the "key of heaven."

S. W. SCADDING.

# LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL J. GRAHAM.





A FEW years ago, at a terminal inspection of the Oxford Military College, a quiet-looking old gentleman stood among the spectators on the parade-ground. He watched with interest the various drills and exercises performed by the cadets, and was evidently both a soldier and a man of high rank, but he seemed to be unknown to the majority of the public who had received cards of admission. Later in the day he presented the prizes which had been won in the term, and delivered a short address to the following effect:

"I should have considered your chairman, Colonel Duncan, to be the proper person to distribute the prizes, and I should have been better satisfied had he done so, but I have been told that as a member of your council, and as the senior officer present here to-day, it is my duty to occupy this position. When the matter was put to me in that light, and when that word DUTY was pronounced, I had no choice, because I have always regarded the claims of duty as paramount. And I would counsel you, my young friends, in the life on which you are entering, never to lose sight of duty. Whatever may be the circumstances in which you find yourselves, whatever the difficulties by which you are confronted, let duty be your guide, and follow it without turning to the right hand or to the left. My next advice to you is this: Never lose an opportunity of doing a good and kind action. Do it for its own sake. You may not always receive a temporal and immediate return, although you may often reap even that advantage; but in any case the consciousness of having done good will be your most gratifying reward, and one of which you cannot be deprived. Lastly I would

say—Redeem the time. Make use to the utmost of all the means of improvement at your disposal. Look well before you, and prepare with thoroughness and care for the career which you have chosen. The present time is yours, but old age comes upon us more rapidly than we anticipate, and if we have not acted thus, our latter days will be embittered by unavailing regrets."

The speech of which the above is an imperfect summary was delivered in a kind, conversational tone, and at its close everyone knew that the speaker was the victor of Magdala. The impression produced by his words cannot be easily described. Here was a venerable warrior, near the end of an eventful life, summing up for the guidance of young men the principles which he himself had reduced to practice. In fact, he was a most notable illustration of the three qualities, *devotion to duty*, *kindness*, and *preparedness*, on which he had been discoursing.

Robert Cornelis Napier was born on the 6th December, 1810. He was the son of Major Charles Frederick Napier, of the Royal Artillery, and received his education at Addiscombe, the famous old college which sent out so many men of sterling worth to build up our Indian Empire. On the 15th December, 1826, he entered the Bengal Engineers, and on the 25th January, 1841, was promoted to the rank of captain. He had still four years more to wait before being called upon for war service, but when at last the time of action arrived he showed how well the previous eighteen years had been employed.

The Sutlej campaign of 1845-46 stamped him not only as an engineer of rare skill and ability, but also as an officer of resource and indomitable valour in the field. He was engaged in the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon, and at the siege of Kangra. At Moodkee his horse was killed under him, and at Ferozeshah he was severely wounded, and again had a horse killed. He particularly distinguished himself at Kangra, and received at the close of the war the medal with two clasps, the brevet of major, and the thanks of the Government.

Major Napier served in the Punjaub campaign of 1848-49, and was severely wounded at the siege of Mooltan. In the latter year he obtained the medal with two clasps, and was gazetted to the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. An important sphere was now assigned to him among the wise and able officers whom the Lawrences gathered around them in the conquered province.

The fact is thus mentioned in "Kaye's History of the Sepoy War": "At the head of the Department of Public Works was Robert Napier, in whom the soldier and the man of science met together to make one of the finest engineer officers in the world." He left his mark and his monument in those roads, fortifications, and buildings which denoted that our occupation of the country was meant to be both permanent and beneficent.

We find Lieutenant-Colonel Napier in 1852 commanding one of the three columns sent against the Hassanzais of the Black Mountain. The service was arduous, but it was successfully performed. Some idea of its difficulty may be obtained from the following words of Colonel Mackeson, the commander of the expedition:—"The hardships from exposure to cold and fatigue and from long fasting were shared cheerfully and pretty equally by all the troops. . . . The fact of the highest summits of the Black Mountain having, when clad with snow, been climbed by British and Kashmir troops in the face of all the opposition that its mountain defenders, prepared and resolute to oppose them, could bring against them, needed no amplification, but would convey the conviction that these troops were resolute, and that their leaders were not easily appalled by difficulties." Lieutenant-Colonel Napier was specially mentioned for the skilful way in which he had conducted his column, receiving afterwards the thanks of the Governor-General in Council.

In 1853 he took part in the expedition against the Afridis, which was his fourth campaign. Here his habit of carefully preparing for, and providing against, adverse contingencies proved itself to be of signal value. He was complimented by Colonel Boileau, who commanded, on the great assistance which he had rendered, received a clasp, and was specially thanked by the Government. A year later he was promoted to the rank of full colonel by brevet.

When the great Mutiny taxed our strength, and brought to the front so much that was great in self-sacrifice, endurance, and military talent, it was only to be expected that Colonel Robert Napier, at the age of forty-seven, dauntless, experienced, and with all his well-known bodily and mental vigour, should have been marked out for a post of distinction and responsibility. It may be interesting to reproduce here the record of this portion of his services as it appears in the Army List. It is as follows—condensed, but eloquent, almost every word being suggestive of thrilling histories. "Indian Mutiny, 1857-9. Chief of staff to General Outram in 1857; actions of Mangarwar, Alumbagh, and Charbagh, first and second relief of Lucknow (wounded), and subsequent operations, siege and capture of Lucknow. Commanded a brigade during Central Indian campaign, including capture of Gwalior and action at Jaura Alipore. Despatches, 'London Gazette' of 17th February and 25th May, 1858, and 18th April, 1859. Received thanks of Parliament; medal with three clasps; C.B. and K.C.B.; and a year's service for Lucknow."

Reading between the lines of this splendid memoir, we can see that all his powers were exerted to the utmost during the life and death struggle of those eventful years.

The following testimony is from Sir James Outram, dated Camp, Alumbagh, 25th November, 1857: "Skilful and courageous as have been the engineering operations and glorious the behaviour of the troops, their success has been in no small degree promoted by the incessant and self-denying devotion of Colonel Napier, who has never been many hours absent, by day or night, from any of the points of operation; whose

valuable advice has ever been readily tendered and gratefully accepted by the executive officers; whose earnestness and kindly cordiality have stimulated and encouraged all ranks and grades amidst their harassing difficulties and dangerous labours."

In Malleson's "History of the Indian Mutiny," the storming of the Kaisar Bagh is referred to in these words: "It was a great, even a magnificent work, but it might, and ought to, have been greater. Its greatness and magnificence were due mainly to the Sikhs and the 10th Foot, to the gallant leading of Havelock and Brasyer, the confident daring of Franks, and the skill of Napier."

But, as in previous campaigns, he was now not more conspicuous for his engineering skill than for his brave leadership and his successful handling of troops. His conduct during the Mutiny furnishes an interesting study of character. Patience and calculating prudence were exercised on the proper occasions, and a valour which may almost be styled reckless was shown when a dash was required. In the histories of those times we read, on one page, that Sir Colin Campbell specially mentioned him as having conducted his engineering operations "with the greatest judgment;" on another his brilliant leading of a storming party is described. In one chapter he appears as the far-seeing and humane commander restraining his troops, and by a delay of twenty-four hours carrying a strong position with a *minimum* of loss; in another the character is changed, and he is the impetuous and resistless moving spirit of a flying column.

After the battle of Gwalior, in June, 1858, Sir Hugh Rose ordered Napier, then a Brigadier-General, to pursue Tantia Topee's army *as far and as closely* as he could. There was no mistaking this order, and it was literally obeyed. He had at his disposal only five hundred and sixty cavalry and a battery of artillery, at the head of which he made a rapid march, and in two days overtook the enemy at Jaura Alipore. The rebels were at least four thousand strong, composed of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, well posted and prepared to meet him. Having reconnoitred the position, he decided on an immediate fight. He galloped his battery to a position from which it could open an enfilading fire, meanwhile holding back and concealing his cavalry. When the artillery came into action, and the enemy realised that he was taken in flank, he endeavoured, it has been thought, to change his front in order to cope with this unexpected attack, but whatever may have been his intention, the accurate practice of Napier's gunners prevented its fulfilment, and confusion ensued. The moment for which the British General was waiting had arrived; he launched his cavalry at the struggling mass before him, took twenty-five guns, besides elephants, ammunition, and other property, and, in the words of Colonel Malleson, "never was rout more complete."

Another brilliant feat of soldiering was his projecting himself on the army of Feroze Shah at Ranode, when that rebel chief was attempting to join hands with Tantia Topee in December, 1858. Had the wily native succeeded in his design at that time, the rebellion would have had a new lease of life, but Napier outmarched him by a parallel route, and suddenly appeared in front of him, barring his progress. His astonishment at the quickness and audacity of this movement was still at its height when Napier delivered his attack. Although the British force was ludicrously out of proportion, a mere handful when compared with that of the rebels, it was meant to win. Discipline, cohesion, a good spirit and a good commander, prevailed over numbers. Feroze Shah, his army broken and scattered, lost by this stroke both his power and prestige, and his cause received a shock from which it never recovered. Finally, Tantia Topee himself, having been for some months hunted and headed by several British columns, was captured in February, 1859, by an officer acting under Sir Robert Napier's directions, and thus the last hope of resistance was lost and the fires of rebellion were extinguished.

The campaigns in which Napier won his renown and his honours were, above all others, the Indian Mutiny and the Abyssinian Expedition, but between the two comes in the China War of 1860, which requires a passing notice.

This war soon broke in upon the comparative retirement to which he had returned after the restoration of order in India. The British army in China consisted of two divisions, one of which was commanded by Sir Robert Napier. The commander-in-chief, Sir Hope Grant, recorded his high appreciation both of the "energy" and the "gallantry" of Napier. The former quality was at once called into requisition by the well-nigh insuperable difficulty of transporting the artillery, after the landing, owing to the marshy state of the country. The latter was conspicuous at the storming of the Taku forts, where he escaped death as if by a miracle, having been grazed or slightly contused in five places, without being badly hurt. He also took a prominent part in the operations before Pekin, and in the ceremony which accompanied its surrender. It is an interesting fact that when the loot of the Summer Palace was sold by auction, he and Sir John Michel, the other general of division, joined with Sir Hope Grant in waiving all claim to participate in the proceeds, thus raising the share of the men to £4 each. At the conclusion of the campaign he received the thanks of Parliament, the medal with two clasps, and "the rank of major-general for distinguished service."

From 1861 to 1865 Sir Robert Napier was a member of the Supreme Council of India, and in the latter year was appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Bombay Presidency.

It was during his tenure of the Bombay command that the Abyssinian Expedition was decided upon, England having at length resolved to attempt the rescue of the Europeans who were held captive by King Theodore. Sir Robert Napier, now a lieutenant-general, was selected

for the task, and the troops were to be supplied by the Bombay army. Although he was known to think little of expense if an important end were to be gained, yet the Imperial Government, on the advice of the Duke of Cambridge and Sir Stafford Northcote, very wisely determined to allow him a free hand in preparing and executing his plan. This seems, however, to have been imperfectly understood by the Government of Bombay, who, notwithstanding the recommendations of the responsible head of the expedition, insisted on organising the transport in accordance with the notions which they and their inexperienced advisers entertained. The consequences were a dangerous delay, a frightful additional expense, and, as described by the war correspondents of that day, the most revolting and wholesale cruelty to the transport animals. Before the army could set out on its African march this department had to be entirely reconstructed on the lines originally proposed by the General.

Colonel Merewether, the British Resident at Aden, had prepared the way as far as possible by exploring the country and collecting information. Sir Robert Napier determined to land at Annesley Bay, and to enter the highlands by the Komayli Pass and Senafé. Although Colonel Merewether and his assistants had been indefatigable in their endeavours to ascertain the nature and capabilities of the country, and the disposition of the tribes, all that could be learned confirmed the opinion that a most difficult and hazardous duty had been undertaken, and that it was impossible to forecast the course of events. In October, 1867, Colonel Merewether commenced operations at Annesley Bay, in consequence of the selection of that place for debarkation. Sir Robert Napier, through him, addressed a letter to the governors, chiefs, religious orders, and people of Abyssinia, assuring them that, in traversing their country, he would fight only against King Theodore, that all he required for his troops would be paid for, and that he would not interfere with their civil rights or their religion. The landing-place was situated in the very uninviting region described by Markham in the following words: "An inhospitable strip of coast-line, without water or resources of any kind, intervenes between the Red Sea and the great mountain barrier which has for centuries shut out Abyssinia from intercourse with the outer world." Where so many thousands of men and of baggage animals had to be landed and maintained the want of water was most serious. Every drop had to be condensed by the steamers in the bay and sent on shore. The climate was more deadly to men and horses than that of the worst parts of India, and quite as many followers as are allotted there were necessary to the comfort of the soldiers during the first portion of the campaign.

Buildings of various kinds were necessary, and the bay was so shallow that piers had to be built to admit of sufficiently rapid debarkation, for all which structures the materials had to be imported. Horses, camels, and mules, which were supplied by contract, poured into the place, but the train arrangements, undertaken by the Government of Bombay, having broken down, and their drivers having run away, multitudes of these poor creatures were in nobody's charge, and died of thirst and starvation. Even among horses that were fairly well looked after there was much sickness, one regiment losing over three-fifths by glanders.

At this time there was considerable confusion and misery at Annesley Bay. Sir Robert Napier was still in Bombay in order to insure the despatch of what he deemed essential, the water supply was insufficient, the heat was intense, the air was made pestilential by vast numbers of unburied carcases, and the senior officers, whose presence might have been beneficial, had pushed on to establish a depôt in the mountains, and to make roads for the passage of artillery and baggage. At this juncture Sir Robert Napier sent out Sir Charles Staveley, who quickly moved up some of the troops to the high land, where more water and better air could be had. He also formed parties for burning the carcases, and reduced the transport department to something like order.

Sir Robert Napier soon followed Sir Charles Staveley, taking up the supreme command on the 3rd of January, 1868. Lieutenant-Colonel Martin A. Dillon was his military secretary, Colonel the Hon. F. A. Thesiger his deputy adjutant-general; the first division was commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Staveley, K.C.B., and the second by Major-General Malcolm, C.B. He had some 16,000 troops of all arms, besides followers and train, who swelled the total to nearly 32,000, and from first to last 40,000 transport animals were disembarked for the expedition. The sea transport was accomplished by 669 troopships, at a monthly cost of £433,028.

The magnitude and cost of these preparations have been criticised, but from this distinguished commander's modes of thought and action, and from the fact that he had been entrusted with the chief command in Bombay, it may safely be assumed that he had exceptional opportunities of justly weighing all the probabilities, and that in this, his seventh campaign, he adopted the course which was most certain to attain the desired end. Not only by his experience, but also by what the historian of the Mutiny calls his "clear and acute intellect," he was well qualified to decide this matter. He had wisely determined to be independent of any supplies which might or might not be drawn from the countries through which he was to pass. It was therefore a part of his plan to secure the means of carrying all his supplies over four hundred miles of rocks and ravines. He was obliged to leave a strong garrison at the bay, to establish fortified posts as he advanced, and continually to detach troops sufficient to preserve his line of communication, so that he could hardly count on retaining more than a third of his force for fighting purposes at Magdala.

He could not calculate with certainty on the native tribes; he had to climb mountains 10,000 feet high, and to thread his way through passes which a few resolute men could hold against a host.

Turks and Egyptians were said to be intriguing in order to raise resistance to the British advance, and recent feudal wars had left large tracts devoid of food and forage. It was therefore imperative that his train should be efficient and his army capable of inspiring a certain amount of awe. It was this last quality that, probably more than anything else, brought the native chiefs to his assistance.

Senafé was the first important post after leaving the plain. It was strongly held and contained a large accumulation of provisions. Antâlo was another principal station and depôt, nearly half-way to Magdala, and it was at this point that grain, flour, and cattle began to be supplied by friendly chiefs. They had become convinced that they were in the presence of a superior strength, to that they were unprotected and ordered their capture. His warriors rushed down the steep and swarmed on towards what they deemed an easy prey. But Sir Robert Napier had comprehended the situation just in time. The available infantry was ordered up in hot haste, and the Abyssinians were driven from position after position, losing heavily in killed and wounded.

On the next day Theodore attempted to treat with the commander-in-chief, but was informed that he must surrender both his prisoners and himself. To put the matter shortly, the prisoners were, after some parley, sent into the British camp, and the King seemed to hope that his own personal surrender would not be insisted upon. When he found out his mistake he tried to escape, but the place was so closely invested



MAGDALA.

which Theodore would have to submit. The conduct of the natives and the resources of the country now permitted the commander-in-chief to dispense with much of his *impedimenta* and send back a large proportion of his followers.

From Antâlo onwards the march was often extremely difficult and trying. The heat by day and the cold by night were alike excessive; men and mules fell out exhausted, the latter not unfrequently rolling over into some yawning chasm, and drenching thunderstorms were of common occurrence. But all marches come to an end, and on the 10th of April the head of the leading column arrived at the last ravine separating it from Magdala. Here the battle of Arogi was fought under a torrent of tropical rain and amid peals of thunder that silenced the sound of the artillery. This battle came as a surprise to both sides. It appears that, owing to some mistake or misapprehension, the artillery and baggage got in front and were seen by Theodore from the opposite height as they descended into the valley. He thought that he saw it was impossible; whereupon he shut himself up in Magdala with such of his army as chose to share his fortunes, and resolved that he would never be taken alive. At three o'clock on the 13th the artillery opened fire on the fortress, and at four o'clock the place was carried by assault, when the King was found shot by his own hand.

It is noteworthy that neither at the battle of Arogi nor at the fall of Magdala was there a single man of the British force killed. Among the results of this great and fortunate expedition were the release of the European prisoners, about sixty in number, among whom were a consul, an envoy, and an officer, all British, several missionaries, and a number of mechanics and others with their wives and families. The commander-in-chief also set free over ninety principal chiefs who had been kept in durance vile by the King. But perhaps the greatest service rendered by the expedition was that it emancipated the Abyssinian army and country from the domination of

a mad and cruel tyrant, who in one district alone had burned alive and otherwise put to death some three thousand persons. He frequently disposed of his prisoners by cutting off their hands and feet and then throwing them over the precipice on which Magdala stands. The Europeans whom he held there must have endured the bitterness of many deaths, because they well knew that at any moment of his drunken frenzy the fate of others might be their own.

Sir Robert Napier did not leave Magdala without making an attempt to perpetuate it as the stronghold of a Christian power. But a suitable ruler could not be induced to accept the responsibility, so that nothing remained but to render the place defenceless and reduce it to ashes.

Sir Robert Napier expressed himself to a friend as deeply interested in the Biblical associations which constantly presented themselves in Abyssinia; and to the same friend he said, when all was over and the homeward march had begun, that he felt humbled by his success, because, although he had "projected," he felt that disaster might, at any moment, have occurred had it not been warded off by a Higher Power.

England gratefully applauded his splendid achievement. He received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, the Abyssinian medal, G.C.B. and G.C.S.I., and was raised to the peerage as "Baron Napier of Magdala in Abyssinia, and of Caryington, co. Chester."

In 1870, after the expiration of his term as commander-in-chief in Bombay, Lord Napier accepted the high position of commander-in-chief in the East Indies, which he held till April, 1876. In October of the latter year he was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar, being then a full general. He worked great and beneficent improvements at Gibraltar. During his tenure of office there he represented Queen Victoria as special ambassador at the marriage of the King of Spain, and was decorated with the Grand Cordon of Charles III. Retiring from his governorship at the end of 1882, he immediately received a field-marshal's bâton, and in the year 1887, as a crowning honour, the Constableship of the Tower of London.

The closing years of his life were not given to repose, but to the active duties of Christian charity and patriotism. Up to the end, all the support and help of his position, his money, his powerful mind and wide experience, were freely bestowed for the benefit of others. The Volunteer force claimed him as an honorary colonel; he took a warm interest in the Oxford Military College; he was Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Gordon Boys' Home, and aided many other good undertakings. As a member of Canon Fleming's congregation he was an exemplary but unobtrusive Christian. In his charities he was lavish to the furthest extent of his means. It was singularly touching and appropriate that his last public act, performed only a few days before his death, was to write an appeal to his countrymen on behalf of the Gordon Boys' Home. He then said: "The sad anniversary of Gordon's death falls this year on a Sunday," and went on to express the hope that it would be noticed in many pulpits. It is very remarkable that on that Sunday to which he referred his own funeral sermon was preached by his own clergyman before the Prince of Wales at Sandringham. The occasion was thus one of twofold sadness. The assembly that commemorated Gordon mourned for Napier.

Lord Napier died on the 15th January last, in the eightieth year of his age, truly "full of years and honours." The old warrior had laid down his arms. He had been active in many a distant scene of battle and carnage, when the shadow of death was dark upon him, but he was spared to pass peacefully away, in his own home, amid the kneeling forms of his family and pastor.

The funeral, which took place on the 21st of January, was worthy of the great soldier. His remains were carried from his house in Eaton Square to the Tower, and thence to St. Paul's Cathedral, the military display and the ceremony being most solemn and imposing. Around the grave stood the Prince of Wales, Prince George of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolseley, and a glorious company of his old companions in arms, bearing historic names and recalling India, China, and Abyssinia. Colonel FitzGeorge brought a wreath from the Queen, inscribed, "A mark of sincere respect and admiration from the Sovereign he served so faithfully." A wreath from the Duke of Cambridge bore the words, "To Field-Marshal Lord Napier, from his devoted comrade and friend, George, Commander-in-Chief." The German Emperor, in a message of sympathy to the Queen and the army, said, "His noble character, fine gentlemanly bearing, his simplicity and splendid soldiering, were qualities for which my grandfather and father always held him in high esteem." The grave has closed over him, but his memory will live in the country to which he gave a long life of continuous and brilliant service.

Few men are endowed with so many natural gifts, but fewer still have the wisdom to improve and exercise them. Napier had five talents entrusted to him, but when the reckoning time came he had ten talents to deliver up. An old friend of his, who is also a distinguished officer, and who has stood by his side in hours of trial, says that in his younger days he had a naturally rather impatient and imperious temper, but that he had, by great effort and determination, completely mastered it, so that when "somebody blundered," and things went badly, his eyes might brighten and his lips become more compressed, but he would give no other indication of what was passing in his mind. He made it a rule never to utter words of censure on the spur of the moment, and it was a rule from which he was seldom known to depart. He had not only attained to the distinction of him that "taketh a city," but had risen to the higher eminence belonging to him that "ruleth his spirit."

Kindness was one of his principal springs of action. That might be gathered from his speech at Oxford, but it was proved at Peshawur. There,

in a very inclement season, the supply of blankets was, from some cause or another, so inadequate that he found a patient in the hospital covered by only one blanket, and immediately sent his aide-de-camp for his own fur cloak to cover the shivering soldier. When he built a military hospital it was not because, as an engineer, he desired to have his hospitals constructed on correct principles, or because, as a commander, he wished to reduce the drain on his forces, but because, as a gentleman and a Christian, "he had the men in his heart." He was so unselfish that he would rather suffer with his men than accept any better fare as a campaigner than was served out to them. In Abyssinia he slept in a bell-tent, and lived on ordinary soldier's rations. Like his brother officer Gordon, he had a contempt for danger and discomfort, and a yearning desire to help the weak.

Surely the example of such a life should be made widely known, and we ought to thank God that our Christianity and our country can produce men so thorough, so fearless in the path of duty, and yet with hearts so tender.

His motto, "Break thou the chains," should ring in our ears as his parting advice; it is backed by his own example.

## The Joy of Pain.

WHY runs the world mad after gladness?
Is gladness the best earth can give?
Why turn men so coldly from sadness,
And dare not to suffer and live?
Why clutch they so vainly at pleasure?
Why, shuddering, shrink they from pain?
If joy be not theirs in full measure
They count life as vain.

Yet whose are the voices called sweetest?
Whose eyes have the tenderest light?
Whose lives seem to stand forth completest?
Whose faces are grand in our sight?
Not those who have dallied with pleasure,
And laughed through the mirth-filled years;
Not those who have yielded no treasure,
Nor shed any tears.

But those who in glad immolation
Have pressed the thorns into their brow;
And those who, in self-consecration,
Have knelt at God's feet with a vow;
And those who have lifted a burden,
And borne it with faltering breath,
Nor sought for their goodness a guerdon
In life or in death.

The hero, by nations appointed,
To rouse the dull earth for awhile,
The saint whom a faith has anointed,
The martyr who dies with a smile;
The brave whose stern faces can whiten
At sight of the wrongs in the world,
Whose ready swords flash forth and lighten,
Whose flags are unfurled.

Ah, these whom the tempest dishevels,
Who stand in the thunder and rain,
Who pause not for dances and revels,
And count the world's laughter as vain:
*These* know where true joy is begotten,
They come within sound of God's voice,
And anguish and pain are forgotten,
When He says, "Rejoice."

Ask those who, with eyes clear with weeping,
Have fathomed the meaning of loss;
Ask those who, their sad vigils keeping,
Have flung themselves down at the cross.
Ask those who, at summons of duty,
Have yielded their dearest and best;
For *they* know the loveliest beauty,
The joyfullest rest.

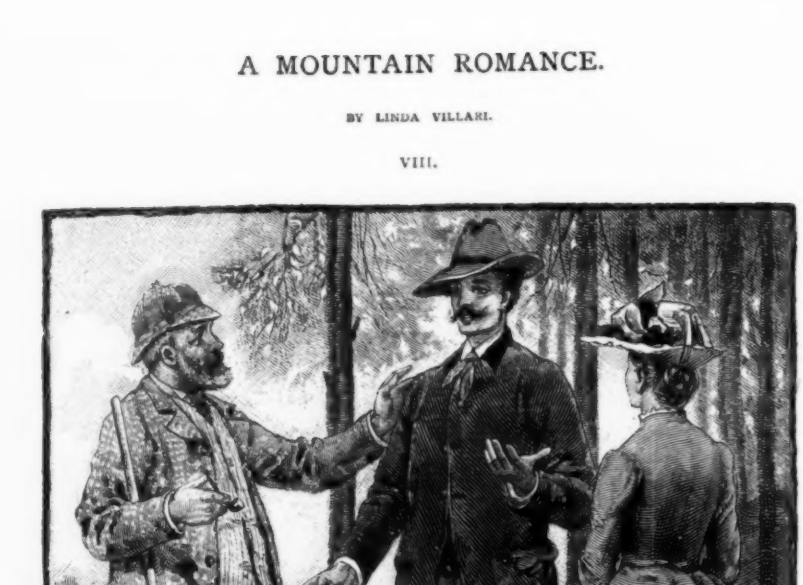
They joy not who foolishly cherish
The things which they think *make* for joy;
The flowers which they pluck so soon perish,
The sweets which they hoard so soon cloy.
But those find the glory transcendent,
The ecstasy passing belief,
The vision of heaven resplendent
Who shrink not from grief.

IDA J. LEMON.

# A MOUNTAIN ROMANCE.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

VIII.



"HOW DID YOU CONQUER THE PAPA?"

THE girl's letter acted as a magnet, for half an hour later, while changing my cap for dinner, there came a knock at the door, and instead of a maid with hot water the Doctor walked in. He was pale, seemed preoccupied, told me twice over that he had been to Turin, and when I gave him Elena's note, took it without comment. And although his fingers trembled a little, and his forehead flushed above the line of sunburn, he seemed in no haste to learn its contents.

"I have been to Turin, Madame," he repeated for the third time, "and—"

But clang, clang went the dinner-bell, and the young man started hastily to his feet.

"I mustn't detain you now. I only dropped in on my way to Chamonal. When may I come to see you again?"

I explained that we were going up to the glacier on the morrow, and should only return late, but that I should certainly stay at home the whole of the following day, and be delighted to see him. He hurried off at once—to read his letter, of course—leaving me oddly impressed by his changed manner. Was he perhaps repenting his hasty proposal? But Kit took a different view of the case.

"Depend upon it, Joan, he knows the family secret. Poor young fellow! I am immensely curious to see how he takes it, and what he proposes to do. I think I can guess."

"Beard the ogress in her den and assert his rights!" I cried, quickly. "He said he was going to Chamonal!"

Kit shook his head and stroked his moustache.

"My downright British sister, wait and see! I think I read Bondaz better!"

"After all, it is no concern of ours," I returned, slightly huffed. The Gressoney drama was becoming a bore.

I was in the same mood the following morning after agitated dreams in which the lovers and the Baroness played exciting parts. It was really preposterous that our holiday should be spoiled by all these altruistic emotions. What a pity we were not going over to Zermatt, never to return to this tiresome valley! It was horribly cheerless and cold at this early hour before the sun had mounted above the steep wooded walls to the east. The hurried breakfast, bustle of departure, and energetic gaiety of our vigorous friends all jarred on my tired nerves.

Jogging through the silent village, past the Denabian house, and up the familiar mule-path, I could think of nothing but the child still sleeping, probably with the Doctor's letter under her pillow. Not until we had passed the turn to Chamonal and lost sight of its stern grey front on the height could I dismiss Gressoney affairs from my mind.

After the zigzags of Castel we were on new ground. The gorge widened and sunshine flooded the valley. There, at last, was La Trinité, its clustered buildings and church-spire backed by the mass of the Lyskamm and a few more houses scattered on the further bank of the river. A side valley to the right brought new summits into view, and thus the landscape was more varied, if less smiling, than at Gressoney.

Just at this point we met a cavalcade headed by the Baron, and our English friends enjoyed a glimpse of local customs. For seated in front of Baron Carlo, and supported by his right arm, rode the buxom cousin, Baroness Felsen-Luscoz, in the same shining black silk and array of trinkets which had startled our sober minds at Chamonal. The Baron reined in to greet us, and was disappointed, I thought, to learn that the luggage-mules behind only betokened the departure of our friends.

We had a merry breakfast at La Trinité, an exhilarating climb to the glacier, and it was only when our tourists had tramped away in search of fresh (ice) fields and pastures new that my sadness and foreboding returned. For one thing, I was dead tired; so too was Kit. We plodded homewards almost in silence through sunset splendours and soft twilight, and reached our door just as the first stars were twinkling in the sky.

I waited in vain for the Doctor next day, and was almost glad to be spared the excitement. The weather was sultry, and it was pleasant to rest my aching joints; to skim through a new book; and amuse myself at intervals by watching the proceedings of some Turin excursionists, who were enjoying their holiday in a noisy fashion, and with copious draughts of rough Aostan wine.

Kit, however, was unsettled—kept fidgeting in and out of the balcony wondering at the Doctor's non-arrival. Man like, he gave a lofty title to his curiosity. He was anxious for the solution of a psychological problem. Towards night we received a hurried note of explanation. Our friend had been detained by a serious case, but hoped to join us at Chiaverena the following afternoon.

I threw down the letter impatiently.

"How can he propose before us all? It's my belief, Kit, that this hero of yours is a faint-hearted noodle, and shrinks from coming to the point. I am disgusted with myself for prompting that dear child to answer his absurd declaration."

Kit laughed, and asked, with quiet sarcasm, whether in the course of my long experience I had not occasionally met with lovers capable of creating opportunities without the help of older heads.

"At any rate," I rejoined, "I shall scarcely interfere with their opportunities to-morrow. It is drizzling already, and see what a watery moon!"

But the next day proved cloudless: the tints of rocks and trees were refreshed and enriched by the past showers; all Nature was fresh and radiant. The delicious crispness of the air might have tempted Diogenes from his tub, and I was more than willing to start by the time the landlady's boys appeared with the baskets of supplies for the châlet.

This time our course lay down the valley, through woodland, fields, and meadows, intersected by brimming streamlets, across the wild ravine at the base of the Combetta, and then up and up through the fragrant pines. Kit was in ecstasies over the ever-widening landscape, the dreamy forest glades, the brilliant companies of scarlet and orange funguses at the roots of the trees, and vented his feelings in verse. Not sharing his gifts, I, alas! can only give a catalogue of these mountain sights, and the world must wait until Kit's new poems are published to see Gressoney with his eyes.

Climbing higher and higher, a new array of purple peaks came into view to the south. Then our path ceased to ascend, and we strolled easily through the woods, with occasional peeps of the valley below, and the silver curves of the Lys. We were nearing the Alp; the music of the cattle-bells no longer sounded on all sides, but distinctly ahead of us. Across another torrent the trees thinned, and we came suddenly to the edge of a wide grassy amphitheatre, with a stout châlet placed where the stage should have been, and a group of sheds and shanties on a little bluff on the skirt of the woods.

Below the main building the ground fell in natural steps to the cliffs overhanging the valley. The turf was dotted with black and brown cows, and two or three red-skirted girls were scrubbing pans at a pool. But where was Elena? We looked for her in vain. Our guides with the baskets had hurried on to announce our approach, and Tante Luisa stood on the châlet steps, shading her eyes from the sun. Her greetings were hearty, if incoherent. So glad to see us, hoped the boys had not broken the eggs, was vexed that her brother was out of sight. The Doctor had unexpectedly arrived, and carried him off, no one knew where! Elena, too, had vanished; must have gone to the dairy for cream, or into the woods for flowers. So ill-mannered of her to be

out of the way! And the poor flustered soul broke off her kind speeches to despatch man and maid in quest of the absentees.

We begged her to take no trouble about us—we had come so much earlier than we expected; so, after depositing our wraps in one of the cosy wooden rooms, we left the old lady to give undivided attention to the precious baskets, and sallied forth to look round. Making our way through the mild-eyed kine to a rock at the top of the pasture, I was exclaiming at the beauty of the view, when Kit whispered in my ear,

"Observe the figures in the foreground. Didn't I tell you he would find an opportunity!"

At a little distance beneath our rock, just where the interrupted woods resumed their march downwards, stood Elena and the Doctor. A green mist of larch boughs partially veiled them from our gaze, but their attitude spoke volumes. They were turned towards the valley, his arm was about her waist, her head on his shoulder. One glance was enough; we cautiously retreated from our *belvédère*, looked at each other, laughed, and hesitated what to do next. We could not disturb their new-found bliss.

But one of the farm-servants came running across the grass with shouts for the Signorina. Had we seen her?—she was wanted at the house. So, telling the maid we would bring her, we plunged into the wood, talking loudly as we went, and presently met the pair demurely ascending the path.

Elena rushed to me and pressed her hot face to mine, while her companion gave my hand a significant squeeze.

"My flowers!" cried Elena the next instant, and ran back among the trees.

The Doctor made a movement to follow her, but, thinking better of it, confided to us that he was the happiest of men.

Kit patted him on the back, saying, "That's an old story, my friend. We saw you under the larches. But how did you conquer the papa?"

"Alas! he is only half conquered. We are to wait a year, and the engagement is to be kept secret until I go to Turin in November."

"What, you are really going away?" I asked, quickly.

"It is *impossible* to stay here," was the grave reply.

"But are you not afraid that the Baroness will work against you in your absence?"

"The Baroness!" he exclaimed, in a tone of contempt. "She is chained—is powerless to hurt me now! Franz Bondaz has naught to do with the noble Felsens of Chamonal!" and, removing his hat, the Doctor stood with bared head as though registering a vow.

What a handsome, manly young fellow he was! What grand lines of face and form, what power and sweetness in his eyes! With him it was indeed all for love, and the world well lost; for, unless I mistook his meaning, he had won his bride at the price of his rights.

Kit's eyes flashed approval. "So," he said, quickly, "you have vanquished the family ogress! I think I know how. Tell me if I have guessed truly?" and, taking the young man's arm, he led him away, leaving me to escort Elena and her recovered flowers to the châlet.

Her account of the morning's work was about as coherent as the cooing of a dove, but she added, in more intelligible language, that Tante Luisa was only to be told later, or she would be too flurried to attend to anything.

"And you say your father has been kind?" I inquired, unable to accept the churlish old boor in the light of an indulgent parent.

"Wonderfully kind! I was wrong to fear him so much. He said nothing of grandmamma or her—wishes about Carlo; told me he had always liked Franz, and would guard his interests in his absence. His interests!" she laughed gaily; "as if they could suffer! As if I would ever look at anyone else!"

But now fresh calls sounded from the châlet, and we found Tante Luisa in a great fluster and rather offended by our long absence. I helped Elena's trembling fingers to arrange her bouquets among the many little dishes of radishes, pickles, ham, and sausage already garnishing the table. All the crockery and appointments were of the simplest and cheapest kind, and wooden benches the only seats. But there was one easy-chair in the balcony, and I was glad to rest there for a while before the rest of the party came in.

Denabian was the first to enter, corkscrew in hand and a couple of bottles under his arm. Rather to my surprise, he gave me a well-bred as well as cordial welcome. He seemed younger and more erect divested of his flapping, high-collared overcoat, and there was an almost jovial twinkle in his ferret-like eyes. Perhaps he, too, was glad to revolt against the sway of the Baroness; yet as he shuffled about the room snapping out peremptory orders to sister and child, his appearance was inexpressibly ignoble. He had fidgeted back and forth between door and balcony and looked several times at his watch before Kit and the Doctor arrived. Then he became all politeness, and while smilingly receiving my brother's apologies, shot a quick, cunning, triumphant glance at the Doctor. It was lost on its object, who was speaking to Elena, and had no eyes for anyone else; but it aroused my mistrust. Tante Luisa had noted it too, but interpreted it in another fashion apparently, for with nervous haste she summoned her niece to a seat beside me, and placed poor Franz at the other end of the table.

There was a curious restraint over us all, and during the first courses of the ponderous meal the clatter of knives and forks was only broken by disjointed remarks.

Old Denabian ate like a wolf, until his hunger was thoroughly appeased; he only replied in monosyllables to Kit's attempts to gain information on the rearing of cattle and sheep. But at last, after several bumpers of strong wine, his tongue was unloosed. He then launched into a catalogue of his possessions, vaunted his own agricultural skill, depreciated that of his neighbours, and was specially contemptuous of the results achieved by the Baroness and her son. And as every speech

was followed by a draught, his eloquence became hotter. But he was evidently a seasoned toper. Wine quickened his utterances without confusing his brain, merely blunting his prudence and bringing his sordid nature clearly to view.

"Those Chamonal pastures don't yield half what they might in proper hands," he said, thumping the table with his fist. "When *we* have the management of them, things will be different, won't they, Franz? Come here again, sir,"—this solemnly to my brother—"in a year or so, and you'll find our Doctor a rich man—the richest man in Gressoney, sir!"

Aunt and niece exchanged a look of alarm. The former seemed to think her brother insane, for she hastily made the sign of the cross. There was a moment's silence, then Dr. Bondaz bent forward and said, slowly and emphatically,

"You are mistaken, Signor Denabian, I possess nothing in Gressoney. As I told you this morning, I am going to work for my bread in Turin."

The old man stared, drew himself up with tipsy solemnity, then burst into a loud laugh, winked at us all in turn, and replied,

"Going to Turin, hey! Of course we all know that! But we'll have you back—have you back. Better work here than pills and plasters, hey!"

Then nudging my arm with his knotted red fingers, the horrible man turned to me. "You, Signora Inglese, you like my girl, and will be glad to know that this young man here—"

The Doctor sprang to his feet, and seemed on the point of silencing his future father-in-law by force, when the door opened, and Baron Carlo Felsen suddenly walked in.

The old man seemed instantaneously sobered, and stared at the visitor with an air of abject alarm, while Kit, with his usual presence of mind, created a diversion by springing up to shake hands with the Baron. Poor Tante Luisa, trembling all over, hurried out to seek fresh supplies; and Elena, the Doctor, and I slipped out on the balcony just as old Denabian, having found his voice and recovered his wits, was telling the Baron he had just been speaking of him and wishing for his company. Poor Elena was overcome with shame and annoyance. She looked touchingly grateful when I checked her stammering apologies by asking her to forgive me if I had profited by the interruption, and to come and feast on the wonderful view. Going to the end of the balcony and fixing my eyes on the Lyskamm, as though I had never seen it before, I left the lovers to exchange confidences. I longed to hear what Kit thought of the scene, but in fact the explanation was pretty obvious. The old drunkard knew the family secret. What Dr. Bondaz meant to do was the main question now!

But Tante Luisa soon came to interrupt my meditations, and seemed so hurt by my neglect of her cakes and cream that I was obliged to return to the dining-room. Not to my old seat, however—nothing could have induced me to approach Denabian again. Between my hostess and the Doctor I felt safe, and Kit took possession of Elena. The Baron was very gloomy and preoccupied. He scowled at Bondaz, bowed slightly to me, and, as soon as the coffee was served, emptied his cup at a draught, and asked Denabian to come across to the stables with him.

As the door closed behind them the old lady shook her head, clasped her hands, and confided to me her fears of a scene. Carlo was in one of his black moods, she said. What could have brought him? He had not come to the châlet for years, and her brother had seen him the day before at Gressoney. What did he want? I suggested that Elena might be the attraction; whereupon the troubled woman poured out a long lament, broken by many sighs and interjections, on the tyranny exercised by the Baroness.

"As for Carlo," she went on, with an almost vindictive gleam in her mild, faded eyes, "he is not fit to touch my darling's feet! He was bad, bad even as a child, and it is awful to think that my Elena is to be sacrificed to him!"

And the good soul looked so very wretched that I felt quite angry with Elena for leaving her in ignorance of the morning's event, and asked her meaningly whether her niece might not have a will of her own in the matter. "Look there," I added, pointing to the tall fair man and slender dark girl leaning over the balcony with their heads close together.

The old lady's eyes filled with tears. "I know," she whispered; "I am not so blind as they think. But only misery can come of it. Poor children! My brother would never break his word to the Baroness."

"In our country the young always carry the day," I replied, pressing her hand; "and I fancy you are mistaken about your brother. Ask Elena and Franz what has happened."

And so saying I made my escape and joined Kit, who was peacefully smoking on the rocks outside. It was a relief to breathe the mountain air in peace and gaze on the still array of peaks all about us and the verdant valley winding like a ribbon at our feet. But natural, human curiosity soon set me questioning Kit as to what the Doctor had told him.

## IX.

"FIRST of all," said Kit, "we were right in our conjectures. Bondaz now knows the secret of his birth. His reputed father had lodged a packet of papers in the hands of his notary at Turin, with directions for opening it at a fixed time after his death. It contained certificates of the late Baron's marriage with his cousin, of the birth of their child, and of the latter's legal adoption by Bondaz. Documentary proof of everything in fact. Also a letter in the dead man's hand to his supposed son, setting forth the details of the case, and enjoining Franz to assert his claims at his own discretion. That, after the first tumult of amazement, Franz had quickly decided what course to adopt" ("I told you he was a fine fellow," said Kit in parenthesis), "and he has simply followed the dictates of his heart. Why discard the name of one who acted as a father to him for that of the parent who had feared to

acknowledge him? Let Carlo keep both title and lands. He was content to remain Franz Bondaz, and the only revenge he sought was to humble his mother's foe, the proud mistress of Chamonal, and make her feel that she was in his power. He was reticent as to his interview with the Baroness, and was too magnanimous, I imagine, to stab very deep. But he has checkmated her by threatening to assert his rights if she dared to oppose his marriage with Elena. That was the only point he cared for."

I don't consider myself a worldly person, but I confess I was deeply disappointed.

"Kit!" I gasped, "surely you don't approve of this? *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!* Your Doctor is too good to live! He should make war to the knife against that fiendish old woman. Of course it sounds very beautiful and Christian to give up all for love, but he has no right to defraud his heirs of their just place in the world. It is monstrous."

"Quiet, quiet, old lady!" replied Kit with a laugh. "Everyone is not so combative as yourself. Besides, does not a man owe more to his conscience than to an unborn generation? It would be a fine thing indeed if all our acts were to be hampered by considerations of the light in which non-existent children might chance to regard them!"

"Well, but it isn't fair to Elena," I resumed, shifting my ground.

"Nonsense! Elena loves Franz Bondaz, is content to marry Franz Bondaz; and you may be sure she will share his views on the subject. And, don't you know, apart from the fine feelings you are so prompt to despise, that all Italians prefer submitting to injustice rather than betray family secrets to the world? You may call this a weakness, if you like, but it is a respectable weakness; and their reverence for the ties of blood forms their best strength."

"Such a tame ending to a fine romance!" I exclaimed, plucking a tuft of fragrant thyme and crushing it pettishly in my fingers.

"It is not ended yet, unluckily," remarked Kit, in a despondent tone. "Our poor friend has to go through a year's probation before his marriage bells will be rung, and—"

"There's Denabian to be counted with," I broke in. "Remember his tipsy speech at dinner. He won't be satisfied with a penniless son-in-law. He means to show fight. I begin almost to like the old sot!"

"He will make mischief, at any rate," said Kit, gravely. "It is a sad pity he knows the secret. But he was so bent on giving his child to the Baron that, all other arguments failing, Franz had to take this course to gain his consent. By this time the man has probably revealed the whole affair to the Baron."

"That would matter little," I said; "and it might diminish the young man's annoyance to learn that he owed his position to his rival's generosity."

Kit shook his head. He held that Carlo Felsen would neither appreciate his brother's generosity nor be in the least disarmed by it. "He will only hate him more bitterly than ever; and he can be an ugly foe, I take it. Fortunately Bondaz will be out of his reach, and let us hope the sweet little Elena will not allow herself to be worried to death during the next twelve months."

"Why couldn't we take her to England with us on a long visit?" I cried, moved by a vision of all the child would have to endure from her kinsfolk when her lover was gone. "My girls will think me quite mad, but never mind."

"You dear old soul, that's a capital suggestion; but I doubt whether these people would let the girl go. Even Franz might object to her being carried off so far. But we'll talk it over another time. Here come the lovers, hand-in-hand with the good old aunt. They have evidently opened their hearts to her."

They had; and it was as comical as it was moving to see the simple creature's struggle between joy and dismay. She clung to her dear ones as though already called to defend them against all the forces of the Felsens, with the Baroness at their head.

"Tante Luisa is horribly frightened," said Elena, disengaging herself from the old lady's grasp, and nestling beside me with a shy blush.

"No, no, not a bit!" gasped the poor woman, with a look of appeal to the stalwart young hero by her side; "but what shall we do when *he* is gone?"

Franz laughed; Elena smiled; both were too exultant in their happiness to sympathise with her tremors, but I saw that her nerves were really shaken, and did my best to reassure her. After a few words with Kit, Franz had gone off with Elena into the forest, and before long I saw the gleam of a red skirt high up among the larches at the back of the dell. Neither Denabian nor the Baron appeared. Kit paced the turf near our rock, and I sat watching the browsing animals and listening to Tante Luisa. Her excited confidences had dwindled to a trickle of talk, and my replies to an occasional monosyllable. The restfulness of the scene, the soft fragrant air, and the tinkling bells, had a very soothing effect; the mossy boulder supported my head at a most comfortable angle; trees and grass, cows and clouds became gradually confused, the outlines of the hills shifting and blurred; drowsiness weighed me down, and after one or two efforts to keep my eyes open, I succumbed to the pleasant lethargy, and was wafted away to my children in England. But the next minute, as it seemed, I was wide awake, and there was Kit before me, watch in hand, declaring I had slept a whole hour, and that we must hurry back to Gressoney. I looked lazily round. A curious change had come over the scene: the grassy basin was filled by a swaying mass of cows, brown, black, and white, more were streaming down from the woods, maids and men were busy with milk pails, and above the confused tinkling of innumerable bells rose the measured strains of an "Ave Maria."

Elena was leader of the choir, and the dear child stood on the balcony over the dairy door, with several peasant girls clustered about her. Franz, too, was near, lending the support of his

strong baritone to the bird-like flights of his love's soprano. It was a vision of Arcadia, and the girdling woods made a fitting frame to the pretty pastoral. Sunset was at hand, and trees and grass wore the vivid metallic lustre peculiar to the hour when Nature displays her strongest tints before veiling them with the gloom of night.



VOICES BELOW.

Kit and I listened, and looked in rapt silence, but all too soon the "linked sweetness" of the evensong died away; the glamour passed, and Arcadia was but an Alpine farm.

In a few minutes we had bid our entertainers farewell, and, with throats scalded by the fiery decoction of mountain herbs, pressed on us as a stirrup-cup by our host, were hurrying through the already darkening woods.

Bondaz naturally lingered behind for more last words with his Elena, but he soon caught us up. The Baron was nowhere to be seen.

"Must have gone straight back to Chamonal," said the Doctor, "after his interview with Denabian."

"He is thoroughly checkmated, I hope?" inquired Kit, thoughtfully.

"Most thoroughly," rejoined Franz with a light laugh. "We are quite safe, and I cannot pretend to pity my rival. He was too unworthy of Elena; cared only for her possessions—not a whit for herself."

"Be on your guard, however," I remarked. "You have promised to wait a whole year, and you are going away. Are you certain the Baroness is effectually muzzled?"

A shade of disquiet clouded the young man's face. "Elena loves me," he said, quickly.

"Well and good; but the rest hate you. I—my brother and I were thinking whether Denabian would let us take your Elena to England with us. She would be further from you, of course, but," I added, noting his gesture of alarm, "remember, she would be out of her grandmother's reach. She would be as a child of my own, and we should bring her back to you safely."

Bondaz was assisting me down a sharp zigzag while I spoke. He pressed my hand to his lips, saying, "Your kindness overwhelms me, dear lady. I would trust Elena to the end of the world with you, but you don't know our customs. Denabian will never consent."

Kit had lingered behind at the turn of the path to light a cigar in a sheltered nook among the rocks. Suddenly he shouted a warning cry; something came crashing through the trees. Bondaz pulled me aside. I stumbled and fell flat on my face just as a big boulder plunged down on the spot where we had stood the moment before. It was a narrow escape. I was too shaken and dazed to rise at once.

The next instant Kit leapt down the bank, and his terrified cry of "Joan, Joan!" brought me quickly to my feet. He was white and trembling, and I was tearfully laughing at his alarm, when to my great surprise the Baron appeared, coming deliberately down the path. He raised his hat stiffly; trusted that nothing had happened. The Doctor started and regarded him oddly, while Kit, in a tone of fury I had seldom heard from his lips, exclaimed, "No thanks to you, Baron! You *must* have heard their voices when you sent that rock over the edge!"

Without answering the question the Baron turned to me. "Pray forgive my heedlessness, madame. I—I was lost in thought; I had no idea you were below. Pray forgive me."

"Certainly. We are both safe, you see," I said,

cheerfully, for I thought Kit was unreasonably enraged and most unaccountably rude.

All this time the Doctor had remained silent, and as though in a dream. But as the Baron turned to leave us he suddenly strode towards him, and, grasping his arm, said in a low, distinct voice, "Thank Heaven, Carlo Felsen, that you missed your aim! Thank Heaven for it!"

With a hasty oath the Baron shook off his brother's hand and rushed away through the wood.

'Oh, you don't mean—" I began, turning my frightened eyes on Kit's stern face.

"It was an attempt to murder!" he said, briefly. "I was behind a rock fumbling for my matches when that cur came up. He peered about, listened—Bondaz was speaking to you—then deliberately thrust his stick beneath this boulder and heaved it down the bank. That I can swear! You will bring him to justice, of course, Franz?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed the young man, earnestly. "You forget—he is my brother. Let him go; his conscience will punish him enough. Promise me to be silent, my friends. And now we'll forget all about it, and make haste through the woods before the light fails. It is difficult walking for your sister."

We stumbled on in silence for a while. I had twisted my foot in falling when the Doctor saved my life by his vigorous pull, and, though I had scarcely noticed it in the excitement of the moment, the pain soon became so severe that I could barely drag myself along. The Doctor was much concerned; insisted at halting by the first torrent to bandage the swollen joint with a wet handkerchief, and leaving me in Kit's care hurried forward to fetch his pony, which had luckily been left at a cottage near the opening of the gorge. We had time to exhaust all our conjectures as to whether the Baron was merely drunk or crazed by the discovery of the Doctor's rights and the loss of a rich bride. Indeed, I was almost worn out, and had made up my mind that our magnanimous friend had been waylaid by his foe before we heard the welcome sound of his horse's hoofs.

Then how gently he lifted me into the saddle and steered me down the rest of the descent and across the dim pastures to Gressoney! And how gaily he talked of his love, with never a word of the Baron! It was distressing to find he had come out of his way on my account, and must hurry off supperless to Issime.

## X.

MORE than once during the following week I groaned over my adventurous spirit, wished myself safely back in my native land, and vowed to forswear roaming for evermore, and settle down into a quiet, lace-capped, tulle-kerchiefed dowager, whose wanderings are performed in express trains, and who is always attended by a competent maid.

For I could not put my foot to the ground, and felt uncommonly battered and forlorn in this helpless condition. Hopping about on two sticks was severe exercise to one of my weight and years. Only youthful heroines can bear themselves gracefully with a sprained foot, much less dress or do their hair with any comfort. Kit was the kindest of brothers, but of course he was only a man, and perhaps more left-handed than most men.

I was stretched on the sofa one brilliant morning, feeling peculiarly untidy and specially cross, when suddenly a fresh ray of sunshine came in at the door, in the shape of Elena Denabian, escorted by Kit.

"Little Red Riding Hood to see you, Joan! I found her in the village with her little basket on her arm. There is a pot of cream in it for you, so I brought her here at once, for fear she should be gobbled up by the wolf. I leave her to your care!"

I kissed the girl's puzzled face—she was always puzzled by Kit's speeches—while she demurely explained that there were no wolves at this season. She had come down from the châlet on an errand for her aunt, and had meant to come to me later. But she had met Mr. Crane, and heard of my accident. Might she stay with me until her father was ready to start? The Baroness was expected in Gressoney, and she was afraid to encounter her.

"Kit was right, you see; there are wolves about," I said laughingly; "but I will keep you safe."

And then, with her little hands clasped in mine, we had a cosy chat such as women love, and the Doctor's ears must have burned for an hour or so that day. But the dear little thing was not wholly absorbed in her own affairs. She soon noticed the disorder of my room, and moved about giving a touch here and a touch there; hanging up clothes, shutting gaping drawers and boxes, placing a table close to my hand, screening the sun from my eyes, and replacing my faded flowers by a glorious posy of mountain blossoms from the Red Riding Hood basket. With such a fairy to minister to my wants, invalidism became a luxury. Old women are always selfish, I fear! Later in the day the sweet girl was busy with tea-canister and kettle, and had just rung for some cups, when the landlady suddenly came in, breathlessly announcing that Baroness Felsen was below, and wished to know if I could receive her. Kit was out, so I had no one to ward off the formidable visitor. Poor Elena looked the picture of dismay, and at a word from me flew to my brother's room without even waiting to extinguish the spirit-lamp. So I had to do that myself, and had barely regained my couch before the terrible old woman was ushered in. Her straight gaunt figure seemed doubly imposing in my low-ceiled room. Even the folds of black lace about her head could not soften the hardness of her face. She plainly meant war; there was aggressiveness in the very rustle of her skirts, and her keen sweeping glance at once betrayed that she had expected to surprise her granddaughter in my company,

After an exchange of courtesies, and elaborate excuses on my part for having neglected to pay my visit of "digestion," I was giving a purposely tedious account of my sprain, when the old lady waving her hand, as if to say "Enough of your ailments," suddenly unmasked her batteries.

"Madame," she said quickly, "I have had a terrible shock since we met, and I come to appeal to your sympathy." An appeal, accompanied by so menacing a glance, reminded me of the traditional Irishman's hint with his shillelagh. But fortunately I am not a timid person so with a conventional word of regret I braced myself for the encounter. "Yes, Madame," she resumed, "a terrible shock. I find my family plans deranged by the caprice of a girl, a mere child, and I have good reason to believe that you and your brother are encouraging her to defy me." A hot flush mounted to her brows as she spoke, and the hand grasping a huge black fan was trembling with rage.

"And you seek my sympathy?" I inquired, with exasperating politeness.

"I seek justice," she rejoined, passionately. "By what right do you strangers presume to interfere in my private concerns—to encourage the audacity of this village apothecary—arrange meetings for him with my deluded grandchild?"

She was too insulting; my blood began to boil; but controlling myself with an effort, I smilingly replied:

"Really, Baroness, your questions, your charges, rather, are so bewildering that I scarcely know how to meet them. You ask for justice. Why not, then, appeal to the Doctor himself? Or," I paused, "are his notions of justice too lenient to suit you?"

"What! What do you mean?" she panted, glaring at me over the edge of her fan.

"You asked my sympathy," I went on, blandly, "but I am unluckily compelled to refuse it. My sympathy is all for your granddaughter and her *fiancé*, Dr. Bondaz. It is doubtless painful to you to see your plans upset, but, as you are aware, the young lady's father approves of the match. As to your charges against Mr. Crane and myself, it is hardly necessary to refute them; you do us too much honour by accusing us of interference. We are pleased, of course, at our friend's success, but he owes it entirely to his own merits."

The Baroness was livid now; her eyes were almost starting from her head.

"Perhaps you will also deny that you have my granddaughter hidden away somewhere at this moment?" she said, trying in vain to speak calmly.

"She is here, in the next room; she did not wish to meet you. That was natural under the circumstances. But she will join us if you desire to see her. Elena!"

On the instant the door opened, and Elena rushed to my side in a blaze of indignation.

"I heard everything! Everything!" she cried. "Dear Madame, don't mind what grandmamma says. She does not know—I was afraid to tell her—but I have always *hated* Carlo. I love Franz with all my heart and soul, and will never marry anyone else. Why are you so cruel to him, grandmamma? He is so good, so brave, and you know how clever he is as a doctor. Please try to like him for my sake."

And the dear child, her brief anger spent, actually began to coax this old ogress, and seizing one of those guilty, wrinkled hands raised it to her own pure lips.

But the Baroness snatched it hastily away, and, rising from her chair, glared at the shrinking girl as though about to fulminate her with a stage curse.

I stumbled to my feet, but whether to escape with Elena or turn out my visitor, I scarcely know even now, for Kit's happy entrance at this moment cut short the scene. Greeting the Baroness with genial courtesy, he thanked her for coming to see his invalid sister; and sweeping her from the room on a tide of pretty speeches, escorted her downstairs and across the field to the Baron's gate. Like all bullies, she was a coward at heart, and did not venture, as I learnt afterwards, to repeat to him any of the offensive remarks she had made to me.

On his return, he came to me laughing, and said:

"Now, Joan, tell me truly, was it to have been the dagger or the bowl?"

"What! you knew?" cried Elena and I with one voice.

"I saw. There was no mistaking the lady's expression. I am glad I arrived at the critical moment."

"Did you inquire after the Baron?" I asked, meaningly.

"Yes. He has crossed the border to Zermatt, it seems. She is very vexed about it. But," he added, in a tone too low to reach Elena's ears, "I'm certain she knows nothing of that attempt."

The girl was standing by the window looking down the valley, but all at once she flitted back to the table and resumed her interrupted tea-making with so tell-tale a flush upon her face that I was not surprised to hear a patter of horse's hoofs below.

"Ring for another cup, dear," I exclaimed mischievously, "we might have a second visitor."

She obeyed with a gay laugh, and had hardly done so before the Doctor came in, "to see my foot," of course. I hastened to give him a full account of the Baroness's assault, but he refused to be alarmed, and persisted in regarding it as a mere outburst of impotent spite.

"She cannot hurt us," he added, triumphantly; "she is entirely in my power."

"If she knew of yesterday's scene she would be in no great dread of your vengeance," I whispered as he bent over my foot. "Don't you see, my friend, that your magnanimity has blunted your sword?"

But he only laughed, and hurried off with Elena to the remotest end of the balcony, where they both remained for some time. They were wonderfully gay and hopeful, considering how soon they were to be separated. In fact, Bondaz was only awaiting the arrival of his substitute in order to start for Turin. One or two more hasty meetings, and they would be parted for a year!

After Denabian had sent to fetch Elena and the Doctor had ridden off, Kit and I had a long talk, and agreed that there was little chance of the love-tale coming to a happy end if Elena remained within reach of her grandmother's claws

during the year of probation. We again discussed the plan of taking her to England, and settled to attack Denabian on the subject without delay. I was even more eager about it than Kit, and, as he said, I had lost all right to call him Quixotic now.

"Oh, I know we are a couple of fools!" I replied; "but as we are accused of interfering in family affairs we may as well interfere to some purpose."

Accordingly the next day Kit walked up the mountain and brought back the astounding news that he was negotiating with Denabian for the purchase of a scrap of land and the erection of a four-roomed châlet. Was he quite mad? I asked; and what had that to do with our wish to carry off Elena?

"Everything," replied my brother, calmly. "Don't you see, Joan, that Denabian is a suspicious, close-fisted boor? He judges all by his own narrow standard. In buying real property here I destroy all ground for suspicion, and rise many pegs in his esteem. He feels that he may trust me to come back for the sake of my own interests. When towards the close of our conversation I mentioned your delight in his daughter's company, and how pleased you would be to have her to stay with you in England, he seemed disposed to welcome the idea. I had previously sounded him as to the Baroness, and found he expected much annoyance from her. I then asked why he had insisted on putting off the marriage for so long, and he replied, with a cunning wink, 'In a year our young man will have either gained a good position in Turin, or failing to do so—as is more probable—will be forced to claim his birthright to win his bride.' No child of his, he said, in conclusion, should mate with a beggar. Meanwhile," added Kit, "the old man is in such terror of the Baroness that he intends to remain at Chiaverena until driven down by the snow. So he means to set about my châlet at once."



THE BARONESS GLARED AT THE SHRINKING GIRL.

"Add more rooms to it then," I said, promptly. "If we are to have a country house we may as well have space for visitors. Let half of it be mine, Kit, and I'll persuade Caroline and her husband to come and stay with us. It is a charming idea, and though I have had enough of Gressoney for the present, I shall enjoy coming back another year."

# A FORGOTTEN GREAT ENGLISHMAN.

BY JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "JOHN WESTACOTT," "BY THE WESTERN SEA," ETC.

II.

TO read of the struggles of class and race in Bohemia of to-day, of Old and Young Cechs, of Catholics and neo-Hussites, is to read but a story of the continuation of the struggles which were so bitterly fought in the fifteenth century. The same families even take sides for and against Catholics and Hussites as in the days of Peter Payne; and to visit the old castles of the Rosenbergs (now occupied by the Schwarzenbergs), the Woldsteins, or, as we term them, Wallensteins, is to be amidst the struggles of class and race of to-day in the scenes where these same struggles were most fiercely and bloodily enacted just four hundred years ago. But to-day Austria is ruled by an Emperor who is loved and trusted by all races and all classes, and the personal love for whom is the cement that binds the various sects and races; but in Payne's time the Emperor was one whom no one trusted and no one loved, and noble and baron, and burgher and peasant, looked for no loving help from Sigmund the "Wordbreaker."

Knowing that this now triumphant people must be brought into subjection if the power of Rome was to be maintained, and doubting Sigmund's power to crush them, the Pope now turned first to the Teutonic knights, and then to the King of Poland and the princes of Lithuania, for help. And yet onward went the armies of the Taborites and Orphans, ever victorious, and with three Slavic Princes in their ranks, until again a congress was called at Krakau by Prince Koryhut, to allow the different sects a further opportunity of debating their various points of belief.

Again, we have Peter Payne, with Priest Prokop and a numerous following, leaving Bohemia to support their faith at this congress, in the presence of King Wladislaw. As at Presburg, this discussion ended in naught, though the old King begged that the Bohemians should take him as an example, for from a heathen he had become a Christian. Let them, therefore, return into the true way of salvation. We can imagine Payne's answer as to what was the true path. But the whole assemblage was dismissed without real issue, as the King communicated to the Pope and King Sigmund.

In the following year, the year marked by the assembling of the Council of Basle, and the death of Pope Martin v, a yet further crusade against the little mountain-encircled land of Bohemia was to be launched—a mighty host that had the fiery assistance of Cardinal Julian, who replaced the passionate energy of Cardinal Beaufort; but with a like result. Ninety thousand footmen and forty thousand horsemen crossed the frontier. At Tauz the two armies met, the noise of the waggon-forts of the Hussites, with their clanging connecting chains, and the shout of their victorious chant, "Ye who are God's warriors," that had so often struck terror in the armies of Pope and King, being heard long ere they came in sight. Cardinal Julian mounted a hill to watch the defeat of the heretics, but, like Cardinal Beaufort, he had to flee for his life, leaving the Papal bull that ordered the crusade, his golden crucifix, his mantle, and coat in the hands of those same heretics. The end of the victory was that ere long all Bohemia and Moravia was free from its enemies; and "the Holy Chalice," the victorious sign of the national unity and spirit, ruled without opposition in the Fatherland, to the joy of its children and the dread of its enemies. And thus again the warriors of Bohemia secured at the Council of Basle a hearing for her doctors and priests, at whose head ever ruled with his influence our own great countryman.

The power of this victory was shown by the great care with which the letter to the Bohemians begging their presence at the Council of Basle was drawn up. The name of the Cardinal Julian was omitted from it, though his seal was attached to it; and every point which could offend was avoided.

To consider over the important matter of sending delegates to Basle a preparatory meeting was arranged at Eger, and here on the 8th of May, 1432, assembled some ninety representatives of the different parties in Bohemia; Peter Payne's name coming just before Priest Prokop the Great. They had already received the terms upon which the Council were ready to give them what was called a free hearing, and they in their turn drew up eleven articles as the conditions upon which they would appear before the Council. Many were the difficulties to be overcome, and many the dangers of surprise and treachery to be guarded against; but at length, at Eger, all was arranged, and Priest Prokop the Great wrote to King Sigmund, begging his personal presence at the Council, and his safe conduct, a letter which Sigmund most diplomatically and graciously answered.

A yet further Landtag was held at the rich and important town of Kuttenberg, to again consider who should be the ambassadors at Basle, and as to their bearing when there. At this Landtag Peter Payne was again present, and two forerunners were appointed to proceed to Basle to make all arrangements, or to lay certain points before the Council, and also to arrange for the housing and living of the ambassadors themselves.

At length, on the 6th of December, 1432, the Bohemians set out from Tauz on their eventful journey to Basle. In the list of the names "M. Peter Payne, from England," occurs after Johann

Rokycana, and before that of their mighty fighting priest, M. Prokop, a position full of significance, which his earnestness and the ability displayed before the Council fully justified.

The progress of the ambassadors through Germany was a veritable triumph march. Nobles and people strove to do these hated heretics honour. Thirty-two nobles came from Germany to accompany them on their way as far as Cham, and there awaited them Konrad, Bishop of Regensberg, with other nobles, who led them on their journey as far as Nurnberg. Not with bent heads and silent steps, as messengers from a despised race, did they proceed through an enemy's country, but with banners flying over their carriages, and the hated sign of their beloved chalice floating over them, for Mathias Lauda had raised a standard above his carriage whereon waved a banner upon which was painted upon one side Christ upon the Cross, whilst upon the other was the Chalice and Host, with the inscription, "Veritas omnia vincet." And the other Hussite carriages had similar inscriptions and painting upon their coverings.

At Nurnberg, Lauda allowed himself to be persuaded by the accompanying nobles to put away his banner, as it aroused dissensions amongst the people through which they passed; but the people of Nurnberg received them nobly, and made them many presents.

Surely Payne must have thought, whilst thus traversing in triumph half central Europe, that his master Wiclif's work had borne great fruit; that his own unceasing efforts to uphold it in the midst of this determined and indomitable people had spread the light of pure truth over a mighty expanse of territory, and in the hearts of many nations. England had extinguished that light in her own borders, but had, in driving him from her shores, made it flame forth in a blaze of fire that neither Pope, nor King, nor Council could put out. How strange would have been his emotion could he have foreseen that but fifty-seven years hence a man should be born of the hated German race that had so persistently striven to deluge the light his whole life was given to feed; a man who should re-illumine the light of Reformation ever smouldering, largely from Payne's own teaching, and should carry it back to England, until she became the successor of Bohemia in Reformation work, and a true follower of his own master, Wiclif.

Well might Payne's thoughts be those of triumph, intermingled with careful study of the task before him, of convincing a Romish council that Rome was in error. From Nurnberg, Albert, the son of the Margrave of Brandenburg, conducted the embassy to Gungenhaufen, and from here to Schaffhausen the nobles of the district gave them escort, the people of various towns striving to do them honour, and presenting them with rich and varied gifts.

From Schaffhausen they took ship and sailed up the Rhine, entering Basle on the 4th of January, 1433. Thus they had been just a month in traversing Europe from Bohemia to Basle.

Their unexpected arrival prevented their being received with the honour which the Council had prepared for them; but the chief citizens hastened to their ships ere they had left them, and the people streamed in crowds to look upon the ambassadors of the much-dreaded heretics, especially upon Prokop, their leader, "an unconquerable, bold, restlessly active, no-danger-dreading commander."

At first they were lodged at the inns, but after a few days they hired four houses for the leaders; and the order of these houses is noteworthy, as they indicate the various parties of Bohemia. The two leaders of the whole embassy occupied one house. The second was occupied by the Prague party, the third by the Taborites, and the fourth by the Orphans, that included Peter Payne amongst them, thus showing that he had not yet joined the Taborite party, although the two often worked amicably together, especially when any general danger threatened.



OLD HOUSE AT TABOR WITH STONE TABLE IN FRONT, AT WHICH THE OPEN-AIR COMMUNION WAS TAKEN.

Priests and prelates, archbishops and holy fathers, all hastened to greet the Bohemian leaders, to flatter and feast them, and not without effect, for this overwhelming homage and hospitality commenced to have its influence upon many, but not upon our countryman Payne. He ever held before him the one steadfast aim—the adhering to and spreading of the teaching of Wiclif.

Upon the feast of the Epiphany the Bohemians celebrated in their houses the Holy Sacrament,

each sect according to its own rites; and many people of Basle pressed in to see the ceremony. In that of the Prague Chalicers was nothing remarkable, except that the laity drank of the cup; but so much the more was the astonishment at the plain ceremony of the Taborites, who had neither altar nor vestments, nor any especial ceremony, the whole service being only some short prayers, a sermon, and the receiving of the Communion in both kinds. In their own town of Tabor they took the Sacrament at roughly-hewn stone tables, which stood in front of their houses, and one of these tables is still in position as in the Hussite days.

With the Orphans the sermon was preached in German. It must be remembered that Payne was the leader of this party, and the suggestion that their sermon should be preached in a tongue that would be understood by those around him was very probably his. This he knew was the only way to advance their cause amongst the common folk. All their speeches in the Council for this would be of no avail. At least, Payne's influence was more than sufficient to have forbidden such an action; and the excitement caused by this sermon in German proved how dangerous a step the Council considered it, and how great was their dread of the people hearing the teaching of Payne and his followers.

A great commotion arose in the town, and the cardinal's house was besieged by those who begged him to stay this disorder. He called the Bohemians to him, and begged them not to preach in German—in Bohemian they might. But, argued the Bohemians, we have German servants amongst us who do not understand Bohemian, and therefore we cannot give up preaching in German; and, in fact, by the Eger condition we have a right so to do. We did not invite the people of Basle to come to us, but if they come we shall not shut them out. We cannot stop preaching in German; you must take care yourselves that your people do not come to us.

That there was much of Payne's influence in this action and bold answer we gather from the incidents of the following day, the 7th of January.

Priester Prokop invited the principal of his followers, and also some of the Basle leaders, to his table; and ere long a hot dispute arose between these latter and Peter Payne. Johann Stoigkowic, of Ragusa, spoke of him as "the English Hussite, who was like a slippery snake: the more you pressed him, so much the more ably he extricated himself," an intense compliment to Payne's ability and knowledge in debate. Yet, continues the chronicler who describes the hot dispute, "the bounds of propriety and politeness were not overstepped."

The general actions and discussions of the Council we are not concerned with here, except in so far as they affect our history of Payne, though Palacky's account of them is so interesting that it tempts one to reproduce it.

Upon the 16th of January the Bohemians were conducted with all ceremony to the general assembly of the Council, and after their treasurer, Mathias Lauda (he who had borne the banner over his carriage), had spoken, introducing, as it were, the embassy and its cause, and had been shortly answered by Cardinal Julian, Peter Payne made his first speech before the Council upon the text from the Psalm of David, "When the sun ariseth, they gather themselves together."

In a poetical and allegorical manner he spoke in praise of the Hussite teaching, comparing it to the sun, and expressing the hope that as soon as the people thoroughly understood it they would all with joy hasten to accept it.

How readily his teaching was already being seized upon by the common folk was well illustrated by an interlude in the proceedings of the Council, upon the complaint that some of the serving-men of the Bohemians were spreading amidst the villages around the faith of their masters. It was true, answered Rokycana, that their horse boys went into the villages to get hay for their horses, but surely they were incapable of speaking upon religion; but if the German folk, out of curiosity, asked them as to their worship, and they told them the truth, that could not be called preaching, or spreading Hussite doctrines.

As at their entry to the Council Peter Payne had been nearly the first to speak, now, upon the 26th of January, he was the last to "take up his parable" upon an important article—that of the worldly rule of the priesthood. For three days he earnestly spoke upon this weighty but dangerous subject.

His speech aroused the anger of the members of the Council, and the courage and indomitable bravery of this Englishman is most worthy of admiration; standing up for days together amidst an assembly of powerful and dangerous enemies, feeling ofttimes that even those with whom he was associated, and whose country he had made his own, were wavering in the faith he had so strenuously and unintermittingly taught; yet, ever persistently, and without fear, boldly in the face of all revilings, or threats, or personal danger, being constant in season and out of season in upholding and teaching that faith.

Not only was the subject of his speech unpleasant to Cardinal and Council, but also his manner of delivering it. Not only did he pour forth words in praise of John Huss, but also of his master, Wiclif, and reproved in powerful words their condemnation by the Council of Constance.

He described the discussions and struggles which he had maintained in Oxford in favour of Wiclif's teaching, struggles which had compelled him to leave his own country and take refuge in Bohemia. This earnest reference of his to the divisions in Oxford was too much for the other Englishman present at the Council, and a long wordy debate ensued between them. At last he handed in a ticket, upon which was written in few words the pith and substance of his speech. It ran somewhat thus:

That the possession of worldly goods, so long as they were not in excess and superfluous, might be enjoyed by the priesthood. The administration, however, of estates and possessions, inasmuch as they prejudiced the priestly office, should be

denied them, and in that direction, where the sins of the priesthood habitually tended, duty and right demanded that the cause and the charm of that sin should be removed. In conclusion he asked that this ticket might be entered upon the acts of the Council. A most mild and moderate statement, but one which had an intense sting to many of those sitting around him.

M. Rokycana followed Payne; and then Cardinal Julian replied in mild, conciliatory words, breathing "eternal unity and peace," forgetful of the scene on the hilltop, where raging hosts were at his bidding fighting beneath him. His peaceful words soon were levelled at the various parties in the Bohemian camp to cause strife amidst them; and he reminded them how one of their ambassadors had spoken of Wiclif as an evangelical doctor, and read out twenty-eight articles in which Wiclif's and the Taborites' and Orphans' teaching was laid bare; and he asked the Bohemians if they recognised these articles. This first attempt to divide the Bohemian forces failed.

The wordiness of these strifeful debates, leading to nothing, and promising to lead rather to division than unity, Duke William of Bavaria proposed that fifteen of either side should discuss in private how an arrangement should be arrived at. But the number of thirty was also too great, and still discussion rather than agreement raged; and Duke William again intervened, and arranged that eight only from either side should meet in Cardinal Julian's dwelling, and in close conference discuss the matter. But the only agreement arrived at was that in Basle all agreement was impossible. This small committee was appointed upon the 19th of March.

At the end of March, Payne again spoke for two days against Kalteisen, but with continuous interruptions from his opponents. In his wordy war Palacky remarks that Rokycana was remarkable for his ready, forcible wit, and gave the "Ragusaner" plenty to do; and that Peter Payne distinguished himself by his incisiveness.

The deputation appointed from the Council to Bohemia consisted of ten persons—the Bishops of Coutance and of Augsburg, and eight others, amongst whom was Alexander Sparur (? Sarum), an Archdeacon of England, so that Payne was again to be intimately opposed by one of his own countrymen.

Both Bohemians and the newly-appointed legates from the Council left Basle on the 14th of April, 1433, and proceeded to Schaffhausen, where they had left their carriages. And here a discussion arose in which we can trace Payne's influence. The legates suggested that the Taborite insignia upon Lauda's carriage, or waggon, should be taken down, and they begged Priest Prokop to speak for them in this matter, and he did so. But after a long discussion the Bohemians decided that to hide and deny their insignia upon the waggons would be a dishonour, but they agreed to roll up their banners; and these were no more displayed.

The Landtag was opened in Prague on the 12th of June, and on the 13th the Basle legates were introduced to the sitting, and were not a little surprised to find that the Bohemians commenced the business of each sitting by singing "Veni Sancte Spiritus," and with prayer. The preliminary discussion on this day was opened by three priests, who sat near each other upon three professorial chairs: for the Chalice party, M. Johann Rokycana; for the Orphans, M. Peter Payne; and for the Taborites, Niklas Viskupec, of Pilgram; and Rokycana greeted the legates with a speech upon a text of St. Paul to the Philippians.

The debates continued much as in Basle, without any conclusion being arrived at; and though the legates on one occasion agreed with a word-of-mouth declaration of Rokycana's upon the four Prague articles, yet, when this declaration was brought forward in writing, they affirmed it had been changed, and eight delegates were chosen to discuss this matter, Peter Payne's name being the second of this eight. Upon the 1st of July Payne took occasion to renew in warm terms his denunciation of the temporal power of the priesthood, narrowing his propositions more closely down, and in this Priest Prokop supported him; upon which one of the nobles arose and requested them both to give up their possessions to other priests who were not so shy of having worldly goods. As for himself, he was ready at any time to give up the Church property of which he found himself the possessor. But on the 3rd of July the Basle ambassadors quitted Prague, without having gained their end, a general truce.

The embassy returned to Prague again on the 22nd of October, the victorious army of Bohemia in the meanwhile having conquered even to Dantzic and the shores of the Baltic, though they had sustained a defeat in Bavaria. By the Baltic waters they held great festivities to signalise the fact that naught but the sea stayed their victorious march.

The return of the embassy from Basle was also made in Prague the occasion for festivities in spite of the fact that the pest was raging, of which twenty thousand died. The conference recommenced with the determination of either side to give as little and obtain as much as possible. But in this the Basle deputies had the advantage, as they knew exactly what they were to grant. But the Bohemians were divided and not of one voice; some would grant more to their opponents, some less. At length the Basle delegates asked if the Bohemians gained their desired aim in the matter of the four articles, would they then agree in peace and unity with the Church. M. Rokycana replied in the name of the whole Landtag they would, and from the mouths of the whole assembly came the loud cry of "Yes, yes." Only Peter Payne arose, and said, "We can only gain the desired aim when we are all of one mind." But a tumult arose against this, and for the first time we read that the Bohemians forced Payne to hold his peace. They all longed for unity. Payne, more farseeing, looking into futurity, saw what unity yielding to their opponents must ultimately bring upon their land—submission to Rome, and abrogation of free conscience.

But if in this instance the Bohemians went against Payne, in whom they had trusted, and who had been their leader for so many years, he had by no means lost his influence over them; and thirteen days after we find him, with Rokycana and Prokop, debating with Palomar upon certain doubts which these three leaders had with regard to the first compact of the Bohemians with the legates of Basle. The debates continued, the nobles striving by various means to regain their power over the democracy of Bohemia; and Ulrich of Rosenberg, who shifted freely with the times, and Meinhard of Neuhaus, secured the election of Ales of Rosenburg as a president of the Bohemian Republic. The legates of the Council yielded to many of the demands of the Chalicers, and ere they left Basle had secretly received many of the Prague doctors, and Meinhard of Neuhaus, the powerful noble, into the bosom of the Church. But their lengthy debates had yielded no peaceful fruit, and early in 1434 the Council were again appealing for funds for a crusade against the heretics.

In the struggle which followed the six parties in Bohemia became but two—the nobles, against the Towns, or democratic party; and in the terrible battle of Lipau, where the latter party were seduced from their waggon-forts, and thus suffered a crushing defeat, Prokop, their mighty leader both in debate and in battle, was slain. "The man who through so many stormy years had been the chief shield of his fatherland, and the wonder of the world, passed away silently in the flood of human blood, and no one even searched for his bones to show unto him the last honours of the dead."

By a singular coincidence, at this same fight at Lipau there comes one to the fore who, in a different manner, was to carry on Prokop's and Payne's work, and carry it to a successful issue, and give to Bohemia years of peace. George of Podiebrad's name is first mentioned in the chronicle of the names of those who were on the nobles' side. With them now, but ere long to be their ruler and king, and the friend of those against whom he now fought.

The power of the nobles' party now went largely into the hands of Ulrich von Rosenberg, who is described as the "bitterest enemy of the Taborites;" and in the debates and discussions that ensued upon the 8th November, 1434, at a conference at Prague, the greater number of the priests of the Orphans went over to M. Rokycana, who belonged to the more moderate Utraquists; and thus from this time the Orphans as a party ceased to exist. But Peter Payne and some of the other more ardent Orphans, not agreeing with this step, joined themselves wholly to the Taborites.

The strife between the two parties, the one led by M. Rokycana and the Taborite party, promising no agreement or decision, it was agreed on both sides to entrust the very weighty and important matter to the mind of Payne.

The subjects entrusted to his decision were the matter of the seven Sacraments, the invocation of the saints, the fire of purgatory, and the ceremony of the Holy Mass. Upon these he was to deliver a decision according to the teachings of Huss and Wiclif and his own mind, but taking into consideration the standard adopted upon these matters at Eger. Only one subject was not entrusted to his decision, and that was the question of the Transubstantiation.

Payne saw how matters were drifting in Bohemia, and how the concessions of the Church had weakened the unity and strength of its redoubtable adversaries. Rokycana was fast drawing to himself the greater power of the nation, and he was ready to yield and negotiate upon points rather than firmly to fix upon a standpoint, and hold to it, let come what might, as had done the Chalice leaders of the past. He (Payne) saw that the only means whereby the Taborite party (and that to him now meant the Wiclif party) could still continue their worship in their own manner, and retain their power, was by his delaying his decision. And so for the space of two years, from 1434 to 1436, he avoided pronouncing it.

Bohemia was still longing, as it ever had been, for a ruler and head, and *pourparlers* were ever proceeding with Sigmund. His most steadfast supporter, Ulrich von Rosenberg, who possessed great territory and strong castles in the neighbourhood of Tabor, was especially earnest that the nobles should be supported with subsidies to prevent the power of the Taborites again becoming dangerous. They still held at least twelve of the principal towns, and many strongholds. Fighting and besieging of the Taborites' stronghold was ever continuing with varied success: sometimes Ulrich gaining the ascendency, and other times the Taborites dealing him severe defeats.

But at length, at Brunn, a congress was opened, at which all differences were to be settled, and the Prague delegates were to meet Sigmund face to face. They arrived at Brunn on the 18th of June, but Kaiser Sigmund kept them waiting until the 1st of July. Peter Payne was one of the four deputies from the Taborite party, still holding back his decision upon the important questions entrusted to him. What especial work the four Taborite deputies effected at Brunn is not known, but this congress only led to a further debate in the Landtag, at Prague, in October of the same year, the emperor's promises paving the way to a yet nearer *rapprochement*. The chancellor of the Emperor, Kaspar Schlick, was present at this Landtag in the name of Sigmund, and to him was largely due the success of the party for union. The principal thing done at this Landtag was the choosing of Rokycana as archbishop; but a significant sign of how events were tending was the assembling of Bohemian deputies at the court of Sigmund at Stuhlweissenburg, to meet the Basle legates; and amongst these Bohemian deputies was neither priest nor doctor—none but nobles, knights, and burghers.

# LONGSHORE SKETCHES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WOODLAND, MOOR, AND STREAM

## SOME OLD SEA-DOGS OF OTHER TIMES.

NOVEMBER had come in rough—"werry rough," the old people living in our lonely, out-of-the-world fishing village on the edge of the wild, dreary marshlands said. The harbour was crowded with craft—schooners, brigs, and fishing-boats—that had run in from sea when the storm was coming on. Threatenings of what was on the way had been heard for a day or two. Folks who live by the sea know well the meaning of those mysterious sounds that come from no-man-knows-where and pass away over the surface of the deep. The water-birds also had indicated plainly by their cries and their actions that the only safe course was to run in for shelter on the first harbour-tide. The divers cry and wail, for they know well how they will be put about when the storm comes in all its wild fury; their fishing-banks will be mere masses of fierce, boiling quicksands. Woe betide the craft that runs on to one of these, she will soon be in a sorry plight! A vessel will strike and break up in pieces like a match-box amid the sands in weather such as this.

The gulls had come inland in flocks, covering the marshes and fields on some of the upland farms like rooks. Great poplars bent as fishing-rods when the fierce gusts swept over the flats, tearing some of them up by the roots and causing the lonely marsh folks, thinly scattered here and there in the more sheltered spots, to look well at their reed-thatched roofs and narrow leadlight windows. Glass being dear in those days, and their dwellings miles away from any town, smashed-in windows meant money, of which valuable commodity they had but little.

They said heavy weather was coming up, and told all they met on the flats whose stock was out to house them in shelter quickly. All the craft belonging to the place were safe in harbour—except the Gull, the lightest and smartest brig that ever sailed from our port. She floated on the water as easily as the bird she was named after; only in one point she belied her name, for when the bird, dreading the tempest, made for the land, the craft made for the open sea, much to the wonder and consternation of some of the simpler-minded inhabitants of the fishing village. I well knew her captain, Blow-hard Ned—or, as the folks pronounced it, "Blo'ard Ned." He was tall, lean as a greyhound and as muscular; with dark hair and keen grey eyes that saw things clearly which were dim to others.

All through the summer the Gull lay at her berth, as neat and trim as any yacht that ever spread canvas; not a thing out of order from her keel to her topmast. Old "Bandy," the rope-maker, generally had some good orders to execute for her during the bright summer weather—long ropes and short ropes, hawsers, and very long, fine lines about the thickness of a man's little finger.

A great smoker, but a small talker, was Bandy; all that his neighbours could ever draw out of him when they were curious about the jobs he was executing for Blo'ard Ned was, "'Tis the best kind o' stuff as ken be got fur love or money as is used on this 'ere tacklin', an' it's fur the Gull; she wants more gear."

No one made gear in the rope line for her except Bandy, but there were many other little articles required for her which were not in his way—ironwork, for instance, of a peculiar construction, and which was made by one blacksmith only, as good a craftsman for strong, plain work as ever made anvil ring. He rejoiced in the name of Snoovey. The boys used to creep round to his smithy when it was dark and yell out "Snoovey—Snoovey—Snoove-Snoovey!" to the music of his anvil. They found immense delight in that vocal exercise, and his opinions on the subject did not trouble or deter them; they were quickly out of reach when he began to give vent to them. It was noticed, however, by those who happened to call in at his smithy just after he had been serenaded with the tune of "Snoovey-Snoove!" that his hammer would be swung about in a decidedly wild and warlike manner two or three times over his head, and his language grew as fiery as his forge. I sometimes wonder what has become of all that daring, laughing, mischief-loving crew. I can only answer for one of them to-day.

Ay, Snoovey made that ironwork for the Gull; grappling tackle, nearly all of it. Her captain said it was for catching whales and other things, if anyone a little more curious and bolder than the rest ventured to ask what could be his use for those articles. More than once the Gull had come to her berth in very different trim from that she was in when she left it; her running-gear had been cut or torn about, and once a curious hole was in her bows, caused no one ashore knew how. Captain Ned was silent on the subject.

The good and the bad alike have the benefit of surmisings and reports for good or for evil, as the case may be; the community at large is not generally much the wiser for them, they are most frequently wide of the mark. A strange tale found its way once to the village about a vessel like the Gull—"her very picter," it was said, only she was grey in colour, like that spectre-ship the Flying Dutchman, and she had been seen close to the Goodwins busily engaged with a valuable cargo—in other words, wrecking. But against this story there was the testimony of one that made the

harbour-tide and anchored his vessel to her berth in a sad condition—mast carried away and her deck showing lots of litter. When her master stepped on shore. he went to the house of the chief personage in our village and told a story to the effect that his craft, blown out of her course, had struck the edge, so to speak, of the Goodwins. That whilst he was in that sorry fix the Gull had borne down, got him off, lent him spar and gear, and then wished him good luck to port, refusing to claim one farthing salvage money for his trouble.

The tale spread; public spirit was roused into enthusiasm in praise of their own Blo'ard Ned, who had done this as only himself could have done it. The gallant act must be recognised in some suitable way.

So when, a week later, the Gull swung to, looking as if the services of Bandy and Snoovey would be required before she went to sea again, and Captain Ned had been at home one day only, he received an invitation to a nice snug dinner with a few friends. After the cloth had been cleared these friends presented him with a massive gold chain and watch; on the case a suitable inscription was engraved.

As he was owner as well as master of the Gull, he was looked up to by all, and immensely popular, being known all over the marshes, from Romney to our own boglands. No less popular in the village was his good-looking wife—a kind-hearted and helpful friend to all in sorrow or want, and of these there were only too many. Handsome Hannah was the name she went by before she was married to Captain Ned. About their marriage there was romance enough to make a good three-volume novel in more skilled hands than mine. A few facts are all I can give here.

Some years before the time of which I have been writing Captain Ned had arranged to marry Hannah after taking one more voyage. She pleaded hard with him to stop at home and be married at once, and not to go on that voyage. There was no necessity for it; they had more than enough now, she urged. When he rallied her on her fears and doubts, she replied that she could not tell why it was, but she dreaded this particular voyage as she had never dreaded anything in her life before; she had never been one given to presentiments, but now she declared herself full of forebodings of ill.

Laughing lightly, and telling her to keep her heart up, Captain Ned bid his sweetheart good-bye for two short months, as he told her.

The two months lengthened into six, from that to twelve, and no sign or word of the Swallow—that was his vessel then—or her master reached home. The change that came over Handsome Hannah was plain to all; but she bore her trouble bravely, and her widowed mother never heard a complaint from her lips, although the pain in her heart was shown plainly enough in her face. Two years passed away, and then kind-hearted neighbours hinted that 'twas weary waiting for them as never came back—that the sea would give no tidings of them as it had claimed.

"Two years, Hannah, have you mourned for the dead; surely you have grieved long enough, dear girl. Take heart and hope once more; the living can't never live by the dead."

So spake more than one who would gladly have filled the place of the absent lover. There had been another suitor for her hand besides Captain Ned; and when the rejected one found she could never be anything to him, he had gone about his business in his usual quiet way, like the man he was, but he had never married.

When his more fortunate rival was given up for dead, Luke did not at once try to renew his suit, although he met and spoke to her frequently; but presently he began to call in, to have a chat with her mother, and herself occasionally; and she did not look coldly on him, having always felt the greatest respect and friendship for him. A third year passed, and then he again asked Hannah to be his wife. Her answer was that such love as she had felt for the one that was gone she had not to give. If he married her she would do her best to make him happy and to be a good wife to him—she could not promise more than that. He declared himself well content, and the time for their marriage was fixed.

On the night before the wedding morning, just as Hannah was retiring to rest, a peculiar rap came upon the door. Something in the sound made her spring towards it like some wild creature; and with trembling hands and white face she undid the bolts. When the door was open, there stood before her a man in seaman's dress.

"Hannah! my girl!"

"Ned! oh Ned!"

So they met after long parting. In hurried, broken words he explained the cause of his absence. He had been a prisoner in a foreign land, he told her.

Begging her long-lost lover to stay where he was for a few minutes, Hannah threw a shawl over her head, and ran like a plover down the street to the house of the man she was to have married on the morrow. With a fast-beating heart and in troubled accents she told her tale.

The poor fellow staggered, and seemed as one struck for a few moments. Then recovering himself bravely, he said:

"It was to try to make you happy that I asked you to be my wife, Hannah; that could never be now. You are free from your promise to me; marry the one you love that has come back, though he'll never love you truer nor better than I would ha' done."

Hannah stood silent, pained in the midst of her joy by the sight of the white, set face of the true-hearted man before her.

"Bid me good-bye, Hannah, you will never see me again; to-morrow I shall be off, not to return. May you and the man of your choice be happy!"

Her woman's heart felt more for him at that moment than it had ever felt before. With the tears running down her cheeks, and her hands on his shoulders, she said, "Luke, best of friends, and most generous, God bless you for all your kindness to me. You may think that you would

have been happy if you and me had married; I doubt it. Good-bye!"

She took his face between her hands as a mother might that of her son, kissed him, and then vanished in the darkness.

Six months after that night a seaman lost his life in an heroic attempt to rescue the crew of a vessel wrecked on the Goodwins. Folks present said he was the coolest and most daring amongst the brave fellows who went out to that ill-fated brig. It was Luke. A stone marks his last resting place, put there by the woman he loved so truly.

As I said before, the Gull and her captain went to sea in rough weather which drove other craft into harbour. That stormy November she had been out for a fortnight with the whole of her crew—old sea-dogs, the lot of them. During the summer months they were to be seen in front of their captain's house, pacing to and fro—one half of the crew in the morning, the other in the afternoon—with regular beat, passing and repassing as if on the brig's deck, dressed in dark blue trousers, blue guernseys, crossed with wide white braces; tarpaulin hats and low shoes; and each man smoking a long clay pipe of the clean churchwarden type. Their tobacco was prime, too—of the very best sort grown—and they never could be persuaded to tell where they bought it; little communicative on any subject, they were least so on that of tobacco.

Captain Ned kept his crew all the year round, and paid them, work or play. I need not say they were devoted to him and all belonging to him.

When the Gull had been gone for two weeks without anything having been heard of her that specially stormy season, the coast preventive men kept a good look-out for her; they knew the time her usual trips lasted, and she, like all other vessels that rested in our harbour, was regularly inspected directly her anchor was dropped. Nothing was ever found on her, you might be certain of that; the inspection was a courteous visit paid to a courteous captain, nothing more.

On the twenty-fourth of the month the wind rose to a regular hurricane, flooring the poplars and clearing the willows; for in that spongy soil the roots take but slight hold. The wind brought a high tide with it; at midnight boats came floating up the streets—row-boats, some with men in them, some without.

"The tide is up!" they shouted.

The people, rushing out of bed and running downstairs, plumped up to their middles in water amongst their floating furniture. Some dashed out after the fowls and pigs, in anger at the cross-grained perversity of pigs and the stupidity of fowls; for the pigs made frantic efforts to reach the sea, and the fowls flew flopping into it, as though they fancied it was high time they learned to swim. The storm died out towards morning, leaving havoc in all directions.

That same morning a baker was giving his son directions for a journey into the "ma'shes," as they called the marshes. Now, his son went by the name Genus—short for genius; a kind of left-handed compliment that was meant for by the general community, which, as is usually the case, was short-sighted and wanting in discrimination. They said Genus was a fool, with less brains than Sank, his donkey, that carried the bread in panniers to the lonely, isolated homes of the marsh folks twice a week, fine or rough weather, regularly all the year round.

Those panniers were made by old "Wicker Bill," and were constructed to fit the sagacious Sank's ribs like a waistcoat well padded. Things were not so well done in those days as they are now, we are often told; but some, I can certify, were much more thorough in their jobs; and this I know, that Sank's sides were never galled by his load, be it what it might. Clever at his work and in his contrivances was Wicker Bill, but the same reckless band that roused up Snoovey made themselves busy over the basket-maker, He had a weakness for fishing, and silver eels were his especial mark. For their capture he made certain wicker traps, which captured them by scores. The part where they entered was made wide, and was placed against the stream, so that any eel running down was sure to be caught. The keen eyes of the mischievous young scamps concealed in the bushes near watched William setting his traps; then, as soon as he was out of sight, they came out and reversed his eel-baskets, so that when he came for his eels, when they had been busy there, they were not to be found. We knew the time he came to look at them, and used to gather on the old tide mill bridge for the fun of seeing the expression on William's face as he lifted up the empty eel-baskets. The old man had a taste for natural history, and gratitude ought to have kept me, for one, out of that little game, for he had lent me a water-colour drawing of a cobra to copy; but, being a healthy lad, I was callous in those days, and not given to sentimentality.

To go back to Genus, whom we left beside his heavy-laden donkey. Picture to yourself a shambling lad, tall and thin, with large hands and feet, a broad forehead, light brown hair and great mournful-looking blue eyes, in which there was a strange far-away look. His mouth was always on the quiver, but not with merriment. When he did laugh now and again, at rare intervals, tears and laughter seemed mingled together. The lads that tormented Snoovey and Wicker Bill were one and all kind to Genus.

When he could join our rough fun, no pranks were ever played on him, for as children we instinctively felt that he was different from ourselves, though in what way we could not understand. Although very quiet, he seemed to enjoy our mad games most thoroughly. Whenever I see a specimen of the gentle-looking, large-eyed *Loris gracilis* the form of Genus rises before me.

Sank, his donkey, was a fine animal, large and well cared for. He had a soul for music and could sound his horn to some purpose. It was universally accepted by us that Genus loved him

like a brother; that he always treated him with the greatest kindness and consideration; and that the beast proved he had a proper sense of gratitude, and showed great affection in return for the oats and hay and the regular grooming he received from his master. So sprightly he was that none of us ever felt the least desire to ride him.

As Sank stood at the baker's door, laden with bread for the ma'shes, and Genus at his head, muffled up to the ears, getting his father's orders, Old Nance came along the pavement. "Scolding Nance" was her nickname, owing to the habit she had of giving her opinion to her neighbours before they asked for it. Her heart was in the right place, as everyone knew, so her bitterness was seldom heeded; they all knew how her husband and her sons had gone down at sea. The trouble that chastens and softens some natures makes others cantankerous. We hear much of the buds and blossoms that smell all the sweeter for being crushed and bruised; but alas for those poor bodies who are so constituted that calamities and afflictions, instead of affecting the heart mount straight to the head, and act as an irritant on the brain! Poor Nance was undoubtedly cantankerous, and her voice sounded often enough up and down our village street.

"You aint goin' ter send Genus to the ma'shes, surely, neighbour; you aint goin' to do that to-day, are ye? 'Tain't safe; don't tempt yer luck—'tain't right ter do it. Finny Jack have jest come up from them ma'shes, an' he say that all last night the corpse-candles was all over the flats, jest as if the old Lord o' Shoreland's grinnin' sailor[1] had got all the poor souls as has been drowned between this an' the foreland, an' was showin' 'em all over the place. 'Tain't safe ter be out night nor day when the corpse-candles is sin, so I tell ye."

"Genus an' Sank'll hev ter go if the corpses all hed lanterns instead o' candles, Nance. Ma'sh-folks must hev their bread."

"Jest so, you onfeelin' ole porpus! You feels for 'em, you do, more 'an you do fur Genus; yer heart is as soft as a beech-pebble. Some folks hes childern as don't know how to tek care on 'em, an' other folks as a'most worships their shadders loses 'em. Good morning, old porpus! I've told ye my mind and giv ye warnin' anyhow."

When Sank and Genus were out of sight of the shop Nance ran after them.

"Genus," said she, "folks reckons as ye aint quite so 'cute as ye might be; p'r'aps ye ain't, but ye're good ter me an' ye're kind to Sank. Git yer journey over quick as ye can an' reach home afore dark sets in, fur, unless I mistakes, there'll be wild work to-night. Good-bye, my boy; good-bye, Genus. Take care of yerself; not one o' mine is left—no, never a one!"

After four miles' travelling the pair reach the edge of the marshes and a turning of the road; there they make for a low reed-thatched dwelling on the flats, where one of the baker's customers lives. Just then Genus catches sight of a figure on horseback approaching at a rapid pace, clearing the wide dykes like a steeplechase-rider. Two long-dogs follow him ("long-dog" is the marshmen's name for greyhounds, though these were not the dogs they breed now). Far grander creatures they were—more like deerhounds, only smooth-coated, and the ears fine as silk. They were well named, for long they were in every way—long-winded and long-striding, and for pluck and staying qualities not to be beaten; as sagacious, too, as collie-dogs.

Genus looks up and smiles as the rider nears him, for well does he know Flying Kit and her master.

"I am breathing her, Genus; she has been idle and got fresh the last day or two, and the dogs wanted a run. You won't have to go so far on this lot of flats to-day, for most of the folks are in the cottage yonder sorting out their cattle. The stock got mixed, gathering for shelter last night."

The long-dogs know the lad too. They whimper with delight as he caresses them, placing their fore feet on his shoulders and nearly knocking him off his feet. Sank knows them too, and sounds his horn gaily, much to the disgust of Flying Kit, who shows his disapproval in a characteristic manner.

Did Kit's master wink at Genus, or was it the keen, cold air made one of his eyes blink? One thing is certain—that after this little meeting he turned his horse's head straight for the sea-wall, two miles away, and she took all the dykes as she neared them, closely followed by the dogs.

Reaching the cottage, Genus left a portion of his bread there, then turned for the road and the other marsh. Half-way a marsh-dweller meets him, and a conversation of some minutes takes place. Then Genus goes his way—a transformed Genus. His eyes have lost the far-away look and are all alive, and the quivering mouth is set firm. Sank, too, is a changed creature. At a word from his master his pace alters, and he patters over the marsh at a surprising rate, which soon brings the pair on to the high road.

And there another meets him, accidentally again, of course—Winkle Joe, a woe-begone-looking object, who, when the tides permitted it, picked winkles off the ooze, or hards, fringing the whole length of the marshlands at ebb-tide. Many a bit of clothing was spared for him by the poor as well as the better-off class, and shoes to keep his feet from frostbite in the bitter weather; in the summer he always went barefoot. He found a sure sale for his winkles after he had boiled them, for they were of the finest—he knew just where to paddle for them. "Pennywink, wink, O!"

"Pennywink!" from old Joe brought always someone or other to the door for a pint of winkles. Sometimes he found them spread, comparatively speaking, thickly on the ooze; at others, especially in cold weather, they lay thinly. If I wished to punish my worst enemy I would send him to pick a gallon of winkles off the ooze when a nor'-easter was blowing full force up the creek. I once tried to pick a pint myself when out shooting, and

[1] The legend of the Lord of Shoreland, called Shurland in the 'Ingoldsby Legends," and the dead sailor was well-known to our long-shore folks when I was a boy. The vane, too, on the old church tower was a horse's head.

I never repeated the job. Use is, however, second nature—or is said to be; and poor Joe's mother being a widow, and he her only child, he worked at it bravely, and that small trade was entirely in his own hands, for everyone knew it would have been useless to start an opposition business in winkles; no one would have patronised any but Joe.

When Genus met him he had a little talk, and gave him half his dinner, like the kind lad he was; then he struck once more into the marshes. Joe paddled along the hards for more winks after that refreshment of the inner man. He had picked up about half a gallon when a shot was heard close to him, and a man came round the bend of the creek with a dead curlew that he had just shot—at least, one would suppose so. He stops and has a few words with Joe, and then goes off the hards into the marshes. As soon as he is well out of sight the wink-picker leaves his work and makes tracks for home at the top of his speed.

Genus has delivered his bread, and gets out of the marshes before it is quite dark. The road is very dreary and lonesome, but he does not mind this; and on reaching the most dreary part of all, with never a house in sight for two long miles, Genus does an odd thing. He jumps on Sank, puts a leg into each of those padded panniers, stands up in them, and tells his long-eared steed to go. Go Sank does with a will, and so does Genus, his long arms swinging like a couple of windmill sweeps as he flies by. This childlike lad cannot be just the fool that folks imagine him.

All at once he stops his galloping steed, for a small marsh-farm is near, close to the high road. Here he has to stay for something.

"Genus, Genus," shouts a voice, "come an' git these oats! I've bin waitin' nobody knows how long fur ye ter come along. They're in bushel-bags, so one goes in one pannier, one in t'other. Mind ye gits home with 'em quick, fur ye're out oncommon late this turn—nigh on seven o'clock 'tis. Where have ye been hanging about? Stop a bit, I knows ye ain't no scollard, an' I must have some sort o' warrant fur them oats. I shan't be a minute."

Out he went, and in a few moments he returned with the constable of that small district, the shoemaker living close by.

"Jest ye witness I send these oats by Genus. Will ye see—I'll untie 'em? Ye knows these here is oats."

"Ay, I can swear to that in any court in the kingdom," says the constable.

"Now, Genus, my man, put Sank along quick," and off the farmer hurries the pair. That done, he tells the constable that he had "a little score ter settle with that 'ere slippery old porpus, Genus's father, an' he warn't quite sure if the old warmint was in his debt; no, he warn't werry sure on that 'ere p'int. An' now ye are here, ye ken hev a drop ter keep the cold out of yer mouth when ye cross the road. An' ye may jest as well measure one o' my young 'uns fur a pair o' shoes."

When Genus reached home his father told him he would unload and put Sank in the stable himself. First, however, he placed those bags of oats in the bakehouse and locked the door; then he fed Sank. When he re-entered the bakehouse he untied the bags, and the oats were shot out on the flour. The cat was let out of each bag, too! One hundred pounds would not have purchased the contents of those two bushel-bags. Old Porpus and Genus were not the fools they seemed to be, nor was the father as hard as old Nance made out, for the lad was let out to play that night, mournful and dreamy-looking as before. By way of cheering him up, the boys took him round to the smithy to rouse up Snoovey.

But no Snoovey was there. Turning a corner, we came on Nance, who tackled us in her own way.

"What are ye after, an' where are ye going, ye young shrimpgrigs? Who have ye bin pesterin' now? an' whose doors have ye threshed? Ye're a nice lot, an' yer mothers must feel rare an' proud on ye, an' no mistake! But, bless yer merry hearts, be off home an' stop yer foolin' fur one night, anyhow. 'Tain't a night to be runnin' the streets. Git off home!"

Then the poor soul said, as though speaking to herself, "I had 'em once, as merry as any on' ye; but they're gone, an' never more will I see them till the sea gives up its dead. I'll see 'em then! Home, ye shrimpgrigs; git home!"

If the truth must be told, we never did thresh Nance's door, for the same reason that we did not mount Sank. Some folks, like some animals, are best left alone. We decided to take her advice and go home, for the women stood at their doors talking about their husbands being gone down to the ma'shes; they said the tide suited for the smacks making open water. Genus tells us his father has gone there too—for a shot at the fowl, he said, if he could get one; he had his duck-gun with him, anyway. And all the fishing crew were there too.

Heavy masses of cloud swept along, having here and there a break in them. Now and again a moan of the wind might be heard soughing up from the flats. Once or twice, when the blast was strong, the heavy black storm-clouds were torn asunder, showing a glint of cold grey. The look-out on the marsh was dreary—one vast mass of dark grey. Dimly seen at times, as the clouds parted, was the top of the sea-wall that stretched like some huge sea-monster, turning and winding according to the line of shore.

With the exception of the wild call of the curlew, the rustle of dry flags, and the clash of reed-stems as the wind sighed through them, not a sound broke the silence of those dreary flats. Now and then a light could be seen out in mid-channel, telling where the coastguard-ship lay. Not a living soul was to be seen or heard. If Genus's father has come down on the flats to look for fowl he has come on a fool's errand.

The fishing-smacks have not left their moorings, though the tide is making fair for them to do so; there is a cluster of them close in shore. The tide will be full at twelve o'clock; it must be nearly that time now.

"Hark!" the hour strikes from the minster tower, some distance off; the sounds come booming over the water and across the flats, borne on the fitful blasts that come and go with mournful wail. It must have been urgent business that brought the men out down on the marshes on a night like this. A flash and a report! Has Genus's father had a shot after all? Two more follow in quick succession—pistol shots, and the guard-ship signal.

Now can be heard the rush of feet in the darkness; and the sound of horses in full stride. A whirling gust breaks up the mass of clouds for a few moments, and then men and horses can be distinguished coming up over the marsh and making for the lonely high road I spoke of before. They are pursued, by the look of it, but they are well ahead. A deep marsh dyke is in front of them. The horses take it in their stride; those on foot cross also, not by jumping, but on long broad planks, which are pulled out of sight, no one could see how or where. Yes, Bandy's long lines are of the best material.

And now another party appears on the scene, the officer of the Excise, irreverently named Chimney-pot, for he was never to be seen by the vulgar crowd without his tall hat. They said he even slept in it. He had bought winks from Joe the evening before, and they had had some talk together. But he has certainly come to the wrong place now, if any captures are to be made.

He sets his men a brave example, however, by dashing down the sides of the sea-wall into the marsh, and calling on those with him to pursue and capture. Swiftly they run, himself the fore most one.

"What's that?" With a thud they are down, rolling over each other.

"What was it? Who did it?"

No one answers; there are bellows to mend. Their leader gets furious, for right in front is a dyke.

"Come on, my lads! follow me!" he cries; but no one answers; they have gone on another track.

He runs, jumps—in the uncertain light—short, and plumps into the water and mud. There he sticks, about a foot from the edge, up to his waist.

From some bundles of reeds close to the dyke a figure, muffled up to the eyes, lifts up a threatening hand.

There was something about the peculiar swing of that arm very like Snoovey at his anvil. Some of Bandy's lines were very long too, capable of tripping-up a whole line of runners.

A shot, another pistol-shot, and then comes the boom of duck-guns in quick time, one after the other; and now the sound of a horse at his top speed is heard. Listen to the momentary pauses in the beat of his hoofs as he takes the dykes. On the bold rider comes, nearer and nearer; he clears the last dyke and turns for the other marsh. Two dogs, long-dogs, run by his side. They look large, as though they had something wrapped round them. Once more the clouds break; and, by all the eels that ever were caught, if that mare is not Flying Kit.

Betwixt one and two the inhabitants of the village were roused from their sleep by the sound of horses galloping through the long street and the cries of men in fierce pursuit. On and away, they reach the bridge. Splash—a succession of splashes! The low hedge is cleared; they are on the soft turf, and each man walks his horse under the shadow of the alder and willow thicket. Then all is still. Unseen hands have taken their horses, and their riders have glided like ghosts into the white, ghostlike mill.

Two days later the Gull showed in sight and made the mid-day harbour-tide. She was boarded before she left the creek's mouth—the first time such a thing had happened. Rumour had said that a vessel, her very second self, only grey in colour, had been seen chased by a revenue-cutter, which had fired on her; and that she was then making for the French coast under every stitch of canvas she could carry.

Captain Ned, courteous as ever, listened to the rumour without the least expression of surprise, and without comment.

"Do your duty, gentlemen," was all he said when the revenue men boarded the Gull.

They found nothing—not even a pipeful of foreign tobacco or one foreign cigar. As to silks, laces, or spirituous liquors, such an idea was ridiculous!

The Gull had been in harbour one week after the above event took place, when, to the unbounded surprise of all our folks, she was declared to be for sale. Captain Ned said he had no further use for her; he was going to settle down for good.

Sold she was. All knew her sea-going capabilities, and those who had the money bid eagerly for her.

Blo'ard Ned's bold crew turned fishermen, each man becoming owner of a good stout boat—the gift, it was said, of their old master. However that may have been, they were still to be seen—faithful old dogs as they were—keeping watch before the house of their former commander.

For the benefit of those who may be curious to know what Captain Ned's end was, I can tell them that he died respected and regretted by numerous friends and admirers. I point no moral. These are but longshore sketches of smugg'ing days. "Handsome Hannah" did not long survive her husband; but that name was for years later a household word in many a marshland home where she had taken comfort and gladness.

# ITALIAN EXPLORERS IN AFRICA.

BY SOFIA BOMPIANI.

II.

COUNT GIACOMO DI BRAZZÀ, a brother of the more famous Pietro di Brazzà, was proud to call himself a Roman and an Italian. As a boy he admired the exploits of Pietro in Africa, and prepared to follow in his footsteps. He devoted himself to those scientific studies, which had been neglected in Pietro's journeyings. He was a naturalist by nature and profession, and often, in the African wilds, when food was scarce, transferred a rare fish to alcohol for preservation rather than to the table.

The ardent desire of nine years of his boyhood was satisfied when he was appointed naturalist to the expedition in Equatorial Africa of Pietro di Brazzà in 1883. He was to study the zoology, botany, geology, and ethnography of the country, and make collections to be sent back to France. Accepting this position without compensation, he only stipulated for the right to make another collection at the same time, and to add to the party his friend Attilio Pecile, son of a senator of Italy. The journey of three years and a half was made together, and their adventures were nearly the same, so that the account of one serves also for the other. Giacomo di Brazzà says that he had learned to appreciate the learning, energy, courage, and abnegation of Pecile in various excursions made together in the Alps.

Giacomo di Brazzà looked at nature with a poet's eye, and saw beauty in the trunk of a dead tree, in the broad expanse of the river losing itself in mist, in a floating island formed of various trunks of trees covered with growing papyrus. He noted an elephant standing quietly in the midst of the aquatic plants on the shore to let three large white birds search for parasites on his back, and the hippopotami sleeping on the sandbanks, the crocodiles yawning in the sun. Yet in all the splendour of nature on the Ogowè, the Alima, and the Congo, the young traveller remembered with undefinable yearning his own distant Italy.

Boating was full of perils and excitement, as the long, light, narrow boats, hollowed out of the trunk of a resinous tree, were sent forward by the strong Adumas. Before starting everything in the boat was bound tightly to it, so that in the frequent upsets nothing might be lost. Such boats are manned by seventeen Adumas, who row standing, and by long practice have become skilful in passing the cascades, the rough currents, and the whirlpools. Sometimes they draw the boat with ropes, wading over the rocks in the bottom of the river; sometimes they drag it along the rocky shore, or push it before them, and half the time these skilful boatmen are in the water. They start off on their journey singing, and row near the shore under arches of the fragrant tropical trees that lean over into the water and shade them. These mariners of the Ogowè transport one hundred tons of merchandise each year in their frail barks, returning up the stream to their homes with merry songs. But often they do not reach their homes. The cold rain chills them at night after a day's hard rowing in the boat or pushing it over the rocks. They die of pneumonia or fever far from their own land, or are thrown out upon the rocks and killed.

The brother of the "Great Commander" was received by the Okandas—a tall, handsome, and intelligent people—with friendly respect. "We know you are his brother," they said, "because you have the same feet"—meaning his shoes and his white feet when bare—"and because you wear the same charm"—meaning a gold medallion worn around his neck, and containing locks of his mother's and his sister's hair. They thronged around him curiously—a wall of black human flesh—first the children, then the women, and behind the men. He did not delay with these, but pressed on up the river with his Adumas, through walls of giant trees bound together by trailing vines, until he reached a more open country, where green plains stretched away to the foot of low quartz hills. After three days' navigation Giacomo and Pecile found themselves in the land of the Pauens. These men are cannibals, but eat only their victims in war. They have a gun loaded with stone, and a knife. They wear many copper and ivory bracelets on the arms and legs; their bodies are greased from head to foot, and painted red; and they wear greased antelopes' skins. They have a hole pierced in the nose, into which they insert either an elephant's hair, to which beads are attached, a bit of wood, or a needle—not to lose it. Further on Brazzà reached the country of the sailor Adumas, the richest and most populated of any along the Ogowè. The people are pleasant and quiet, and love the white man, from whom they learn some of the arts of civilised life; they have abolished slavery, which they once practised. The visit to this land was like an enchanting dream to Giacomo, who found more good in the natives than his brother Pietro had done. Here are the palms that yield oil, the banana, and the manioc. Cheerful villages surrounded by circles of green trees are near each other along the banks of the river, and in the distance are mountains covered with forest. It seemed a park in an Oriental garden, the view changing at every point—the tints now misty, now clear in the vivid light of a tropical sun shining on a warm and humid atmosphere.

But Giacomo, who had left Pecile at a station behind, could not remain among the Adumas. "I must say farewell to this enchanted land, the air of which is filled with the sweet perfumes of the orchids and tree mimosa, and where it seems that one might live for ever." He arrived at Franceville, the French station on the Ogowè, and there began to make collections of insects, fish,

birds, reptiles, and mammalia; to study geology and botany; and, as a recreation, to take photographs.

He also made ethnographic collections, and studied the natives in their daily life. He observed the texture of their stuffs, their cooking, their work in clay and in iron, their tattooing, and their modes of burial. Geology was the most difficult of these studies, as vegetation in Central Africa covers the ground with a thick mantle, as if it would hide the earth from which it draws its beauty. It is rare to find an exposure of the rocks, and often the only way to study them is by examining the stones in the beds of the streams.

Giacomo di Brazzà and Pecile, like Pietro di Brazzà, crossed from the sources of the Ogowè to those of the Alima on foot through the land of the Batékès. Here the land looks sterile and desolate, contrasting sadly with the wealth of vegetation and the lovely scenery of the lower Ogowè, and of the Alima or the Congo. All is changed—the earth, the vegetation, the form of the houses, the inhabitants, the customs, and the climate.

Gentle undulations of the ground rise one after the other covered with quartz sand, upon which grows low and stunted grass. But the patient labour of the people—especially of the women—has its reward. Their villages on the summits of the low hills are hidden in clumps of planted trees, under which grow all things necessary for subsistence. The Batékès are an industrious people, and easily become burden-bearers to the Congo, by way of the Alima, or to the Ogowè. Our explorers, following mainly in the steps of Pietro di Brazzà, but diverging to one side or the other up the tributary streams, where white men had never been, at last, after eight days of sailing in the long boats on the Alima, through dense dark walls of palm-trees, united by festoons of thick vines, came out upon the "immense, imposing, majestic Congo." "A cry of surprise and admiration came from my men, the first sign to me that the black man feels the power of Nature's scenic grandeur. I let fall my compass and papers; the rowers stopped rowing and gazed in silence. We were all fascinated by this grand and unexpected scene. It was not a river before us, but a sea full of islands, covered with thick vegetation—islands ranged in long lines, bluish or dark, or white as snow from the sand. The sun in the zenith, veiled by the transparent vapours of noonday, without the smallest cloud, filled the sky with a white, uniform, dazzling light. It was as if the vapoury atmosphere had the light in itself, absorbing and multiplying that of the hidden sun."

Too long would be the account of this remarkable journey of three years and a half, or the descriptions of natural scenery and of the customs of the natives. Giacomo went down the Congo to Brazzaville, took part in the splendid reception given by the chief Makoko to Pietro, and then returned by the same route up the Congo and the Alima, and across land to the sources of the Ogowè, then down the Ogowè to Franceville and Madiville, another French station.

Having spent two years in these wilds, Giacomo and Pecile prepared to return to Italy, when unexpected events induced them to make another expedition by land to the tribes of the interior.

They went north-east, following the line of division between the waters of the Congo and the Ogowè, and discovering many new tributaries, as this part of Africa had never been explored.

After this they returned by the Alima and the Congo to the West African shore, and thence to Italy, where they were received by the Roman Geographical Society with honour. But the African fever had taken hold of Giacomo di Brazzà, and in less than a year from his return he died in Rome at the early age of twenty-six, having already accomplished more than many older men.

The adventures of Attilio Pecile during this journey were almost identical with those of his friend, but he treated on his return chiefly of the character and origin of the tribes they had visited. On their second journey they penetrated to a populous region, which is the cradle of the cannibal tribe Baccali. But the two white men, although strangers, were generally treated not so much as equals and friends as superior beings. To this contributed their own peaceable manners and their humanity to their servants, to the old, the suffering, or those in peril. Once in passing through a deserted village they found a sick old woman without food who had been left behind alone. They could not remain with her, but they gave her a chicken, their only food for that day.

Once in the waters of the Alima, when a hippopotamus upset their boat and threw them into the water, Pecile caught hold of a sinking black and, swimming through the herd of hippopotami, brought him safe to land. Once dressed in a loose cretonne costume of his own make, Pecile caught a large bird, and sitting down on a mat, with a circle of natives around him, took off the feathers. By giving the greater part of it to them he gained the reputation of being a most disinterested man. He wandered about from village to village in his flowered cretonne dress without weapons of any kind. If he sat down to write, with his ink held in a knot of wood, the children came about him and curiously touched his paper.

On the other side of Africa, where Assab, on the Bay of Assab, and the port of Zeila, on the Red Sea, and Massowa have attracted many Italians, Count Pietro Antonelli—a nephew of the Cardinal so long Secretary of the Papacy—has spent many years. There Marquis Antinori established the Italian station of Let-Marifià in the Shoa; Chiarini and Cecchi went on from that point to Galla; Massaja, travelled over Galla and the Shoa thirty-five years, and Bianchi and Guilietti were murdered by the Danakils.

Traversi and Ragazzi are still at the Italian station, sometimes accompanying Menelik, King of Shoa, on his expeditions. But Pietro Antonelli is the chief counsellor of that king, and during the Italian war with Abyssinia was useful in preserving his friendship for Italy.

Ten years ago, in 1879, Antonelli made his first visit to King Menelik, arriving in Shoa with an

arm wounded by the accidental discharge of a pistol. The native doctors sent to him by Menelik tortured him to find the ball, until Antonelli lost faith and patience in them, and undertook himself the care of his wounds. When he went afterwards with Antinori to be presented to Menelik, he found the King seated on the threshold of a large cabin surrounded by his attendants. Menelik called for the boxes of Antonelli, and examined them one by one, turning out all the articles, and selecting for himself those which pleased him—a "useful and agreeable occupation."



COUNT PIETRO ANTONELLI.

To these articles Antonelli added as presents to the King some guns and pistols, and he found, in return, on leaving the Royal premises, a magnificent mule in red harness. He also received from the King food on a princely scale during his visit. He describes the Shoa as an earthly Paradise, with a fine climate, abundant food, and peaceable inhabitants. The fertility of the soil is prodigious, as there are two or even three harvests in the year. The people cultivate little, but gather in much. The rural implements are imperfect; the plough is only an iron point dragged lightly over the ground by the oxen, and there is no spade.

The Abyssinian farmer can work only 117 days of the year, as the other 248 are festivals, which, if he did not observe, his land would be confiscated by the priest.

Antonelli spent much time at Let-Marifià, and made several journeys over the desert between Shoa and the Red Sea. He often visited Menelik, and became a favourite at Court, and his influence in discouraging the slave-trade was important.

The enmity of Mohammed Anfari, chief of the savage Danakils, who killed Bianchi and Guilietti, is said to have been caused by the delay of a caravan of slaves which had been detained by Menelik at the suggestion of Antonelli.

He, together with Dr. Traversi, followed Menelik to his wars with the Gallas. They encamped on the Lake Zuai, and afterwards on the highland of Albassò, all territory lately conquered by Menelik.

During the war between Italy and Abyssinia Antonelli acted as diplomatic counsellor to Menelik, with whom he was in high favour, and it may be to his counsels that Menelik is indebted for the enlargement to the south of his kingdom, and for the possession of Abyssinia after the death of Negus John. Menelik is now King of Ethiopia, and calls himself the king of kings—the lion of the tribe of Judah, the descendant of the Queen of Sheba. With two thousand guns procured for him by Antonelli from the Italian Government he conquered the negroes and the savage tribes of Galla, Ghera, Goggiam, and Tigrè. Far from opposing the colonial policy of Italy in Africa, and the occupation of Massowah, Saati, Keren, and Asmara, he has formed an alliance with, and asked for the protection and friendship of, Italy. The embassy which he sent in August to Italy under the escort of Count Antonelli consisted of eight persons of rank and thirty soldiers and servants.

The gifts of Menelik to the King and the Government were a young elephant, mules and gazelles, sixty ivory tusks, each a yard in length; a gold head-dress, wrought as exquisitely as the old Etruscan jewellery, of which there are so many specimens in the museums of Italy, and his own royal robe, diadem, and sceptre.

Prince Makonnen, the ambassador, who is a relative of Menelik, was received on board the ship at Naples by Count Salimbeni, who was at the time of the battle of Dogali a prisoner of King John at Asmara.

When the embassy arrived in Rome, hearing that the father of Antonelli had just died, they went to the cemetery Campo Verano, to pray at the grave, and showed the greatest sympathy and affection to their friend. Makonnen is thirty-five years old, tall and straight and thin; the head long, the features fine, like those of a European. He was received by King Humbert in the hall of the throne at the Quirinal Palace at Rome, with the usual ceremony for the reception of ambassadors. Troops were stationed along the streets near the Quirinal and in front of the palace. The crowd along the streets applauded and cried, "Long life to our allies!" The dresses worn by the ambassador and his suite were all of brilliant-coloured silk, embroidered with gold and silver thread. They wore turbans and large white mantles, beneath which could be seen their shining scimitars and shields. Makonnen bowed three times to the earth before King Humbert, who was seated gravely on the throne, under the red velvet canopy, and wore the brass helmet with white plumes of a general. But when the King left the throne, and the state which he rarely assumed, and descended with his natural, easy manner to shake hands with all of the embassy, they were enchanted. "Oh! your King," said Makonnen afterwards, "your King is wonderful!"

The chief merit of this alliance with the powerful sovereign of Ethiopia is due to Antonelli. He has been replaced at the court of Menelik by Count Salimbeni, but has been sent on a special mission to Ethiopia by the Italian Government.

# BRIEF COUNSELS CONCERNING BUSINESS.

BY AN OLD MAN OF BUSINESS.

I.

THERE is no greater or graver mistake made in regard to the gaining of knowledge than this: that education is completed when "schooling"—using this term in its widest sense as including college as well as ordinary school training—is over, and, as commonly said, done with or "finished." The truth is, education proper has scarcely—with many it has not even been fairly—begun. The wise man never ceases to learn; he is ever coming under the influence of teachers, and to the last he feels how true it is that what little he knows suffices chiefly to show him how much he has yet to know.

The wise man, indeed, never leaves school. In truth, it is often a long time before some of us learn the first lesson which enables us to learn other lessons. There can be no thorough progress till we recognise how vast is the area of possible knowledge. All that a man knows is literally as but a drop in the ocean. Every schoolboy is said to know this; the majority of schoolboys—and some of them very old boys indeed—seem, however, to forget it rapidly. Newton's celebrated saying, in which he compared himself to one picking up pebbles on the sea-shore, found a singularly felicitous illustration in the words of one who in his own walk was also very celebrated. Possibly it is the best known instance of an abstract truth being put in the shape of a mathematical theorem. This man—truly great beyond a doubt—said on the subject of education, "that the more you extend the diameter of the circle of the light of knowledge, the more do you increase the circumference of the darkness around."

* * *

The lessons of life may be gained from many, often the most unlikely, quarters, and it may indeed be said that to learn the truth of this statement is a valuable lesson in itself. Belief in it will at all events have this good effect, that it will induce one to be on the look-out for information wherever he is, or whatever the people with whom he is thrown in contact. Many a young man loses greatly from the notion that he can learn nothing of any value from those whom he thinks below him in station. Each man you may come across is the possessor of some knowledge which is not possessed by or known to some other man. And there are some men who, intensely ignorant of the knowledge obtained from books, are brimful, so to say, of the knowledge of men—observant, shrewd, keenly alive to what is known as character, and at the same time well stored with facts won by observation or experience.

Samuel Johnson, who knew, if any man knew, what goes to make a successful life, has left it on record that he never spent five minutes with the poorest of men but what he left him knowing something which he had not known before, and, moreover, worthy of being known.

It is not necessary here to point out the various sources of knowledge, and how they should be worked so as to gain their highest products. One chief lesson a young man on beginning life has to learn is that he really requires knowledge of man, and of his business habits and ways, the first step to knowing being the conviction that he has almost everything to learn. It is equally important to remember that knowledge may be picked up from numerous—and, as we have said, very often from most unlikely—places, and picked up in a variety of ways. The young man can appoint no delegate to do this work for him.

* * *

Of all the qualities which go to make up a successful business life that of "decision" is one of the most important. In one sense it is more valuable than talent, as in another it is rarer; often, indeed, the man of talent is the man of decision. But all the talent in the world is practically of no avail unless it be used, not only in the right way, but at the right time. Many a "good thing" in business life is missed just because one cannot make up one's mind promptly to take the good thing in time. In such a case to hesitate is to lose utterly; that good thing, so far as you are concerned, is gone for ever. But decision involves something more than determining in the first instance to do a certain thing. Be decided in your decision. Having once put your foot down keep it down. Be *quite* sure to the utmost degree of careful thought before putting it down. But once down do not lift it in tremulous doubt, in hesitating uncertainty. Decision is half the battle in business life; but decision implies constancy. The man who after serious consideration decides, but after decision hesitates, is lost.

This is very different from obstinacy. Any fool can be obstinate, most fools indeed are so; but it is not given to every man to be constant in carrying out what he believes to be a wise decision.

It is really better for a business man to cultivate the habit of deciding promptly, even though he carries with this the risk of occasionally deciding wrongly. Better to run this risk a thousand times than to have the shilly-shally way of treating business matters which some men possess, as unfortunately for those who have business connections with them as for themselves. One can have no grip of a man who cannot make up his mind promptly, decidedly. The veriest eel of a man, he slips through your fingers precisely at the time you feel sure that you have got a secure hold of him. The truth is he

has no hold of himself. He is perpetually slipping away from resolves which, however, he is busy enough in perpetually resolving to follow out. The end of the resolution, so called, of such a man is that he has no resolution at all.

* * *

Through the habit of deciding promptly a man may run the risk of deciding wrongly, but if he is wise he will cultivate the habit of quickly taking in all the points of a subject. He in time will get into the way of looking "all round" a subject, omitting none of its details. Thus a quick decision may be a true and sound one as well.

There are those who say that business habits such as decision can *not* be acquired or cultivated. "It's all bosh," say they. "What is not in a fellow naturally, cannot be put into him!" But those who utter such bow-wow authoritative statements belong, I fear, to that class who have not the courage to look their fault fairly in the face; who lack the perseverance necessary to acquire what they have not. To all such I would simply say, Try to cultivate the habit. The very endeavour will surprise you with its efficiency if honestly made. I conclude by again stating that decision of character *can* be cultivated, all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding.

* * *

Everyone is familiar with the saying "the three R's," which has reference to education. I propose in imitation of this to coin another saying, not troubling myself much as to whether it shall have an extended adoption or otherwise. This is "the three P's," in reference to the qualities in a business man which, if they do not absolutely of themselves wholly, go at least largely to secure his success. These are "Patience, Perseverance, Pluck." With regard to the relative value of these three much-to-be-desired attributes in a business man much could be said. None of them can be dispensed with, as all are essential; but there may be occasions when one is more required than the two others. Thus at times one may be called upon simply to exercise the gift of "patience"—to stand quietly by to test the accuracy of the Italian proverb which tells us that "the game is always to the man who can wait," an accuracy proved by the experience of thousands. Much will also depend upon the temperament of the business man. He may possess one of these attributes naturally, and have to cultivate, perhaps painfully, the others. We can easily understand, therefore, the one on which he will rely the most. Thus I have heard a man—and he was a successful man, moreover—say that in business "pluck was everything." I do not think it is. It may, alone trusted to, as frequently lead one into failure as it may take one to success. A very good servant is Pluck, but a bad master. He is a dog, so to say, who works best in couples, and "Prudence" is the name of his companion.

* * *

The qualities which minister to success in life must not be measured as to their value by the evidences of successes more or less brilliant. One of these qualities essential to success is, in truth, more fully and in the most valuable of ways displayed in connection with the failures of a man who is generally successful than in his victories. It is comparatively easy to apply good rules to business, and apply them persistently when Fortune smiles on a man's efforts. The sterling value of Perseverance is more completely displayed in persistency under circumstances calculated to distract attention and dishearten one's courage. This quality may perhaps be better called constancy under all conditions of business life. It is comparatively easy to decide that we will adopt a certain course of business action, but it is not so easy to carry it fully and completely out. The course may be so clearly the correct one that none but a noodle would ever think of adopting the converse of it. But the ability to plan or design and the skill and the strength to execute are quite two different things, though they may be, and often are, combined in one individual. But the value of a good design—of a right course of action—is only shown by its execution—by its being carried out. And performance is only secured by perseverance—by sticking at the thing till it is done. And however some may smile at the way in which I put the point, no work is "done" in the true, the only correct, sense of the term until it is "completed." This apparent truism involves a somewhat serious consideration worth thinking over. Not a few masters have had work handed to them as being "done" which was very far indeed from being honestly "completed."

* * *

"The three P's" (Patience, Perseverance, Pluck) may, however, be looked upon as three great divisions, each of which has its sub-divisions. There are related qualities of not much less importance. I give three mottoes, each of which conveys hints of importance, and which may be looked upon as somewhat natural pendants to "the three P's."

"*Straight*"—a brief but capital motto for men going into business. Adopting this in the true sense of adoption—that is, by ever keeping it in mind, making it, in fact, one's very own—a man will walk in no crooked paths. The paths of some men are so very tortuous that they themselves do not know where they are or in what direction they are going—north, south, east, or west. They thus find themselves "out," so to say, but yet show others where they are and how they have been going. The straight path is, after all, the easiest to follow; certainly in the long-run it is the safest, as indeed it is the quickest, as no time is lost in traversing by-ways or in going round corners.

"*True*" is another good business motto for a young man. When a machine runs true, it runs well; "off the truth," it cannot do the best work—it cannot, indeed, be depended upon to do any good work at all. True in everything, true in words, true in meaning. Some men play with words as some play with a fish they wish to land. The very object of their play is to deceive, and



ONE THING AT A TIME.

deceit is only sure of one thing—that is, that it will in the long-run be found out.

"*Thorough*" is a third valuable motto. One who had raised himself to a position of great wealth and social influence was twitted by a rival with having once been a scavenger, or something similar. "Yes," was the reply; "but then I was the best scavenger in the town." True or not—and in the romance of life I have met with more singular changes—the anecdote carries with it the whole secret of success in business. It is embodied also in the motto we have named, which is that of one of our old families—"Thorough." No man can be successful in the highest sense of the term unless he is thorough in everything—thorough in his determination to do his work well, thorough in the doing of it, so that it is done in the very best way in which he can do it.

* * *

"Honesty is the best policy," *but* whether I think that this, which may be said to be one of the current coins of conversation, the sterling value of which seems to be generally taken as granted, as it is in the mouths of most men, is a good motto for men to follow, let the following be taken in evidence. If it were more in their thoughts it would, we suspect, be found to be at the best but like coin we have known—base copper washed over with a silvery substance. The honesty which comes of a considered policy is but poor stuff at the best. If it is only policy to be honest, I fear much that the time may come when it will be policy to be the other thing. Honesty is only the true gold when it is based upon principle. Principle knows little of Policy. And if this last-named dame begins to tempt a man with *her* blandishments, unless he be possessed of strength of mind to resist them—and she is as fair in the face as she is false in the heart—then farewell to the peace of mind, the strength, and the singleness of purpose which Principle—who, always anxious about her followers, watches daily the stealthy steps of Policy—alone can give. Again I repeat, that if to be honest is good policy, there is, I fear, but a step to the decision that it may be as good policy *not* to be honest. And if this step be taken, after that the deluge, which will sweep alike the man and his policy away.

* * *

That moral courage is needed in business as well as in social or domestic life every good business man knows. But from what has been written and said, one would suppose that it was displayed only by the capability to say No. Notwithstanding, moral courage is as often required to enable a man to say Yes. It is only the higher minds who have the true courage of their opinions.

Judging, indeed, from what I have known personally and have pretty widely heard from others, I should say that of the two it requires greater moral courage, a more determined stand on the side of right and justice, to say the necessary Yes than it does to say the No. I have heard men boldly blurt out the No, when, without any great (if any) breach of charity, it might be readily enough concluded that it was much more to their interest to say No than its converse. In such cases there is no exercise of moral courage whatever. I have known the very men who blurted boldly out the No totally fail to say the Yes, when the saying of it would have been of great value in the interests of right and justice. In a great many instances the value of the lesson which a young man might learn in hearing the No given readily and decidedly has been wonderfully lessened by the failure to follow it up with a Yes as decided and as clear. In many instances the natural and valuable supplement to the No is the Yes. The character of the No may be doubtful (frequently is), simply because it is not followed up by the equally decided Yes. Nay, of the two the Yes is required in many cases to be even more emphatically asserted than the No. I have known—not seldom—grave moral injury done to young men "halting between two opinions"—their better influences leading them to the side of the right, their apparently worldly interests dragging them to the side of the wrong—by this fatal lack of decision on the part of those who could influence them. The Yes has been necessary in order to show beyond all doubt that the No of the man to whom they looked up was in very truth the exercise of moral courage, but it has not been spoken. There are many men who might, for aught they say to the contrary, believe that right and justice are all very well in their place, but that they may be with worldly advantage quietly set aside for a time—quietly and judiciously, of course. They hold no such opinions, would indeed be horrified at hearing that it could even be supposed that they held such; yet again and again, and yet again, have they failed to say the Yes, which, in decided and clear tones, would have declared their conviction. This view of the importance of the Yes does not in any practical sense detract from the value of the ability to say No to propositions of a doubtful or of a positively bad character. The value of that capability to young men in business I do not require to dilate upon now. Most young men are impressed somehow or other with its value, whether they adopt it or not. But the view I have presented here of the relation between the No and the Yes is one I myself have learned in the school of experience, and it carries with it issues of the gravest importance to our individual and national well-being.

# NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

## A NEW MECHANICAL TELEPHONE.

The electric telephone has so long been in undisputed possession of the field as to have left its predecessor, the mechanical telephone, completely in the shade. It may be remembered that Wheatstone's eventful demonstrations at the Polytechnic, in 1831, of the more rapid transmission of sounds through solids, such as wood and metal, as compared with their rates of transmission through air, were the precursor of the more successful telephone of to-day. But it has just been conclusively shown that the capacities of the mechanical telephone have by no means been adequately developed, and that for all but very long distances the great feature of the more modern telephone—the stimulus of an electric battery—can be dispensed with. The new mechanical telephone discards electric agency altogether, and, being completely independent of any electric or magnetic current, it requires neither battery power nor insulation. It is to be known as the Pulsion telephone, the "pulses" being set up in the transmitting wire by an entirely new and intensely sympathetic vibratory arrangement at the mouth-piece. The invention is due to an American electrician, Mr. Lemuel Mellett, of Newton, county Middlesex, Massachusetts. In general plan the Pulsion telephone resembles the older form of mechanical telephones, and Mellett's improvement relates chiefly to the efficiency of the diaphragm or disc. The apparatus is contained in a circular sounding-box about five inches diameter and three inches deep. The disc is preferably of metal, and is in connection with a series of small metallic spiral springs, each having a large number of coils, located in a case, some three or four inches in diameter, situated behind the disc. The arrangement is peculiar, but it is found to be most effective, having been planned to produce harmonised vibrations. It is the potency of this vibrating battery—if we may so call it—of spiral springs, and its wonderful capacity of gathering up, intensifying (in rhythmic intervals), and transmitting sound, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the Pulsion telephone. These spiral springs are called "vibrators," or "resonators." The vibrators need not necessarily be springs; they may consist of musical reeds or strings, or other metallic device capable of vibration by a system of mutual reinforcement. They appear to exercise the function of magnifying or accumulating upon the connecting line-wire the vibrations which sounds set up when their waves impinge upon the diaphragm or disc. They may be used not only in the form already described; they may consist of thin strips or spring tongues of metal strings, or wires of various lengths, or a single spring coiled like a wire clock-gong; but the principle is the same in each case—that of accumulating upon the line-wire the fund of harmonised and powerful vibrations from a number of mutually rhythmic resonators.

The Pulsion telephone was submitted to severe tests a few weeks ago on the Midland Railway, when the line-wire was looped up to the ordinary telegraph-posts from Finchley Road to Hendon, a distance of more than three miles, reckoning by the track of the wire. Conversation through this length of line was exceedingly easy; in fact, the tone reproduced was purer than when the distance was a few hundred yards. Tested first over a taut wire, verbal messages, singing, and the playing of a musical-box were perfectly audible; but equally good results were obtained through a *slack* wire. Another experiment over a length of wire of about one-third of a mile, laid along the bottom of the Hendon Lake, was quite as satisfactory. Notwithstanding the immersion of the wire, and the mud which must necessarily have surrounded it, conversation was carried on without the least difficulty. One of the most remarkable properties possessed by the Pulsion telephone, and which places it far above other mechanical telephones, is that the line-wire may come in contact with buildings, be bent round corners, and even be coiled tightly round the limbs of trees.

Some of the phenomena, it is confessed, are at present difficult to understand, and appear to present new problems or revelations in acoustics. One of these is the problem of the alternate compression and rarefaction which we associate with the progress of sound, when, as in this case, the wire may be taut, slack, grounded, bent round corners, and coiled tightly round trees. No explanation of the entire *modus operandi* has yet been advanced, but it is evident that here, as in other phenomena where so-called solid bodies are concerned in the transmission of sound, the molecular theory, with its supposed constituent particles vibrating in a free though determinate space, may be expected in time to have something to say on the subject. The Pulsion telephone would seem to have availed itself of the molecular constitution of copper and steel wires in a mode and to an extent hitherto unknown, and full of promise for future work in the same direction.

It should be added that, from its extreme simplicity, Mellett's telephone is a cheap instrument. It is claimed that the system can be installed at from 30*s.* to 40*s.* per mile. Although the appearance of the Pulsion instrument in this country dates but a few weeks ago, the system has been in successful operation in the United States for more than twelve months. A company is, however, being promoted, called the British Pulsion Telephone Company (Limited), with Sir Edward Reed, M.P., as chairman, which will work the patent on this side of the Atlantic. It is understood that the Pulsion telephone has already commended itself experimentally to the notice of several railway companies and to the Post Office.

## CHAT MOSS: AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER.

There were small railways, which we may call pioneer railways, before George Stephenson, and railways on Chat Moss before the Manchester and Liverpool Company's Act. For the cultivation of Chat Moss, Mr. William Roscoe was fortunate in obtaining as steward the services of Mr. Robert Stannard, who had had considerable experience on the Norfolk Broads and the cultivation of the bog land of the county.

Mr. Roscoe introduced railways, designed by Mr. Stannard, on the Moss about the year 1816. The rails were of wrought iron, like an inverted V (Fig. 1), the wheels being grooved similar to

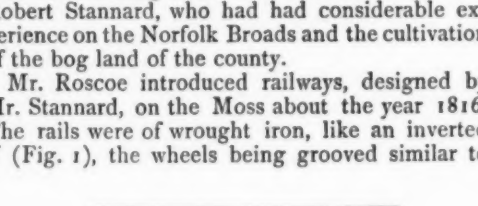


FIG. 1.—A PIONEER RAILWAY ON CHAT MOSS.

those used for rope pulleys. These railways were portable; being of light structure, they were easy to move from one part of the Moss to another. When thus engaged, about the year 1823, in developing the capabilities of Chat Moss for agricultural purposes, the survey for the new railway commenced. Stannard has stated that when Stephenson saw the many deep drains that had been cut in the Moss, and the waggons and tramways at work, he determined to go straight over it instead of going round it. When the Bill passed, Stephenson gave Stannard a sub-contract for three miles of the work. The story of the enormous difficulties of making the railway has been graphically told by Mr. Smiles, as well as by writers of local history, but the part Stannard took in assisting Stephenson has not been related.

The first difficulty in not finding a bottom at Chat Moss was at a place called "Blackpool Hole." Here the contractor tipped "spoil" for more than three months without making the slightest progress. Quantities of old sugar casks were chained together with brushwood and moss, but these came to the surface again at some distance from the side of the line. Altogether something like seven thousand cubic yards of spoil were tipped and disappeared at this place.

During the controversy between Stannard and Stephenson it seems there was great difficulty in convincing Stephenson that the raft system was the best, Stephenson having always insisted that if they put spoil enough upon the Moss it would find a bottom; but although it did no doubt sometimes reach the bottom it did not stay there, as the bog had a specific gravity like a quicksand, and assisted a flow from each side. After many anxious discussions Stephenson said to Stannard, "Have your own way." The contractor replied, "Yes, I will, but I want some money." Stephenson then said, "The directors have none, but I have £400 in one of the Liverpool banks of my own, and I will lend it you." He got the money, and with a fresh supply of waggons obtained from Manchester, and the weft and warp of the trees of Botany Bay Wood, he became successful in obtaining a foundation.

"A few days ago," writes Mr. W. H. Bailey, of Manchester, "I saw in the office of my friend Mr. James Lamb what appeared to me to be a snow-shoe, and on making inquiries I discovered it had been sent to him by Mr. Stannard's son, Mr. Robert Stannard." This is mentioned in Smiles's "Life of Stephenson," where it is said, "Mr. Roscoe adopted the expedient of fitting his plough horses with flat wooden soles or pattens (Fig. 2)

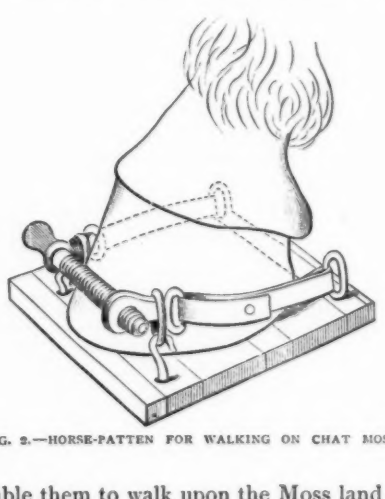


FIG. 2.—HORSE-PATTEN FOR WALKING ON CHAT MOSS.

to enable them to walk upon the Moss land which had to be brought into cultivation." These pattens were fitted on by means of a screw, which met in front of the foot. With the increased base thus supplied, the horses were enabled to walk safely about the Moss without being "bogged." These pattens are still being used on the farms at Chat Moss; they were introduced by Stannard. He also designed improvements in carts and waggons, especially for the Moss work, with wheels ten inches wide. He was the first to grow swede turnips on Chat Moss in the year 1817, and exhibited samples at Warrington market dinner in that year. In 1816 he placed a hundred Southdown sheep on the Moss, obtained from Norfolk.

For these interesting items in the early history of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway in relation to Chat Moss we are indebted to a paper read by Mr. W. H. Bailey at a meeting of the Manchester Association of Engineers.

# Varieties.

### Ladysmith to Johannesberg.

Johannesberg has recently been the subject of so many questions that the following extracts from the letter of a young emigrant will be read with more than usual interest. Describing his journey from Ladysmith in Natal, he says :

"I took my seat—£10 by the way—and had to pay £1 18*s.* extra for luggage (they only allow 25 lbs.). We started three hours late, owing to the train; and then off for the most wonderful drive I have ever been. For the first day the teams were made up of ten horses; roads so bad, all the way like a ploughed field; but talk about going and driving—well, it was a caution! The coach was just like Buffalo Bill's: if you remember, ten inside and one on the box, and the luggage and mails strapped on outside. But we were only six and a half passengers—a coolie, an old colonial and his three little girls, and a friend of his (a stockbroker up here), and myself. . . . Outside, such roads—in fact they are not roads, but only tracks; and as all the way to Johannesberg it is one procession of bullock wagons, you may guess it was slightly cut up. We inspan about every hour and a half, doing about ten miles, and then get a team of fresh horses. Nearly wild they are; you dare hardly put a whip to them or they are off, and when they are off, things do not look pleasant; and as you are continually taking leaps across gullies it looks as if you must come to grief. Over the mountain, in a pass, we came to a full stop, as a waggon in front had got stuck, and before they could move it how many bullocks do you think they had to put on? Fifty-eight, and then they could not move it at first. It is beyond me to give you a proper description of the roads and rides—you would never believe it; in fact, it is impossible to imagine what a coach can do and does. In one place we had a drop of something like six feet. Well, we did break the pole that time, for the front of the waggon came clean down end on—but they look on that only as a joke. It gets more serious sometimes in the gullies when crossing, when the coach-horses and passengers are in danger of being swept away. We on the second day had a little taste of that sort; we came to a gully (there had been a thunderstorm just previous), and we had to wait for nearly an hour, until the water had gone down enough, and then it came into the coach and wetted all the flooring, but as it was 8 o'clock and dark, and we had another hour to go, we thought ourselves lucky in getting over it at all. The accommodation on the road is very primitive. One day we only got breakfast, and then nothing until 8 o'clock at night. The farmhouses supply what there is to be got. You draw up at one of these, and if you are in luck you go in and find a jolly good feed waiting for you. The farmers are all Dutch, so conversation is scarce. You don't get much time; the tip is to lay in as good a foundation as you possibly can, and then the cry of all aboard, and off you go again! It is quite exciting work, the starting; these horses and mules rear up and jump about; but once off, they do go! The second day we had nearly all mules. They command a better price than horses, and the driver said go much faster, which I believe. Some of them were frightfully wild and vicious things. But everything must have an ending, and at last we drove into Johannesberg. . . . Johannesberg is much bigger than I expected to see it, but things just now are very dull. It strikes one on arriving up here how young all the fellows are; you hardly see any old men. The important positions are held by quite young fellows. Everyone who was out here about two years ago seems to have made a pile. Many men are pointed out to you who are said to be worth from £2,000 to £5,000 a year. One young chap about my own age came in who, I was told, was worth three millions, all of which he had made himself. (I tell the story as it was told to me. This talk is characteristic of the place.) There is much drinking and gambling. It is hardly safe to go out alone after dark. The day after I arrived a fellow was robbed and knocked about right in the middle of the town, and that sort of thing is frequently happening. Things are at a fearful price here, three hundred per cent. more than at Durban. They charged me six shillings to take my traps from the coach to the hotel—about two minutes' drive.—H. L. SPRING."

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### Soldiers during Parliamentary Elections.

In England so jealously is the freedom of election guarded that soldiers are confined to their quarters while the poll is being taken. In the standard book "De Lolme on the British Constitution" it is said: "All soldiers quartered in a place where an election is to be made must move from it at least one day before the election to the distance of two miles or more, and may not return till the day after the election is over." This was written in times before the duration of the poll was shortened, and when an election lasted for a week or more. In strange contrast to this was the scene at the last election of members for the quinquennial German Parliament on the 20th of February last, as described by the "Times" correspondent at Berlin:

"Returning from a perambulation of the constituencies this afternoon about 2 o'clock I was walking near the Brandenburg Thor, when a squadron of Uhlans came sweeping past me at a trot, and presently they were followed by other bodies of cavalry and a long line of rumbling batteries, all pressing forward as if time were of the essence of their orders. Some spectators thought to themselves, 'Has a revolution broken out in the Social Democratic quarters of the city on this day of the general election, and are these troops hurrying off to clear the streets?'

"This, I find, was really the question which first suggested itself to many; but on further inquiry it only turned out that the Emperor, profiting by the splendid weather prevailing, had been pleased to indulge in a favourite habit of his, and alarm the whole or most of the garrison of Berlin, commanding it to rendezvous on the Tempelhof-common. From all points of the city accordingly the troops came clattering and jingling through the streets so as to converge and mass at the trysting-place, causing startled electors to pause, some of them even in the act of dropping their tickets into the ballot urns, and look round to wonder what in the world all this military excitement was about on such a day of all others."

Whether this military display was merely accidental, or designedly, to let Socialists and Democrats see the reserve of force against anarchy, it was an event strangely contrasting with English law and custom.

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**Woman's Position in India.**—In a recent lecture Dr. Hunter referred to the position of women in India. He did not join in unreserved condemnation of the restrictions which were found in a woman's life in India, because those restrictions had a protective as well as a restraining end. In all the social relations which could be tested by statistics the position of women in India was exceptionally high. The proportion of female criminals and prisoners to male criminals and prisoners was but a mere fraction of the proportion existing in England. Female drunkenness in India was unknown, and a woman's life was safeguarded from poverty and crime in a manner which some of her English sisters might well envy. But the question had arisen whether Indian women did not purchase their safety at too high a price, and whether security was not compatible with a larger measure of freedom. And this question had presented itself most prominently in the movement against child-marriage and enforced widowhood among the Hindoos. These customs were neither of them practised by the great masses of the people, but only among the great majority of the upper classes—the very people who came most strongly under Western modes of thought. In Bengal, out of every thousand girls between the ages of five and nine, 271 were married and

eleven were widows. Among the high caste all girls were either practically wives or widows before they reached their fifteenth year. It was estimated that there were about one million of young widows belonging to the Brahmin and Rajput castes, to whom the system of enforced celibacy must be a cruel infringement of their natural rights. To simply forbid such customs by legislation was difficult, for it was the imperative duty of a Hindoo father of good caste to absolutely secure that no daughter of his house should ever be without a protector; and the re-marriage of widows was closely bound up with the liability of the husband's heirs to provide that no woman of the family should ever be without a home. Native opinion must ultimately decide the question, many of the difficulties of which were already being removed. The leaders of Hindoo thought were beginning to perceive that these restrictions rested upon no injunctions of Holy Veda, but upon mediæval customs and texts; and British legislation had declared the right of Hindoo widows to marry again and to carry their property with them if they had renounced the Hindoo faith and adopted some other religion. A large sect of the Brahmin caste, which supplied the intellectual leaders of the people, was in favour of reform, and were supported by large numbers in the lower castes. The more conservative castes would yield when they found that the only alternative was a loss of influence with the people.

**Bed-Time.**—A new edition has been issued of "Sonnets and Poems," by the Earl of Rosslyn, of which we gave a review at the first publication of the book. Among the additional poems is a loyal tribute to the Queen on her Jubilee year. The accomplished author shows good sense and good feeling, as well as true poetic genius and skill, in many of his Sonnets. A charming one is that entitled "Bed-time," which will be a favourite in many a home:

"'Tis bed-time; say your hymn, and bid "Good-night;
God bless mamma, papa, and dear ones all;"
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall,
Another minute you will shut them quite.
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,
And tuck you up, although you are so tall!
What will you give me, sleepy one, and call
My wages, if I settle you all right?'
I laid her golden curls upon my arm,
I drew her little feet within my hand,
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm,
She nestled to me, and by love's command
Paid me my precious wages—'Baby's kiss.'"

**Sydney, N. S. Wales.**—The same paper (Feb 15th, 1890) which gave a telegraphic report of the closing meeting of the Conference on Australian Federation amidst much loyal enthusiasm, announced the death of Earl Sydney at the age of eighty-five. He had held official positions at Court during the reigns of George IV, William IV, and in the Queen's Household since 1841.

It is a noteworthy fact that it was the grandfather of this Lord Sydney who died only the other day, the first Viscount Sydney, who was Secretary of State when the earliest settlement was made in New South Wales; and Sydney Town and harbour are called by his name.

In the previous year (1786) the important announcement was made, after much consultation as to the establishment of a penal settlement in that part of the world, "His Majesty has thought it advisable to fix upon Botany Bay." The place was so called because Sir Joseph Banks, the naturalist accompanying Captain Cook when he discovered and named "New South Wales," found it rich in new botanical treasures. For some years the utmost perplexity had been experienced as to the disposal of convicted criminals. Gaols and hulks were crowded, and prisoners could no longer be sent, as formerly, to the American colonies.

It was resolved to send convicts to New South Wales, and between seven and eight hundred of them were collected for the first experiment—558 males, 192 females, and 18 children. They were under a Military Governor (Captain Phillips), with officers, surgeon, chaplain, soldiers, warders, and other officials in charge; the whole number being over a thousand. The fleet, which left Spithead in the middle of May, 1787, consisted of the Sirius, frigate, and six transports, with three other vessels as storeships. The vessels all reached Botany Bay safely, the first on January 18th and the others before the evening of the 20th, 1788.

Captain Phillips at once saw that Botany Bay was not so desirable a place for a settlement as had been represented. Fortunately Viscount Sydney had given to the Governor discretion to select a more eligible site if not at a great distance. Leaving the ships at anchor, the Governor examined the neighbouring shore of Port Jackson. Here they had the satisfaction of finding what Captain Phillips called "the finest harbour in the world, in which a thousand sail of the line may ride in the most perfect security." The boats returned on the third day to the ships, the Governor having honoured the spacious harbour with the name of Sydney Cove.

**Gas Statistics.**—Some interesting facts appeared in the last half-yearly report of the Gas Light and Coke Company. At the beginning of 1889 the price of gas was reduced by threepence in the thousand cubic feet. This seemed to involve a deficit in the profit account of about £200,000; but the reduction caused so large an increase in the gas consumed that the loss was only £96,000. During the-half year the increase of gas sold was about 5½ per cent., which was due to the increase of the use of gas as fuel for warming and cooking purposes. The company supplies gas stoves for cooking, and the number had doubled in six months. The consumption of gas depends a good deal on temperature, and during the mild month of January there was a diminished consumption of at least 6 per cent. The London fogs, which are hateful and hurtful to most Londoners, are welcome visitants to the gas companies. On one of the most foggy days of January, 1889, the output of gas from this company was no less than 105,046,000 cubic feet, nearly 24 per cent. above the corresponding day of the previous year, when there was no fog.

**Cholera Anticipations.**—The announcement of the progress of cholera westward causes no little anxiety. It had reached the southern and western coasts of Persia at the beginning of February. The veteran sanitary engineer, Mr. Robert Rawlinson, concludes a long article in the "Times" with the following practical hints:—"As a summary, I must say, in conclusion, to all parties and persons, public and private, scavenge, cleanse, and lime-wash, and to all private persons live moderately and avoid manufactured wines and advertised mineral waters; but drink weak tea made with water which must have been boiled, and consult your medical adviser on the first symptoms of stomach derangement, avoiding quack medicines."

**Golden Wedding to Science and Letters.**—The jubilee of M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire's election by the Academy of Moral and Political Science was lately celebrated, a medallion portrait by Chaplain being presented to him by his colleagues on the occasion. The only precedent in the history of the Academy was the presentation of a medal to Mignet in 1871. There have been several members of the Institute, especially in the Academy of Science, in recent years, like M. Chevreul, attaining to greater age, but it is rare to have a seat in any of the academies for half a century, and rarer to have the spontaneous honour of a medal. M. Charles Lucas, an intimate friend of M. Thiers, was an Academician from 1836. He was born in 1803, and died in 1889. He was older by two years than M. B. St. Hilaire.

**The Eiffel Tower as a Meteorological Observatory.**—French meteorologists have lately made the agreeable discovery that M. Eiffel's Tower will be of far more value for scientific experiments than was originally imagined. The altitude of the structure itself renders it far more independent of the surrounding influences than the average observatory, and actually places it in the same category as those erected on mountains like the Pic du Midi. This has already been ascertained from observations made with a view to recording the velocity of the wind, it having been found that on the summit of the Tower it is greatest at the very hours when the breeze is strongest on the high lands. Thus at places

situated at no great height above the sea level the velocity of the wind is usually most noticeable from noon to 2 p.m., while it is less perceptible at daybreak. On elevated ground, on the other hand, the wind falls in the middle of the day, increasing after sunset. This last phenomenon has been repeatedly remarked on the iron pile, though what wind there may be almost invariably moderates in Paris on the approach of night. Curious to relate, the temperature on the top of the Eiffel Tower is also more even than is the case on terra firma. While some time ago a severe frost prevailed in the city, a strong warm breeze was blowing above, and for upwards of three days this pleasant temperature was enjoyed on the summit of the Tower before Parisians had the benefit of it. French astronomers ignore the Eiffel Tower, but it would be a good station for a rain-gauge and for other instruments familiar to us at the Greenwich and Kew observatories. Many English engineers, in fact all who know his name, were pleased that M. Eiffel was one of the French delegates at the opening of the Forth Bridge.

**"Peace with Honour."**—The famous phrase used by D'Israeli about the Berlin Treaty is claimed for old Pepys by Mr. Eliot Hodgkin in *Notes and Queries*. It is to be found in the following passage in the diary, under date May 25, 1663:—"Ashwell came to me with an errand from her mistress to desire money to buy a country suit for her against she goes as we talked last night, and so I did give her £4, and believe it will cost me the best part of four more to fit her out, but *with peace and honour* I am willing to spare her anything so as to be able to keep all ends together, and my power over her undisturbed."

**Stanley's Estimate of Scotchmen.**—Stanley gives a personal description of Mackay, of the Central African Missions. He says of Scotchmen generally in the mission-fields, "*A propos* of Scotchmen, can you tell me why they succeed oftener than other people? Take Moffat, Livingstone, Mackay—real Scotchmen with the burr. They stand pre-eminent above all other missionaries, no matter of what nationality. It is not because they are Scotchmen that they succeed. It is not because they are better men in any one way or the other, physically, mentally, or morally; of that we may rest assured; but it is because they have been more educated in one thing than all others. While I say this I review mentally all whom I know and have met, and I repeat the statement confidently. That one thing is duty. These missionaries, Moffat, Livingstone, Mackay, piously brought up, are taught, among other things, what duty is, what it means, not to yield to anything but strict duty. Thus Moffat can persevere for fifty years in doing his duty among the heathen, and Livingstone, having given his promise to Sir Roderick that he will do his best, thinks it will be a breach of his duty to return home before he finishes his work; and Mackay plods on despite every disadvantage, sees his house gutted, and his flock scattered, and yet with an awful fear of breach of duty, clings with hopefulness to a good time coming, when the natives of the country will be able to tell out to each other the good news of 'peace and goodwill to men.'"

**Lithographic Stone.**—A gigantic specimen, the largest ever taken from the quarries, was lately brought to England from Solnhofn, Bavaria, measuring 96 inches by 72 inches.

**Strikes in France.**—An important return has been prepared by the Bureau of the Statistical Society of Paris as to the strikes during eleven years, from 1875-85, in France. There were about 800 strikes during that period, many of brief duration and of small dimension, but others lasting for many months, and including great numbers of workmen. That of saddlers' workmen in Paris lasted 15 months; that of miners at Anzin included 10,500 men, and of Paris joiners 20,000, in 1879. The average of strikers was about 320 men, and of time about 16 days. More than half the whole number were under 100 men, and the time of 200 strikes was only a few days, being local and partial. The total number of men affected by 673 strikes of which statistics for this purpose have been obtained was 216,662, or about 79,700 per annum. The total loss of labour involved is estimated at 5,509,367 days, or 27 days for each workman; 39 per cent. of the strikes were in the textile industries, 17 in minerals and metals, 15 in the building and furnishing, and six in the leather trades; 206 terminated favourably to the workmen out of 753, 120 in mutual concessions, and 427 in favour of the masters. All the strikes were in manufacturing places, none in rural districts. The most frequent causes were demands for an increase in wages, reduction of the wages, and complaints of the men respecting the conditions of labour. 46 strikes were caused by demands for the reduction of the hours of labour, 13 because the hours of labour were reduced by the masters; 25 strikes had for their object the removal of objectionable directors or officers, and 16 because officers were dismissed. Five strikes took place in consequence of stoppages of wages for insurance, one because of the establishment of a superannuation fund, and another because of a co-operative society. Bad quality of the raw materials used, defective tools, severity of foremen, Sunday labour, masters' opposition to trade unions, women in workshops, and improved machinery were all among the causes of strikes. Charges of intimidation were comparatively few; the police being far more active than in England, and in France picketing is less tolerated.

**Khamo, the Bechuanaland Chief.**—The following words from the noble and enlightened Khamo might have been read with effect at the recent meeting at the Mansion House on behalf of the Aborigines' Protection Society. It is a passage in a letter to the Assistant-Commissioner of the Bechuanaland Protectorate. "I fear Lo Bengula less than I fear brandy. I fought with Lo Bengula when he had his father's great warriors from Natal, and drove him back, and he never came again, and God who helped me then would help me again. Lo Bengula never gives me a sleepless night. But to fight against drink is to fight against demons, and not against men. I dread the white man's drink more than all the assegais of the Matabele, which kill men's bodies, and it is quickly over, but drink puts devils into men, and destroys both their souls and their bodies for ever. Its wounds never heal." The Mansion House meeting was an important and successful gathering, as its resolutions strengthened the hands of those who are trying, at the Brussels Anti-Slavery Conference, to regulate traffic in arms and alcohol, as well as in slaves, in Africa. Excellent speeches were made by the Lord Mayor, Earl Granville, Mr. Caine, M.P., Commander Cameron, R.N., and the Duke of Fife, who, as representing the South African Company, heartily supported the movement.

**Influenza.**—Mr. Horace Hart, Controller of the Clarendon Press Printing Works at Oxford, communicated to the "Times" a detailed report of the epidemic as observed in January in the establishment under his direction. The number of persons employed at the beginning of the year was 562. The average daily absence from illness is only four. On the outbreak of influenza the numbers rose during the week January 5—11, beginning at 29, rising to 67. In the second week the absences began on Monday at 53 and rose to 70, the largest number at one time absent. In the two subsequent weeks the number gradually fell from 54 to 45 in the third week, and gradually fell to 17 at the close of the week. In another week the usual small average was regained. Quinine mixture was dispensed gratuitously each day, and Mr. Hart, without offering opinion as to the medical result, says that it had the effect of allaying panic. The number affected in all was 236—108 men, 103 boys, women and girls 25. Some cases were severe, but there were no deaths. The record is interesting as a specimen of the statistics of the epidemic, which had an equal proportion of sufferers in many large establishments in London, and throughout the Kingdom.

**Purchase Deed of the Isle of Manhattan in 1626.**—While engaged in examining the public archives at the Hague, General Grant Wilson, the well-known American author, met with a letter addressed to the States-General of the United Netherlands by P. Schagen, dated Amsterdam, November 7th, 1626, announcing the purchase of the Island of Manhattan by the Dutch West India Company for the sum of 24 dollars, or say £5. Two days later he was so fortunate as to find the original deed, which had lain *perdu* for 263 years, among the papers of an ancient Dutch family. Amsterdam furnished eight of the nineteen delegates from five chambers of managers of the company, located in the

five principal cities of Holland. In the family of perhaps the most important of the Amsterdam delegates, it is presumed, the deed has remained since the year 1626. Computing the interest at the rates that have prevailed on the island since its original purchase it would make its cost at the present time £2,178,000. Large as this sum may appear, it is but a small portion of its value, as will readily be seen when it is stated that two corner lots on the Fifth Avenue, 25 feet by 100 feet each, were recently sold for £60,000. These were simply vacant lots, without buildings, situated between 56th and 57th, near the entrance to the Central Park. The island contains more than 11,000 acres. The discovery of this deed was made in the course of researches concerning Mrs. Wilson's Bayard ancestors, who went to the New World in 1647 with the last of the Dutch Governors of New Netherland, the celebrated Peter Stuyvesant.

**Sir Walter Scott and the Shortreed Family.**—Readers of "Scott's Life" will remember the frequent occurrence of the name of Shortreed. Robert Shortreed, who was for most of his life Sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, was Sir Walter's welcome companion in many an excursion when in search of relics, literary and archæological, connected with old Border legends and minstrels. Sir George Douglas, Bart, has published in the "Scots Magazine" extracts from a large collection of manuscript letters of Scott to "Bob Shortreed," and to two of his sons; ranging from 1793 to 1830. They contain few new facts of biographical importance, but give lively glimpses of Scott's occupation in his earlier years, and interesting notices of a family well known in that part of the country. The writer of this note met some of the Shortreeds, and heard much of them, fifty years ago at Jedburgh, and at Kelso, when visiting Dr. Douglas, physician there, father of the later generation of Douglases of that town. Some of the Shortreeds got Indian appointments through Scott's influence. One lady of the family in the North-West Provinces, in the years before the Mutiny, used to delight all Scottish hearts—and there were many Scotchmen in India in those days—by her charming singing of old Border ballads.

M. D.

**Carrier Swallows.**—The popular name of "swifts" is likely to be more than ever appropriate if the following announcement is verified: "The training of swallows for military purposes is being proceeded with actively at Roubaix, under the observation of Captain Degouy, who has been detached for this duty by the Minister for War. The birds will be swifter than the carrier pigeon, at the same time it will be more difficult for the enemy's bullets to hit them. All the swallows which are at present in training are young, and so far they have given fair proofs of their capability for carrier service. One, after having been taken to Paris, was set at liberty, and reached its nest at Roubaix in an hour and thirty minutes, the distance being about 250 kilometres, or 155 miles."

**English and Foreign Wages Rates.**—Mr. Giffen has just given to the world, in a Blue-book, the result of his averages of the wages earned by English workpeople, and as in the years he deals with—1885 to 1886—the writer was engaged in ascertaining the wages of workpeople in other European countries, it may be of interest to make a comparison, especially at the moment when the German Emperor has taken the cause of labour within his special care. In France, in the Lille district, in the cotton factories the hours of labour are twelve per day, and the pay for men weavers 5 francs a day, or 24*s.* per week; other workmen about 4 francs per day; women 2 francs 50 cents. to 3 francs per day—*i.e.*, 12*s.* to 15*s.* per week; girls about 1 franc to 1 franc 50 cents. per day, say, 5*s.* to 7*s.* per week. These wages are much the same for the linen and cotton trade. In Silesia, where there are large cotton factories, the wages for a twelve hours a day labourer are—men, 15*s.* to 18*s.* per week, women, 10*s.* per week; but here children are only employed after they are fourteen years of age. In the factories near Berlin very decently-clad women are engaged in the woollen trades in the rag-sorting rooms, and earn 9*s.* per week. At the spinning mills girls are employed where boys are engaged in England, and these earn 6*s.* per week; at the looms the girls and women earn 11*s.* per week; the same work in England gets paid about 15*s.* to 20*s.* per week. The hours of labour are sixty-six and a half, but they generally work seventy-two, getting some overtime. In Austria, especially in Bohemia, the men in many trades earn but 10*d.* to 1*s.* per day; and a man and his wife and six children will work for one employer for £50 a year. Going further east, at Cracow, the hours are longer, and men work twelve to sixteen hours a day for about this same rate of wages—say, 1*s.* per day. In Russia, where the cotton from the newly-acquired Bokhara districts is worked up, the wages are about £1 per month and some flour; and 4*s.* per month for boys. Compare these wages with Mr. Giffen's English wages, £1 to 25*s.* for men, 9*s.* to 15*s.* for women, and 5*s.* to 7*s.* for girls; and it will be seen how hard it must be for English fabrics to compete with foreign-made fabrics; and it must be remembered that these poorly-paid districts are now in close communication with England by rail, and we receive much of their manufacture. Will not the German Emperor open his workpeople's eyes to the lowness of their pay?

**Colliery Horses.**—A correspondent having noticed a letter from Mr. W. Richards, of Pontypridd, respecting the cruel treatment of horses in South Wales collieries, sent a copy of the paper to Sir Joseph W. Pease, Bart., a large proprietor of Durham collieries, who writes as follows:—"My dear friend,—I have your letter. I do not know what the powers of the Cruelty to Animals Act are as to following up such cases as those you mention. I know we inserted in the Mines Inspection Bill that pit and mine stables should be properly ventilated. In some of our own collieries we give a premium to the boy who produces his horse at the end of the year in the best order and condition. The competition produces a wonderful display of tractability in the horses and ponies, and an enormous amount of care and ornament bestowed upon them by the boys, who plait their manes and tails in most elaborate fashion, and cover their heads with various coloured cloths, decorated with glass beads, etc.—I am, yours sincerely, J. W. PEASE."

**Eclipse First, the Rest Nowhere.**—Taking up an old copy of "Lloyd's Evening Post," dated January 29th, 1773, I find, among many curious notes of that time, a paragraph about the "running horse," or racer, Eclipse, whose fame is historical, and also proverbial. "The owner of the famous running horse Eclipse, having a few nights since had a proposal made to him for purchasing it, mentioned the following as the terms: £20,000 down, an annuity of £500, well secured during his life, and three brood mares." "Lloyd's Evening Post" was then published and sold by W. Nicholl, in St. Paul's Churchyard; letters and advertisements were received at New Lloyd's Coffee-house, in Pope's Head Alley. The price was twopence halfpenny; the size eight pages or twenty-four columns, of which half were advertisements. The stamp is a curiosity.

**How the Money is Obtained.**—When the votes in "Supply" have been passed and reported, a resolution in "Ways and Means" authorises a grant out of the Consolidated Fund "for making good the Supply." This resolution, in the form of a Bill, was to pass through the House and receive the Royal Assent before the Treasury has power to draw the money; and the money is not drawn direct by the Treasury Located in Somerset House is "The Exchequer and Audit Department," presided over by the "Comptroller and Auditor-General," a permanent official of the State, whose business it is to issue moneys to the Government. To him the Ways and Means Act is taken, with certain "Royal Orders" authorising the Treasury to apply the Supplies as required by the Act, and by him credits are granted in the Treasury's favour on the Exchequer account at the Bank of England. The Treasury then issues its orders on the Bank to transfer the money to the account of the Paymaster-General, who is one of the Ministers of the Crown, though not of Cabinet rank; and it is through the Paymaster-General that the money is distributed to the various Government departments as required.—*How we are Governed.* (*16th Edition. Warne and Co.*)

**Video Meliora Proboque.**—The great preacher, Massillion, was called to preach before the Court of Louis XIV, at

Versailles. After the sermon the King waited for him as he descended from the pulpit, and said, in presence of his courtiers, "Father, I have heard some good orators, and have been satisfied with them, but when I heard you I am dissatisfied with myself."

**George III at Weymouth.**—Every season we used to take a trip from Clifton in the post-chaise to Weymouth. George III and the Princess Charlotte used to be there, and we often saw them. Old King George was a glorious man—simple, true, and godly. The school he founded at Weymouth bears as an inscription his saying, "I wish every child in my kingdom to be taught to read and to have a Bible." The Duke of Kent, at a British and Foreign Bible anniversary, referred to this, and said his father, George III, wished that there might not be a cottage in the country without a Bible, or a child that could not read it; and he added his desire that he should not only read it, but obey its precepts.

"**Retrospect of Eighty Years**" (Nisbet and Co).—This volume, by an aged clergyman, contains many curious and interesting recollections, extending over nearly eighty years, including twelve in the Royal Artillery and fifty in the ministry of the Church of England. When still in the army he fired the minute-guns on the death of King William IV at Signapore; and his book was published in 1889, fifty-two years after the accession of Queen Victoria. He records many proofs of social and religious progress witnessed during his long life.

**Latin in Commercial Education.**—A sensible and energetic protest against the exclusion of Latin from the "modern side" of middle-class schools comes from Dr. John Evans, F.R.S., who speaks with the authority of one high in the commercial as well as in the scientific world. Dr. Evans says that, "Apart from the training obtained in the study of Latin, the words of that language are the basis of 80 per cent. of all the modern romance tongues—Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and others." This protest ends with a humorous allusion, in saying, "For those to whom £ *s. d.* will afford daily occupation, there can little harm arise from learning the words which these symbols designate."

# Household Queries.

**Keeping Fowls.**—*When is the best time to commence the keeping of fowls, and what is required for making a start?*—The spring is much the best time to begin, as, without the most wretched mismanagement, there are sure to be *some* eggs before long, and the appearance of the coveted hen-fruit has an encouraging effect; also the necessary care is first encountered in the pleasanter part of the year. Before starting get some handbook, or else read some special article on the subject, which can be found in the past file of almost any journal nowadays. Then the requisites are: (1) A house, which, for half a dozen fowls, should be about four feet wide, and not less than four feet from back to front, but may be five or six. This must have no chinks in it. The entrance hole, and door, and ventilation should all be towards the front, and the perches towards the back, to keep the birds out of draught. (2) Some shedding for wet weather, which is generally best arranged at the side of the house, roofed all along in a line. The house should have a raised floor, laid in concrete over clinkers or smashed bricks, to keep dry, and the shed must also be *dry* underneath, and supplied with *dry* earth or rubbish, often renewed or cleansed. (3) As much yard run as can be afforded; but with care three or four might be kept in a shed alone, twelve or fifteen feet long and six out from the wall. It is, however, very hard work, and requires constant sifting and renewal of all loose stuff as it gets fouled. (4) The fowls—which should be pullets, hatched the spring preceding. (5) A fountain and food-pan. (6) Some sharp grit, the size of peas and smaller, and some old lime-rubbish or crushed mortar, which can be kept in a large pan or trough. (7) Most important of all — someone in the family interested enough to see that the necessary daily attention is given, and that they are all fed *carefully*. Without this all will be useless. For general management see book or article at length: but briefly, if it is a few fowls in small space, get in some "sharps." Boil *soft* any potato peelings and scraps of bread, and any odds-and-ends of meat and vegetables, and straining off the water, mix hot with at least an equal quantity of sharps, so that it will squeeze into balls, but yet break if thrown on the ground. This for breakfast, or as soon as possible after the fowls are up. Some fresh green food must be given every day, and midday is a good time, but any time will do. Unless, however, you can give greens of some kind daily—a turf will do—it is no good keeping fowls. Before they roost in the afternoon give grain, buying first a peck or half-peck of barley, then of wheat, then buckwheat, but not using mixtures. As to quantity, do not go by measure, the only rule being to give as much as they eat ravenously as if starving, but take all away as soon as there is the least appearance of deliberation about it. These are the essentials, the details expanded you must study elsewhere, unless there is anything definite you seek further information about.

**Washing Shetland Wool.**—*I shall be greatly obliged if information can be given me in the matter of washing a white Shetland shawl (wool). Is it best to wash it at home, send to a Perth dye works to be cleaned, or is there any other method of cleansing?*—If you set any special value on it and have never done anything of the kind, it may be safest to send it to be cleaned, but the best way to wash Shetland wool things is as follows. Have two basins full of water as hot as the hand can bear, in each of which a large cup of soap jelly is dissolved, so as to make a strong lather. Having shaken out any loose dust as far as possible, dip the shawl into one basin, squeeze and press but not wring it, and squeeze it before putting in the other, where you repeat the process. Finally rinse in a third water without soap, shake it gently, and pin on a sheet to dry. The main thing is not to wring, and not to leave in the wet, but put to dry instantly.

**Loss by Fire.**—*A man rents a house on lease, agreeing to insure the premises in a certain Fire Insurance Office. In the event of the policy not being duly paid, upon whom would the loss fall? Would the tenant have to meet it?*—Certainly, both by law and the strictest equity.

**Massage.**—Ivy Leaf *would be much obliged if Mr. Editor will tell her how she can become a masseuse; in what particular way she must rub, or if he can tell her of a book that would explain it.* — "Masso-Therapeutics," by Dr. W. Murrell, or "Massage," by Dr. T. S. Dowse, can be obtained of any medical bookseller; but the art cannot be thus easily learnt. It demands a most thorough education, and this is not worth while. The following is from one of the best authorities on the subject in the metropolis, and we publish it nearly in full, as it may save much disappointment: "There are half a dozen institutions in London which will cheerfully take any poor woman's money and undertake to give her a course, including what they are pleased to call a 'certificate.' There are hundreds of these so-called *masseuses* about, who have never made a penny, and never will. They call on me day after day, many of them in a state of destitution. I never employ any of them, for they are useless, but have a *masseuse* who has been thoroughly trained in the best

continental schools. A candidate should study anatomy and physiology in one of our medical schools, and then go to Stockholm for at least three years for thorough instruction. At the end of that time she will be in a position to apply for work, but unless taken up by someone who makes a speciality of that mode of treatment, will never make her bread-and-cheese. The market is overstocked. You constantly hear of people who are said to be making a fortune by massage, but the only people who do anything by it are those who sell certificates to confiding women."

**Waterproofing.**—*Can you give me some recipe of re-waterproofing a cloth cloak which is quite good in itself, but from long wear has lost the power of turning heavy rain?*—If you mean rubber or mackintosh waterproofing, that is quite beyond any private capacity. The usual porous waterproofing is done simply by steeping the cloth in a pretty strong solution of alum. Lynes and Co., of Ludgate Hill, have a better process, which is a secret, and costs about four shillings for a suit; but we are not aware whether it can be applied without damage to a made garment or not.

**Creaking Boots.**—*I should be glad if you could tell me what I can do to prevent my boots squeaking so much when I walk. I have been told it is a sign of bad leather. Is that so?*—Not of "bad" leather; but many people think the modern and quicker tanning processes make a harsher product. Creaking can often be cured by first damping the sole with a wet sponge, and then covering it with a good layer of linseed oil, letting it soak in with a *gentle* heat, and repeating the coating and soaking a few times. The process will, even if it fails, make the soles more durable. Often, however, creaking is due to the sewing, and in that case can only be cured by damping the sole and then hammering it all over upon a last. This is often effectual, but not always.

**Spiders.**—*Can you tell me how to get rid of spiders which have taken up their quarters in our house in considerable numbers? If they are cleared out one day, they are almost as bad again within a week.*—Any of the strong-smelling disinfectants which can be applied without injury or stain will have some effect; but you must mainly depend upon persistence in clearing out. This will tell in time, only you must really destroy the spiders themselves, and not merely clear the webs away. If the places can be washed, a solution of corrosive sublimate would probably be of service, but you must remember this is a most virulent poison. Carbolic acid or Jeyes' fluid will be better if the smell can be endured. Possibly the cause may be in creepers overhanging the windows, in which case they must be more or less cleared away before the evil can be remedied.

**Mice.**—*What is the best way to keep mice away in the absence of a cat?*—In a dwelling-house there is practically no other way; you are restricted to cats, traps, or poison. If it is a stable or fowl-house, much may be done by persistently stopping up runs and holes with concrete well mixed with broken glass, and in bad places laying even wire netting under the cement. We have known an invasion stayed by the use of a number of small penny traps.

**Glass Breaking.**—*In our morning-room we are greatly troubled by the glass things kept there (globes, etc., for ferns) smashing without any cause. Perhaps you will say they must have been knocked by the servants, but such is not the case, as I have been sitting working, and a large globe over some ferns has twice broken completely in half; and my brother one day after dinner heard a slight report, and found a tumbler broken in half. Dishes, etc., kept there go in the same way. We know the room is damp.*—The cause is probably great changes of temperature, which the damp would accentuate; but very probably also the glass you buy locally may be not sufficiently annealed. You may very likely mend matters a great deal, if you have a copper or large fish-kettle, by boiling up all fresh purchases from cold water, and after boiling a few minutes letting them get cold in the water as slowly as possible.

**Scheme for a Room.**—*Can you tell me the best way to decorate a room which is lighted by one long window, which is also a door leading into the garden? The room is not very light, and at present the walls are covered with terra-cotta paper. Could the ceiling be decorated in colours, as the mouldings would lend themselves admirably to such a purpose?*—If the terra-cotta colour is good, the ceiling might probably be papered pale green and white with very fair effect, the cornice being a deeper green, or the ceiling might be blue and white. An overmantel with plenty of glass will give more light to the room. If you want lighter colour, a pale or sparrow-egg-blue tone, with yellow and white ceiling and deep cream cornice, is very bright and cheerful if the aspect of the room suits; but a great deal depends on that. If you remember to have all the paint the same shade, not "picked out" in any way, much less grained (save that door panels may be another shade, or filled with Japanese papers), you can hardly go wrong so long as any decent harmony is preserved. Ceilings are very often papered now, and if judiciously done the effect is good.

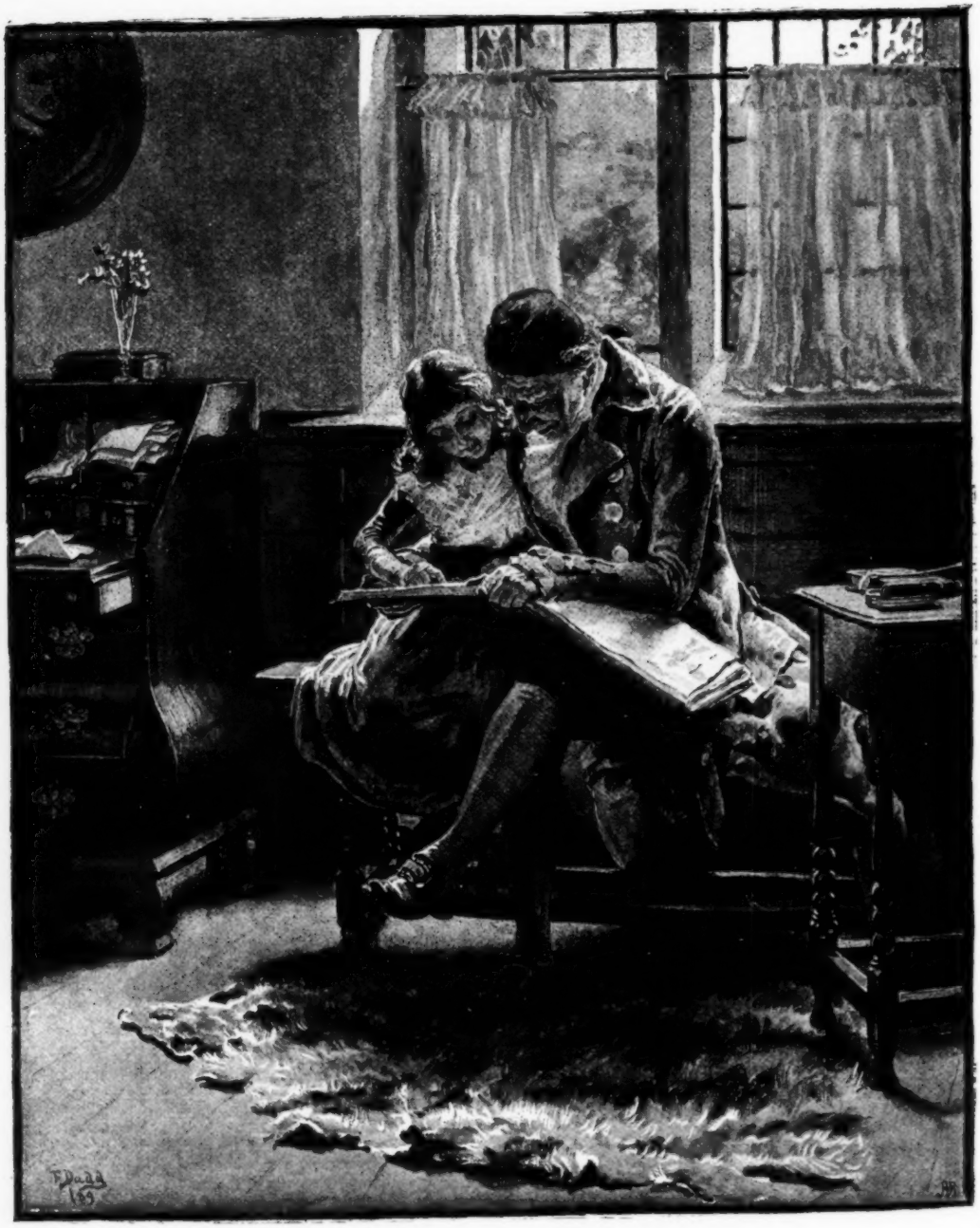
**Damp and Sunless Garden.**—*The soil in my garden is very clayey, and in one part is seldom dry. Could you tell me what plants would be best? The position looks towards the south, but owing to the number of surrounding trees does not get a great deal of sunshine. We have been told that we should plant rose-trees, but would like to know what to do to get a good effect generally.*—You cannot do much good in such circumstances, and unless you can change them, had better make a fernery, or raise the ground a bit with rockwork, and grow ivy and shady creepers. But it would be better to try to improve the soil a bit with more friable materials, and see if some of the trees cannot be removed or lopped to give you more sun, and endeavour to drain the soil. Sometimes even two adjoining gardens are so different as to be benefited by a partial exchange of soil. Roses certainly would not thrive in waterlogged clay without much sun.

**Roughness on the Face.**—*Will you kindly tell me of a remedy to remove roughness and scurvy from the face? It is not for myself I ask, but for a friend (age twenty-four).*—You appear to refer to some eruption of a constitutional character, and such cannot possibly be dealt with in reply to a question, but requires advice upon the actual symptoms. The case may require tonics, or cooling alkaline medicine; or may need application of violet or zinc powder, or emollients. There will probably be no risk in trying vinolia for a week or two, but beyond that you should not go. For mere weather roughness, rub in at night a little vaseline or diluted glycerine; but such should not be used on an actual eruption without medical advice.

**A Million Stamps.**—*Can you tell me the origin of the statement that a million of used postage-stamps (English and foreign) will obtain admission of a child into a school or hospital in Germany, and whether it is a fact?*—We can distinctly remember the same story, or belief, only without the Germany addition, at least forty years ago, in the days of childhood, as some other children were collecting for it; but how it originated we never could learn. There is no foundation for the belief whatever. It *could* not be true, for the simple reason that the million, stuck on their envelopes, would make a pile of stamps about 850 feet high; and to collect at an average of 100 a day would occupy over 25 years. The only use of used stamps (apart from collections of sorts) is to make a snake of them.

## Astronomical Almanack for April.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | T | ☉ rises 5.37 A.M. | 16 | W | ☉ sets 6.55 P.M. |
| 2 | W | Hilary Law Sittings end | 17 | T | Saturn S. 8.16 P.M. |
| 3 | T | ☉ sets 6.34 P.M. | 18 | F | Camb. Easter Term begins |
| 4 | F | Good Friday | 19 | S | New ☽ 8.5 A.M. |
| 5 | S | Full ☽ 9.24 A.M. | 20 | S | 2 Sun. after Easter |
| 6 | S | Easter Sunday | 21 | M | Daybreak 2.37 A.M. |
| 7 | M | Bank and Genl. Holiday | 22 | T | Length of Day 14h. 14m. |
| 8 | T | Clock before ☉ 1m. 51s. | 23 | W | Twilight ends 9.26 P.M. |
| 9 | W | Oxd. Easter Term begins [Fire Insurance expires | 24 | T | Jupiter a morning star |
| | | | 25 | F | Mars rises 10.31 P.M. |
| 10 | T | Venus sets 7.58 P.M. | 26 | S | Clock after ☉ 2m. 19s. |
| 11 | F | Regulus S. 8.42 P.M. | 27 | S | 3 Sun. after Easter [☽ 1 Quarter 4.52 A.M. |
| 12 | S | ☽ 3 Quarter 10.53 A.M. | | | |
| 13 | S | Low Sunday | 28 | M | Ursa Maj. N. of zenith 9 P.M. |
| 14 | M | ☉ rises 5.8 A.M. | 29 | T | ☉ rises 4.37 A.M. |
| 15 | T | Easter Law Sttngs. begin | 30 | W | ☉ sets 7.19 P.M. |



GRANDFATHER'S SCRAP BOOK.

# SENIOR AND JUNIOR:

## A COUNTRY TOWN CHRONICLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "GREAT GRANDMAMMA SEVERN," "THE CHILCOTES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIII.—"THAT JADE RUMOUR."




MR. BARKER ALWAYS THOUGHT SO. "YOU MARK MY WORDS," HE SAID, "THERE'LL BE A PRETTY TALE TO TELL."

BUT even in Melchisford, Andrew could scarcely hope, by holding his own tongue, to make other people hold theirs.

Melchisford, though it is a little place, and to its everlasting indignation, has not even a charter of incorporation, has its bump of curiosity very well developed, and is not a whit behind bigger towns in the liveliness of its conjectures over a neighbour's affairs. How the Kings, with that miserable stipend of theirs, not only managed to make ends meet, but to have the appearance of overlapping freely; what Mrs. Bartlett had paid for her last new gown; how Miss Leigh was undauntedly setting siege to that impregnable fortress, Dr. Rose; how that impossible little dentist, Howard, had actually asked one of the Miss Carters, of Eastwood, to marry him, and had been kicked out of the house by Fred Carter—all

these things and many more were breathlessly discussed by the wives and daughters, yes, and by the husbands and sons too. It is a mistake to suppose that a gossip is always of the feminine sex; the most delightful tattler in the world was a man, as history has left on record for us. Mr. Bartlett might growl and grunt, Mr. Potter might affect not to listen, but depend on it neither they nor any of their brethren liked to be defrauded of the day's news when they came home from shop or office at night; and the wives, knowing this very well, were ready to gather such scraps as they could for rehearsal in the family bosom. Is the picture too trivial? too commonplace? "was uns alle bändigt-das Gemeine"—where shall we escape it?

So Andrew had little chance of holding his secret. Hester kept a proud silence; she would have spoken to her mother, but she saw her preoccupied and anxious, and she refrained. The servants, very likely, felt themselves bound to no such reserve—possibly the new smiles on Miss Kelynge's face told their own tale.

When she came to church on the first Sunday after her explanation with Andrew it was noticed that she had on a grey dress and had done her hair differently. The grey dress did not suit her sallow complexion, and Melchisford was a little scandalised by so abrupt an abandonment of mourning, feeling that there ought to be some good reason to justify it. For there is a decent order in the question of mourning to which Melchisford yet clings—crape for six months and black for as many more. Any departure from this code usually meets with cold disapproval.

It did not take a great amount of profundity to guess the spring of Miss Kelynge's new cheerfulness, and many tongues at many tea-tables took up the theme, and embroidered it handsomely. The interest in the Halletts and their affairs, which had been lively enough six months before, and had only died before some newer excitement, seemed all at once to revive.

There were all sorts of rumours and whispers afloat. It was said that Mr. Hallett and his brother-in-law had had a great quarrel, and that somehow or other the banker was likely to suffer for it. Those who had money in the bank grew vaguely uneasy; those who had none were philosophically certain that things were in a bad way. Nothing but an unshaken trust in the good, honest Mellish name, which was stronger than any distrust, saved the bank from the ruin of a panic.

"I always said, Doctor, there was something close about Mellish, for all his open manners," said Mr. Barker, expanding his chest at his own shop-door, and hooking Dr. Rose, who was on his way to visit a clamorous patient in the Back Row, by the buttonhole. "You mark my words, there'll be a pretty tale to tell of him one of these days."

"You have a prophetic soul, Barker," said the Doctor; "and you go the right way about things—make sure of the probabilities, and then deliver your oracle."

"Yes, sir, yes," said the good draper, vaguely understanding that he was being complimented. "I don't set myself up for being sharper than my neighbours, but when I see Lawyer Hallett beginning to put his nose into any business, I hold that it's time for simpler folk to be looking out. I drew my cash out of the bank a couple of months ago. We were buying autumn stock, and it came in handy. I don't like to affront an old neighbour, but a family man, you see, Doctor, can't take the risks that a bachelor like you can;" for Dr. Rose had allowed it to be bruited abroad on the first whisper of adverse rumour that he had scraped together his meagre professional earnings, and carried them over to Mellish's bank for safe keeping.

"Rose is a fool," said Dr. Smee, whose savings were all securely invested; "but then he's only got his own mouth to fill now that young Tom is off his hands, and he can afford the luxury of playing Don Quixote."

"He's a dear, kind, grumpy old cynic," cried Mrs. Smee, with a little catch in her throat. "We'll have him to dinner, Harry."

"Oh, he's not in want of a dinner just yet, my dear."

"I am thinking how best to honour him, Harry. Fortunately he's a man with an inside, and an idea of what to put into it; not like you, my dear—you are an affliction to any housekeeper; it's like stoking an engine to feed you."

"Emily!"

"Yes, my love, the simile is coarse I'm afraid. I am very conscious of it, but really, my great talents are rusting under your complaisance: roast beef one day and boiled mutton the next—you ask for nothing more."

"If Rose gets as much after flinging his cash away he may think himself well off; you don't suppose he has a Parisian chef to cook for him at his lodgings?"

"He shall have one here. Give me till Thursday, Harry, and you shall see. Our grumpy old Diogenes will thaw at the soup, and become bland as honey by the time the entrées are reached. You may ask Mr. King, if you like. I know Mrs. King is always glad of the chance of a tea-dinner to save the joint when the vicar goes out—she says it agrees with her."

But while Mrs. Smee's sympathies were warming towards the unfortunate, her heart was hardening against the gross prosperity in which, if rumour were right, the Halletts were to be wrapped.

"Mary Hallett is a Mellish," she said, "and she will be one to the end of her life; but Andrew hasn't a drop of his mother's blood in him. He is pure and unadulterated Hallett, and that so big a prize should fall to him seems a dreadful blunder. Miss Kelynge ought to have married some poor member of the aristocracy, where dulness doesn't count. If you've a good name and a good position in society you may be next door to an idiot, and nobody will think the worse of you; but we of the middle-class, who have only our wits to depend on, can't afford to give our children stupid mothers."

"Emily," said Cousin Fanny, to whom this remark was made, "you are speaking very wildly.

Miss Kelynge knows what is due to her own order."

"She knows nothing but to do what she is told. Andrew junior has told her to marry him, and I have no doubt she will do it. There have been three generations of Halletts, but Nature has bungled over her work this time; perhaps she found the material bad: at least she has not made Andrew a gentleman. If she had, he would scarcely have courted the girl while she was his father's ward and guest."

"Then there is the more need to rescue her from his designs," said Lady Hemmingway, magisterially.

"I'm afraid you are too late, Fanny. I'll be delighted to have Sir James to lunch, of course, and to ask Miss Kelynge to meet him as often as you like, but I warn you, I don't think he has a chance. If you had begun early enough I daresay you could have done what you liked with her. She is very pliable and amiable—it is the one compensation given to stupid people—but someone has forestalled you: you are too late."

Lady Hemmingway, however, was not at all convinced of this, and being a practical person she had not got half-way home before she had matured a scheme for the discomfiture of Andrew and the rescue of Mary.

Mrs. Smee, tripping out on some business or other that afternoon, met Hester. The Doctor's wife, who was brisk and active in all her ways, had taken the short cut across the churchyard of St. Peter's that led to the busier part of the town; but Hester was lingering on the way as if no special duty called her.

It was a pleasant enough place, and very quiet; the rooks were circling round the weather-beaten battlemented tower of the church that lifted itself serenely above the graves, and even the drift of yellow leaves that lay upon the flat stones gave but a pleasing sadness to its peace.

"Why, Hetty," cried Mrs. Smee, "are you meditating among the tombs? or are you helping Mr. Andrew to construct the Hallett pedigree?"

"I know all of it that I care to know," Hester answered with a blush, and a look that was perhaps a little haughty; "a great-grandfather is enough for me."

"Most people are thankful for less than that."

"I came for what I daresay you would call a very silly reason, or perhaps no reason at all—I am going away."

"Going away?"

"Yes, to see the world," said Hester, with a sigh and a smile—"the world which begins with London."

"And ends there too. I am very glad, Hetty."

"I am not," said Hester, frankly; "I am a stay-at-home; our little corner of the universe is enough for me, but papa insists on London. He says I am rustic"—her pretty mouth curled into a laugh—"and that I shall find it out some day, so to save myself from that dreadful discovery I am to go and be made genteel."

"I am very glad," said Mrs. Smee again, "so long as you don't become too genteel for those poor creatures among us who can't stretch their wings. Does your mother go with you?"

"Oh no!" said Hester, opening her grey eyes; "she never leaves home. I hope you don't mean to imply that mamma is rustic, Mrs. Smee."

"If she is, I would there were more like her," said the little woman, with all honesty. "But you are not going into this fearsome big world alone?"

"I am going to visit a cousin of papa's—Mrs Chester. She has asked me often, and this time I am to go."

"Poor martyr!" said Mrs. Smee, laughing. "Don't you know it is just the most delightful thing in the world to be going for the first time to London? Yes, you may have shopped there, and that sort of thing, but those were mere sips—you are going to have the full feast now. You are too solemn over it, Hetty; I'll get the Doctor to prescribe you a draught of evening-parties to be taken after dinner."

"If you do, I shall stay at home."

"Miss Kelynge—does she go with you?"

Hester shook her head.

"She won't go; she prefers to be left behind. She is like me in that, only—"

"She isn't like you in anything else, then; but all the same, I think it's a pity she refuses to go with you. Some day she may wake up and find she has made too narrow and limited a thing of life."

Was there a hint of something more than met the ear in these words? Hester coloured faintly, but at that moment the music of the bells in the tower leaped upon the air.

"I must run," cried Mrs. Smee; "in another moment the Vicar will catch me, and expect me to attend afternoon prayers, and what would become of my poor husband's dinner, I wonder?"

She nodded her good-byes, and vanished. Hester lingered on. The noise of the bells had dispersed the rooks, but the leaves still fluttered down slowly one by one, as if their care was only for the dead. How softly they fell and happed the graves, as unheeding of all this clamour in the upper air as the sleepers beneath!

Hester passed in presently under the porch. Now and then a straggler dropped in and sat apart in one of the great pews, but when the clergyman began to read there was scarcely a dozen people in the big church. The last of the daylight came in with sombre richness at the coloured windows, a red shaft fell on the kneeling effigy of a knight and his wife, with a long train of sons and daughters behind them. Hester knew them all, and had a history for each of them. She had known them ever since she could remember anything, and it gave a curious sort of reality to her intended journey to think that many Sundays full of strange experiences might pass before she saw them again.

Her farewells were not many, but there was one she could not omit. On the day before she was to start she crossed the street to the bank-house.

"I am going to say good-bye to Uncle John, mother," she said.

Mrs. Hallett coloured suddenly, but she kissed her daughter.

"Yes, dear," she said, "and run up and see Aunt Hannah too; take her some of the grapes that came from Hallett's—they are better than ours."

Hester went upstairs with her peace-offering, but to her surprise her uncle met her at the door. He took her very kindly in his arms, and smiled upon her and kissed her, but she noticed how instantly his face refell into lines of care.

"Your aunt is out," he said. "Hetty, my dear, it's long since you've been here."

"Yes," said Hester, and she hung her head, "and now I am going away."

"Ah, changes, changes everywhere!"

"But I am coming back," she said quickly; "coming back to begin just where I leave off; and uncle, dear Uncle John, when I come home again you will come to the Red House as you used to do? We miss you so, mother and I."

"Never," he said, "never!" He released himself abruptly from her detaining fingers; then seeing the look of pain on her face he put his own hand on her shoulder.

"It's only for the young that the old times come back," he said; "those of us that are old cannot begin again."

"But you are not old," she argued; "mother and you will never be old."

He shook his head.

"Poor Mary!" he said; "she's kept her looks wonderfully, but she's ageing too, like me."

He took a look searchingly round the room, and then he crossed it to the mantelpiece and gently took down a little miniature that hung there on a nail.

"See, Hetty," he said, "I want this to be yours. It's mine to give, and I've not any lass of my own to pass it on to. It's your Grandmother Mellish—a good woman, as good as she was bonny. You favour her, Hetty, and there's a turn of the head you've got to the life. So it's yours, my dear, take it with you; it's mine to give," he repeated.

She put her arms round his neck. "I will keep it all my life," she said. She clung to him while he kissed her and blessed her, and bid her go and be happy—little Hetty, Mary's only girl.

Something of his trouble she knew and something more she guessed, but she dared not put her sympathy in words. It was none the less eloquently written on her face.

Her father from the window opposite saw her leave the house, saw her turn on the pavement and wave her hand to the figure on the upper steps, and he frowned.

At that moment Sir James Hemmingway came along the street and paused to speak to Hester. The bank door shut slowly, shutting sorrow in, and the young people were alone in the sunshine.

Mr. Hallett watched the progress of the interview with a gradually clearing brow.

Sir James was neat and trim, and precise and deferential, and Hester's beauty was but heightened by the tender agitation that still quivered in her face.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—NEW SCENES.

MRS. CHESTER was a widow, whose bereavement was sufficiently remote to allow her to take an honest pleasure once more in life.

She had married for love, and the eight years of her wifehood had held no disenchantment for her She mourned her husband very sincerely, and had never in all the years she had lived without him entertained even a passing wish to replace him; but at forty she was once more on excellent terms with the world, and found it a pleasant place even for a solitary woman to dwell in.

Her solitude, however, was but little more than a name, for she took care to ward off its too conscious approach by always keeping some young girl at her side, generally a niece, a god-child, or the daughter of an old friend who could not be more fittingly launched on the social tide than by the popular and kindly Mrs. Chester.

This time it was Hester Hallett, the daughter of her second-cousin, and the only drawback to her perfect contentment with this arrangement lay in the fact that Hester's visit fell not in the spring, but in the autumn, when one's choice of gaiety is limited, and is, indeed, a compromise with the possible.

"There is really nothing going on," she said, when she entertained Hester to tea on the afternoon of her arrival. "I feel as if I had brought you to town on false pretences, dear. There are winter exhibitions, of course, and some good concerts, but scarcely anything more lively in the way of a party than a family dinner. All the happy people who have country houses have forsaken London till spring, and many of those who haven't places of their own have gone abroad. I hope it won't be too dull."

"There is no fear of that," said Hester; "London even in its dead season is a gay world to me. Papa has told you that I am very rustic."

"Papas say those uncomplimentary things in order to be contradicted," said Mrs. Chester, with a smile; "it's a cunning way to entrap a compliment."

"But it is true in my case. I have been nowhere, I have seen nothing, and there are a great many things I want to see in London—the British Museum, the Tower, the East End, and many more things."

Mrs. Chester looked across at her companion with a momentary anxiety. Was Hester going to turn out one of those very proper country maidens who have constructed a theory of duty, and make a conscience of things indifferent? Was this mention of the East End, for instance, intended as a rebuke to the more frivolous suggestions of pleasure-seeking? But Hester was looking into the fire with an expression of the frankest candour that disarmed suspicion.

"You shall go anywhere you like, dear," said her hostess, contrite at once. "I haven't been to the Tower myself since I was taken to see it as a girl on my first visit to London—the Tower and Madame Tussaud's. You had seen nothing if you had not seen these in my day; but I'm afraid the country cousins of this generation are less easily satisfied, and a little despise these wonders."

"Not I—I shall like them all; and the Zoo, if you will take me there. I long to see it again."

"There is the Exhibition, too, where you shall go if you like, Hester, and walk in a magic garden of coloured lights and fountains and listen to the band."

"Oh, you must not think about how to amuse me, because everything will be new to me, and it will be all full of interest."

Mrs. Chester sighed with satisfaction. Here was a girl after her own heart; she, too, was able to take an interest in anything, and to find nothing too insignificant for her pleasure.

She was accustomed to spend a part of every year in the country—often in remote solitudes where boredom might have seemed permissible—but there, as in the crowded streets of London, she found food sufficient for many a pleasant fancy. It was this freshness of outlook, this youthfulness of emotion which she had kept unimpaired through forty years, not unchequered with trouble, that was her chief charm. It is so rarely found in London, where even girls in their teens must needs talk of the hollowness of life and confide their disillusionment to their diaries.

Hester was apparently not a girl of this order, and inasmuch as she was not, she was dear to Mrs. Chester's heart.

She had set out dolefully enough from home, but at the kindness of her welcome her youth and natural brightness had reasserted themselves. She was an explorer, with a world before her to discover—an adventurer going forth to conquest. Everything was new to her, as she had said; the very outer look of life was different. Here, on the second-floor flat of Princess Mansions, she felt somewhat like her own canary bird swung up in its cage high above all mundane concerns, as she stood at her bedroom window and looked down on the trees of the park fast fading into the night. After the big house at home, with its many unused rooms, the compact and well-arranged floor, where not an inch of space was lost, gave one a little the feeling of living in a bandbox—a satin-lined Parisian bandbox, it is true, but a trifle tight in the fit all the same.

Mrs. Chester had been quick to explain all the advantages of the situation.

"It isn't only that you have no taxes to pay," she said—"though that is an incalculable boon to a poor creature who has never been able to master her multiplication table—but you have no stairs to climb; and at forty, my dear Hester, when you have a long stair to mount to reach your bedroom, your back begins to grumble and to assert itself disagreeably."

"When I am forty I shall take a flat too."

"I daresay it feels like a nutshell to you, after your delightfully spacious rooms; but a nutshell has its advantages in London, where you have fatigue enough out of doors to make you appreciate an easy life within. And what could be easier than this, where you have your dining-room and drawing-room, your bedroom, and even your kitchen, all within touch, as it were? And then the ease with which you can leave it! If I want to go from home, I have simply to turn the key and confide it to the porter. Hester, if ever you had been haunted on your travels with the conviction that the caretaker was occupying your room in your absence, you would understand what comfort there is in a flat."

"But is it such a recommendation to a house that you can get away from it?"

"Ah, my dear, you are laughing at me, I see. You will never live in Princess Mansions even when you are forty."

"Forty is a long way off," said the girl, with a laugh. "But at twenty I find it charming. If it is a nutshell, it is the most beautifully fitted nutshell in the world."

"It is pretty," said Mrs. Chester, looking round with pride on her possessions; "and there isn't a hint of Japanese in it—not so much as a fan. You see, I was determined to be in the fashion by being a little out of it to begin with. I went to Long and Short, for my furniture. They have a reputation for good taste, and one certainly pays them for it; but when they suggested reed and bead curtains, and lacquer and Imari ware, I came out of the shop. It was a strong-minded thing to do, Hetty, and I have wondered since how I had the courage, but I did it. And time has justified me," she said, triumphantly. "If you went to Long and Short's to-day, and asked them to supply you with a reed and bead screen, it is they who would politely bow you off the premises as if they had never heard of such a thing."

"Where have all the Japanese things gone to?"

"They have gone to the suburbs—to those outside places to which people go home from the city. By-and-by they will begin to fade away from these, and then they will reappear in country places."

"We have no bead and reed curtains in Melchisford, though I am afraid there are a few art pots and fans."

"All the other things will follow, and how impertinent they will look in your fine, sedate old rooms!"

"I won't encourage the immigration by taking any of them home with me."

"You see, I have seen so many fashions in furniture come and go," said Mrs. Chester, as if she were speaking of personal bereavements. "I am old enough to remember the survival of the Georgian atrocities, when everything was contorted and twisted out of all semblance of grace, but when you at least could place yourself on a chair without any fear of its breaking down under you. It was a solid age, that; but now we make our chairs and tables as if their chief end were to be easily knocked over."

"As we make our houses that they may be easily left," murmured Hester, slyly.

She was in very good spirits on this the second day of her visit; a letter from home had described the barometer there, perhaps with a little pardonable hypocrisy, as at "set fair."

"Your dear father is better," wrote the mother; "certainly better. I saw Uncle John for a moment to-day, and he sent you his love."

There was no mention of Mary, but that was unnecessary, since that young woman herself wrote a long letter in rather a sprawling hand, that flowed over four sides of the sheet, and yet contained surprisingly little news. It was chiefly remarkable for the number of times in which Mr. Andrew Hallett was mentioned in it. "Mr. Andrew," Mary was careful to call him, which showed that she could be a bit of a hypocrite too.

The home tidings pleased Hester hugely, and she was able to take great pleasure in her drive in the park, though the best people were certainly not to be seen there, and at night she sat down to pour out the chronicle of her doings to the womenfolk at home. She knew that no detail would be too small or trivial for them, and she emptied out all her little store.

"I am quite converted to the charms of a flat," she wrote, "and can even perceive that it may be an advantage to know exactly what you are going to have for dinner an hour or two before it appears on the table. The man-servant has to sleep out, but, as Mrs. Chester points out, this is no disadvantage at all, because with so many neighbours above, beneath, and on all sides of you, you are quite sufficiently protected. I don't think even Mary would be frightened here, or want to look under her bed for a robber. Everybody is so close to everybody else that I have only to cough, and Trimmer, Mrs. Chester's maid, comes running in to see what she can do for me.

"The drawing-room and dining-room are large, and look out on the park, which must be lovely in spring; even now it is beautiful with the bare stems and twigs standing out against a soft background of blue-grey. The sleeping-rooms, it is true, have no livelier prospect to offer than other people's back premises, but they are very comfortable; mine is fitted cunningly with the most surprising devices to make it look twice as large as it is, and I feel as if I were living in that wonderful workbox of Mary's, which contains 'everything a lady can want.' I haven't a single want in the world, except the wish that I could have you here to share with me.

"We had a drive to-day, and though Mrs. Chester said there was really nobody to be seen, it seemed to me there was quite a multitude, and that all Melchisford might have been there two or three times over. Afterwards we went to see an old gentleman who is a great friend of Mrs. Chester's, and who lives in a big old house near the river. He was not at home, but Mrs. Chester took me in to see his library—such a splendid room—bigger than the library at Hallett Place, and lined round and round with books. I am sure he must be a nice old gentleman, and I hope we shall go to see him and his books again.

"When we got home, and were having tea, a young gentleman came to see us. What sort of a young gentleman? I don't think we have anything quite like him in Melchisford. Perhaps Sir James Hemmingway is the most unlike him, if a contrast will serve instead of a resemblance. Mr. Spenceley has easy manners, and a great deal to say—no doubt because he has seen everything and been everywhere, even to Melchisford."

The letter had no more to say about this young man, and ended with ardent messages to everybody, and a special one to Uncle John Mellish; but naturally when Mrs. Hallett and Mary Kelynge read and re-read it, this was the point in it on which their imaginations chiefly dwelt.

"I hope he is nicer than Sir James," said Mary, whose own blissful secret made her long to furnish her friend with a romance; "dear Hester is so beautiful!"

The mother and she laid their heads together in one of those delightful consultations which women love, and settled that Hester must be ordered to get herself some new gowns, and built who knows how many castles in the air on the strength of a stranger's name! It is a way they have, and there is scarce a mother of them all who has not rehearsed her child's marriage a hundred times before the lover appears upon the scene at all.

"Papa won't mind a little extra expense," said mamma, looking as bright as if she were already ordering Hester's trousseau; "he wished her to have everything nice."

But when the letter was read to papa after dinner he did not receive the stranger's name with any favour.

"I hope Margaret Chester will be careful to whom she introduces Hester," he said, with a contraction of the brows. "I met Hemmingway to-day; he said he was going up to town next week. If you've any little parcel to send to Hetty he will take it."

"There's her blue dress just come home from Miss Lamb's—she ought to have that; but it isn't a little parcel."

"What's the good of mentioning it then?"

Mrs. Hallett looked up, a little surprised at the sharpness of this retort. "Perhaps he would take some grapes?" she said. "I could pack them very neatly."

"Very well," returned her husband, still without amiability; "put up a basket, and I'll ask him to call and deliver it."

Now, considering that there is a good train service from Melchisford to London, and an outgoing post twice daily, not to mention the older fashion of the carrier, which still holds its own there, it was certainly rather odd that Mr. Hallett should select the baronet to be his messenger.

## CHAPTER XXV.—A DANGEROUS YOUNG MAN.

IF the mother and friend at home had known that Mr. Spenceley had been invited to dinner and had accepted the invitation, they would doubtless have been in a still greater flutter of wonder and conjecture. The truth was, Hester had either forgotten the circumstance when she was writing her letter or had not considered it worth mentioning. Everything, as she had said, was new to her, and Mr. Spenceley came in among

the new things simply as a detail. If Hester's imagination had been aroused at all, it was on behalf of the old gentleman with the fine library; anybody who had such a multitude of books must be worth knowing, even if he had only read half of them. On Mr. Henry Spenceley she had scarcely bestowed a thought, and so it was quite unnecessary, while it was certainly injudicious, on the part of Mrs. Chester to give her a little word of warning.

Margaret Chester could scarcely have been the warm-hearted woman she was without being a little bit of a matchmaker. Her own married life had been so successful that she rightly considered that a woman's best chances of happiness lay in matrimony, and if she could have provided husbands for that surplus million or two of women about whom we hear so much in these days, she would have considered that she was doing them a far greater kindness than by encouraging them to become doctors or authors or artists, or any of the other things for which Heaven never designed them.

For so charming a girl as Hester there must of necessity be a husband, and, to begin with, there must be a lover. So far as she had learned there was no lover down in the country; there was a young man called Tom, to be sure, of whom Hester spoke much, but his affections, she understood, were already engaged; and as for the Mr. Somers who had made haste to call, he was quite out of the question. Yes, certainly there was no one in the country, and if there was to be an aspirant in town she did not wish that he should be Henry Spenceley.

Why, then, it may well be asked, had she invited him to dinner, and to a family dinner, moreover, where, if he wished to make an impression, he could do it without fear of a rival?

She did it out of the kindness of her heart, because he had said that he was only in town for a few days, and that he found it dull at the club, where there was scarcely a man he knew. Margaret Chester could never resist an appeal of this kind, but having on reflection found herself too impulsive, she proceeded to correct her error by becoming more impulsive still in preparing Hester to keep a firm rein on her fancy.

And yet when the thing came to be said in that cosy tea-hour, when confidential things seem easy to say, it amounted to nothing more than that Henry Spenceley was perhaps a little unsettled, and that, after all, there was no harm in liking some people better than one liked others.

"It would be a very monotonous world if we liked everybody in it equally," said Hester, looking up with a smile, and not in the least understanding the drift of this oracular remark.

Then Margaret Chester felt that she must begin again, which was rather hard, because there was no woman in London who found it so difficult to say disagreeable things about her friends.

"I mean, dear, that though Mr. Spenceley is interesting—a young man who has gone about so much can scarcely help being interesting—he has suffered just a little from having too much money. He has never known a wish for anything he cannot get, and it is not good for any of us to have all our desires fulfilled."

"He is young yet—twenty-five perhaps? He may live to find there are a great many things he cannot get."

Mrs. Chester did not say, "If he wants you, he shall not have you." A sudden visitation of prudence restrained her; besides, Henry Spenceley had done nothing but look at Hester with admiration, and talk to her perhaps a trifle more than strict etiquette demanded. But though Margaret said nothing, she looked so distressed that Hester began at last to perceive that there was something about the young man that was not wholly and entirely satisfactory. He was a little wild, perhaps, or unsettled, as had been said; she scarcely cared to determine the direction of his moral obliquity. If she had known him, and begun to care for him, an adverse hint (so perverse is the sex) would have probably fixed the liking deeper; but she had not been particularly interested—she had, indeed, been more interested in the personality of an old maiden lady who had shared the tea of the succeeding day, an old lady who was as Georgian as the furniture of Mrs. Chester's memory and as quaint as a relic out of a museum. So that the danger-signals Margaret hoisted were fluttered quite needlessly as far as Mr. Spenceley was concerned.

He came in shortly after that futile attempt on the part of his hostess to asperse him, and perhaps in shame, perhaps in contrition, she was the more cordial to him.

"Mrs. Chester," he said, "you are an angel of goodness! London is a howling wilderness, except on the second-floor of Princess Mansions."

"You may except the third-floor too—the Stanleys are at home."

"But they haven't asked me to dinner," said the young man, looking at Hester.

"You are such a bird of passage, Henry, that unless you announce yourself one never knows whether to think of you as here or at the other end of the world."

"It is one of my very few fixed principles never to taste more than a day or two of a London winter; but you make me wish I weren't going off again to-morrow."

"Ah, and where are you going this time?" asked Mrs. Chester, cheerfully—a young man who only came to vanish could not be called dangerous.

"I haven't the least notion," he answered, frankly; "the direction of my journey generally fixes itself without much guidance from me. The start is the only nuisance; that once made, it is easy to go on. But I am open to advice. Miss Hallett, what does your experience suggest as the best place in which to forget that it is November?"

"My experience," said Hester, with a smile, "practically begins and ends with Melchisford. I shouldn't advise you to go there—the liveliest imagination couldn't make you think it was June."

"I think I have already exhausted the attractions of Melchisford since you have forsaken it. You have a museum. I remember the tender

pride with which the leg-bone of a local hippopotamus was pointed out to me; also a collection of minerals and shells. You have a church with a fine tower, degraded, in my humble opinion, by the spire that surmounts it; you have a Corn Exchange and a Shire Hall, and a little river without any water in it."

"Hester," cried the lady at the head of the table, "can you sit still and hear your native town maligned?"

"Ah," said Hester, with a smile, "but to defend it would be to confess its need of my championship. You have seen something that I have not seen, Mr. Spenceley—the local hippopotamus is unknown to me; but I have seen a garden there that you could scarcely match in all your travels."

"Then I will journey on purpose to see it if Miss Hallett will be my guide."

"Don't talk nonsense, Henry!" cried Margaret, thinking it was high time to interpose. "A garden in November! What do you suppose there would be to see?—you who think London a desert."

He laughed as he turned to Hester. "See how I am snubbed, Miss Hallett!"

"Ah, but Mrs. Chester is wrong," said Hetty, stoutly; "there is a great deal to see, even in November, in the garden I have in my mind."

"Then you must be content to see it with your mind's eye, Hester," said Margaret, severely. "What are young people coming to, I wonder, that town in winter can't content them!"

What was Henry Spenceley coming to, indeed, with all those little airs of devotion and those little speeches that tripped with so flippant a grace from his tongue? It was perhaps his fluent phrases that a little weighed against the young man in the balance of Mrs. Chester's judgment. The knack is very easily acquired, and means nothing, but some people have the bad taste to dislike words that are mere empty sounds, and have no background of emotion behind them. There was a good deal of used-upness about Spenceley, though, to judge from the way in which he threw back his head and stuck out his chin, one would say that the world had still certain points open to his combativeness. He had dabbled in most things, from bric-à-brac to ghosts, and had had the pleasure of finally finding them quite unworthy of his regard. There remained the habit of travel, and his friends looked forward with some dread to the moment when that too should cease to satisfy.

"If he won't choose a profession for himself," said a brother who was a hard worker and something of a bitter humorist, "it will be necessary to put him in an asylum; it's an excellent provision for the unemployed, and will keep him out of harm's way."

In the meantime, however, he helped to make the dinner pass. Mrs. Chester's dinners were always excellent, as he knew when he accepted the invitation, and he did his guest's part by talking of anything or nothing in the easiest possible manner. Whether it were anecdote or adventure, or sketches of his acquaintance, Hester found herself very well amused, and rose with a sense of having travelled over half the world.

"Henry," said Mrs. Chester, when they had lingered rather longer than usual over dessert, "shall we leave you, or will you have coffee with us?"

"Let me come with you," he said, starting up to open the door; "let me enjoy your society while I may; I shall be a social waif for the next four months."

"It must be very strange not to know where you will be this time to-morrow," said Hester, when he brought her her coffee-cup.

"It is nothing when you are used to it," he said, sinking into the chair at her side, "it gives an agreeable flavour of novelty to life. You get into a train—going south by preference, and when your appetite tells you it is lunch time you get out—it is that that generally settles it; by the time you have satisfied your cravings and smoked the post-prandial cigar, there is another train going somewhere else and you get into that."

"Suppose it were to bring you back again?"

"A very little skill steers you clear of that misfortune. After all, it reduces the trouble of travel to a minimum not to care in the least where you are going or when you get there. I admit that for a lady with a Saratoga trunk it would have drawbacks."

"I haven't a Saratoga trunk, but perhaps I have a limited imagination. Your plan seems to me to reduce the pleasures of travel as well as the penalties to a minimum. I like not only to know the precise moment of my arrival beforehand, but also just what I am to expect when I get there. When I started from Melchisford papa provided me with a time-table, and I anticipated every station before we came to it, in case I should miss the right one!" She gave a laugh to her own fears.

"But you see, any station that happens to time itself to my hunger is the right one in my case. And after all, Miss Hallett, in this world of uncertainties even you can scarcely forecast twenty-four hours with precision. To-morrow at this hour can you tell any more than I where you will be?"

"Mrs. Chester can, and that is enough for me."

"What is it that Mrs. Chester can?" asked that lady, leaving her chair by the fire.

"Mr. Spenceley wants to make out we don't know what is lying in wait for us to-morrow."

"You give my remark the air of a moral truism, Miss Hallett. I didn't mean to suggest that you should have no dinner, but that possibly you might not be eating it here."

"Yes, he is quite right, Hester. I am going to take you to dine with Captain Prideaux, who has sprained his foot, and can't come to see you."

"What! have the book, and the author, and the Captain come back from Brighton?"

"Captain Prideaux has come back—I don't know about Owen or the book."

"My dear Mrs. Chester, you put our friends in the order of the affections, but I rank them according to their importance. I appeal to you, Miss Hallett, when a man has written a book—a book for which all the ladies in London are

besieging Mudie's at this moment—ought not that book to take precedence of the author?"

"You speak as if Owen had to shelter himself behind his literary reputation. I cannot allow that, Henry."

"Ah! my dear Mrs. Chester, he is fortunate in having you for his friend, but to the public he is an abstraction—it is the book, not the writer, everybody is talking of—the book, if it lives at all (and far be it from me to suggest its premature decease), will live longer than the man who made it; the publisher will fatten upon it and not upon him, the ladies will weep over it and not over him; it is clearly a case of a part being greater than the whole."

"Henry," said Mrs. Chester, severely, "I will not suffer any of your subtleties in my drawing-room. Owen Prideaux is a delightful young man, and he would be just as delightful if he had never written so much as a line."

"Oh! a delightful young man!" cried Spenceley, with melancholy irony. "And a fortunate one! From the dull level of the unlettered I can envy him. Hasn't this book of his, as we were saying, the adoration of all the young ladies in London, not to speak of those who are less young?"

"If you mean me by that clause," put in Margaret loftily, "you are mistaken. Owen is far more to me than any book he could ever write."

"And the applause of his fellow-penmen," Spenceley went on, unheeding this interruption. "Prideaux is one of that sacred set, youngest born of the band, who live but for the admiration of each other. There will be no slating, no wiring-in from vicious reviewers for him! Hasn't the 'Mirror' spoken? Hasn't Tom Broad set Mr. Owen Prideaux up on a pedestal for all men to worship? Broad does that sort of thing very neatly; he will bring him in every month in his 'Jottings of a Journalist,' no matter what he happens to be prattling about."

"Has Mr. Broad ever reviewed a book of yours, Mr. Spenceley?" asked Hester, with a glimmer of mischief in her grey eyes.

"I have never had the honour of coming under his notice," said Spenceley, turning on her rather sharply; "I am a modest man, Miss Hallett. I should shrink abashed under the lavishness of his praise."

"Owen is modest too," said Owen's champion.

"It is easy to have a poor opinion of yourself when all the world combines to praise you," said Spenceley, looking at Hester with whimsically uplifted brows; "the difficult thing is to concur humbly when your neighbours pronounce you a fool. Miss Hallett, when I write my 'Magnum Opus,' will you say a kind word for me?"

"But you have just been telling us praise is so unwholesome."

"It depends on the praiser," said Spenceley, rising to take leave.

"I am afraid Mr. Spenceley did not quite like my allusion to his book," said Hester, seating herself on the fender-stool when the guest had departed. "I didn't mean to be rude."

"Hester," cried Margaret, "how did you know he had written a book?"

"I didn't know; I hazarded a guess because he spoke so bitterly."

"Yes, poor Henry, he did write a book; a book of travels, I believe. It was not very well received. He sent me a copy, but in a week or two he asked me if I would either burn it or return it to him. I saw that he meant it, and I returned it."

"Then after all he has not been able to get everything he desires—not the praise he grudges his friend?"

"No, poor Henry! I forgot his disappointment about his book. Naturally he is a little sore over it. I hope he won't think I told you about it."

"I hope not; I think not. He could not think I deliberately meant to insult him."

"And Hester," said Margaret, after a moment's silence, "about Owen Prideaux. If people praise him, it is because those who know him love him, and because his book is good. I don't know much about books or book-making, but if reviewers are honest—and indeed we must give them that credit—they will have no other standard of criticism than the quality of the work they have to notice. If Mr. Broad did not like Owen's book, his friendship might have kept him silent; but as he has a conscience, he would not have praised it."

She spoke with an innocent conviction that is not perhaps justified by fact, but being one of the ignorant reading public, how was she to know any better?

"And Hester, my child"—she laid her hand on the girl's head and spoke with quite a pathetic earnestness—"whatever Henry Spenceley may say, Owen is a great deal more and a great deal better than his writings. He is a good man."

Hester reached up for the pretty white hand on which the rings sparkled in the firelight. She held it caressingly a moment in her own. "I am sure he is if you say it."

She smiled as she looked into the flame. Here was a young man about whom there were evidently no drawbacks, no underlying doubts in her friend's mind, whom she might, if she chose, whom she apparently must, admire without a reserve.

### CHAPTER XXVI.—"THE CAPTAIN."

ONE of the first visits Hester paid in London was to the boarding-school in Bayswater; and it was in the seclusion of Dot's little bedroom, where alone they were free from interruption, that she had the first hint of the discovery Tom had made.

The room was small and very meagrely furnished, and the two girls had found no better resting-place than the bed, where they sat holding each other's hands, and pouring out those confidences of which girls never tire. The supply is inexhaustible, and is new every day. Dot had a fertile theme in Tom, whom Hester loved as a brother; indeed the young fellow had a way of making himself cared for by all who knew him, and Hester

predicted that Mrs. Chester too would succumb to his charm.

"I want you both to come and spend a day," she said; "but it must be a day when we are alone, and when no Mr. Spenceley is likely to appear."

"Poor Mr. Spenceley!" said Dot, with a laugh and a look of such demure fun that Hester laughed too, though she blushed.

"I want my dear Mrs. Chester to know you both, and I want you both to know her."

"Then I'm afraid we must be content to give less than a day to the study of each other. A day? Why, it isn't to be thought of! Perhaps an evening when I can be spared."

"It is a shame to make you work so hard, Dot."

"Oh, it is part of the bargain! It is quite fair. And indeed, Hetty, I had another use for the first free evening. I wanted you to meet Will and Tom and me somewhere."

"Where better than in Princess Mansions?"

"No, I think not there. Tom has something to tell you. He has made a little discovery."

"Oh, Dot, not the lost man?"

"No, he isn't found," said Dot, with a smile; but she would not reveal any more. Perhaps she thought of Will and of that meeting on which he counted; and, besides, she was loyal to Tom.

"It would only be spoilt if I were to tell you, Hetty," she said; "and indeed, Tom can tell it so much better that you must wait for him; indeed you must."

"Oh, if I must, I must," said Hetty, with resignation. "I know what an obstinate little woman you are."

And she went home dreaming and wondering what this wonderful discovery might be, and resolved to persuade Mrs. Chester to lend her drawing-room for the convening of this important meeting.

Mrs. Chester was for once unsympathetic, being full of a purpose of her own.

"Captain Prideaux would have come to see you, Hester, if it were not for this unlucky sprain, and, indeed, he seems quite distressed to think he cannot pay you all respect. He is a sailor and a gentleman—I was going to say the terms are synonymous, and I think they are, when the sailor is an old man of seventy, who learned his lessons of life in a more chivalrous school than ours. He left the navy very soon, too soon for it, I am sure; but after his wife's death—it happened when he was on a long voyage—he lost heart in his work. He thinks all women are perfect, my dear Captain, and to spend an evening with him is a very wholesome discipline, if only because he makes you feel how very far you fall short of his innocent belief."

"Is that why you are taking me there so soon," asked Hester with a smile; "to make me feel humble and lowly?"

"I am taking you because it will be a pleasure to my old friend to see us when he is all alone."

"Isn't his son with him?"

"He is in Brighton. Captain Prideaux has a little house there, in which he spends a great part of every year; he only came up the other day on a matter of business, and would have gone again but for this tiresome accident."

"I am sorry for the accident, but glad that it will let me see him."

"Yes, that is one comfortable point about it for us—we shall have the Captain all to ourselves. We'll have a little drive first, and get to Chelsea about six. Captain Prideaux is very simple in his habits, and keeps old-fashioned hours."

This was all that was said, and there was not another word about Owen. Mrs. Chester, who frequently when too late found herself to have been needlessly impulsive, had arraigned herself in the privacy of her own room for having said so much about her favourite.

Margaret Chester, in her dressing-gown, with her hair let down, could be extremely severe on the Margaret Chester in black satin and old lace, who had allowed her foolish tongue to run away with her. It was no longer Henry Spenceley who disturbed her peace—it was Owen, the son of her adoption, whom her over-zealous love had hurt.

"Hester will think him a paragon and a prig," she said. "I know how it is with young people: they instinctively take on a prejudice against any one who is held up as a model of all the virtues. It is I who have prepared Hester to dislike you. Owen, not poor Henry Spenceley with his little jealous stings."

Accordingly to repair this error she maintained a conspicuous silence regarding the young man the next day, which amused Hester, who was quicker of insight than her simple hostess guessed.

When Mrs. Chester was dressing for the drive which was to precede the dinner, she said to her maid,

"Trimmer, I can do without you very well, and I should like you to go and help Miss Hallett, and see that she puts on something pretty—that brown velveteen, perhaps—"

"Yes, 'm, there's a new gown come for Miss Hallett to-day; it's country-made, as you can see with the back of your head, but it's blue, and it ought to go well with Miss Hallett's colour. She's a young lady it would be a real pleasure to dress in one of Madame Félice's gowns."

"Well, you conservative woman, we may persuade her to get one before she leaves."

But when Hester came to be examined even the confessedly provincial cut of her dress could not take away from the wearer's charm. Her tall, slight figure was very fitly clad in the blue that was like the blue that softly veils a London distance rather than the jocund blue of a Melchisford sky in June. She was standing before a bookcase, which was part of the furniture of the pretty drawing-room, and bending forward, rather eagerly scanning the books.

"I am looking for a book," she said when her hostess came in—she turned round and straightened herself—"a book that I cannot find."

"You haven't time to read, dear; and would you mind letting me see your dress?"

"Oh, my dress!" Hester looked carelessly down at her draperies. "I didn't put on my

cloak till I asked you if it would do. Trimmer said she thought it might pass—she comforted my abashed spirits by assuring me this smoky shade is quite fashionable."

"It will do admirably. Trimmer is a tyrant, and you mustn't mind her; she has been with me so long that she has not left me an opinion of my own on the subject of clothes. I daresay it is an old-fashioned prejudice, but I like your modest way of wearing your dresses high, Hester."

"It is my mother who chooses them," said Hester with simplicity. "And now, since I am happy enough to please you, will you tell me about this book?"

"What book?"

"Mr. Prideaux's book."

Mrs. Chester's eyes scanned the shelves with a rather conscious guilt.

"It isn't there."

"No," Hester laughed, "it isn't there. I know I haven't missed it, because I looked for it this morning before breakfast, and I feel quite sure you have a copy."

"Yes, I have a copy; you shall see it some day."

"But if I could even get just a glimpse of it, a single dip into it, I should not feel so ignorant in the author's presence."

"You won't see the author, and besides, Hetty, I couldn't allow you to read Owen's book in that way," said Margaret, her partisanship getting the better of her prudence.

"But, indeed, I should read every single word of it. I only want to get a look at it—to have a sort of bowing acquaintance with it. I'm afraid Captain Prideaux will think it neglectful and careless—"

"Captain Prideaux is not a goose, Hetty," said Mrs. Chester severely. "Come, child, I know Parker is waiting, and to be kept waiting is what he doesn't like, though he says it is the horses that don't like it."

Parker and the horses finally took the pair to Chelsea, and dropped them at one of the old houses that still linger there, reminders of a past that is fast fading before the relentless hand of the improver. The dear delightful Chelsea of Walpole, of Swift, of all the brilliant company when Anne was queen, has wholly vanished; the Chelsea of a newer day, of Turner, Carlyle, Rossetti, George Eliot, is dying from us too; another generation will know it no more, it will be a Chelsea then of high-piled flats of a spurious architecture—Flemish, perhaps, though for the general, Queen Anne will suffice to describe it. Poor Queen Anne, what a jumbled medley of styles take shelter under your worthy name!

It was too dark for the visitors to distinguish surrounding objects, but in the middle distance a faint reflection betrayed the river, which the lights of the Embankment pierced with quivering shafts of gold; beyond, its silence buried in shadow, lay Battersea Park. The geographical position was thus outlined by Mrs. Chester in the moment before the Captain's old servant replied to the knock. For this old friend, known to her from her childhood, Mrs. Chester had a word of greeting.

"Yes, ma'am," said George, "the Captain expects you. He is in the drawing-room; will you be pleased to walk upstairs first?"

"Yes, I think that will be best," she answered; and so the ladies followed the solemn white-headed George to a room where the most careful preparations had been made for their comfort—a fire burning with a will in the old-fashioned grate and flowers and even perfume on the toilet-table.

"What a nice room!" said Hester, looking about her at the ancient, solid furniture that gave it so gravely reputable an air. "I suppose it is Captain Prideaux's?"

"Oh, dear no!" cried Mrs. Chester; "this is the guest-room, and the flowers and the lavender-water and the ivory-backed brushes are supplied for our needs. The Captain sleeps in a little room at the top of the house, as bare almost as the cell of an anchorite. I am sure George has much more luxurious quarters. I once went up to see the dear Captain when he was ill; he was lying on a little truckle-bed, and there wasn't even a fire-place. He says he likes to be up above the world, where the air is clearer and fresher, but the truth is, Hetty, he never thinks of himself at all."

"Then we must show him that we appreciate his thought of us. You have used the lavender-water and I will wear a rose."

"Take them all; he will like that better still."

So Hester pinned the yellow roses at her throat and they gave the needed touch of relief to her dress of dusky blue. She was very fair to see, and Mrs. Chester smiled with a serene satisfaction as she took the girl's arm and led her downstairs to the drawing-room.

It was not everyone whom she admitted to the honour of the Captain's acquaintance, not the Nelly or Fanny or Edith whom she sheltered under her wing and for whose enjoyment she catered, but between Hester and the old sailor she instinctively recognised a kinship of soul, and she knew that they would be friends. Under Hester's little jests and gay girlish sallies there lurked a curious simplicity, a moral daintiness that made itself felt. She sang and was gay, but as the birds are—with the same artless pleasure in life as they.

She had scarcely known what to expect in her new acquaintance, but when the tall old man with the gaunt features and the silver hair and the kind shining eyes came limping forward, both hands held out in greeting, she experienced that curious instantaneous outgoing of the affections for which it is often so difficult to account. To love or to hate in this swift unreasoning way is to be little wiser than a beast, which will sniff and growl at one man and fawn on and flatter another with no seeming justification of sense, yet we all like and dislike in this way, and will probably continue to do so until the end of time.

"My dear Margaret and my dear young lady, this is kind of you," he said, "more than kind to cheer an old man's solitude!"

"Dear Captain Prideaux," cried Mrs. Chester, with that little air of authority a sick man calls out in a woman, "how wicked it is of you to be standing and actually walking to meet us! We shall

go upstairs and put on our things if you do not instantly go back to your sofa."

"May I help you?" Hester asked, timidly, anxious to do something for this new friend.

"Thank you," he said, with the quickest courtesy, divining her wish and accepting her offered arm.

"And I will come upon your other side," bustled Margaret, still wearing her masterful air.

"Well, well; and isn't it worth while to be an old fool and to sprain one's foot for such kind help as this!" he said, looking from one to the other with his kind old eyes. "But not to the sofa; no, no, we will go into the dining-room, if you please, ladies. Here is George to tell us dinner is ready. The sofa, indeed, when ladies honour us with their presence! That would be a fine state of things!"

"But you will make your foot worse; there is nothing so bad for a sprain as to try and walk too soon. Now, George, didn't the doctor order your master to rest?"

"Well, ma'am, if I'm to speak the truth, he did."

"Fie, George!" cried the Captain; "would you have an old salt lie by for a mere trifle, and be coddled as if he were an infant? There, set open the dining-room door and show the ladies the way. There's a step there, my dear young lady; we mustn't let your pretty foot play you such a foolish trick as mine has played me."

The dining-room had a more habitable look than the drawing-room, which was evidently a room of state. Its furniture was precise, and it was maintained in a formal order that allowed of no deviation, and which doubtless owed its original inspiration to George. It reminded Hester of her Aunt Mellish's drawing-room at the bank-house. The coverings were of a sad shade of green, and each chair and sofa assigned its own spot, and hinting that it would take little short of an earthquake to displace it. It was a drawing-room in which one's impulses towards naturalness or cheerfulness were apt to be chilled.

The dining-room, if it also lacked those little touches that betray feminine occupation, was less formal; the chairs were worn but comfortable, there were books and newspapers lying about, pipes in a rack by the mantelpiece, and other hints of bachelor dominion. The dinner, moreover, if plain, was excellent, and the Captain a most hospitable host.



DEAR CAPTAIN FRIDEAUX.

The talk had now passed to Owen, about whom Hester thought she was destined to hear a great deal. She began to wonder if the slippers peeping ashamedly from under an easy-chair—where assuredly they were trespassing—belonged to the author, or whether it was he who smoked the huge briar-root pipe.

"Owen ought to be here," said Margaret, when she had insisted on yielding her footstool to the Captain.

There had been quite a little altercation over the footstool. An ailing man is the natural prey of ministering woman, and so kind a soul as Margaret could not but air a little fussing concern.

"He wanted to come, good boy, but I forbade it. It would appear Owen has an exacting mistress to serve, and can't afford to waste his time. My son"—he turned to Hester—"has written a book."

"So I have heard," she said. "I am longing to read it."

"And having written one, he must needs write another," the Captain went on, with a kind of whimsical melancholy. "There's something about the profession of letters when a man takes it up that will not allow him to lay it down; it's like a fever in the blood or the fighting instinct of a soldier. Well, well, it's the boy's way of fighting his battle, I suppose. I'm not a bookish man myself."

"And yet you have such a splendid library," said Hester; "Mrs. Chester let me see it the other day."

"Ah," he said, with a twinkle of his blue eye, "but the man of wisdom and knowledge is *homo unius libri*. Isn't that so, Margaret?"

"If my Latin serves me," said Margaret, with spirit, "the quotation is quite misapplied in your case, and you would be the first to be disappointed if it were ever likely to be true of Owen."

"Of the making of many books there is no end. A wiser man than Father Aquinas said that." He turned to Hester with a smile.

"Hester," said Margaret, with that little air of severity she could so easily command, "I see that I must take an opportunity of correcting your opinions in private. If I allow you to listen much longer to Captain Prideaux you will get the most erroneous impressions. I know of what he is capable."

"If I had been allowed to see that book," said Hester, with a demure smile, "I could have judged for myself. Mrs. Chester did not think me worthy to read it; she hid it from me. Perhaps some day, if I am very good—"

"Hester," cried Margaret, once more repressively, "I will not have my motives made the subject of your guesses! They were excellent, and Captain Prideaux, who has known me since I was younger than you—"

"Too long for such old friends to fall out even over the boy's latest whim," cried the Captain. "Margaret, you have no wine; let me fill your glass and seal our agreement by drinking a toast—'Health to the absent.'"

"Prosperity and success to the author!" said Margaret firmly.

"What is there left for me to say?" questioned Hester. "I do not know the author or his book; but I know the father, and I think I can guess a little what the son is like, and I wish—" She paused and hesitated.

"You wish him the same as me," said Mrs. Chester, who was irrepressible to-night. "Hetty, you are on my side."

"No," Hester shook her head, "it was not that," but she blushed with such a sudden hot shame and distress that the old man came to her rescue.

"It was something very good and kind, and better than he or I deserve," he said. "Margaret, if you will not finish your wine shall we go to the library and see if there is anything there to interest Miss Hester?"

"I should like to see it, if it would not tire you."

So George was summoned to help his master's steps, and Margaret's concern for him was satisfied at last when she saw him installed in a big easy-chair where he could command the shelves and direct Hester's choice.

Her anxiety on his account was sufficiently relaxed to allow her to seat herself on a distant sofa, where she took up a magazine and made a show of absorbing herself in it. But her zeal flagged from the outset; she was curiously restless, glancing now at the page, now taking a furtive peep at the clock behind her, now with a longer look at the pair who were amusing themselves very well without her at the other end of the room.

It was a pretty enough picture—the silvery-haired old man, eagerly explaining the merits of his collection, and the young girl unconsciously showing off her slim grace as she reached up for a book, now turning her beautiful eyes with a deep listening look to the speaker.

There were some curious and rare editions and sound specimens of old printing and binding. The Captain handled them as if he loved them, and talked of them with an enthusiasm of which she caught a spark.

"This once stood on the shelves of Grolier," he said, touching with affectionate care a little book on which the best art of Paris in the days of its brilliance was lavished. "I love a dainty garment: it covers a multitude of sins within, but the bias of the day is against it. Cheapness is the god of our idolatry; how the shades of Charles Lewis and Roger Payne must suffer! I even know a Philistine man of learning who rends the binding from his books and leaves them shivering and naked that he may the better give them pocket room."

"I am afraid my sympathies are with him," said Hester, smiling; "it is the inside of a book we most of us think of, isn't it?—that is, those of us who are ignorant."

"Well, here are some treasures hidden in leaden caskets. Here is an old Book of Common Prayer. You see by the leaf that in 1549 it cost four shillings, a fair price in those days; when Owen comes to sell it he will pocket

a hundred and fifty pounds. This shabby little collection of tracts will keep his wife in pin-money for a year. Here is the first edition of 'Paradise Lost,' a veteran of near two hundred years, but young as some of his comrades go; this Caxton, for example, saw the light in the Almonry at Westminster in 1481."

"What a great deal you must know!"

"No, no; I am only a collector, and that is very far removed from being a scholar. An idle life has left me time for the fancy, and the books have been with me so long that they seem to be old friends, but there is many a man with but a shelf-full to his library who knows far more than I."

"What company they must be to you when you are alone!"

"The best of company: always waiting, always ready, never unfaithful; but I am not often alone. For four-and-twenty years I have had a son, and he has been better to me than all the books in the world."

"But you will not lose him now?"

"No, no," he said, cheerfully. "To share him with others isn't to lose him, for he still gives the best to me."

While they were talking together George was bringing in the coffee and placing it with slow deliberation on a table near Mrs. Chester. She looked at his calm and careful preparations with a little pucker in her brow.

"Is the clock right, George?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, to a minute—Greenwich time, ma'am; the Captain is very particular, and sees to the clocks himself. Will you have cream with your coffee, ma'am?"

"Yes, no," said Margaret, distractedly. "George, I think I heard the bell."

She got up hurriedly, nearly upsetting the tray. George looked at her with a dignified reproach that did not condescend to surmise. Even the Captain and Hester were attracted by some subtle communication of her emotion, and looked round. Margaret had taken a step towards the middle of the room and was staring at the door.

It was not the bell she had heard, it was the sound of a latch-key, and presently the owner of it swung back the door and stood on the threshold.

## North and South.

BLUE is the sea and blue the sky,
And fair the lands that our ship sails by;
And glorious are the southern stars
That pour heaven's light on us poor tars.

And splendid are the southern calm,
The smooth lagoon, the feathery palm,
The happy islands that one sees
In such soft latitudes as these.

But, oh! my heart is sore, is sore
To see my northern home once more;
To feel the sweet keen wind that blows
When the wild moor puts on its snows.

I want to hear the plover's cry,
To hear the wailing wind go by;
I want to see the driving sleet
Sweep down our grey-stone village street;

To fight my way across the moor,
And reach a certain cottage door;
The house-place is all snug to see,
And there's a chair that's kept for me.

And as I long to be again
Back in the northern wind and rain,
Someone I know is fain to be
Sailing this southern sea with me.

The home-lights through the window show,
And touch to fire the drifted snow;
They must be magic lights, my dear,
Since I can see them—even here!

E. NESBIT.

# THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF THE NORTH-AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY DR. AUBREY.

MEN and women who have reached fifty years of age can remember that in their childhood much was heard about the North-American Indians. It so happens that the phrase is incorrect. A natural blunder of the Spaniards has been perpetuated for nearly four centuries. Cabot, Columbus, and all the early voyagers across the then unknown Atlantic went in search of a new route to India. When America was first discovered it was supposed to be part of India. This was soon shown to be an error, but the name of Indians thus wrongly applied to the inhabitants has descended to our own times—slightly qualified by speaking of them as North-American Indians. Ethnologically, they present broad features of variety from any of the races now inhabiting the vast area of Hindostan. Authorities like Blumenbach, Latham, Prichard, Humboldt, and Morton differ in opinion as to the probable origin of the numerous tribes of red men—another curious misnomer—who roamed over the American continent. Yet there is a general admission of their remote antiquity. Their chief physical characteristics are a square head, with a low but broad forehead, the back of the head being flattened. The face is full, the jaws are powerful, the cheek-bones prominent, and the eyes dark and deeply set. The hair is long—not absolutely straight, but crinkled, something like a horse's mane, and of a glossy hue. In height the men are about the average, but look taller owing to their erect attitude and slender figure. The women are somewhat shorter, and rather inclined to obesity. The hands and feet of both sexes are small.

The popular notion of these people forty or fifty years ago was mainly derived from a curious work with coloured illustrations issued by George Catlin. He has long since been relegated to his proper place among the crowd of romancists who have largely drawn upon their imagination for alleged facts when professing to describe distant and unknown people. But when Catlin's books first appeared they were received with rapturous delight by many, with amazement by others, and with incredulity by some. The delineations of manly strength, grace, and dignity, the marvellous feats of horsemanship, the stolid endurance of pain and torture, the supposed attainment of a lofty heroism, the oratorical displays and the solemnity of the great councils, the pathos and the poetry, the swift attack and the calm defence in battle, the astute watching of natural signs, the patient following of a trail, and other physical, mental, and moral characteristics ascribed to these nomadic tribes, imposed upon the imagination of such as were prepared to believe in a race unspoiled by contact with civilisation for retaining the simplicity and nobility that are supposed to belong to Arcadian times. It was forgotten that during the terrible War of the Revolution, in the last quarter of the last century, Indian mercenaries had been hired, alike by the English and by the colonists, and had committed nameless horrors upon friends and foes. It was also forgotten that successive settlers in Virginia, in the Carolinas, in Massachusetts, and elsewhere had to exercise incessant vigilance against the guerilla warfare and the sanguinary night attacks carried on by predatory bands around them, and that the accounts of their character and habits were anything but flattering.

Granted that the descriptions given by the early colonists were coloured by prejudice; granted that the Indians themselves looked upon the former as intruders who had dispossessed them of their lands by force, or by inadequate purchase through a few blankets, beads, tools, and barrels of rum—still it must be remembered that the various tribes were in a state of chronic hostility, and that their ceaseless internecine wars had developed a lust for butchery and a refinement of cruelty such as are horrible to read of. The Indian of romance and the Indian of reality are two very different beings. Even the sounding or mellifluous names under which they are presented in the pages of Catlin and similar writers are mere names, and nothing more. What significance they possess is derived mainly from the fiercer qualities of savage animals and brutal war. The actual Indian of to-day, and as he has been known for at least ten generations, is a dull, heavy, torpid, unimaginative being, ignorant of mechanical contrivances, without innate powers of reckoning simple figures, living in a contracted circle of ideas and wants, difficult to arouse to any worthy aspiration or ambition, child-like in his attachment, grateful for kindness, yet indolent, unconcerned about the morrow, devoid of enterprise or perseverance, and somewhat cunning. There are, of course, exceptions, but they are few and rare. With the education and the industrial training now being carried on there is every reason to hope for improvement. Results already achieved warrant this expectation. The laudable desire of the United States Government is to exercise proper care over these aboriginal remnants, who are now regarded as wards of the nation. This was not always the case; there have been alternate fits of hostility and neglect. At one time the favourite formula was, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." Acting on this he was shot down, knocked over, or expeditiously put out of the way in any summary fashion. Very rarely were questions asked. These occurrences took place on the frontier, before hundreds of thousands of square miles had been apportioned in new States and Territories. Not infrequently a raid broke out which developed into a sort of war.

It was the old story of the disciplined few against untrained numbers, and of arms of precision against bows and arrows and antiquated flint muskets.

Thus the Indians were driven back, and ever back, in diminishing numbers. Even when they retreated into their fortresses in the Rocky Mountains the trail was followed, labyrinthine and almost inaccessible though it was. A temporary lull caused by exhaustion was always followed by renewed hostilities. If a valid reason did not exist, it was easy to invent a colourable pretext. At length Congress resolved on a final measure. The scattered fragments of red men were to be collected and placed in certain districts known as the Indian Reservations. These are chiefly in the west and north-west. The largest is that known as the Indian Territory, embracing an immense area of about forty-two million acres, lying between Kansas and Texas, and west of Arkansas. Small reservations are also found in the State of New York, with about five thousand Indians. The Chippeways, or Ojibaways, as they were formerly styled, are in Michigan, along Lake Superior, in the interior of Wisconsin, and the upper part of Minnesota. There are various tribes, estimated at fifty thousand, on the Missouri. In Washington Territory, in Oregon, and in California scattered tribes are found. The Utes gave the name to Utah, where the residue still remain. New Mexico and Arizona have the Navajos and the Apaches among others, of whom so much has been heard during recent years, because of fierce and prolonged conflicts with United States troops.

Originally the Great Western Reservation was much larger, but it has been cut down from time to time to form new states and territories. Last year another portion, comprising two million acres nearly in the centre, known as Oklahoma, or "beautiful land," as the Chickasaw word denotes, was thrown open for settlement. This was making a virtue of necessity. For some years gangs of marauders had coveted this part of the Indian possessions, and had settled by force in defiance of the Government. There were frequent ejectments, skirmishes, arrests, and murders, but the United States troops were unable to hold their own against growing numbers. The President therefore issued a proclamation authorising a settlement in April last year. On the appointed day more than ten thousand eager, expectant, clamorous "boomers" crossed the boundaries and took possession. Several towns were laid out in a few hours, and news came that banks, stores, a post-office, and a daily newspaper had been started in tents and wooden shanties hastily reared. In less than a week the tide had turned. Storms, lack of food and shelter, and the absence of all protection for life and property caused a desertion as sudden and almost as great. Probably, however, those who remained, with a different class of settlers, will find a home in this region.

Exaggerated statements have been made as to the number of the Indians. It used to be the fashion to speak of them by millions. But there were no records and no reliable data. It was mere guesswork, and the antecedent probabilities were against the commonly received opinion. For every million spoken of one-tenth would doubtless be an excessive representation. The tribes were constantly wandering in search of fresh hunting-grounds. Even if unmolested they never stayed long in one place. They subsisted mainly by hunting and fishing. This was the employment of the men when not engaged in war. To the women was left all the work connected with the tents and the families, with the cultivation of little patches of ground, which were abandoned as soon as the crop of maize or Indian corn was secured. The women also performed all the drudgery involved in the perpetual removals, and were mere beasts of burden. The "braves" tricked themselves in all their fantastic array, either preparing for or recovering from incessant disputes and battles with neighbouring tribes. A state of warfare was their normal condition. To speak with strict accuracy, life was chiefly spent in making or in repelling sudden and fierce attacks, stealthily arranged and craftily executed. The weak were constantly in apprehension from the inroads of the strong, and the few dominant tribes were always in antagonism. The inevitable effect of this strife and carnage was to keep down the population. In a hand-to-hand conflict, where no quarter is given, the slaughter is terrible. Added to this the nomadic habits were fatal to many little children and to the old and the infirm. It is problematical whether the natural increase by birth-rate kept pace with the inevitable losses. But there is no doubt that as the Indians came in contact with so-called civilisation their numbers rapidly declined. Smallpox and other diseases were introduced, and swept them away by thousands. "Fire-water," more pungent and maddening than any native manufacture, proved still more fatal. Hence it is not surprising, however lamentable, to learn that at the last census of the United States, in 1880, there were only eighty-six thousand Indians in the assigned territory, and the census of this year will probably reveal yet fewer. Thus the aborigines have vanished before the European, unable to resist these fatal influences.

It is now about twenty years since General Grant, then President, inaugurated the policy of dealing with them humanely and justly, so as to improve their condition. Successive Administrations have been sustained in this policy by a growing sentiment among the American people, and especially in the various branches of the Christian Church. Besides the agents on the Reservations who are appointed and controlled by the authorities at Washington, there is a Board of Indian Commissioners, composed of some of the ablest representative men. They are unpaid, and their duties are advisory, but they exert a potent moral influence. Associations have been formed in New York, Boston, and elsewhere to exercise vigilance on behalf of the Indians, to guard against any infraction of their rights, and to spread information. Specific missionary work is being carried on among them with gratifying results. Schools have been established by voluntary efforts, supplemented by

Government grants. For six years past, in the month of September, a large and influential conference has been held at Lake Mohonk, a romantic mountain house near to Kingston-on-the-Hudson, where Mr. Albert K. Smiley and his wife, estimable members of the Society of Friends, generously entertain for several days a number of representative persons for the practical discussion of Indian affairs.

The outcome of all these efforts is encouraging, and the prospect is hopeful. Noting all drawbacks and just criticism, there has been a decided advance. The character of the agents and other Government officials is much better than it was twenty years ago. Frauds in furnishing supplies of all kinds are now of rare occurrence, and the business of the Indian Department at Washington is honestly managed on the whole. This saving clause is needed on account of the prevalent system whereby all officials in the public service are liable to be removed with every change of Administration at Washington. Under the system no adequate guarantee exists that competent and reliable persons will be appointed. The best men in both of the great political parties in America admit and deplore the evil. Hence some of the most sagacious and experienced voluntary friends of the Indians have suggested that all matters affecting their physical, social, and educational improvement, so far as these are incumbent on the central authorities at Washington, as the guardians and protectors of the aborigines, should be placed under the control and direction of some person or persons entirely free from political entanglements and intrigues.

Twenty years ago the great body of Indians still supported themselves mainly by the chase. But the game of the vast plains and of the forests has almost entirely disappeared. Mighty Nimrods have gone forth from England and elsewhere, and for the mere pleasure of slaughter have succeeded in exterminating the buffalo, the moose, the elk, and other species. Only a few weeks ago the newspapers stated that a "noble" sportsman, "one of the best shots in the kingdom," had tabulated the extent of his destruction all over the world, of which he has kept a record, amounting to two hundred and fifteen thousand head of game of all kinds in twenty years! Vast herds of buffaloes used to roam over the prairies in the early part of the last decade, even after the Union Pacific line had been constructed. Now one is never seen, and only one small herd is known to exist among the recesses of the Rocky Mountains. Professor Hornaday, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, says that from 1868 to 1872 three millions and a half of buffaloes were slaughtered in the country west of the Mississippi and south of the Missouri. There is no excuse for this wanton butchery. These valuable animals, each weighing on an average two thousand pounds, have been slain for mere sport. The horns and the hide were taken as trophies, and the meat was left to rot or to feed the vultures.

Yet an indirect and unintended advantage has accrued. The Indians have been constrained by sheer necessity to settle down and do something for their own support. This has been hard and unpleasant. They have not been brought up to believe in the dignity of labour. They despise it as only fit for their squaws. Hence it has been difficult to induce many of them to engage in agricultural and industrial pursuits. But hunger is a stern master. Under its monitions, and with the kindly and judicious aid rendered, there has been considerable progress in this direction. Not only in the Indian Territory, and among the so-called civilised tribes, but elsewhere, thousands are entirely supporting themselves, and many more have made a beginning. At the last census (in 1880) there were on the Reservation of the Five Tribes—*i.e.*, the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Seminoles—sixty-four thousand who wore "citizens' dress," forty-five thousand of whom spoke more or less of English. Besides these there were on the same Reservation eighteen thousand five hundred of other tribes. Stringent laws exist to protect them from encroachments by the whites, who can settle and hold land only by marrying into one of the tribes. These manage their own internal affairs, but for each of the eleven agencies a representative of the United States is appointed by the President to protect the Indians, subject to the department at Washington.

Attempts have been made to secure for them homes where they can dwell without molestation, and without danger of removal or forfeiture. Hitherto the custom has been to allot a certain district to a tribe as a whole. Two years ago Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, succeeded in carrying through Congress what is known as the Severalty Bill, which makes provision for giving permanent homes to families and individuals. Sufficient time has not elapsed to test the value of this measure, but great advantage is reasonably expected to result. Already the amount of land cultivated is rapidly increasing. It has been resolved to break up the reservation system, to allot to the Indians in severalty so much land as they can profitably occupy, to purchase the rest at a fair valuation and throw it open to actual settlers, and to consecrate the entire continent to civilisation, with no black spots upon it devoted to barbarism. According to the last annual report of the Indian Bureau at Washington eighteen hundred and eleven allotments had been made in various districts, amounting to two hundred and four thousand acres, besides one hundred and twenty-eight thousand acres allotted among thirteen hundred Indians in Dakota, where the scheme has been adopted to its fullest extent. Of course much depends upon the local administrators, and upon the spirit that influences the supreme officials.

Happily, it is coming to be extensively recognised that the Indian is not a foreigner. Whatever his past history, he is now a member of the American nation both in law and in fact. As such he is subject to its jurisdiction, and is entitled, in theory, to the privileges and prerogatives attaching to citizenship. Among these are the right to protection in the ownership of property, liberty in his trade and industry, and

the freedom of an open market for his productions. The land laws already passed recognise these inherent and inalienable rights. He must be protected in these by some adequate system of courts, organised by and vested with the authority of the Federal Government, and easily accessible to the poorest, the least influential, and the most remote. He cannot with either safety or justice be given over to the protection of State or local courts, which are often inaccessible and not always impartial; nor left to petty police tribunals, organised by and dependent on the will of the Indian agent. There are some practical difficulties in the way of contriving a scheme that shall be simple, expeditious, and just in its working. But these difficulties are only such as are incident to a transitional order of things, and they are not insuperable.

With regard to educational work, when the new policy was commenced twenty years ago there was none worthy of the name. There were a few day schools among the Indians. In some places teachers were appointed and paid by the Government who had no schools at all. There are now fourteen thousand Indian children in attendance in day schools, boarding schools, industrial and mission schools. The attendance has more than doubled in the last four years. Nearly one-third of the children of school age are in schools of some kind. Twenty years ago the Government appropriated about six thousand pounds yearly for educational purposes. It is now nearly a quarter of a million. During the last ten years the progress has been great in other directions. The number of Indians who wear civilised dress and live in a somewhat civilised manner is not far short of one hundred thousand. The amount expended by the churches last year for carrying on missionary and school work was sixty thousand pounds. Opinion is somewhat divided as to how far the Federal Government should extend the existing educational system, but the members of the Mohonk Conference, who are admitted to have a wide practical knowledge of all the circumstances, at their last gathering affirmed their conviction that "it is the duty of the Federal Government to undertake the entire task of furnishing primary and secular education for all Indian children of school age on the reservations under Federal control. It has no right," they say, "to thrust this burden on the pioneer populations in the midst of which the Indians happen to be located. It has no right to leave this burden to be carried by the churches and by private philanthropic societies, which have taken it up only because the necessity was great and the neglect absolute." At the same time they urge that the churches should be allowed the largest liberty to supplement what the Government does to the fullest extent in their power.

Thus it is evident that, whatever may have been the neglect and shortcomings of former years, there is a resolve on the part of intelligent and philanthropic persons in America to discharge in full the claims on humanity and benevolence arising from the continued existence of such a large, ignorant, and helpless race. Besides the work carried on in the Indian settlements already referred to, the two great and valuable educational institutions at Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, and at Hampton, in Virginia, include in their scope the mental, moral, and technical training of some hundreds of Indian young men and women, who in their turn become the instructors of their own people. General Armstrong, the president of the Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, has in particular earned for himself a good degree in this respect.

The Dominion Government of Canada also has a Department of Indian Affairs, having under its control about 120,000 Indians. These are scattered over the whole of Canada, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, and occupy 1,147 reserves. The land cultivated, according to the last report of the Superintendent-General, was nearly 100,000 acres, yielding a fair produce of wheat, oats, peas, barley, potatoes, turnips, hay, and other things. But the majority of the Canadian Indians still support themselves by hunting, trapping, and fishing. The Dominion Government maintains 198 Indian schools of all grades, at a cost of £12,000 annually. A scheme is under consideration to increase largely the facilities for industrial training, for it is evident that schools of that character are by far the most effective. The Indian Fund, which consists of all moneys accrued from annuities secured by treaty, and from sales of land surrendered to be sold for their benefit, exceeds £600,000, out of which about one-tenth was expended during the last fiscal year. The management of native affairs in Canada seems to be superior to that in the United States. One advantage is that the Indians in the Dominion are scattered so widely in small bands, and upon a large number of small reserves, practically in the midst of civilisation. There are no such vast tracts of country reserved to encourage roaming habits, as in the Indian territory between Kansas and Texas, or that in Dakota, or the 22,000,000 of acres in the great Sioux reservation. Nor are there such large numbers of Indians massed together, sustaining each other in habits of idleness, superstition, and immorality, and in opposition to all efforts for their improvement. Another advantage in Canada is the permanence of administration, as distinguished from the political necessity which compels a change of officials in the United States every four years. A third advantage is found in the legal status of the Indians, who are made to feel that they are subjects of the Dominion Government, instead of being treated as aliens and foreigners, or being encouraged by delusive treaties to believe that they are separate nations, with special prerogatives.



# The Footpath.

THE path man traces with his steps is greatly indicative of the general character of his existence. It is solitary and deviating.

Men by nature are not gregarious. It is a sense of their loneliness which brings them together. The constitution of the human mind, the individuality of human thought, makes men solitary. It is this instinctive recognition of his solitariness which induces, yea, forces him to aggregate himself to others, to make societies; but through it all runs the narrow, solitary path of his own individuality.

Let him be ever so frank by nature, ever so inclined to share with his fellows his worldly goods, or the thoughts and feelings which may have grown, no one knows how, within him, there still remains behind always a something which he never can impart—the causes for certain actions, the inexplicable reasons for certain conduct; that something which distinguishes him from other men, as physically his face, form, and carriage do; something with which he is partially born, or which he has partially acquired, and which he takes with him, unexplained, to his last resting-place.

Through life men, it is true, follow often the same beaten track, but it is by chance alone that they tread in each other's footsteps. Even in marriage, that closest of unions which Nature suggested and man devised, there still run the separate paths which all affection and sympathy are powerless to unify.

No true footpath is ever wide enough for two. Occasionally alongside the beaten track, where vegetation has at last been obliged to yield to the continual footfall, there is a path where the down-trodden grass still maintains an enfeebled, faded existence, or sometimes even a companion path starts boldly out, leading one to expect great things of it, but slowly and sadly it dwindles away, and merges into the ever dominant solitary way.

We go the same way, but we cannot go together. These abortive paths are like some men's lives: a start of great promise, but succumbing to want of strength to overcome obstacles, or yielding to the temptations offered by the beaten track.

Like man who made it, the footpath turns now to the right, now to the left, partly from the irregularity of the step, and partly owing to such obstacles as stones, clods of earth, depressions, or elevations of the soil.

At first sight it would seem that there could be no difficulty in walking straight as the crow flies across a field where the desired goal is distinctly visible, but whoever saw a path, unless made with direct intent, which bore any resemblance to the geometrical definition of a straight line, as the shortest distance between two points? Leaving out the fact of certain obstacles in the way, and taking man in his most sober mood, he cannot walk straight.

After a heavy fall of snow which has completely obliterated a footpath winding with sinuous curves across several fields, the first fresh steps will be found almost invariably to take similar turns to those of the hidden path, although there is nothing apparent to prevent a straight course being taken. If you have stout boots and well protected legs it is an interesting experiment to try and tread a direct path where a night's white winter rain has left the fields snow-cased and trackless.

From your starting-place at the stile on the hill-top you can see for a quarter of a mile where your way lies through a gap in the hedge, lined with the grey-limbed elms, swaying slowly to the bidding of the cold east wind. The old path for a short distance skirts the confused hedge of quick-set and bramble, and then starts bravely, like a

child leaving the parental roof, across the fields where in summer the ripening corn hisses to the cooling breeze, and the flaring poppy, the corn-flower, and the marguerite shine like jewels in their golden setting.

The summer glory of the scene has long since departed; the corn has been gathered, the poppies, the marguerites, the corn-flowers have lived their brief beautiful lives, and in their place now, nor weed nor straw rises above the blue-white wrap of snow. The goal is in front. No footfall as yet has soiled the purity of the white-breasted earth, and yet step out as straight a path as you may, by the time the setting sun is spreading its ruddy glow over the sweep of snowy whiteness there will be, despite your efforts, still the irregular windings, still those inexplicable deviations, which previously characterised the path.





So, too, when the slow-moving plough turns under all that is left of the late standing crop and cuts furrows through the hard-trod way, leaving instead the rough hillocks of life-giving loam. Spurn as you will the obstructing clods, tread as boldly as you will through the flint-burdened furrow; hopeless will be your task to form a way which shall be the shortest between any two given points.

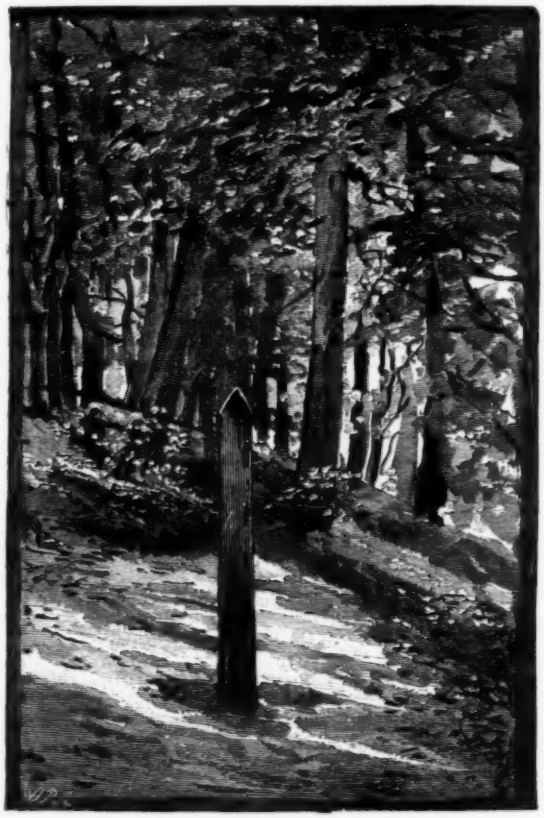
Pass only the next day, and you will find that your successors have beaten down the rough-ploughed earth and formed a new path, now trending to the right, now to the left, and never straight.

Nature, it would seem, abhors a straight line quite as much as a vacuum. Like the great imponderable agents in Nature — light, heat, electricity—man's footsteps seem to irresistibly form curved lines.

Perpetual motion or the squaring of the circle present no more formidable difficulties than the natural formation of a straight footpath.



The "trackless ocean" is a familiar expression which the experiences of modern navigation hardly seem to bear out, for, barring fogs or exceptional storms, the



A POST OF CONTENTION.

modern mariner can thread his way along the unmarked paths of the great sea with as much accuracy as a mountaineer or a woodman through a "blazed" forest; and it is ever a source of surprise to a landsman how, after days, perhaps weeks, of naught but sky and water, the promised haven comes in sight. So accurate indeed, as everyone knows, have become the paths in these trackless ocean wastes, that for the outgoing and incoming passages of Atlantic liners special directions are given to commanders of ships to keep so many degrees of latitude apart to avoid collision.

To a landsman it is always a puzzle at sea to understand the course which the quartermaster is given to steer; N. by W., so many points west, or what not. In vain he studies the compasses. They seem all at loggerheads — each pointing a different direction for north; and even admitting them to be right, he can see no point to steer for.

He looks *down* only at these beautifully equipoised sea-guides, hung so carefully in their illumined binnacles, and marvels how by means of them the mariner can direct his course where no headland or friendly beacon might serve as guide. The landsman looks down, the seaman looks out and up; and it is that which guides him safely to his haven and keeps him in a straight course.

The tendency of most men, and especially peasants, in treading a footpath is to look down; and it is this fact more than anything else which accounts for the curves characteristic of a foot-track.

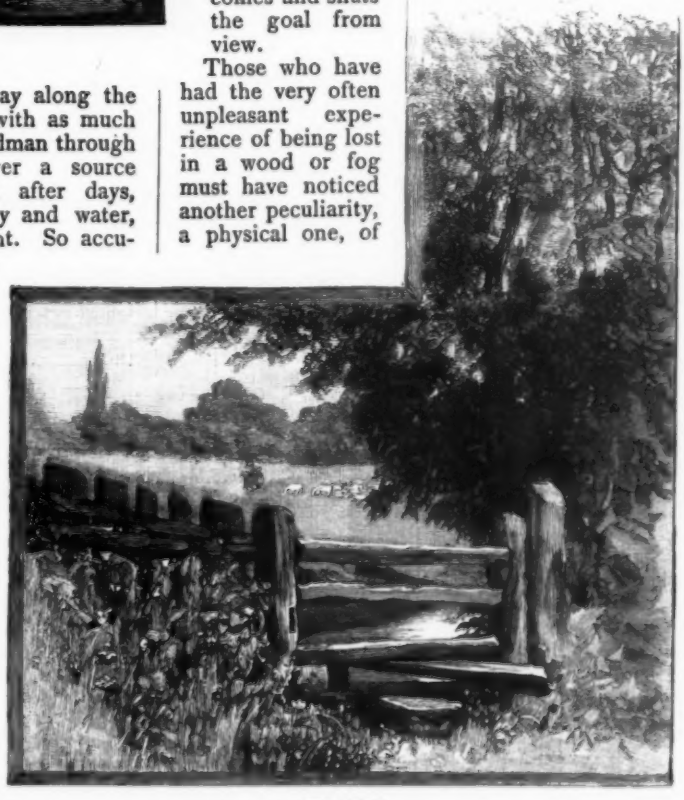
In revolver practice there is a simple rule to be observed in order to acquire accuracy of aim, and that is to use the weapon as the fore-finger is used in pointing at any object.

The hand instinctively moves in the direction of the vision. And likewise with the feet: with the eye directed on a distant object, the steps traced toward it will inevitably be in a straight line.

In this way the ploughman, by fixing his eye on some object in the distant hedge, indifferent to the obstructions under foot or the inequalities of the ground, guides his horses with such precision as to leave a furrow as straight as though it had been ruled.

In life's footpath it seems as if only the few are thus able to keep their eyes directed on the desired goal; most of us move with wavering step, now to the right, now to the left, gathering a flower here, attracted by a prospect there, until the darkness comes and shuts the goal from view.

Those who have had the very often unpleasant experience of being lost in a wood or fog must have noticed another peculiarity, a physical one, of



THE STILE.

the human footstep—in persistently going either to the right or left in utter defiance of the directions which it is receiving from the brain.

Thus in one of those exquisitely suffocating, dense, drifting and weirdly yellow London fogs, with which even the greatest *laudator temporis acti* seems to be as much satisfied to-day as he was in the else never-to-be-equalled past, in fact is almost ready to admit its superiority—when such a fog enshrouds in its strange gloom the great metropolis, making all seem so strangely still, owing to the suspension of traffic, not even the most familiar with the broader thoroughfares could cross them with anything like accuracy. The chances are a hundred to one that the steps would tread either to the right or left, landing the passenger on the opposite kerb, surprised to find he is some distance from the point at which he intended arriving.





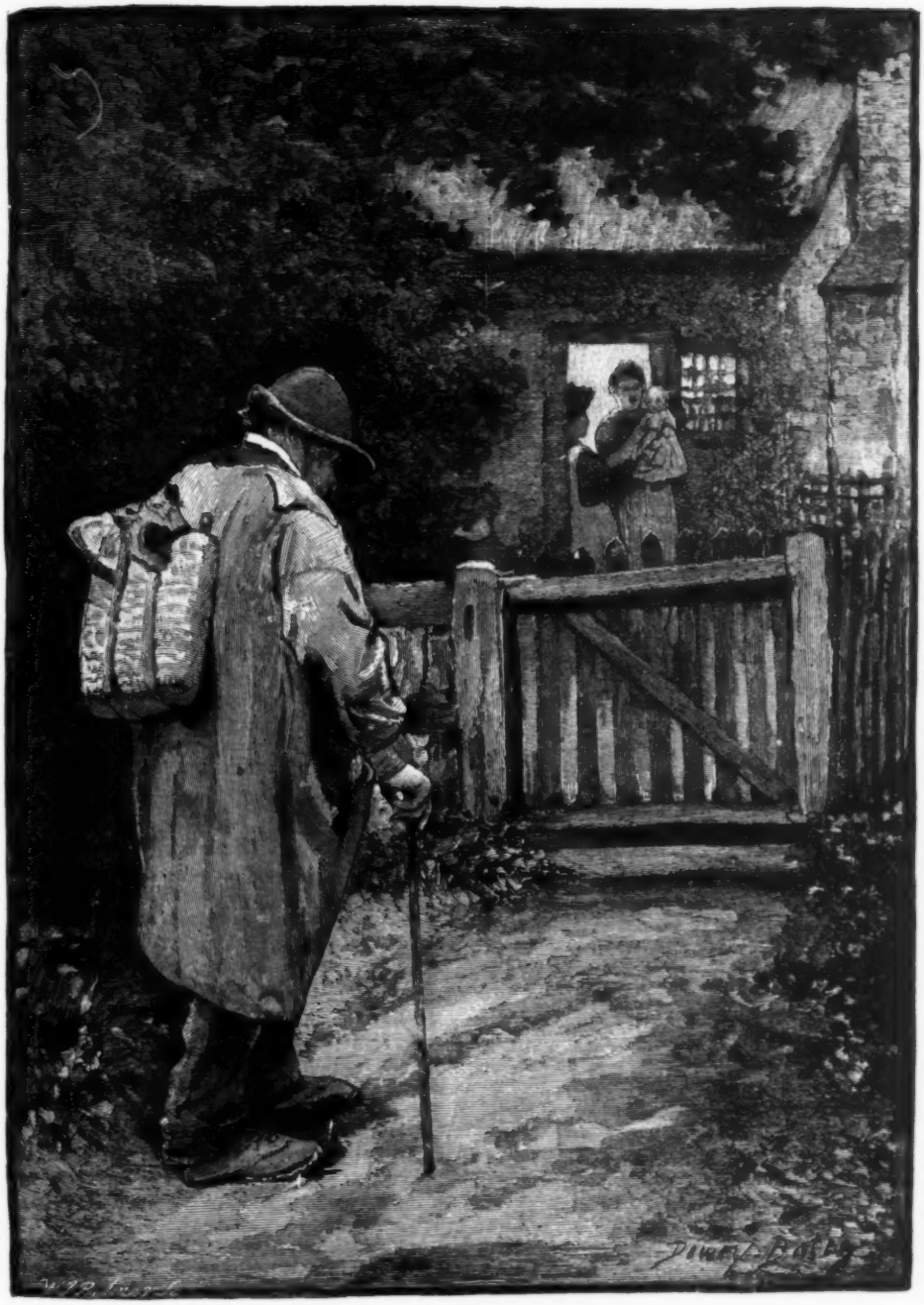
AN OBSTRUCTION IN A RIGHT OF WAY. A SHORT CUT.

But if this crab-like tendency of man to move sideways is apparent in the case of a London fog, it is ever so much more so in a thickly planted wood on a dark night. In localities where there are such woods there is scarcely an inhabitant but can tell tales of being lost in the wood, walking in vain to seek an outlet, and continually returning to the same spot, moving in a sort of circle, and all through this tendency to bear to the right or left independent of the mind's volition. That there is more than one way out of a wood may be one of the popular fallacies concerning which Charles Lamb has written in his inimitable style; but of one thing it is certain: that there is no deception about the difficulty of finding even one way out of a wood on a dark night when the erratic nature of man's footsteps is taken into consideration.

It has been universally agreed that it was a bold man who first ate an oyster, and the mountains somewhere of useless shells which once contained this delectable bivalve must ever remain a monument to testify to the esteem in which that bravery has been held.

So in looking at a footpath far from the dusty highroad, winding gracefully through the bending corn, where the partridge rises with a whirr, or across the flower-decked meadow where the lark trills out his joyous song, or over the breezy down dotted with the silent feeding flocks, like meed of praise seems due to the first bold man who, leaving the traditional highway, stepped out bravely for himself the narrow winding way, around which for all of us cluster such fond memories. He must have been an intuitive believer in man's natural right to the soil as well as the air. And bolder still the action seems when we reflect upon the struggles, sometimes determined and long protracted, which on the one side have been made to break down, and on the other to maintain, this right of way.

On the matter of popular rights, in modern times the English have pre-eminently distinguished themselves from the days of Magna Charta to the latest footpath dispute of the present century. The cynically minded might be inclined to observe that as far as the land question is concerned, after all these centuries of fight for right all that remains to the vast majority as a result of the struggle is a resting-place in the village churchyard, or a few feet of earth whereon to walk. But to the right of way the Englishman clings with a tenacity characteristic of his nature. It is, as it were, his last hold on mother earth. Out of his humble cottage he may be



THE HOMEWARD PATH.

turned at a week's notice; but the footpath is his, and a bold stand he makes to protect therein his rights and privileges. But, anomalous as it may seem, according to English law the soil is not his after all. He is only allowed to walk over it. His right to do this, however clearly and lawfully established, still leaves the ownership as before.

Bearing upon this point there is a tale told in connection with a certain treaty for land which an American general, some fifty or sixty years ago, was sent to negotiate with a celebrated Indian chieftain. He received his ambassador in a forest-clearing, and directed him to be seated on one end of a log, taking a seat beside him. Presently a chief of the tribe appeared, and the general was asked to move a little further along to accommodate him; then another put in an appearance, and the general was obliged to move a little further; and so this went on, until at last the ambassador from civilisation had reached the very extremity of the log, when still a chief appeared, and he was asked to move still further to accommodate the new-comer.

"If I move any further," was the reply, "I shall be off the log."

"Well," was the chieftain's rejoinder, "you have moved us so far west that if we move any further we shall be in the sea."

And so in England, the great majority has seen the power of wealth absorb all right to the soil, until at last, in despair, it has combined to assert its humble right to walk across, if it cannot own, the much coveted acres. This has led to the formation of footpath preservation societies without number, the chief of which is known as the National Footpath Preservation Society; but minor organisations, more or less affiliated to the parent body, exist throughout the country, where, with jealous eye, they watch every encroachment made upon their rights, and are prepared, if needs be, to defend them.

The litigation which has taken place in recent years on these often dubious questions of rights of way would fill volumes, and the money spent would doubtless have bought the freehold many times over.

Singularly enough in England, where the laws have been made by landowners, and where offences against the property of the subject seem sometimes to be treated with more severity than those against the individual, we find the fullest protection extended to a popular claim to cross private land, provided that this claim can be authenticated by a certain period of years of unobstructed privilege.

The stranger treading for the first time some of those beautiful footpaths for which England is famous can have little idea of the struggle which oftentimes has been necessary to preserve them open to him. He would hardly guess that that rough, round-faced, good-natured labourer, glowing with health, and with complexion almost scarlet as it reflects the rays of the setting sun, with his dinner-basket slung on a hay-fork over his left shoulder, was an exponent of the right to walk over that very way; that he had stood in the dock before a bench of county magistrates, charged "that he did wilfully," and so on, remove a certain post in a path, ostensibly belonging to Mr. So-and-so, and "cause damage to the amount of one shilling and fourpence." Little would he think of the fines, the remands, the appeals, the legal talent, the money which, through the action of this humble labourer and his associates, had been put into motion to give him and his successors the right to walk unmolested over this particular path. And yet this unpretentious labourer may have fought in his humble way a fight for the rights which his fathers enjoyed, and to which he hopes his children may succeed.



THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

The history of these footpath struggles is in most cases very similar. To give one or two instances will be quite sufficient to show how the warfare is conducted. There is a path running through a wood from a small village to a neighbouring town at a distance of two or three miles. The villagers have used this path from time immemorial; of a Saturday night they have gone for generations to buy a bit of butcher's meat for their Sunday dinner, and the various "oddments" or other things of which every well-ordered family stands in need. This has gone on year after year; grandfathers, fathers, have died, leaving naught but the tradition behind them. They have made their curtsies to the old

squire, the lord of the manor, who lives in the great house near by, and he has graciously



THE OLDEST INHABITANT TESTIFIES TO A RIGHT OF WAY.

nodded a how-d'ye-do in return, and there has been no stay or hindrance; but the inevitable comes: the old squire dies. In a twinkling all is changed. The new lord of the manor is perhaps young and ambitious, and, rumour says, not over-burdened with tangible possession of the circulating medium. Within his legal right, he devises a plan of selling out a portion of his estate, of cutting down beautiful trees, of directing formal roads, and marking out eligible sites for the building of improved villas, mansions, or what not, all forgetful of the fact that for generations before his advent into this world his ancestors, neighbours, or tenantry had the privilege to walk undisturbed over the very ground which he now proposes to appropriate. As a preliminary warning, perhaps, he authorises such notices to be put up as "All trespassers will be prosecuted," "Private path," and so on. Perhaps he places a post in the centre of what has hitherto been regarded as a free and unobstructed right of way, or freshly tars a stile, or, worse than all, surrounds his paths with that most cruel invention, barbed wire.

It does not require long to tell what follows. The Briton rises in his wrath; on some holiday the obstructions are sawn down and removed amidst the applause of an admiring multitude. An action is then commenced by the owner against the one or two people actually concerned in the removal of the obstructions; and it is rather a travesty of justice to think that, without the backing of legal advice, produced either by a local or by the National Footpath Association, it would go hard against them. But through the solicitors an order is made for a commission to take the evidence of the aged inhabitants of the neighbourhood as to the rights of the public to the paths in question.

It is rather terrifying to the poor old cottager—an authority on the subject, who is more at home with his pigs and cabbages—to have before him an inquisitive body of gentlemen in black. However, his memory for the past is good—better than for the present—and slowly he thinks back, and in a sad, tremulous voice tells of how his "feyther" and grandfather before him used to go unquestioned along the path in dispute.

The evidence duly taken is placed before a proper tribunal, with the result that if it conclusively shows that for generations the public have enjoyed a right to use the path, then that right cannot be taken from them.

These inquiries sometimes extend over long periods, and create intense excitement in the localities in which they occur, and some very nice points of law are often raised, enough to puzzle the most astute lawyer. In one case an owner, who admitted a public right of way, claimed the right to place a post in the centre of it. This post was removed repeatedly by the



AN AUTHORITY ON THE FOOTPATH

inhabitants, with the result that summonses were issued. The defence was that the post was an obstruction, but the plaintiff maintained that there was sufficient room on either side of the so-called obstruction to allow of free passage. The local magistrates gave a verdict for the plaintiff, although the question as to the proper width of a footpath has never been definitely settled.

An irate labourer, however, in Buckinghamshire on one occasion settled it to his own satisfaction. After a rain he was going through a field of wheat on a public footpath, when he got wet up to his thighs. He forthwith returned home, procured a sickle, and cut the wheat the whole length of the path, leaving it wide enough to walk over without getting wet. He was summoned, but the magistrate decided that he was perfectly within his right—that there should have been sufficient room, and not a mere hare-track.

In a case before the South Wales Assizes a few years ago, which excited great interest, and which was a fight for a right of way to the sea, the counsel for the plaintiff, who denied the right, raised the point that at Common Law the seashore was not a public place, and that to establish a public highway it must be shown that such highway leads from one public place to another. But the jury gave a verdict for the defendants. The judge afterwards in giving judgment cited authorities to show that the seashore was a public place. This verdict—which gave to the public the right for ever to use a path winding over the cliffs to the sea, where there is a picturesque and much-frequented bathing-place—was commemorated with great rejoicings.

And well might they rejoice, for were it not for the stand which has been made of late years by a few good men and true who have the interests of the public at heart, one after the other these pleasant byways would have been closed for ever.

No notice of the footpath would be complete without some mention of the stile. The very name seems to breathe of rusticity; it calls up the scent of hawthorn-bloom and new-mown hay, it suggests the dark coverts where the nightingale's song fills the balmy air with its sweet melody, it brings to the mind pictures of well-leaved elms, of busy mowers swinging in unison, with steady step, their well-sharpened scythes, or of fields of well-stocked ripened grain with the groups of picturesque gleaners returning with the spoils of peace; it brings back, too, memories of childhood, when the surmounting of its then formidable structure presented such apparently insurmountable difficulties. But in this latter respect times have been but little changed, for the art of crossing a stile gracefully nowadays, even by the tightly-breeched male, is but little understood.

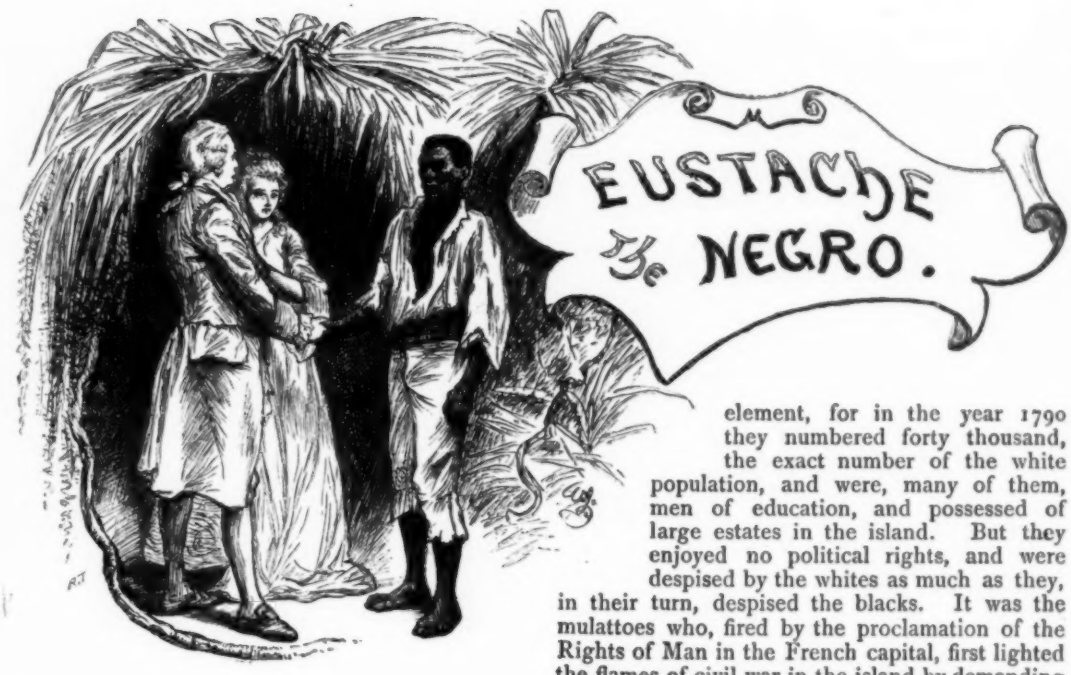
It would appear that there are some twenty-four different kinds of stiles, from the common one consisting of boards placed crosswise through the fence bars, and supported on posts, up to a variety of modern inventions, ingenious but anything but picturesque.

The stile is always a welcome landmark to the lover of rural walks. It tells of pleasant paths by hedgerow, through field and meadow, and invites the weary traveller from the cold, mechanical regularity of the dusty highway to tread the footpath through whose secluded windings there is to be found that restful sympathy which is Nature's gift to those who love her.



## THE MONTYON PRIZE.

### ITS HEROES AND HEROINES.




THE French Revolution, which had such extraordinary and wide-reaching effects upon society in all quarters of the globe, was naturally felt in no common degree in those outlying French dependencies where the ordinary difficulties of government were complicated by an admixture of races; and nowhere was this more apparent than in the island of San Domingo. This island—one of those actually discovered by Columbus, and one of the most fertile and beautiful of the West Indian group—had originally been a Spanish settlement; but after being devastated by the cruelty and greed of the Spaniards, the greater portion of it had been abandoned by them, and had become almost a waste. Here, however, a band of French adventurers established themselves in the year 1630, and at once set to work to bring the rich and fertile soil under cultivation. The Spaniards tried in vain to drive them out; and as a French colony, San Domingo became prosperous and wealthy, with a large and ever increasing population, consisting of three distinct races—namely, of white colonists, chiefly French people; of negro slaves, either born on the island or imported into it; and of mulattoes, the children of European settlers and negro women. The latter class were free, and formed an important social element, for in the year 1790 they numbered forty thousand, the exact number of the white population, and were, many of them, men of education, and possessed of large estates in the island. But they enjoyed no political rights, and were despised by the whites as much as they, in their turn, despised the blacks. It was the mulattoes who, fired by the proclamation of the Rights of Man in the French capital, first lighted the flames of civil war in the island by demanding for themselves equal privileges with those enjoyed by the French colonists, and by organising an army in order to enforce their claims.

The mulattoes were defeated at first by the whites, but these were themselves divided into two parties, regarding one another with extreme rancour—namely, those who accepted and those who rejected the new revolutionary creed of the mother country; and there was no unanimity in their councils. The French Government finally settled the matter by ranging itself on the side of those who declared for Republicanism, and supported the mulattoes, granting their claims by a formal decree of the National Convention in the year 1791.

This for a time seemed likely to restore peace to the island, for no one had considered it possible that the new doctrines of liberty and equality would take root among the down-trodden mass of negroes, who had, by the custom of centuries, been degraded into something less than human, and whom the other races regarded as mere beasts of burden, or as machines for the production of wealth for their masters' benefit. Yet at this very time those who had ears to hear might easily have heard the muttering of the approaching storm, which was in truth to upheave the colony to its very centre. The immense population of negro slaves—numbering some 600,000, or more than

ten times as many as the white men—were at last awaking to a sense of their cruel wrongs, and of the powers which their numerical superiority gave them over the other races in the island. In short, they were preparing for their masters in many secret councils such a requital as the oppression under which they had so long suffered seemed to justify.

Such was the state of affairs in the year 1791, and the incidents with which we are concerned have to do with the events which followed.

It is the hour, so rich in colour, and yet so full of repose, which in tropical lands precedes the sudden fall of night. Monsieur de Villeneuve, a rich planter and the owner of a large estate in the island, is seated at dinner, which has been laid on a small table in the verandah of his house. He is a man past middle age, tall and spare of form, his hair already turning grey. He has passed the greater part of his life in San Domingo, having there buried his wife and three sons—all the victims of the terrible yellow fever which has been such a scourge to the colony. The only child left him—the child of his old age, a pretty soft-eyed little girl ten or eleven years old—sits opposite to him at the table, and does the honours of the repast with childish grace.

The scene which lies before them is a beautiful one. At their feet, a garden, crowded with the rich broad-leaved foliage of tropical trees and gay flowering shrubs, slopes down to a sea of intensest blue, flecked here and there with boats, upon whose many coloured sails the sunset glow is reflected. Beyond, the horizon is palpitating with every imaginable shade of gorgeous colour as the sun sinks to its rest. The room out of which the verandah opens is furnished with elegance and as much of luxury as a tropical climate permits; the little table is covered with massive silver and delicate crystal, while obsequious black slaves glide noiselessly backwards and forwards, ready to anticipate the slightest wish of their master or little mistress. There is an air of languid ease and enjoyment in the whole atmosphere and surroundings of the place. Yet the oppression of a peculiar sadness seems to rest upon the faces of both Monsieur de Villeneuve and his daughter—on hers as a reflection of his. He has hastily torn open a newspaper which a slave has handed to him on a silver salver; and after glancing at it, he has put it down with a hand that trembles visibly, and with something like a groan.

"Papa dearest," says Antoinette, "if these French mails make you look so sad, I shall order Eustache to throw them into the sea instead of bringing them here."

"My child," returns her father, "our ignorance would unhappily not prevent events from occurring which will bring misery upon the world. Wretched France! What will become of her?"

"Have they been doing some more bad things there, papa?"

"They have dragged our noble king and queen out of the palace, loaded them with insults, killed their faithful defenders, and thrown them into prison."

"Oh, papa dear, how dreadful!" cries Antoinette, leaving her chair to throw her arms about her father's neck. "What a frightful place that France of yours must be! I am so glad that we at least live where none of these horrible things can happen."

"Yes, so far that is a comfort, certainly," says Monsieur de Villeneuve. "We are safe enough, but my heart bleeds for my poor country."

"This is your country now, dear papa—our own beautiful island," says Antoinette, soothingly—"where I was born, and where dear mamma died, and where you live in the midst of your own people, who worship you."

"Bah! as for that one can say nothing," returns her father. "But at any rate the black rascals have been brought up to know and keep their places, whereas in our poor France every man-jack has come to think himself as good as his master—or, indeed, much better."

"Let me read what is said in the newspaper about the poor queen, papa."

"No, my child; the details are too sad and too harrowing for you. I will read you as much as you need to know."

While in a low voice, almost broken now and then by a sob, Monsieur de Villeneuve reads such paragraphs relating to the royal sufferers as he thinks his child will understand, there is a sound of discordant voices in the distance. The sound grows and then dies away, returns, and again melts into silence.

Monsieur de Villeneuve looks up for a moment to listen, and then, finding that it is only the sound of negro voices, goes on with his thrilling extracts, merely referring to the other matter casually when his own favourite body-servant brings in a fresh supply of fruit for dessert.

"Order those screaming fellows to take themselves a little further out of earshot, Eustache," he says, but he does not condescend to make any inquiries as to the cause of the tumult.

Then Eustache, after lingering a few moments about his master in silence, in hopes that some question may be put to him, disappears when a look is directed towards him as of surprise that the order given has not been obeyed on the instant.

"Eustache seems to be getting conceited and sulky," says his master as the slave goes. "If I find that continues, I shall send him off to work in the plantation. Perhaps we have rather spoilt him by keeping him too much about us."

"Oh no, papa dear, don't send Eustache away," pleads the little girl; "he has always been so good to me ever since I was quite a baby. There are none of the slaves at all equal to him."

"Well, he must behave himself, then," says his master.

At this moment a slave approaches, followed closely by a gentleman whom Monsieur de Villeneuve, looking up from his newspaper, recognises with much surprise.

"The creole Bourget!" he exclaims, under his breath. "What in the name of impudence can he want here?"

But when the slave, with a profound salute, announces the visitor, Monsieur de Villeneuve rises from his seat and receives his guest with the grand courtesy of a French gentleman of the old school towards an inferior, for Monsieur Bourget, though a man of wealth and importance, whose estate for some miles marches with that of Monsieur de Villeneuve, and a handsome, well-built man besides, has in him a strain of darker blood than that which flows in pure French veins, and can therefore, according to aristocratic French notions, in no way be treated on an equal footing, all the special decrees of the Convention notwithstanding.

Monsieur de Villeneuve therefore remains standing himself, so as not to be under the necessity of offering his guest a seat, and after motioning to his little daughter to retire inquires in a ceremonious fashion to what he owes the honour of "his good neighbour Monsieur Bourget's visit."

"I should not have intruded upon you, Monsieur de Villeneuve, believe me," he says, "but that I have something to communicate of most serious interest."

Monsieur de Villeneuve lays his hand upon the open journal he has been reading.

"The mail from Paris. It is indeed most serious—heartrending, I should say, Monsieur Bourget, though you would probably not agree with me."

"I do not refer to foreign news. My business is more important. Can we speak here without being overheard?"

"Have no fear, Monsieur Bourget."

The Creole approaches Monsieur de Villeneuve, and in his eagerness lays a hand upon his arm.

"We are on the eve of a revolution here," he says, almost in a whisper into his neighbour's ear.

Monsieur de Villeneuve shrinks back a little from the familiarity.

"We have already had one, I think, Monsieur Bourget."

"Nonsense," says the Creole, in a low earnest voice. "This is a matter of life and death—a matter of imminent peril. The slaves are on the point of rising!"

"The slaves! Do they think it is their turn next?" retorts Monsieur de Villeneuve. "Are these rascals following the fashion of the new times?"

"Monsieur," says the other earnestly, "pardon me if I say this is no time for jesting, nor indeed for allowing any social prejudices to separate those whose interests are identical. You and I are equally concerned in this matter. I am on my way now to Cap to beg that a force of military may be at once sent to protect me and my neighbour the Vicomte de Lemours. See! I have here a letter from him in my pocket, and I have come out of my way to warn you. Will you join us in taking measures to secure your life and property, or not? Answer me, yes or no, for time presses, and I must be speeding."

"Give me a moment to collect myself, Monsieur Bourget," says Monsieur de Villeneuve. "If things are, indeed, as you say, I am much concerned, and greatly indebted to you for your friendliness."

He extends his hand and the Creole takes it.

"May I request you to be seated?" says Monsieur de Villeneuve, as though in apology.

"There is no time, monsieur, but I thank you," returns the other.

"Have you any certain information?" inquires Monsieur de Villeneuve.

"A slave girl who is attached to my wife has confessed the whole plot. We are all to be murdered, and our houses set on fire. The plantations and factories are to be seized, and worked by the negroes for themselves."

"Merciful Heavens! can this be true?" cries Monsieur de Villeneuve. "I have always been a kind and indulgent master. My slaves have always been well fed and well cared for when sick. They have seemed happy and contented enough. They—"

"Monsieur, it is no use looking at things from our point of view. They have their own ideas, it seems, the villains, and we must do what we can to frustrate their schemes."

At this moment the rustling of some leaves makes both the gentlemen look round.

"It is a spy," says Bourget in an undertone.

The two pass out of the verandah together into the garden without perceiving anyone; but a few yards further on they meet Eustache coming towards them.

"That is the fellow who was eavesdropping," says Bourget.

"I do not think so," returns Monsieur de Villeneuve. "Of all the slaves he is probably the most attached and faithful. He is my own personal servant, born on the estate. I have no fear of any violence from Eustache."

"Eustache!—you are then mistaken," returns the Creole. "He is, I assure you, a most dangerous fellow—one of those specially mentioned by my informant. He is present at all the meetings of the conspirators, and is anxious to be chosen head of the gang of ruffians who are to pillage your house. I should advise you, if possible, to secure him to-night. Before morning I trust a company of soldiers will be marching to our assistance."

Hurriedly making his adieu, the Creole mounted his horse and rode away, leaving his neighbour in a most anxious state.

Monsieur de Villeneuve resolved to summon the two or three Frenchmen and mulattoes who were in his employment, and to arm them as thoroughly as possible, in case of attack during the coming night.

As a further preventive measure, he ordered Eustache to be heavily ironed and confined in the strong-room attached to the factory. This somewhat tyrannous proceeding, though contrary to Monsieur de Villeneuve's usual conduct, excited very little comment in a community where justice

was the rarest quality practised, and where oppression was law. Moreover, the slaves were at this moment too much excited by the scheme of the great revenge they were meditating to be very much concerned by any minor incident which might befall.

The only members of Monsieur de Villeneuve's household who went to rest that night were Antoinette and her creole maid, Juanita. Outside the door of their chamber Monsieur de Villeneuve himself lay with a brace of pistols tucked into his bosom; and the other Frenchmen and freemen in his employment were on patrol, ready to make resistance if an attack were attempted.

Meantime Eustache the negro, in darkness and chains, lay a prey to many torturing fears and anxieties, the grief that rankled most within him being caused by the thought that he would now be excluded from any share in the great revolution planned for the morrow. He made many efforts to burst his bonds, but though a powerful man he was unable to effect this. He next made a most determined effort to escape from his prison, fettered as he was. But in vain; he could only gnash his teeth at his own impotence. When, however, some hours, which seemed to him like years, had passed, the door of his prison-house was noiselessly opened by a friendly hand. The same friendly hand quickly and deftly unlocked the fetters which bound him, and Eustache once more stepped out into the quiet night a free man, his liberator by his side. Very few words passed between the two.

They strode on rapidly through the dense darkness as though their eyes could pierce the blinding veil of night, no sound coming from the light fall of their bare feet on the soft earth. They soon left the plantation far behind. Then striking by some intuition into a small track which threaded a thick wood, they found themselves after a while ascending the side of a steep hill, which by-and-by assumed almost the proportions of a mountain. At a certain point, however, marked by a cairn of stones upon which a lighted lantern had been set, they began once more to descend, and here at last their tongues seemed to unloose and the natural excitability of the negro, hitherto so sternly repressed, found some relief. A few moments more another spur of the mountain was passed, and they stood at the head of a deep gorge, hemmed in between what might well have seemed even in daylight to the ordinary eye impassable walls of rock.

Now, with a peculiar shrill cry like that of a bird of prey, which was echoed from every rock and crag around, Eustache and his companion at once began plunging down by a rapid and well-concealed descent into the ravine; and as they neared the bottom they joined with all their might in the wild yells and gesticulations with which they were greeted. The scene upon which they had come was indeed a strange and weird one, more suggestive perhaps of a pandemonium than anything it is possible to conceive.

The blackness of night was relieved by the flare of innumerable torches, against whose light the rock-bound walls of the ravine showed bare and grey, reflecting in a myriad distorted shapes a series of fantastic shadows—rough caricatures of the restless throng which crowded every inch of earth and every boulder in the tortuous gorge; a throng composed of many thousand human beings, upon whose bare heads of wool and upon whose unclothed bodies the yellow light of the torches seemed only to throw an added blackness.

Here it seemed as if all the restraints which a degraded semi-civilisation had imposed upon the savage were at once removed; in the dead of night, and in this wild fastness of the mountains, Nature had resumed its sway in its most animal guise. By far the greater portion of the vast multitude had thrown off the small modicum of clothing they usually wore, and numbers of them, unsubdued by the fatigues of the night's march, which had followed on a day of severe labour, were whirling and plunging in a dance of maddened ecstasy to the sound of the negro drum. Others were squatted round small fires, tearing with teeth and fingers at half-raw meat. All were in the wildest excitement, screaming and talking at the top of their voices. In more than one spot certain mystic rites were being performed for the discovery of omens, but the solemnity of these proceedings seemed to cause no cessation in the general hubbub. The crowd only screamed with louder excitement as one unhappy bird after another gasped out its life in slow agony, or sprinkled the bystanders with blood as it fluttered from the hands of its tormentor.

But at length, by a sign rapidly passed, complete stillness fell upon the vast assembly, and after a short harangue from one who seemed to hold some sort of authority, the whole voice of the multitude made answer. It was but one word, but it was followed by a yell of execration so fierce that there could be little doubt it was a word of evil intent. Immediately every man of the assembled thousands might have been seen grasping some sort of weapon with which he had armed himself—pikestaff, knife, or sickle, as the case might be—all standing ready for action. A few more cabalistic words from the chief men among the throng, and then torches were extinguished, and in silence and darkness the immense mass of people melted gradually away, leaving the mountain valley once more to its own barren solitude. But before morning, at a dozen different settlements in the island, a horde of maddened savages had ruthlessly set fire to the houses of those they had called masters, whilst all who attempted to escape from the burning buildings were cut down without mercy. In almost every case where Europeans managed to save their lives it was because in the negro mind the desire to rob became at the moment more potent than the desire to kill; but as a rule murder followed robbery. On that dreadful night many a white man expiated the sins which he and his fathers before him had committed against their black brothers.

Monsieur de Villeneuve was roused from a half

doze into which he had fallen by a sudden ringing yell, which seemed to come, and which literally did come, from all the quarters of the earth; for the mutineers had kept the most profound silence until a numerous body of them, some hundreds strong, had completely surrounded the buildings in which their intended victims were slumbering. No sound broke the perfect stillness of the night, not even a dog barked, for such as were about the premises were carefully caressed by the hands used to feed them. The house had been approached on all sides. Gradually the ring narrowed its circle, and then, when the prey was well within grasp, the signal was given, and with a yell of triumph the savage horde closed round the devoted buildings. In another second torches were flaring wildly, doors were being forced open by extemporised battering-rams, and the unhappy little group of Europeans within was brought to bay.

The entire male strength of the besieged garrison consisted, besides Monsieur de Villeneuve, of two mulattoes and two Frenchmen. Of these the mulattoes at the first alarm at once deserted to the enemy, and of the two Frenchmen one was so completely paralysed by fear as to be absolutely powerless even to attempt his own flight, still less to be of any use in protecting his master or his belongings. The other Frenchman rushed gallantly to Monsieur de Villeneuve's side at the open window, whence he was surveying the scene beneath; and without waiting for orders he fired his pistol three times rapidly upon the assailants. The shots told, but the chief effect was still further to infuriate the excited people; and with a deprecating gesture Monsieur de Villeneuve put him aside.

"What do you want?" he inquired in a voice which made itself heard even above the sullen roar of the crowd.

"We want your life and the life of the senorita, and the life of every cursed foreigner on the island," was the response—given without a moment's hesitation, and emphasised by a thousand threatening gestures.

"What have I done to you? Have I not always been a good master to you?" asks the voice from the window.

"We don't want any masters. We are going to be our own masters now," comes thundering back through the lurid darkness in guttural tones from hundreds of throats at once. "We are going to root out all the white vermin from the country; so say your prayers and be quick," shouts a tall naked negro, who seems to be the leader of the band. "Now then, boys, fire the building," he cries; "we will roast this game alive!"

It is a fresh shock to Monsieur de Villeneuve to see that the man to whom the ruffian turns to give the order is no other than Eustache, on whose fidelity until yesterday he could have staked his existence.

He turns away from the window, to meet Antoinette, who, roused by the unusual noise and confusion, has risen to see the cause of the alarm. He clasps her hurriedly in his arms.

Juanita, the nurse, rushes out screaming, "Come away, they are firing the house! Run for your lives!" she cries.

"Papa, papa dear, what is it?" asks Antoinette, white as a ghost, and shivering with terror.

"It is—" Monsieur de Villeneuve hesitates, while the sullen roar of the angry mob outside seems to make answer for him.

"What?"

"God help us, my darling! It is, I think, death. If we try to escape, we shall fall into the hands of those wretches; if we stay here, we shall be burned alive. Oh! my dear, dear lamb, it is hard for you!"

Antoinette crept closer into her father's arms. "I can bear it better, papa, if you will hold me so," she says, clinging to him with all her strength. "I will not be afraid where you are."

"Come, then, my darling," he says tenderly, "but let us first see if any escape is possible on the other side of the house;" and lifting her up in his arms—for her limbs seem to refuse their office—he resolves to make a last effort for life. At the end of the corridor, however, they are met by a score of infuriated savages, who spring upon them with horrid yells. Foremost among these, who are evidently the most violent and unscrupulous of the mutineers, is Eustache. "Tear down the curtains and hangings, set fire to everything," cries one of the gang, whirling the torch he carries. But in a moment it is knocked from his hold by a powerful hand.

"Don't be a fool!" shouts Eustache. "Rob, rob, that's your business here. Don't let the flames eat up all the good things. I know where the silver is kept, and the wine; I'll show you, come," and he sweeps the whole party off into an adjoining room, Monsieur de Villeneuve himself, with Antoinette still in his arms, being forced along with them. Eustache, who knows every arrangement of the house, throws open a cupboard well stored with massive silver, and seizing a large basket full of forks, spoons, and other small articles flings it violently down upon the ground. The ruffians at once take the glittering bait, and while the whole party is grovelling on the floor, or ransacking the depths of the cupboard, Eustache crosses rapidly over to his master, knocking the torches out of one or two hands as he does so, so as to increase the general confusion.

He lays his hand upon Monsieur de Villeneuve's arm with a firm but kindly pressure. "Now," he whispers. And in another moment the bewildered gentleman, still with his precious and unconscious burden in his arms—for Antoinette has fainted—finds himself pushed and dragged along in the darkness, through narrow passages in the rear of the buildings, of the existence of which he has scarcely any knowledge, and through various outhouses, until at last the fresh sweet breath of the night is upon his brow.

Not until then, and after looking cautiously round in all directions, does Eustache say a word, although he has several times attempted in vain to relieve Monsieur de Villeneuve of his charge. Still he is very brief. "Trust me, master; all safe now," he says in a whisper.

"Hush. Not speak," as his master attempted to reply.

He gives a low whistle, in answer to which the form of a young negro girl starts out of the darkness.

"She take you safe, wait there for me," he says, and once more plunges back into the house.

Seeing no other hope of safety, Monsieur de Villeneuve is compelled to trust himself to the guidance of the unknown negress, who glides along before him with so rapid and noiseless a movement that at times it is extremely difficult to follow her. By-and-by, however, they have a clearer light to walk by, for the bright glare that lights up the sky behind them with shooting forks of flame that twist and wreathe with columns of smoke show but too plainly that the threatened work of destruction is being ruthlessly carried on.

The negress does not so much as turn her head, but plunges rapidly on through a wood which, as Monsieur de Villeneuve knows, skirts the seashore for a considerable distance. After a while the ground becomes very broken and uneven, and progress is still more difficult; but by this time Antoinette has recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, and is able, by the help of her father's hand, to walk by his side.

They continue to follow the coast-line, always through a plantation of thick trees, over whose matted roots they have many a stumble. At last the negress beckons vehemently, throws herself down upon the earth, and after wriggling a second or two, disappears through what seems to be a round hole in the side of a bank well overgrown with creepers. After some little hesitation, seeing nothing else to be done, Monsieur de Villeneuve wriggles after her, and Antoinette after him. They find themselves in a large cave hollowed out of the earth and lighted by a small lamp hung on the wall. The negro girl points to a loaf of bread, a jug of milk, and a blanket, which she spreads upon the bare ground, all of which show that their arrival was not unexpected. Then, with a profound salaam, their guide disappears through the hole, carefully replacing the creepers. Though the shelter is a rude one, father and daughter are alike thankful for the safety which it seems to promise them, and with grateful hearts avail themselves of the scanty comforts it affords, which they know are owing to the kind forethought of the faithful Eustache. They are afraid to speak much, but his name is mentioned in grateful accents, and with something of self-reproach, by Monsieur de Villeneuve again and again as the father and daughter crouch hand-in-hand on their improvised carpet, and watch the dawn breaking rosy through the veil which covers their hiding-place.

Daylight has hardly come when a shadow crosses the loophole of light and makes Monsieur de Villeneuve instinctively feel in his breast-pocket for the pistol which still remains there ready for emergency. But at the same moment a reassuring voice is heard, and in another second Eustache has wriggled through the opening. Scrambling to his feet, he makes a low bow to his master, and then endeavours to draw himself up as well as the low cavern and his tall form will permit, to the attitude of respectful attention which is his habit.

Then Monsieur de Villeneuve rises and takes his hand. "I have to thank you for a great kindness," he says, his voice trembling a little, "a kindness I had no right to expect after the cruel suspicion—"

"Master will pardon me for breaking in," says Eustache, "but no time now for long talk. Eustache no care but to get master and mamselle away. Talk after, by-and-by, when not so plenty to think about."

The faithful negro then, in the simple language he is capable of, discloses his plans, well matured and carefully thought out, for his master's escape. It appeared that the outbreak had been absolutely arranged for the morrow, but as the mutineers believed the matter had got wind they hastened their movements so as to carry out their work of vengeance before any aid could be obtained from the military.

Eustache, who had attended all the midnight meetings of the slaves in order to keep himself informed of their designs, had been a little disturbed in the arrangements he had made for securing his master's safety by this precipitation of events.

"I am sorry if master and mamselle must stop another day in this bad hole," he said; "but I dare not take them out till night comes back."

"That is of small consequence," says Monsieur de Villeneuve. "The question is, how shall we get to Cap, or any place of safety."

"You not go there at all. No, no!" shaking his head violently. "You go right away," says Eustache, explaining that he has agreed with the captain of an American privateer to send a boat to shore at midnight at a place well known to both, promising him a valuable cargo.

"There, my good fellow, you will be out of your reckoning," says his master sadly; "I have but a trifle in my purse, and nothing of any value with me but my watch."

The negro chuckles. "Eustache no big fool," he says. "He robs well while other black men get angry and burn." And to his master's astonishment he pours out of his capacious cotton pockets a large roll of bank-notes, a heap of gold pieces, a good many silver spoons, and some strings of almost priceless pearls, all of which had been, as Monsieur de Villeneuve knew, in the drawers of his bureau.

"Eustache knew very well where master kept his fine things—the other fellows liked best to know where master kept his good rum. I show them that, and they drink plenty, and forget the rest."

"And do you mean, my good fellow, that you intend to restore all this to me?"

"No, no, master!" returns Eustache simply, "I fetch them for master—that be all."

"There will surely be enough here to tempt the privateer to take us," says Monsieur de Villeneuve, more moved then he cares to show; "and

again we shall have to thank you for our lives, Eustache."

"No time for that, master; we must wait till we get on the big land over the water," returns Eustache, promptly.

"Do you mean that you are going to accompany us?"

"Why, now," says the negro, grinning from ear to ear, "if Eustache not go, who would there be to wait on master and little mamselle? Eustache go—of course—yes."

Monsieur de Villeneuve made no difficulty in the matter, and in the dead of that night he and his daughter, carefully muffled up in the striped shawls much worn by negro women, and attended by the faithful Eustache, were safely placed in a boat, together with various valuables collected by the indefatigable negro, and were received on board the American vessel with due hospitality.

Still Eustache was not satisfied with the provision he had been able to make for his master, and persuading the captain of the American vessel to lie off the coast for another day, he again went on shore. The great excitement was now cooling down. Nearly every white man in the island had been murdered or driven away. Their houses had been burned to the ground, their goods scattered, and a sort of reaction was taking place in the breast of the negro race, who possess in so many respects the quick passions with the tender hearts of children. At untold risk to himself, Eustache went to his former comrades in slavery, and appealed to them on behalf of their old master, who, he reminded them, had always been kind and fairly just to them. He pointed out to them that they had already driven him out of home and country, burned his house almost over his head, and spoiled his goods. They had taken, he urged, full vengeance for their wrongs, whatever they might have been, and now was the time to show some little generosity to a fallen foe. By his rough eloquence he succeeded in enlisting their sympathies. Of the five hundred slaves who had been in Monsieur de Villeneuve's employment more than three hundred were found willing to agree to a proposal made by Eustache—namely, that each man should carry down to the shore for his master's use a sack of the sugar with which the storehouses were at this season crowded. This was in fact accomplished under Eustache's directions, and the cargo being safely embarked, Monsieur de Villeneuve sailed away, thanks to his faithful slave's exertions, still possessed of some means for starting life in a new country.

Unfortunately he did not in the end reap much benefit from this careful provision, for the American vessel was chased and captured by an English privateer; and though it was retaken by an American vessel of marque, the property of the fugitive fell a prey to one or other of the adventurers, whose legalised robberies at this time were the terror of the seas. Monsieur de Villeneuve, however, was still in possession of some of the money and jewels saved by Eustache, which he had managed to conceal about his person, so that when at last he landed at Baltimore he was not altogether without means—in this finding himself in a better case than many other of the refugee planters who had managed to make good their escape from the island, but who had been able to save absolutely nothing.

Eustache, fearing that his master's resources might not prove inexhaustible, opened a small shop for the sale of cakes and confectionery, in the baking of which he was an adept; and he was so successful that he not only managed to maintain his master and young mistress in comparative comfort, but was able to afford substantial help to many of the other refugees whose sad case filled him with pity.

After nearly three years the exiled French planters at Baltimore determined to attempt a return to San Domingo in a body, persuading themselves that the fury of the negro revolt had now passed, and that they had only to show themselves in order to restore matters to something of the old footing. Very much against the advice of Eustache, who had a clearer insight into the situation, a vessel was hired, and eighty-six gentlemen, including Monsieur de Villeneuve, set sail once more for the island, Eustache of course accompanying his master, but Antoinette being at his earnest entreaty left behind.

It soon became evident that the expedition was likely to prove a disastrous one.

The island was in a most unsettled state. The emancipation of the slaves proclaimed by the French Republic had produced upon the negroes the worst possible consequences. Suddenly freed by this decree from the necessity of labour, and freed by their own violence from the presence of their old rulers, they had given themselves up to every kind of excess, and to a reign of absolute lawlessness. In the meantime, as the control had been practically abandoned by the French, the Spaniards and the English had taken possession of large tracts of the country, and a state of general chaos prevailed.

The planters found a large army of negroes assembled to oppose them, but gathering together what forces they could (about six hundred men in all) they were prepared to resist if the Spanish garrison of Fort Dauphin would have given them any support. This, however, the Spanish commander refused, and about five hundred white men were butchered by the negroes under the walls of the fort before the eyes of the Spanish garrison. Monsieur de Villeneuve was fortunate enough to escape the general massacre, and was kindly received in the Spanish fort, where he was afterwards joined by Eustache, to whose fidelity and brave support he once more owed his life.

It was about this time that Eustache exhibited his devotion to his master in a quite new way. Monsieur de Villeneuve's eyesight was failing him, and he chanced to remark to his faithful attendant what a comfort it would be if he had anyone to read to him. Eustache had never been taught to read, but now, without saying a word to his master on the subject, he set to work to learn with the utmost diligence, rising early and sitting

up late so that his studies might not in any way interfere with his ordinary work; and so determined was he that at the end of three months he was able to read and write well enough to take up the post not only of reader, but of secretary, to his master.

After a while Monsieur de Villeneuve found himself compelled to return to America, Eustache again accompanying him, and receiving from his master's hands a certificate of his liberty as an act of gratitude for many services rendered. Eustache accepted the liberty, but did not use it except in the service of his master.

Two years later the French planters were invited to return to the island by the negro governor, Toussaint Louverture, a man of remarkably enlightened views, who, while holding the island as a negro state, was anxious to secure good relations between the races. Monsieur de Villeneuve accepted the invitation, and with Eustache once more returned to his old plantation, his daughter Antoinette being at the same time married to a French gentleman who was about to return to his native country.

The negro government of San Domingo was under Toussaint peaceable and orderly, and gave every prospect of permanence; but Napoleon, who was by this time First Consul, could not endure the thought of the French being absolutely routed by their negro slaves. Confident of soon putting an end to such an abnormal state of affairs, he despatched an army of twenty-five thousand men, under the command of his brother-in-law, General Leclerc, to reconquer the island. The appearance of the French force at once ruined the prospects of the restored European planters, and a new civil war began. Monsieur de Villeneuve, now an old man, and almost blind, was once more driven from his home, and would have been massacred but for the devotion of Eustache, who managed to hide him for some days in woods and caves, and eventually brought him in safety into the French camp. But this new series of fatigues and excitements proved too much for the enfeebled frame of the poor old man, who soon afterwards died in the arms of his faithful attendant.

After the death of his master, whom he mourned as a son, Eustache entered the service of General Rochambeau, who had succeeded to the command of the French forces upon the death of General Leclerc; and it was to this servant that the French owed the frustration of a plot carefully planned by the negroes to assassinate all the white inhabitants of the town of Cap.

The result of the expedition was, however, most fatal to the French army. Among the enemies whom they were prepared to encounter they had not reckoned the most powerful of all—namely, the terrible yellow fever, which in these latitudes always seems to range itself against the white man, and which now literally decimated and demoralised the invading force to such an extent that in the year 1803 General Rochambeau and the feeble remnant of his once powerful army were found willing to surrender to the English fleet, and were all conveyed to England. Faithful as ever, Eustache accompanied his new master on this melancholy voyage, doing all that he could while in England to assuage the miseries which were then suffered by prisoners of war.

General Rochambeau was not exchanged until the year 1811, when he returned to France. Here he was deserted by Eustache, whom an earlier and dearer tie claimed.

Antoinette de Villeneuve, now Madame de Cotte, was a widow with three children, and in very poor circumstances. On discovering this Eustache at once left the comfortable home he would have had with the General, to devote himself to a new work of charity. With the most absolute self-renunciation he threw his whole energies into the service of his distressed mistress, once more bringing his talents as a cook and confectioner into play. Through the recommendation of General Rochambeau he obtained an *entrée* into the houses of various rich people whom he supplied with dishes of peculiar excellence. In this way he contrived to gain a reputation and a considerable amount of money, the whole of which was devoted to the support of the family whom he served; and by his means the children of Madame de Cotte received an education suitable to the position which her old retainer considered they should hold.

It is not surprising that when in 1832 a Montyon prize of five thousand francs was awarded to Eustache the negro, his name was received in the French Academy with loud and long-continued applause.

L. G. SÉGUIN

# THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

## THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

[*From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*

IF we except the Battenbergs, none of the many petty German princely families have been so lucky as the Coburgs. In what European country do we not find them, either seated upon its throne or associated with it by marriage? They have known how to push themselves everywhere, these princes, whose sole fortune was their good looks and their intelligence. A canny lot they were, too, for in order that no avenue of fortune might be closed to them they split up their family into a Protestant and a Catholic section, and were thus able to meet all requirements as husbands or wives for Protestant or Catholic sovereigns. The founder of the family luck that has been theirs for half a century was Leopold, first King of the Belgians, the youngest of the clan, who married in 1816 the heiress to the British crown. Her death after a few months of marriage deprived him of the brilliant position that would have been his, but England continued to take an interest in his fortunes, and he became further bound up with her by ties of blood when his niece, the present Queen Victoria, ascended the throne. In the meanwhile, however, he himself had become a King, for in 1830 had occurred the revolution that severed the Belgian provinces from the Netherlands, and out of the candidates put forward for the throne was selected Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, whose cause England had strongly favoured. For a third of a century he filled the post with great sagacity, making himself respected by his subjects and co-sovereigns. "If you don't want me," he used to say to the former, "I will take myself off. But don't fight about it; it's not worth while." As second wife he had espoused Princess Louise of Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, and it is the eldest son of that union who now sits upon the Belgian throne.

Whoever studies attentively the physiognomy of Leopold II, present King of the Belgians, cannot fail to be struck with the rigid look of his countenance, which rather repels advances.

And this physiognomy does not belie the King. He is not and cannot be a favourite with men; he lacks the personal gifts to attract them, and he lacks besides his father's astute wisdom to manipulate them, and this not so much because he is wanting in intelligence—indeed he is most intelligent—as that imagination and the softer qualities are little developed in his nature. A perfect gentleman in his manners, a most fluent and charming talker, he yet strikes all who come into intimate contact with him as a man who, devoid of enthusiasms himself, is incapable of arousing them in others. Happily for the monarch, enthusiasms would be rather out of place among the phlegmatic Belgians; and since the kingdom is a constitutional one, nothing is required from the sovereign except

to fulfil his duties, and this Leopold II does to the best of his lights.[1]

It was on April 9th, 1835, that Leopold II was born at Brussels. He and his brother the Count of Flanders, as well as their sister the Princess Charlotte, the ill-fated Empress of Mexico, were brought up in the simplest way possible. The boys used to run about Lacken in little blouses with leather belts, just like other bourgeois boys, and they were taught to behave to everyone with the greast civility; they even lifted their caps to the gardener of the palace.

Under the guidance of his father, and that father's favourite adviser, the German doctor, Baron Stockmar, the same wise personage who managed to pull the wires also of the English Court, the young heir received a careful education. The programme mapped out was indeed an extensive and a stern one, the instruction imparted both solid and diversified, embracing all administrative, financial, and military departments—in short, everything that should fit the future King for his post. And, indeed, on every one of these subjects he has tenacious ideas, which he tries to enforce as far as is possible within constitutional limits. Is he a Liberal? Is he a Conservative? This question is difficult to answer, yet it is one that naturally is of great moment in Belgium, where party feelings run high. The first Leopold often said to Baron Stockmar: "With us the Catholic party is the only one that offers a resting-place, the Liberal party is a sandbank;" and nominal Liberal though he was, he supported the Catholic party, working it for his own ends. Leopold II has been less exclusive, or perhaps less crafty. He has vacillated between the two great parties in his State, now inclining to the Catholics, now to the Liberals, wishing to conciliate the susceptibilities of both, and succeeding only but too often in exciting their contempt. Of late years this feeling has increased to such an extent that often he is scarcely saluted when he walks or drives in the streets of his capital; and often his appearance is greeted by cries of, "Au balcon, au balcon, le roi de carton."

Whether in so acting and thinking his subjects are quite just to him, is a question of internal Belgian policy which it is not our province here to discuss. The Belgians are a restive people, and it is doubtful whether a more despotic and self-willed King would really be to their taste. Nor does a little kingdom like Belgium give scope for the display of great statesmanship. The *début* of Leopold II in public life was certainly favourably received. The discourses spoken by him while yet Duke of Brabant in the Senate, of which he was a hereditary member, attested maturity of judgment and patriotic ardour. He took a very real and active part in the session's work, and the speeches delivered by him between 1854 and 1865 would form a goodly tome if collected into volume form. What he sought above all else for his country was progress—"progress," as he expressed it, "in arts, in letters, in industry, in commerce." He stimulated the one, he encouraged the other. As Crown Prince he showed great interest in the labour question, and above all in the question of securing to workmen dry, wholesome dwellings. He also undertook a journey to the East—Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece; and was the direct means of establishing regular steamship communication between Antwerp and the Levant, a project which he felt assured would be of benefit to Belgian commerce, as indeed it proved.

A year after his accession to the throne (1863) a plot was formed against the independence of Belgium, the roots of which were to be sought in the Tuileries, where reigned great jealousy of the growing might of Russia, and a mad desire to have *revanche* for Sadowa. It was a difficult moment for the King, happily overcome by great tact on his part and by the sympathetic assistance of England. But Napoleon III was not easily daunted, and twice again he attempted to elude treaties and violate the neutrality rights of Belgium. The last time was in 1869, when he sought to secure for himself the Luxemburg railway—that great strategic line. Aided by Prussia and England, the Belgian Government energetically resisted the French Emperor's aggressions, and forced him to abandon his projects. At this moment Leopold II showed himself anything but feeble. Though plunged at the time in deep grief—his only son, the Duke of Brabant, having died but a few weeks before—he yet kept the reins of the State so firmly in his hands that needless friction between the sovereigns was avoided, while at the same time he was careful to see that all should be ready in case of any emergency.

After this there followed the war of 1870-71, with the results so little foreseen—of the re-establishment of the German Empire and the dethronement of Napoleon. Belgium issued with honour out of a difficult trial, fulfilling exactly all the duties her neutrality imposed on her, while affirming her existence, and intention to maintain the same. It was at this epoch that Leopold II's popularity attained its height, because of the impartiality and prudence he had shown. While remaining a truly constitutional sovereign, he had known how, in moments of interior and exterior crises, to calm the tempest by loyalty and firmness.

Since that time, however, the King has occupied himself more actively with military questions. Belgium, essentially an industrial country, does not care to be weighted with the expensive and exhausting burdens of a large standing army; but the King is of opinion, seeing the state of armed peace in which all Europe at present lives, that Belgium, too, must be ready to take its part whenever the general conflagration shall break out, and that it should introduce the German system of universal military service. "If we would keep our independent position," he says again and again, "we must be ready. There are constant dangers on the horizon. In the interest of our nationality it is needful that the Belgians should take more interest in Belgian politics."

The country thinks the army is large and efficient enough for all possible requirements; the

[1] In his relations with foreigners, notably with Gordon and Stanley, he has shown more *heart* and enthusiasm than in matters of home policy.

King does not agree with this opinion, and the result is that of late much tension and friction have arisen between the sovereign and his people. Whether the monarch be right or wrong, there can be no question of his sincerity. He is not by nature bellicose or fond of the army. In contrast to his father, who had something of the German military manners, a circumstance that made him feared by his *entourage*, and not always popular with his subjects, Leopold II is essentially a bourgeois, and peace-loving in his tastes. His father could never forget that he had been brought up in a rude school, and had to go to war at an early age. Leopold II's reign inaugurated a more calm, more bourgeois, royal existence; and the Belgians, to whom this is more congenial, do not desire to see it disturbed. Time will show how the imbroglio disentangles itself.

It was in 1853, before his accession to the throne, that Leopold married the Archduchess Marie Henriette of Austro-Hungary. Four children sprang from their union: the Duke of Brabant, whom they were to lose all too soon, and three princesses. The eldest married Prince Philip of Coburg; the second is the Princess Stéphanie, widow of the hapless Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria; the third, the Princess Clémentine, is still unwedded. Report assigns her to the Prince of Naples, King Humbert's only child. Both before and after their accession to the throne the family of Leopold II lived with great simplicity. The girls were brought up without the least pretension, and even went to a school—the Sacré Cœur of Jette, situated at half an hour's distance from the royal castle of Laeken—where they joined in all the studies and recreations of the other pupils. The King above all loves a quiet life and devotion to scientific work. At the commencement of his reign he was rarely to be seen in the streets dressed in uniform. He is a most indefatigable walker, and with his long legs strides across the ground, tiring out almost all his companions. It is a characteristic trait that he never wears gloves. It is true he owns a beautiful hand, of very aristocratic cut, and in this above all he proves that he is descended from the Orleans family, who were noted for their exquisitely shaped hands.

From every point of view the King's life is one of great simplicity. He sleeps in a camp bed, and has a horror of anything that could enervate. He rises early, generally at six. After a light repast he goes into his study, where he carefully examines all the papers and documents concerning State business that have accumulated there since the previous day. To this work he gives the most minute attention, reading everything himself and annotating with his own hand. Before according a favour, a distinction, he often does not rest satisfied with what is presented to him officially, but makes private inquiries as to the person's worth. He never signs anything lightly, which reminds us of an anecdote little known. It was some years ago, at a Court ball. The King was making the tour of the rooms when he saw a functionary who that same morning had received his promotion.

"I congratulate you, M. le Directeur," said his Majesty.

"How, sire, you knew that I had been named Director?"

"Learn, monsieur," replied the King, "that I never sign a nomination without reading the name of the person to whom I accord a favour."

And so speaking he turned his back upon his shamefaced auditor.

Still, it must not be inferred from this anecdote that Leopold is caustic and overbearing. He knows men—he has studied and mixed with them much; he knows how to be indulgent, and to forgive easily any little defects, weaknesses, or incoherences of human nature. Thus he gladly and readily pardons the condemned whenever possible, or commutes their sentences. Of capital punishment he is a zealous adversary. "Never," he said, before his accession, "shall a drop of blood flow during my reign." And verily in Belgium, if capital punishment is not abolished *de jure*, it is *de facto*.

To the pleasures of the table the King is also insensible. He eats little, and prefers frugal to sumptuous meals. He hardly ever touches wine; water is his favourite beverage. Amusements, too, are not beloved by him. As for the theatre, he almost hates it, and never puts his foot inside one when he can absolutely avoid it. Nevertheless, he contributes out of his private purse an annual sum of a hundred thousand francs towards its maintenance. The same dislike extends to the opera. In this he differs widely from the Queen, who passionately loves music, and is seen in the royal box almost every evening. Riding is the King's chief pastime. He rides once or twice a day, generally going to the Bois, winter and summer. He reads enormously, and keeps himself posted up with all that goes on. And this love of being *au courant* he actually extends to a quite pronounced liking for gossip, for hearing the chit-chat, the little scandals of the town. He knows his Brussels as well as one of its most ancient burghers. For faces he has a surprising memory. In the street, at public ceremonies, he immediately recognises and remembers not only the physiognomy, but the name and the circumstances when he last met the person.

One day his Majesty was on the pier at Ostend walking about quite quietly among the crowd of his subjects like a simple citizen. He sees a Brussels burgher and accosts him,

"*Eh bien*, and how are your orchids?"

"My orchids, sire?"

"*Mais oui*, those which you exhibited two years ago."

The flower amateur had himself forgotten that he had thus exhibited, other matters having meantime absorbed his attention.

Leopold II possesses that art, so precious for a King, of finding ever the proper word to say at the right moment to everyone, no matter who it may be. For example, when he visits a picture-gallery he knows how to encourage the young beginners, often buying their first works. Whatever the *milieu* in which he finds himself, he knows how to put himself at the standpoint of the people

with whom he speaks. Thus, when he visited the famous establishment Cockerill in company with the Shah of Persia, he approached a group of workmen, and pressing their hands, said, "Never forget, my dear fellows, that we must all work. We are all workmen in our respective spheres."

England is specially dear to the King, and he takes a deep concern in all that affects it, whether great or small. He speaks the language with rare purity, and is never happier than when he can talk in that tongue. That he often visits England *incognito* is well known.

Another of the royal hobbies, and one which threatens to absorb him entirely, is the Congo State, which he may be said to have founded. The idea was one that he had long cherished. Even before his accession he was struck with the fact that Belgium, since its severance from Holland, was deprived of all those trade outlets that are so profitable. Was it not possible for his young kingdom to attempt something upon the vast coast of Africa?

Influenced by the recitals of Stanley and his own private studies on the theme, the King finally took the initiative in a work which will very likely secure to him an eminent place in history. He constituted himself the promoter of a crusade whose purpose is to civilise that great mysterious continent of Africa. In 1876 a preliminary conference was held in Brussels, in which the King laid before the representatives of the European Powers the project he had elaborated. In 1885 was founded the Independent State of the Congo under the sovereignty of his Belgian Majesty, with a central Government at Brussels and an executive Government upon the spot. With the affairs of this State the King is constantly and actively occupied; it is his hobby, his passion, for whose sake he has not hesitated to spend vast sums out of his private purse; and though he is immensely rich, it is said that his speculations on the Congo have embarrassed him not a little financially. He is firmly convinced that his plan will prosper, and that one day his kingdom will find that he has dowered it with a source of great wealth. It is more than probable that he is right. But meanwhile there is rife among the people a certain discontent with these schemes of the sovereign, of whose success they do not feel as certain as he. They reproach him with neglecting the affairs of Belgium for those of the Congo. In this they are unjust. Leopold is endowed with great powers of work, and has physical strength sufficient to occupy himself with two things at a time. A proof of the injustice of the accusation is to be found in his never-tiring advocacy of the principle of universal military service. Further, he just now devotes much attention to the question of planting the sand-dunes, and has himself repeatedly visited the spot to superintend in person the progress of the work.

The King's attitude on the anti-slavery question, and his reception of the members of the International Conference, all must have gratefully observed.

It has been often and rightly remarked that had Leopold II been born in the burgher class—or no matter in whatever other condition—he would have made himself talked about, and would have become a remarkable man. As a monarch he has, for some cause not quite clear, missed that popularity which other monarchs seem to gain so easily, and often without desert.

The Belgian people have much more sympathy with their Queen, who is also a woman of rare intelligence. Although but a year younger than the King, she has preserved into maturity the grace and quick wit of youth. Her appearance at first sight gives the impression of *hauteur*, but closer observation reveals that this apparent coldness covers a warm heart, and also one that has suffered keenly. The mother has never recovered the grief of losing her only son. Her chief occupations are works of charity. She loves to comfort those in distress, and it is said that her goodness and patience with her poor demented sister-in-law, the Empress Charlotte, is most touching to witness. She is the only person who has some little influence over the distracted lady.

As a wife, Queen Marie Henriette knows full well—what all the world knows also—that her husband seeks his pleasures away from her. She tries to find consolation and distraction in the Arts. Horsemanship and horses are also a great delight of hers. She frequently goes into the stables and inspects her favourite steeds, even grooming them herself at times. At all hours of the day she may be met either on horseback, followed by a groom, or driving two ponies in an elegant little phaeton.

But this love of horses does not hinder her from being an artist. She is an excellent musician, playing well upon the piano and the harp. She often composes. Few know that she has even written an opera called "Wanda, ou la puissance de l'Amour," which was once represented at the Court. She also paints, and is well versed in artistic matters. She is a great reader too, but her literature is of the lightest kind, consisting of most of the new French, English, and German novels that appear. She, too, prefers a life of great simplicity, and detests all luxury. Her dress is of a plainness many a burgher lady could imitate with advantage.

Under these circumstances it is easy to imagine that the Belgian Court is not a gay or brilliant one. The sovereigns live like quiet private citizens. Excepting two Court balls a year, a garden-party at Laeken, and a few official dinners, there are never any *fêtes* at the palace. Early in the reign, and above all under Leopold I, things were very different. But since their irreparable loss fell upon the sovereigns in the death of the Duke of Brabant, both King and Queen have grown grave and sad. This fatal event contributed not a little towards the establishment of a severer mode of life, banishing from the royal residence all that could give it animation. There bleeds in the hearts of the Belgian royal couple a wound that will never be staunched.

More popular than King or Queen are the Duke and Duchess of Flanders, the King's brother and sister-in-law. It is at their abode that the *élite* of

society meets; they give magnificent *fêtes* and pleasant little social *réunions*, and both are extremely amiable and gracious in manner. Unfortunately the Duke is almost stone-deaf, and very delicate. On this account it is firmly believed that in the event of his brother's demise he would resign all pretension to the Crown, which would then pass to his eldest son, Prince Baudoin. This young man, who was born in 1869, is highly popular among his future subjects. Carefully educated and trained, he is said to be a youth not devoid of ability. His open physiognomy, his democratic education, the ardour he displays in favouring the Flemish tongue, all contribute towards securing for him that measure of public favour which so well becomes young princes.

## BUILDING A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

THE Limited Mail, as it leaves Euston with its engine, passenger-coaches, brakes, and post-office vans, is worth nearly £15,000. The Brighton express is worth nearly as much, for Pullman cars cost £2,700 apiece. The ordinary carriage used in the Midland expresses, containing three first-class compartments, four third-class compartments, and a luggage-box, costs £1,097; and the cheapest carriage used on the line—the six-wheeled third-class, with its five compartments—costs £390.

The money invested in our home railways exceeds our National Debt by £120,000,000. The value of the rolling stock alone is enormous. On the 1st of January, 1888, the united companies had on the rails 15,552 engines, 35,021 passenger-carriages, 12,667 brakes and other vehicles attached to passenger trains, and 487,237 goods-waggons—and even the waggons are worth £60 each at the least!

The cause of the cost is obvious. Labour and material must be of the honestest and best; a scamping in the work, a defect in the wood, a flaw in the metal, may mean the destruction of the train and the loss of many lives; and even the ordinary wear, with the continual jolt and strain, requires that the vehicle should have as few weak places as Holmes's immortal chaise. During the railway race of 1888 a train with two engines ran out from Newcastle for Edinburgh, and covered the 124 miles in 124 minutes, so that, roughly speaking, in the two hours each of the heavily-loaded carriage-wheels—and a carriage weighs fifteen tons—made 50,000 continuous revolutions. This was a high trial, but it is worth remembering as an example of what a railway-carriage may be called upon to do.

We have said that a carriage weighs fifteen tons. A Pullman sleeping-car weighs twice as much, but it is the heaviest vehicle at present on the rail. In locomotion, increase of weight is due to the desire for increased strength and speed. The heavier the carriages, the heavier must be the engines; and there would be no limit to the increase were it not for the difficulty in maintaining the track. So great is the friction with the present weights that every hour throughout the year fourteen hundredweight of steel disappears off the London and North-Western system. A huge undertaking is the North-Western of to-day, with its capital of £108,000,000, its 1,800 miles of system, its 650 stations, and its working staff of 55,000 men!

In the far past of railway history its first-class carriages weighed three and a quarter tons, and each had only three compartments, with three passengers on each side. That was in the days when the London and Birmingham Railway considered it so beneath their dignity to carry coals to London that they introduced tarpaulins for the purpose of hiding the vulgar freight of which they were ashamed.

"What! Carry coals! They'll be asking us to carry manure next!"

"And why not?" asked George Stephenson.

And the solid reasons were not forthcoming, and railway companies nowadays are not too superfine to carry "minerals" exposed to the sight of all men. Though they turned up their noses at coals, they were not over particular in their accommodation for passengers. The third-class carriages were mere tubs, improved in time into cattle-trucks. When the "covered cars" came in, that was luxury indeed! Even the second-class passengers then had, on a wet day, to put up their umbrellas to save themselves from being drenched by the rain pouring through the lamp-hole! The improvement has been vast, except on some of the south-country lines, whose third-class curiosities are apparently kept going until such time as the Channel Tunnel allows of their being lost on the Continent.

Many of the larger lines build their own vehicles. The North-Western, which keeps going 4,500 passenger-carriages, has its works at Wolverton, half-way between Birmingham and London, where fifty acres are covered with timber-stores and workshops. The making of a wooden wheel at Wolverton is a sight to remember. Down among the lathes, which in double row are placidly paring away steel tyres and axles as if they were mere bits of apple or potato, a tyre is swung aloft on to a hydraulic press and a few segments of teak placed on it. The tyre has been spun from a solid mass of Bessemer steel without a weld, and the wood has been cut and shaped in the saw-mill by automatic machinery. The press descends, the segments groan as they feel the pressure, and seem to struggle obstinately against being squeezed into the rim. But down they go, and

with a few thumps to drive them home, the wheel is lifted, looking as if it had been carved from solid teak.

The North-Western makes its carriages at Wolverton, but its waggons, of which it has 56,000, it makes at Earlestown, just north of Warrington, where thirty-five acres are devoted to the purpose. Here there is one shop over a hundred and fifty yards long and nearly a hundred yards wide; near it is a saw-mill over sixty yards long; not far off are two smithies, with over a hundred fires, and turning and spring-making shops, foundries, and forges, all fitted up with the newest machinery for giving the greatest amount of power and facility with the minimum of labour. Adding together Crewe, where the engines are made, and Wolverton and Earlestown, the North-Western rolling-stock works extend over two hundred acres.

And as the railway made Crewe and Wolverton, so did a railway make Swindon, and with even less of a nucleus. Few there are who will forget Richard Jefferies' description of the beginnings of the great railway town, when Brunel and Gooch sat down to their sandwiches among the furze-bushes and agreed by the pitching of a stone that on that spot they would have the centre of their great railroad. The early history of the Great Western is the most striking in railway story. The haste to open it was such that no obstacle was allowed to stand in the way that lavish expenditure could remove. Where a cutting had to be excavated land was bought on which to throw the excavated soil; where an embankment was required an adjacent hill was purchased merely to provide the material. The work went on regardless of weather; the saturated clay slipped away to its angle of repose, and piles were driven to restrain it; the piles slipped, and chains were linked from pile to pile to keep them upright; and the trains now run at Swindon over tons of cables buried in the earth.

And almost as interesting are the early chronicles of the Midland, whose projectors were far more thrifty. Who that has travelled on the line has not had pointed out to him the church of the village of Eastwood, at whose Sun Inn there came into being the great railway company whose headquarters are now at Derby, and whose works are one of the great industrial centres of the Midlands? In the carriage-shops alone there are more than fourteen acres of buildings and ten miles of sidings, and a staff of over two thousand men. In the yard are ash and elm from our own country, teak from Burmah, mahogany from the Gulf, black walnut from the States, deals, red, white, and yellow, from the St. Lawrence and the Baltic—over ten thousand tons of wood in stock in process of seasoning. The saw-mill is 320 feet long and 200 feet wide, a pleasant sky-blue pandemonium of whirring tools—sawing, planing, moulding, shaping, mortising, tenoning, boring, turning, dovetailing—all in full chop and scoop and spin, among them, in grim esurience, a vertical saw with fifty blades, gnawing eight feet along in an hour at the rate of a hundred strokes for every inch. In short, here is a wilderness of ribbons and wheels, the powers of which are so varied and perfect as to enable a couple of men to build complete an ordinary goods waggon in a day.

An ordinary goods waggon carries eight tons. The first goods waggons were merely platforms, with sides of from four to ten inches high; there were no buffers; then the buffers appeared at one end; then they came on at both ends; and now even the chains are fitted with springs; and a waggon is considered badly made that will not carry sixty per cent. more than its own weight. There are the covered waggons, costing £72 apiece, and weighing 5 tons 3 cwt.; there are the coal trucks, costing £68, and weighing 5 tons 2 cwt.; there are the low-sided coal trucks, costing £61, and weighing 4 tons 14 cwt.; there are the cattle waggons, costing £86, and weighing 6 tons; and there are coke waggons, gunpowder waggons, salt waggons, lime waggons, ballast and other waggons—all required to make up the goods rolling stock of a great railway. And the passenger stock is in almost as great a variety. There are first-classes, second-classes, third-classes, composites, luggages, brakes, horse-boxes, carriage trucks, travelling post-offices—all like the goods vehicles, similar in the main, but differing in detail on every line according to the peculiar whims of the engineers.

The scope there is for these minor differences can only be seen at such a place as Ashbury's, near Manchester, where railway rolling stock of all kinds is built for all parts of the world. At Ashbury's, which covers twenty-six acres, there are employed some fifteen hundred men. These are well cared for; there is the usual kitchen arrangement for warming-up the breakfasts and dinners; there is a library, and there is a recreation-hall, with orchestra and platform. As at Derby, the great sight is the wood-yard, which here contains over £10,000 worth of timber, a larger proportion than usual being teak for the foreign trade, owing to its more lasting qualities on land or in water. Insects do not like this wood, although in India and other places, where the carriages are eaten by white ants, sheet-iron has to be used instead even of teak.

The wood is delivered by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire line, which forms the southern boundary of the works, and is kept in logs for a year out in the air to season. Then it is taken under shelter, and in time finds its way to the saw-mill, where it is dealt with by a frame in which forty-three vertical saws can be worked at one time, or else it is handed over to the tender mercies of a large circular saw with eleven terrific teeth, which roar into it with such vigour that it seems to flinch on the travelling slide as it slowly moves to its doom. Cut up into planks, it is passed on to be further cut up into standard lengths. And the amount of sawing that goes on may be guessed from the output of sawdust, which averages a hundred bags a day.

The vehicles are built to order. An order for a railway-carriage is not only accompanied by a full specification, but by a complete set of scale drawings, in which every detail is set out, down to the shape and dimensions of the very bolts and

screws. No option is left to the builder; the conditions are as strict as if instead of a carriage he had been ordered to produce a locomotive. From these drawings working drawings are made for the different departments, and the workers in wood and metal start simultaneously on the various pieces of the puzzle, which are expected to fit like watchwork when put together.

Let us take the woodwork first. The standard lengths are first introduced to the "clipper," a series of revolving knives that serve the purpose of the jack-plane. They then pass on to the "smoother," a fixed knife, against which they are driven, and long thin shaving after long thin shaving removed from them until they are of the desired thickness and evenness. Beautifully do the smoothers work; some of the shavings are a couple of yards long, and as thin and silky as the finest foreign note-paper.

Then the wood is shaped, and bored, and carved, all by machinery. There are ribbon saws—endless tapes of metal working over pairs of rollers, and always running in one way—and fret-saws, with the usual up and down motion, cutting the most elaborate patterns. For the borers there is a pattern with holes in it, the holes being punched through to give the marks; but when the boring is begun it is not continuous; the tool advances and retreats, and then advances through; there is always a dwell to keep the steel end cool. The cutters of the carving machines are sections of double cones, so as to strike twice at each revolution, and a similar arrangement of cutters performs the dovetailing. Even more ingenious arrangements are the cutting of the mortises in such woods as teak by the fierce steel teeth, and the cutting of the louvres, which a boy does on a mitre machine, while another boy planes them, holding them down with his hand. The edges of all these tools are as sharp as those of a surgeon's knife; the keener they are the better they work and the longer they take to get hot. The sharpening is all done in the shed, the most noticeable appliance for the purpose being an emery disc in one corner ablaze with fireworks, the sparks showering off as if from a catherine-wheel.

But for fireworks we must go to the ironworkers and see the spongy masses of malleable iron gripped out of the puddling furnaces and hurried to the hammers to be kneaded into blooms, all in the good old style, with the men around in face-screens and leg-guards, and very little else, shining with perspiration in their heavy armour. The cams on the sturdy wheel toil round, and as each passes, down with a jolt comes the clumsy helve, and the sparks fly and the metal glows and flashes where it is struck, and the heat is painful, and the mass rolls over and is pounded by the helve, jolt, jolt, knocking it smaller every instant with a bitter reiteration that is almost human; and then the discredited bloom gets into the mill, to be drawn out longer and longer, while the ground around is covered with the rough charcoal biscuits it has thrown off in scale. Or if we like not the old style we can have the new, and see the blooms pounded into shape by the steam-hammer.

There is foundry work enough to satisfy any lover of the industrial picturesque, for there is a forge output, in small pieces, of fifty tons a day. There are twenty puddling furnaces, and twenty boilers are heated with the waste gases from the furnaces, and there are seven steam-hammers and two rolling-mills, and a remarkably vocal saw for cutting red-hot iron. There is a smithy with a hundred and fifty fires, and a brass-foundry with five furnaces. The appearance of all of which is conceivable, the prettiest effect being perhaps that in the foundry, where the thin bright streams of molten iron are in full flow on their way to solidify into axle-boxes and such-like furniture.

But the most interesting operation, as at Wolverton, is the making of a wheel. This time let it be a common one, such as we see on waggons, and which are rarely used in the passenger-work of the best lines. The solid wheel is the best by far. It has no spokes, to give unnecessary resistance by beating the air, nor does it raise the dust from the ballast, to find its way into and do damage to the axle-bearings. It may be of wood, or paper, or plate-iron; it matters not so long as it is practically spokeless. Unfortunately, however, it is dear, and, though almost necessary for express-work, its advantages at slower speeds are not so great. Hence for goods-waggons, foreign traffic, and minor lines, the open wheel does well enough.

Let us, then, watch the making of a common wheel. From the fires come three men, each with a short length of metal. The lengths are laid on a mould. A valve is touched, and on all sides hydraulic presses grip the metal and weld it into a triangle, with two straight sides for the spokes of the coming wheel, and a curved base, which is a segment of the circumference. Sometimes it is one piece of iron that is laid on the block and forced by hydraulic pressure into this triangular shape. Then the segments of the circle are heated at their ends and laid together in wheel-shape, and to the gap in their centre is brought the glowing boss, and on to it comes the hydraulic ram, and with a squeeze the ends of the spokes and the boss are welded into one piece. It is all so quiet and quick. There is no noise in hydraulic work. Three bits of iron, a quiet squeeze—they are one! Six or eight triangles side by side, with their inner angles open; a lump of hot iron is laid on them; a quiet squeeze; the triangles have disappeared, and in their place is the wheel! The ram that for a moment conceals the work is more wonderful in its effect than the magician's handkerchief.

And the ram puts on the tyre, and when the tyre is trued in the lathe—a funereal progress, without an advance, in search of veracity—it is the ram which squeezes it on to the axle. A telling example of water-power, this! The axle hung between the ram and the dead block, the wheels at each end, the gauge between, the touching of a lever and the slow approaching of the wheels along the axle until the gauge-mark is reached; no shock, no jolt, smoothly, as if greased, the wheel is thrust on irresistibly, without the slightest sound, and a hundred and fifty sets of wheels and

axles can thus be dealt with in a week. Later on, when it comes to fitting together, the hydraulic is again brought into play, and with a pair of huge pincers the rivets are nipped and finished without a blow being struck.

All being ready—the woodwork and the iron-work, the frame and the body, the wheels, the laminated springs, the bars, tie-rods, brackets, knees, straps, bolts, nuts, and the furniture—the carriage is put together and upholstered and finished. The painting is a long job. Before it is over two dozen operations have to be gone through on the thirty carriages which stand in the shed at one time. The upholstering does not take so long, but the material is more expensive. In a first-class carriage even the ceiling-cloth costs two shillings a square yard, and the horsehair in only one of the compartments may be worth from £5 to £8. The thick glass in the quarter-lights, the thinner plate in the door-lights, are not bought for nothing. Trucks do not want upholstering or glazing or panel-painting; they are mere unfinished trifles, so to speak. Ashbury's turn out a truck complete every fifty minutes, the output for a week being a hundred waggons and ten carriages of the largest and most finished build. One strange thing about a railway-carriage body is that it all takes to pieces like a bedstead, and that seats, sides, and partitions can all be laid on the floor and sandwiched between it and the roof. As packed for export, it goes into a flat case, narrow and long, and takes up little more room than its underworks.

Carriages nowadays are much longer than they were. The longest four-wheeler measures 45 feet, the longest six-wheeler is 54 feet. The six wheels were introduced in order to give more ease round curves by allowing a little lateral play to the centre set of wheels. In the bogie carriages we have a further advance; the wheels of the bogies with their short reach being able to negotiate any reasonable curve, while the long carriage-body being pivoted on them they are enabled to swing, so as to form the radii of almost any circle. The bogie was invented by George Stephenson in 1833, and applied to an engine sent out to America; there the principle grew into such favour that at last it recrossed the Atlantic. It was the Pullman car that popularised the bogie in this country; but our northern companies have now surpassed the Pullmans in length, whose 49 feet over all is often exceeded.

Every company has a distinctive pattern and colour for its carriages; and strange combinations some of them are, particularly on foreign and colonial lines. When we were at Ashbury's a little time ago there were some Spanish carriages in hand. These were of iron, painted a dirty slate colour, with a bolt outside at the bottom of the door, so that the guard could keep the passengers in safety; windows there were none; all was solid; even the sliding window in the door was a sheet of iron, and the only means of lighting the carriage was through two little peep-holes of glass, each six inches by four inches, let into the sliding shutter which took the place of the window. These carriages represented the extreme of discomfort. There were others of more ordinary type; some destined for Tasmania, some for Singapore, some for nearer home; but the extreme of comfort was a beautiful coach painted in yellow and stripes, perfect as to light and ventilation, with louvre boards round the roof, and a sunshade as a cornice, and the most gorgeous fittings and upholstery imaginable. And this boudoir upon wheels was for the private railway of the Rajah of Morvee. Who this potentate may be we do not know. We made but one effort to discover, and that probably failed owing to the Gazetteer we consulted being of our own editing. But he is evidently a superior person. No three classes for him, but an improvement on the Midland mixture of first and third. His travelling bijou bore in four-inch letters the bold inscription UPPER CLASS!

W. J. GORDON.

## Three Irishmen.

A BALLAD.[1]

We Irish have our failings,
And grave ones—granted quite!
But we claim at least two virtues,
For we can love—and fight.
The plains of India know it,
And the bleak Crimean land,
And the lines of Ciudad Real,
Where the fight was hand to hand!
And after Isandlwana
There comes a tale to-day,
Of how three Celtic heroes
Have borne them in the fray.

* * *

When Major Ronald Campbell
Had for ever dropped his sword,
He whom some called Lord William,
But we *Bill* Beresford,
By grim Sir Redvers Buller
Staff-officer was made;
And the two men ran between them
A strangely mixed brigade.

[1] Founded on a sketch by Archibald Forbes.

There was Baker's Horse, and D'Arcy's,
And Fereira's, and yet more,
From the Rockies, and the Andes,
And the frozen Arctic shore.
But well and nobly fought they,
As many a record tells,
Till they crossed the Umvaloosi
To the screaming of the shells.
The splendid Zulu soldiers
Before their rush fell back,
Till Beresford and Buller
Rode straight upon the track
Towards Ulundi, reckoning
'Twas a mere ride in, with joy,
When through the long grass pointed
The guns of the decoy.
Two thousand muzzles threatened
The instant blast of fire—
At once, to Buller's whole command,
Rang out the word "Retire!"

The volley sped; two, as they turned,
Fell dead amid their foes,
The third, a horseman, slipped and fell,
Then, staggering, half rose.
But the foes were close upon him,
With their steady, swift advance,
Till Beresford looked backward
And saw one final chance.

He knew the man, Fitz-Maurice,
Whose red blood oozed and dripped,
Whose sword-hand, hanging helpless,
Still tight the sword-hilt gripped;
So, while Death's awful shadow
Fell dark across the track,
While fast the rest fled forward,
Bill Beresford rode back!

Oh! not the German's dreaming
Of Fatherland and Rhine,
Nor Savoyard's sad pining
For the olive and the vine,
Nor Switzer's fevered longing
For virgin peaks and snows,
Beats the passion of heart-hunger
The Irish exile knows
For the land whose laughing valleys
Are with greenest garments clad,
And where no heart goes heavy
When a smile can make it glad.

So when his chief spoke, straightway
Before him seemed to swim
The cabin and the colleen,
That made the world to him!
But from his lips that quivered
Broke but the husky cry,
"Ride on, sir! Don't you mind me,
There's only *one* need die!'

Then, full in range that moment
Of assegai and gun,
With the quick Irish anger
Out leaped the Irish fun.
"Into my saddle quick! My bay's
Not blown yet! What, you won't
Lift head? Then, see here, sergeant,
I'll punch it if you don't."

He swung him to the saddle
With fevered, waning hope,
And, perched upon the pommel,
Dashed wildly up the slope.
But Beresford, though hero
Of many a steeplechase,
So handicapped and hampered
Had hardly won that race,
Save that, deep in another heart,
While bold eyes swift grew dim,
This thought leaped, "Brave Bill Beresford
I'll ride to death for him!"

And so O'Toole, the sergeant,
On the wounded man kept hold,
And fast they rode, and fired,
And every bullet told,
Till, when the laager's safety
Defied the hostile host,
In the noblest ride e'er ridden,
They reached the winning-post!

* * * *

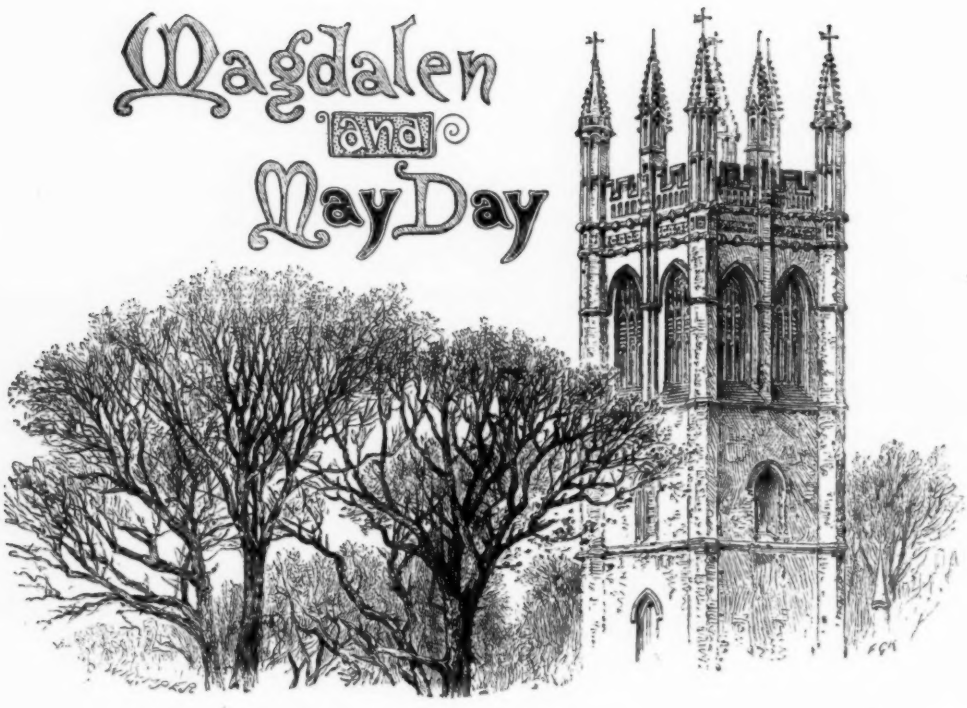
When the good ship Dublin Castle
Reached home with little loss,
There was much talk at Windsor
Of the Victoria Cross;
And then Lord William Beresford,
With a glow upon his face,
Outspoke: "If they have honour
Who rode and won that race,
Its highest sign and symbol
Shall ne'er be worn by me,
Unless my gallant sergeant
Be also made V. C.!"

And so the Cross "For Valour,"
Red war's one white award,
Has graced O'Toole, the sergeant,
No less than Beresford.

But I think the Angel keeping
A fairer roll than Fame's,
Upon immortal record
Has set *three* Irish names!

L. M. LITTLE.

# Magdalen and May Day



"What do we up so early this May morn?"

"HOW many of the beautiful old customs, the hearty old customs, the poetical old customs are gone!"

So laments Howitt in his "Rural Life of England" (vol. ii. p. 348). But some survive; and of all the "poetical" and "beautiful" customs belonging to the merry month of May there is none that, for fitness of surrounding, equals the singing of the "Hymnus Eucharisticus" on Magdalen College tower on the 1st of May. It is close on five o'clock in the morning, and the blue-grey mist from the rivers that wind gracefully in and out the meadows in which Oxford stands, and which gives to the "fair city with its dreaming spires" that look as of a distant enchanted city, has not yet been dispelled by the rising sun. It lies half in shadow, and the highest pinnacles of the venerable buildings alone have caught the reflection of his glory. There is the general awakening—the rustling of leaf and bird that comes with the early morning breeze. Everything seems listening, looking up—to heaven. The birth of a new day is as awful as that of a human soul. What capacity for good or ill lies hidden in the coming hours! Before the dreaded Unknown, by an instinct which is one of those impulses of the immortal within us, we fall down and worship.

> "The spicy steams that by some hidden power
> From Nature's bosom rise, what time the morn
> Breathes into her the breath of life again,
> And rouse her from the sepulchre of night,
> Like pious Magdalenè and her peers
> With spices laden at the break of day,
> Are come to greet His earthly antitype."

"The Lord's name be praised, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof." And now sound all the voices of the college clocks, "Tom" of Christ Church coming "last"—telling the hour; five o'clock, and a clear-misty morning:

> "And as the earliest lark went up the skies,
> All emulous of her aspiring flight,
> Where Magdalen's towering pinnacles arise,
> A choir of singers climbed the airy height;
> Vested they were for holy minstrelsies,
> And each young chorister was all delight,
> Thus like the morning bird to mount and sing,
> As if at Heaven's own window carolling."

Thus Bishop Cleveland Coxe; and we subjoin the Latin hymn,[1] with its translation by the late Dean Burgon:

> "To Thee, O God the Father, Thee,
> All worship, praise, and glory be!
> Thy Hand bestows our daily bread,
> And that whereby our souls are fed.

[1] This hymn was written by Dr. Thos. Smith, who was Schoolmaster and Fellow of Magdalen College from 1662--92. Bishop Horne, when President of the College, translated it

To Thee, O Jesu—Thee, the Son—
To Thee alone—begotten One—
Who for our sakes did not abhor
The Virgin's womb—our hearts we pour.

When Thou upon Thy cross wast laid,
To God a willing offering made,
The hope of life first dawned below—
Our joy, our only Saviour, *Thou!*

To Thee, O Holy Ghost—by whom
The Babe was born of Mary's womb:
Both God and Man—to Thee we raise
The hymn of everlasting praise.

O Three in One—Who didst devise
Such pathway back to Paradise;
This mystery of Love be sung
In every age, by every tongue!"
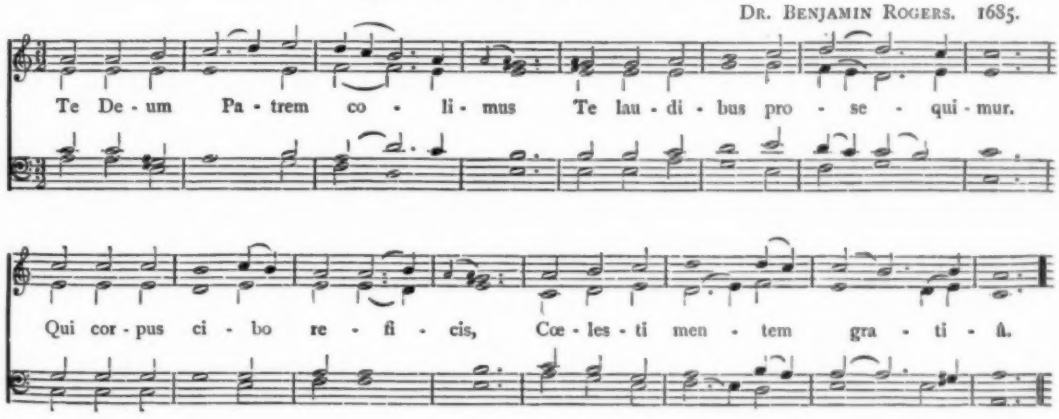
The quaint, melancholy harmonies rise and fall on the still morning air; then, as with all heavenly voices and visions vouchsafed to man, as the last chord vibrates further and further we seem to come down from the seventh heaven, where we have listened to melody which will never speak to our outward and inward ear as it did then!

But alas! for the "hearty old customs!" The "incense-breath of early-rising morn" is filled with the hideous bray of toy-trumpets—"May-horns," as they are called—and all that variety of musical (?) torment which the town boy of all times possesses. The morning hymn of innumerable birds (for Oxford from its natural conditions is eminently the "favoured haunt" of the feathered songsters) is lost in the discordant clamour, in which the Protestant ear has discerned a protest against the Mass which has been supposed—but quite erroneously—to have been celebrated on the top of the tower, at five o'clock on May morning, for the repose of the soul of Henry VII. It is quite true that Magdalen, in common with other colleges, has her days of "commemoration" of benefactors, when their names are mentioned in special services for the day, these having been originally "masses." But it is most unlikely that a mass for the repose of the soul of Henry VII should have been celebrated on the top of a high tower at five o'clock in the morning, when it would be duly accomplished at the usual hour, in the usual place—that is, the college chapel.

And here the poetical antiquarian must experience a rude shock, for, venerable as the hymn itself is, it is only within the last fifty years that it has been rendered in its present form and place on May morning. That a vocal custom *did* obtain on Magdalen tower we have no less an authority for than Antony Wood, who says ("History and Antiquities of the Colleges and Halls in the University of Oxford," p. 350, original edition): "From the top of which the choral ministers of this House do, according to an ancient custom, salute Flora every year on the 1st of May, at four in the morning, with vocal music of several parts,

## Hymnus Eucharisticus.

DR. BENJAMIN ROGERS. 1685.




II.

Te adoramus, O Jesu,
Te, Fili, unigenite,
Te, Qui non dedignatus es
Subire claustra Virginis.

III.

Actus in crucem, factus es
Irato Deo Victima;
Per Te, Salvator unice
Vitae spes nobis rediit.

IV.

Tibi Æterne Spiritus,
Cujus afflatu peperit
Infantem Deum Maria,
Æternum benedicimus.

V.

Triune Deus, hominum
Salutis auctor optime,
Immensum hoc mysterium
Ovante linguâ canimus.

which, having been sometimes well performed, hath given great satisfaction to the neighbourhood and auditors underneath." Pointer, also, in his "Oxoniensis Academia" (p. 66), thus speaks of it as performed in 1749: "On Magdalen tower a merry concert of both vocal and instrumental music, consisting of several merry ketches, and lasting almost two hours, was concluded with ringing the bells. The clerks and choristers with the rest of the performers, are for their pains allowed a side of lamb for their breakfast."

This "beautiful and poetical" (if somewhat pagan) custom obtained till about the latter half of the last century, when, from reasons as yet undiscovered by the antiquarian, the elder "choral ministers" of the house "refused to do their part," and the younger and more lively "choral ministers," accompanied by the organist, were obliged to ascend the tower by themselves, and to sustain the "vocal music" alone. It may have been a not unnatural aversion to "turning out" in the fresh morning air; it may have been—oh, unpoetical idea!—the weather, which since the days of Chaucer—when a picnic in the month of May seems to have been of common occurrence—has indeed sadly degenerated; but the fact remains that the younger "choral ministers" and the organist alone ascended Magdalen tower on that May morning. Poor boys! they must sing something, if only to keep themselves warm (for on Magdalen tower in the early morning it is decidedly "fresh"), and that which came first to their lips was the "Hymnus Eucharisticus," which, being a portion of the Latin "grace before meat," was sung daily, both at dinner and supper, in the college hall, and with which they were therefore thoroughly familiar. It may be interesting to know that a note to this effect, in the handwriting of the composer (Dr. Benjamin Rogers), is to be found in a book belonging to the library of Christ Church, and which contains also manuscript music of Gibbons, Rogers, etc. The note is as follows: "This Hymn is song every day in Magdalen College Hall, Oxon, Dinner and Supper throught the yeare for the after grace, by the Chaplains, Clarks, and Choristers there. Composed by Benjamin Rogers, Doctor of Musique of the University of Oxon, 1685."

Now these youthful "choral ministers" of a hundred years ago were made of the same stuff as the modern chorister; and so it came to pass that when they had sung that part of the Latin grace known as the "Hymnus Eucharisticus" they fell to playing with one another, being no doubt inspired thereto by the exhilarating effect of the "incense-breath of early rising morn." And not only so, but they turned their attention to those on the roadway beneath, and amongst them the travellers on the London coach who were passing over Magdalen bridge. It is recorded of them that they pelted these same travellers with rotten eggs and anything which came to hand, and completed the tale of their misdoings by flinging their caps and gowns down on the heads of the passers-by. The end justified the means, for it is quite within the bounds of probability (indeed, a learned Fellow of Magdalen has himself suggested the idea) that this part of the festivity did really contribute towards the keeping up of the ancient vocal custom itself, and that a lively anticipation of the "fun" on the top of the tower had no small share in rousing the youthful "choral minister" from his slumbers as the 1st of May came round.

This singing of the "Hymnus Eucharisticus" now became an established custom; and its irreverent rendering actually prevailed within the memory of some now living. The "choral ministers"—old and young—appeared in their ordinary dress; and the "custom" was anything but "poetical" or solemn.

But in 1844, owing to the exertions of Dr. Bloxam, then a Fellow of the College, a change for the better set in. Confirmed by the authority of the then President—the venerable Dr. Routh—the following rules converted what had become almost a scandal into a beautiful ceremony, befitting alike the place, the hour, and the hymn. These were: 1st, That the members of the choir should wear their surplices; 2nd, That they should uncover when the singing began; and 3rd, That they should turn towards the east, the sun rising about that time. Thus they are pictured as

> . . . . . "a tuneful quire,
> White-robed, bare-headed—all eyes one way thrown,
> As erst men waited till the eastern fire
> Kindled the tremulous chords of Memnon's lyre. . . "

And their notes

> . . . "hymning far up in the listening sky,
> Seemed issuing softly through the gates of day,
> As if a troop of sainted souls on high
> Were hovering o'er the earth with angel melody."

Many are the poets who have sung of it; and the brush of the painter has immortalised this "beautiful and poetical" custom in Mr. Holman Hunt's picture. In this he has very beautifully combined both the pagan and the Christian customs by the introduction of flowers; and Dr. Bloxam is represented with a roll of papers in his hand—copies of verses on the ceremony—which he was in the habit of distributing to visitors for many years.

> "Ah, you should hear it chanted !—for the strain
> Grows weak and powerless fettered down to song,
> Like a strong eagle prisoned with a chain,
> Which else had soared the rolling clouds among . . .
> Trust me—once heard, 'twould haunt thy memory long—
> That calm sweet strain! And oft, when severed far,
> 'Mid scenes of sorrow, or 'mid tales of wrong,
> 'Twould soothe thy spirit—like the evening star—
> Foretaste of what sweet things the songs of angels are! . .
> Now ring out all the bells a merry chime,
> While the hoarse horn croaks forth, a league below,
> The note which doubtless seems the true sublime
> To urchins straining might and main to blow.
> Ring out, glad bells! and let the sleepers know
> That, while they slept, we watched the month of May
> Twine the first garland for her virgin brow.
> Then bid them rise, for 'tis the prime of day;
> And lo, the young month comes, all smiling, up this way!'

MARCIA TYNDALE

# A MOUNTAIN ROMANCE.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

XI.



MY lameness kept me chafing indoors in the worst of tempers with everything. I was just able to limp to the meads across the river, where a hundred brimming streams flashed through fringes of reeds and forget-me-nots, when the weather broke and drove me back to imprisonment. Tempests of wind and rain raged through the valley, and news came of tremendous snowfalls higher up. Then, after a still day of sultry heat, all the storm-powers were let loose. The turmoil of wind and thunder kept me waking through the night, my bed shaken by each gust; every moment I thought the roof would be torn off. At last, towards dawn I slept, and on next opening my eyes I heard a strange, steady roar, mingled with the patter of rain and clanging of church bells. What a bore! Another wet day, I thought, and with sleepy eyes, went to the window to look for some sign of clearing. I could only see black, ragged clouds above, a sheet of mist beneath. Mist? No, a sheet of water! I rushed to the other window, commanding a wider view. The whole valley was flooded; the river had burst its banks, and was racing past with the speed of a mill-stream! Our inn stood too high to be in danger, but field and hedge below the terrace were both under water, the trees on the river bank already swaying to their fall. Timber and household goods, bundles of hay and straw, came swirling down the current, proofs of the devastation already wrought. It was a terrible sight. And what of the village? Much of it was below the level of the river bank, and even if the solid houses on the Piazza stood firm, many of the slighter dwellings must have been already destroyed. How fortunate that the Denabians were still at their Alp!

But was Kit sleeping through all this turmoil? I called, and knocked loudly at his door; I turned the handle, and found his room empty. Of course I might have guessed—he had gone to give help without rousing me. The door opening into the passage stood ajar, and I could now hear movement and noise below. In my front chamber the hissing roar of the flood had deadened all minor sounds. Hurrying downstairs I found a crowd of half-clothed, shivering refugees, and that good soul, our landlady, bustling to and fro, comforting them with warm food and drink. My brother, she said, had gone with the other gentlemen to see what could be done. She seemed as calm as though inundations were everyday events, cheerfully stated that so far no lives were lost, and said that rafts and ladders were being constructed under her husband's superintendence.

"Rafts in that raging torrent!" I cried. But she explained that, the bridge being firm, though submerged, the rafts would be used to bear help to the hamlets and scattered dwellings in the flooded plain. Besides, the waters would certainly abate before much damage was done.

I did what I could to cheer the poor scared creatures collected in the house, but with the ominous roar of the flood in my ears I became increasingly anxious for Kit's safety. His dream flashed across my mind—the waste of raging water, Elena's pale face beyond! Was it about to be fulfilled? Nonsense, the girl was safe on the mountain! Nevertheless, my fears were growing almost beyond control, when Kit and his friends trooped in, dripping and excited, with sad tales of the havoc in the village. They had been unable to reach it, for although, firmly roped together, they had ventured on the bridge, they had been nearly swept away by the current, and the descent to the Piazza was an impassable rapid. The inhabitants had taken refuge in the upper rooms, and on the roofs, and were vainly shouting for aid. An attempt was being made to rig up a ferry rope between the old Felsen House in the village and some strong trees on the slope by the new Castle. Then a raft might be steered across to the sufferers.

How slowly the hours dragged on that dreadful day! Nothing could be done at present, and our

own safety seemed a reproach while so many lives were in jeopardy. The flood rolled on, strong and turbid as ever. Surely every house on the meadows must have been swept away! Now and then new figures, gaunt and soddened, joined the crowd at the door. They had made their way to this haven by goat-tracks from other points up and down the valley, and all brought fresh tales of destruction.

Towards evening we were startled by a sudden commotion below—shouts, laughter, and hurrahs. Hurrying to learn the news, we found the Doctor the centre of an excited group. He had achieved the passage from Gressoney, and now, while stamping the water from his boots, was trying to answer everyone's questions at once. People were more frightened than hurt, he said, though of course there was sad loss of property. I was amazed by his gaiety. To me it was all too terrible for words. But when, after changing his clothes, he joined us upstairs his manner had altered. It was evident that his gaiety had been feigned to cheer the spirits of the poor folks below. He was in the greatest anxiety for the village. If the flood lasted, most of the houses were doomed, he said. Some of the inhabitants had been rescued, and were now sheltered in the Baron's new castle. In the owner's absence the Syndic had taken possession of it, as the nearest available refuge. He must go there presently, with what stores our hostess could spare. We volunteered to accompany him on his errand of mercy, and I was searching my boxes for a few articles of clothing to add to his stock when someone knocked at the door.

"Come in!" cried Kit. No one appeared, but a strange voice inquired if Dr. Bondaz were within.

The young man sprang to the door. On the threshold stood a dishevelled, mud-stained man.

"I was to give you this at once," he muttered, and thrusting a dirty scrap of paper into the Doctor's hands, disappeared down the stairs, leaving a watery track behind him. A cry of pain burst from the Doctor's lips as he glanced at the note.

"What is it?" we asked.

The young man was as pale as death. "Elena!" he gasped, holding out the letter with trembling fingers. It contained these words: "Elena ill with fever—in great danger. Come at once.—Luisa."

"Oh," I cried, "this is too dreadful! What will you do? You can't cross the valley—it is impassable."

"I must—I must go at once," he returned; but then, as though momentarily unmanned by the thought of his dear one's peril, he sank on a chair and buried his face in his hands.

Meanwhile Kit had picked up the paper and was scanning it closely.

"Look here, Bondaz," he said gently, touching the poor lover's arm, "I am certain this message is false. It is some cruel hoax. Command yourself, look attentively—is this Tante Luisa's handwriting?"

"I don't know; she has never written to me before," moaned Bondaz; "but why should it be false? Who would play such a trick? No, no! Don't try to keep me; I must go at once. Luckily my sure-footed Balin was left here yesterday when I went up the valley."

"You won't attempt to ride through the flood?" exclaimed Kit, energetically. "It would be sheer madness. If go you must—and I see nothing else will content you—pass the river by the way you came, and work round behind the village by the mountain path."

"No, no! it would take too long! You don't understand! My Elena is *dying*," murmured the young man with despairing solemnity. "God grant I arrive in time to— Farewell, my friends! pray for her and for me."



AH! THE ROPE HAD CAUGHT!

With hurried words of hope and comfort we aided our poor friend to collect the medical appliances he had turned out of the pockets of his wet clothes. Then I flew to the window. Thank God, the waters were going down! the top of the hedge was uncovered, the rain had ceased, there was a gleam of pale light in the sky, the storm drift was dispersing.

We hurried downstairs together, and while the Doctor flew to the stable, Kit sought the man who had brought the note. He was nowhere to be seen. No one knew who he was. The landlady fancied she had seen him before, but was not sure. There was general sympathy when the Doctor's trouble was known. Fresh but fruitless

search was made for the mysterious messenger. Suddenly a voice suggested that he must be one of the Baron's gamekeepers. Kit's eyes flamed. "I was right," he cried; "this is some vile trick! Bondaz shall not go." At that moment the Doctor rode round from the yard. He was still pale, but had an air of calm determination that helped to reassure me.

Kit seized the bridle, and, imperatively claiming attention, told him his suspicions.

Franz smiled. "It may be as you say, my friend, but I must solve the doubt. God grant the message be false—that I find Elena safe and well!"

And he would have shaken off Kit's detaining hand, but the young Alpinists who had been bravely helping the villagers to escape now came forward and insisted, together with Kit, on accompanying the Doctor to the bridge. They had made their plan; provided stout poles and coils of rope. Other volunteers joined in. Once across the Lys, the Doctor would be tolerably safe.

Bondaz chafed at the delay, but Kit kept a firm hold on the rein, and while our new friends were completing their equipment I rushed upstairs for hat and cloak. I would see my hero through the worst of his mad journey. Another minute and we were ploughing through the sodden grass, down a side ravine, crossing somehow its swollen torrent, scrambling up its bank, and splashing across the meadows towards the edge of the flood. But here Kit resolutely stopped me. Squeezing the Doctor's hand, I wished him good-luck, and bade him be sure that his Elena was well.

The poor young man said nothing in reply, but bending down kissed my forehead, waved his hand to me, and dashed into the water.

Up to their knees, up to their thighs, Kit and his friends cautiously moved forward, prodding with their poles to make sure of foothold at every step. Thank Heaven! they had found the bridge; its timbers seemed firm. The four men were roped together, and throwing a loop round the Doctor's waist, bade him cast it loose when he touched the other side. Then they halted, their poles thrust firmly into the planks beneath—a wall of men, with other human bulwarks behind. The Doctor rode forward, buffeting the side thrusts of the terrible current. Another step, the gallant Balin was striking out well. Ah! the rope had caught in some obstruction; the rider swayed ominously in his saddle. No! all was well, he must be near solid ground now. A sudden cry from Kit and the others. I started. My eyes fixed on Bondaz, I had not seen the huge dark object hurtling down the river with awful speed. I, too, shrieked, closing my eyes till the danger was past. Our friend was surely beyond its track, but it might catch in the rope. Would he throw it off in time? Fearfully I looked. The opposite trees hid him from me, of course. He must be safe!

Why were the helping-men straining back with so mighty an effort, so silently, grimly?

It was all over! The limp form so painfully dragged from the depths was the corpse of our friend! Both horse and man had been struck down by the beam. And though poor Franz was so short a time under water, all efforts failed to restore him to life.

The flood soon ended, but it had done cruel work. The heavens were serenely blue, the snows of the Lyskam glittering in the sun, on the day when the brave lover was borne to his rest.

There was an endless procession of mourners. All Gressoney, forgetful for the moment of ruined homes and devastated fields, streamed up the valley to the rock of Chamonal. For, stricken by tardy remorse, the Baroness had now confessed her sin, and proclaimed the dead man's right to lie with his father in the family vault. As to the mystery of the forged message, it was never explained; but to us, at least, the Baron's continued absence seemed sufficient proof of his guilt.

And what of poor Elena?

Those who have suffered loss like unto hers will understand her despair, and she would have probably sunk under the blow had not a second stroke of calamity stung her back to life. Tante Luisa fell ill and died in her arms the following week, killed, it was said, by the damp of the half-ruined house on the Piazza.

We lingered some time at Gressoney, unwilling to leave the dear girl who had twined herself so closely round our hearts. If she would only come with us to England, the new life and new scenes might heal her wounds. I should gain another child; Kit perhaps, in time, another Nellie! But it was not to be. She was very quiet, very resigned; listened gratefully to our pleadings, but was too deeply crushed to care for relief. Yet we had an unexpected auxiliary in Denabian. He was positively eager to let his daughter go. And when we found that he meant to take a wife to fill the old aunt's place in the household, we thought the battle was won. Surely Elena would not submit to a stepmother, and we knew she had refused all overtures from the Baroness. Again we assailed her—pressed her hard. She must give way, must come with us. She should be as my own child, live as quietly as she pleased, be perfectly free!

"You are so good, so kind, dear friends," she replied, with eyes too sad for tears. "You say truly I cannot stay here; but—"

"Then you will come with us!" broke in Kit, raising her thin white hand to his lips.

She shook her head; she could scarcely speak.

"No!" she panted, at last. "Only religion can give peace. Let me go with you just to Ivrea. The sisters will take me."

And so it had to be. She rode with us down the valley. The fatal Lys was crystal clear now, gambolling through the fields it had laid waste, rippling gaily over the rocks, thundering into chasms, resting in deep blue pools. Its beauty was hateful to me as that of a traitorous friend, and I scarcely breathed freely until I had seen its death-leap into the Dora.

Throughout the weary ride our poor Elena

plodded on silently, uncomplainingly. Only twice did she show any sign of emotion: first at the rock gates, when she looked her last at the vale of Gressoney; and again at Issime, where we had first met her Franz.

We parted with her at the convent door, for she preferred to enter it alone. Poor child, poor child! Even in the cheerful company of the Zanzis, I was haunted by her white face, could not shake off the gloom of this mountain tragedy.

Again and again I called at the convent, had long talks with Sister Michela, but could not get leave to see my Elena. She was in the saddest state, a letter from Rome, had cast herself at Elena's feet, prayed, implored, appealed to the girl's former affection. She was so old, so repentant, would Elena leave her to die alone, and unforgiven? And suddenly Elena had yielded, declaring that this was her first duty, that *he* would have wished it. That in any case she was yet unfit to give herself to God, with the pain of an earthly love still hot within her. Afterwards—who knew?

"So we have lost the sweet soul!" sobbed Sister Michela; "but, the Virgin forgive me! no devotion can save that old heathen."

These last words were rapped out with such honest, human heat that I flew to the good




IF SHE WOULD ONLY COME WITH US TO ENGLAND, THE NEW LIFE MIGHT HEAL HER WOUNDS.

the nun said, broken by grief; almost unable to quit her bed. The ceremony of her novitiate was inevitably deferred. But I could not bear to leave Italy without a last glimpse of her, so the day before my departure I returned to the whitewashed parlour with May Zanzi, determined to overcome all obstacles with my friend's help. Sister Michela came to us at once, without the usual delays, looking much upset and with swollen eyes.

See Elena Denabian? What! Had we not heard? She was gone. Her grandmother had carried her off to Turin! Gone! It seemed too strange for belief. I listened, half dazed, as the nun told her tale with many sniffs, and sobs, and ejaculations of pious sorrow.

The Baroness, it seemed, had come armed with woman, kissed her warmly, and went away almost joyful. At least my poor Elena was not to be buried alive. I felt sure that a heart capable of so magnanimous a pardon would emerge from the discipline of sorrow fortified to face the world, and find peace, if not happiness, in well-doing. No fear that she would ever return to the cloister!

We hear of her sometimes through the Zanzis. She has never gone to the Val de Lys, but after travelling with her grandmother for two years is now nursing her in Turin. The Baroness is said to be dying. Kit proposes a journey to Piedmont next month. Perhaps his dream meant something after all?

# THE STORY OF A JOURNALIST.

THE biography of a distinguished journalist has recently been published, which is said to be "probably the only life of a journalist pure and simple ever written." Whether this be the case or not, all readers of the volume will agree that it was worth writing, for it describes the career of a man cut short, alas! at the early age of thirty-seven, who was endowed with remarkable qualities both moral and intellectual. No doubt the story would have been better told in two hundred pages than in four hundred, since many of the details are insignificant, and neither throw additional light upon character nor upon journalism as a profession. The traits of a fine character are, however, to be found here in abundance, and these must not be missed.[1]

James Macdonell was born to fight, and to conquer in whatever career he had selected, but he seems to have possessed a special genius for journalism, and had the good fortune to discover his vocation at the outset. At the age of sixteen he became a clerk in a paper-mill at Aberdeen, and "the great event of his Aberdeen life was his introduction to William McCombie, the editor of the 'Aberdeen Free Press,' and perhaps, after Hugh Miller, the most notable among the self-taught men of Scotland." McCombie, to whom, as Macdonell said years afterwards, he was more profoundly indebted than to any other man that he ever knew, was a farmer and newspaper proprietor; and in the "Free Press," a journal that still flourishes, the youth tried his hand for the first time as a writer. Young journalists generally choose light topics for their earliest efforts, but Macdonell, with the love of theological controversy so common in Scotland, began his career with a series of papers on "Romanism, and some of the sources of its strength."

His father was a Roman Catholic, his mother a Protestant, and for a time Macdonell wavered in his faith. Some lectures against Protestantism by an advocate of the Romish Church had on one of his hearers an effect different from what the lecturer intended, for they aroused in young Macdonell the keenest spirit of inquiry. Having reached the Protestant idea that every man is bound to search the Scriptures for himself, and abide by whatever decision reason and conscience might dictate, he read books on both sides of the question, and the study of Church history brought with it "the absolute conviction of the iniquity and of the fearful corruptness of the Church of Rome." Later on he learnt to love the writings of many devout Roman Catholics, but the Roman Catholic Church always seemed to him the most implacable foe of liberty. Church history, he considered, should be the study of every man, and the biographer declares that even in these boyish days he acquired "a love for ecclesiastical controversy, and a mastery in it in which he was not excelled, if he was equalled, by any journalist of his time." In all controversy an eager and clever disputant is in danger of preferring his cause to truth, and of misrepresenting his antagonist. We see this constantly in political debates, and the temptation to be one-sided and unjust is perhaps still stronger in theological argument. A controversialist needs to be armed with more than firm convictions and intellectual acuteness. He should be large-minded, tolerant, sympathethic, with imagination enough to appreciate the standpoint of his antagonist, and with generosity enough not to take undue advantage of trivial mistakes. To call names and to deal in personalities was common enough in Milton's age, but in our day a man does not resort to these weapons until he feels that he has lost his cause. That Macdonell, with his eager zeal, proved a model controversialist in his youth is unlikely, but later on his judgment was dispassionate. The only sect, we are told, that he positively disliked was that of the Comtists. "One of his strongest beliefs was that all morality is rooted in the sense of obligation to God, and that the only power strong enough to make human beings do their duty when duty is painful is the desire to obey the will of God; and this safeguard to society, he held, the Comtists would destroy."

Macdonell was under twenty when he began writing leaders for the "Free Press." Then he migrated to Edinburgh, and having obtained an engagement on the "Daily Review," became a professional journalist. A year later he left for Newcastle to undertake the editorship of the "Northern Daily Express." It was a hard life. "When I tell you," he writes to a friend, "that just the other week I wrote in the course of six days five leaders, besides from half to three-quarters of a column of summary daily, and that in addition to this I was seldom in bed much before four o'clock, and was in the office at least ten hours daily, you won't say I am an idler. . . . You see what daily journalism is. I used to pine for the day when I should be an editor, and verily I've got my wish granted with a vengeance." He expresses, too, the fear that two years of such a strain will ruin body and mind.

A change in the proprietorship of the paper led to his emancipation, and with the natural bent of clever Scotchmen he found his way to London—not, however, without some wistful backward glances, for Russel, of the "Scotsman," had offered the youth a capital post on that famous paper. Ultimately he accepted an offer from the proprietors of the "Daily Telegraph," which appeared to hold out a brilliant prospect in the future.

At twenty-four, then, he was launched on the sea of London journalism, and his success surpassed his most sanguine hopes. "My principals," he says,

[1] "James Macdonell, Journalist." By W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

"treat me with the most marked kindness, indulgence, and confidence, and my hand appears in the leading columns with a frequency which, knowing the kind of men with whom I should be harnessed, I certainly did not anticipate."

His one fear was that his health might break down, and the fear was not unreasonable. Body as well as mind were taxed to the uttermost, for Macdonell was not content with doing his daily work on the "Telegraph," but studied much, and wrote much in the magazines upon subjects demanding labour and thought. Many were the essays he contributed to "Fraser," to the "North British Review," and to journals which, like the "Spectator," have the advantage over these two of being still alive. Seven, and even ten, leading articles came sometimes from his pen in a single week, and, considering his editorial work in addition, and the necessity of listening to the debates in Parliament, it is not surprising that he should write of being thoroughly knocked up and tired to death.

A happy courtship, ending in a most happy marriage, made his life more joyful, but did not lessen his toil. Indeed, his mental activity was so great that no circumstances perhaps would have prevented him from exerting it to the uttermost, and one is amused to hear of the journalist explaining to his lady-love in a country walk the Gladstone scheme for paying off the National Debt by means of terminable annuities! Macdonell's variety of information was very great; and if he loved finance and metaphysics and ecclesiastical controversy, he had also a warm place in his heart for poetry, and writes of Wordsworth's "Churchyard Among the Mountains" as to him the most sacred spot of ground in England.

In the summer of 1871, on a bright sunny day, Macdonell was married to Miss Annie Harrison, whose sister afterwards married his brother, now a Master in Chancery.

"During the breakfast," writes a sister of the bride, "a box was handed to my sister, brought by a messenger from town. It contained a necklace and locket set with diamonds, and a note from the editor and proprietor of the 'Daily Telegraph,' asking her to accept the gift, and to add value to the locket by placing in it the portrait of her husband—not only one of the most gifted, but one of the truest gentlemen I have ever known."

After a joyous Highland tour the young married couple settled down to a London life, and a busy life it was. Mrs. Macdonell writes:

"My husband at this time wrote seven or eight leaders a week. In reading over my diary of this time I am struck with the variety and number of our occupations. We attended lectures, crossed London to hear a great preacher, paid calls, received a succession of visitors, wrote and read and talked—what endless, endless talks we had—of everything in heaven and earth, upon all the past events and thoughts of our lives. Among the many sad changes that followed my husband's death, one of the most melancholy is the sense of silence that has fallen upon my life. There seems no one now to speak with. I feel sure my husband did too much. In looking back I feel grievous sorrow that I did not try then to lessen the strain of his life. He was so full of life and energy, and all exertion was so delightful to him that I did not recognise how hard he worked. I was young and energetic and our busy life was charming to me. I see that we often would start off on a Saturday afternoon to visit friends or relations who lived a hundred or more of miles away, spend Sunday with them, and return on Monday in time for him to hasten away to the office, there to sit busily writing till midnight. . . . . At this time he wrote, as a rule, six leaders a week for the 'Daily Telegraph,' one for the 'Leeds Mercury,' and one for the 'Levant Herald;' besides this he had always articles in hand for London papers."

Four months after the marriage Macdonell surprised his wife with the news that they must go to Paris the next day; and there they remained for more than five months. It was the winter of 1871—an eventful period in French history—and Macdonell, a strong Radical, rejoiced in breathing "the free open air of a Republic." All youthful politicians have their illusions, and if the English journalist considered French Republicanism favourable to liberty and to peace, who need blame him? Of the evils that tainted the country of his love, no one could have written and spoken more strongly, and great especially was his disgust with writers who degraded their genius by impurity. He considered that the writings of one novelist, then highly popular, were more disastrous to France than the siege of Paris or the war indemnity.

At this time, of course, Macdonell's journalistic work was confined for the most part to French subjects, and later on, when he left the "Daily Telegraph" for the "Times," he is said to have written often for days together without a break on French politics. It was, indeed, his favourite and most familiar subject.

But a leader-writer must be prepared to discuss with readiness any topic of the hour, and to write on it with the utmost promptitude. "He was, I think," his sister-in-law writes, "of all men I ever knew most fitted for his work. He seized his subject—it seemed to seize him. He brimmed over with it; he talked, thought, felt nothing else."

And now we read of Macdonell as winning what he deemed the blue-ribbon of the Press—an engagement as leader-writer on the staff of the "Times": "He had now a handsome income, and one earned without burdensome toil. He wrote four or five leaders a week—never six. He always had a rest on Fridays and Saturdays, and in addition was allowed the great boon of two months' holiday a year." This was a happy change, indeed, but the constant mental strain needed a stronger constitution than Macdonell possessed, and there were times of great exhaustion. He found refreshment in society, and dinner-parties where the talk was good had a great charm for him.

"When he was enjoying the society of intellectual and interesting people his face wore a singularly radiant look. The colour came to his lips and cheeks, his hair seemed to crisp and curl, and his voice was full-toned and thrilling. At such times the whole man seemed to ray out light and life. . . . All men and women were interesting to him unless they were vulgar or merely fashionable. He could make the dullest and most ignorant person talk, for he said everybody had one subject on which he was worth hearing. But he could on occasion be silent as a ghost. If talk were frivolous or coarse or vulgar not a word would he utter."

Strange to say, while delighting in the society of cultivated women, with whom he formed warm friendships, he was totally insensible to female beauty. "He never noticed if a girl were pretty or not; if she were intelligent and enthusiastic about books and art, she was charming to him. His stolidity in this respect was amusing. If in travelling a slight sign was made to attract his attention to a handsome or lovely woman in the carriage, it was ten to one he looked at the wrong lady." Perhaps the warmest of his female friendships was with that most delightful of women, Dora Greenwell. "We agreed about scarcely anything," she said, after his death; "but I would rather have him for an hour than anyone else. He made me up; he *lit my mind* as no one else did." "He delighted in the innocent glories of life" was one of her significant comments.

Work done for the day by a political writer dies with the day, excepting in so far as it may influence opinion, and so mingle with the forces of the age. It leaves no lasting literary mark, and the reputation won by a fine article is confined to a narrow circle. And perhaps, considering how slight and shadowy a thing fame is at the best, the kind of applause gained by the journalist is as stimulating as any other. Whatever praise he receives is paid to him on the spot; he has not to wait for his laurels. The busy life of the newspaper-writer, unless he be a foreign correspondent, is as contracted as it is responsible. His mind is always on the strain, and versatility is far more important than depth. The first week of Mr. Macdonell's connection with the "Times" he wrote articles on Burmah, Spanish affairs, Russia in Central Asia, Canadian affairs, and ironclads. To some extent, therefore, his knowledge was necessarily superficial, but he spared no pains to master his subjects as far as that was possible, and had what many journalists have not—intense convictions and an ardent love of knowledge for its own sake. "Not a constitutional problem," writes a brother journalist, "could be mooted on either side of the Atlantic of which he did not seem to have made a special study. Of French politics in particular he had a real mastery. It was delightful to find him continually returning fresh and eager for each new labour. The wide reading of his leisure hours, his original thought, the talk with friends, which was his chief recreation—all were, consciously or unconsciously, preparations for the delivery of his nightly discourses."

Perhaps nothing more need be said of a full and earnest life cut short in its prime. This is not a criticism of James Macdonell's biography, neither has the effort been made fully to estimate his character. On some topics his judgments may have been ill-considered; but no reader can question his loftiness of aim, his thorough sincerity, the depth of his affections, and his reverence for conscience. It is well that the life of such a journalist should be written, for it was a life dominated by a noble purpose, and the stars that guided him on his way were love and duty.

## SLAVERY AND FRENCH LAW.

OUR article in the "Leisure Hour" on the celebrated case of a negro slave from the West Indies being declared free on arriving in France has attracted considerable notice, and has elicited more facts as to the French law on the question. A leading article in "Le Temps" quotes the case of Jean Boucaux as settled by the Courts in 1738, and expresses natural gratification that this case not merely preceded by many years the much-renowned decision of Lord Mansfield in England, but was exactly half a century in anticipation of the liberty-inspiring epoch of 1789.

A correspondent of "Le Temps" pointed out in a subsequent paper that the decision of 1738 was only the echo of a far older, though perhaps forgotten, principle of French law. The solemn affirmation as to a slave becoming free on touching French soil dates from the year 1571. M. Etienne Pasquier, a well-known lawyer of that time, and a still more famous legal authority, Antoine Loisel, whose treatise, "Dialogue des Avocats," is worthy of being a classic, have both clearly affirmed the same law. Loisel in the following terms formulated this principle of liberty: "All persons are free in this kingdom, and as soon as a slave has crossed our boundaries, and makes himself be baptized, he is enfranchised (*est affranchi*)."

The work containing this statement, "Les Institutes Coutumières," appeared in 1607. Attempts were made in after times to restrict this principle of common law by special statutes introduced in favour of colonial slave-holders. In 1716 one of those side schemes for protecting the interests of planters was introduced, and there were other enactments—*atténuations hypocrites*, the writer in "Le Temps" calls them. The question in 1738 really was, how far these statutes could override the general principle of French law. The declaration of the freedom of the negro Jean Boucaux honourably settled this question.

There is no doubt that this slave had been baptized, and possibly in the absence of this fact being proved the decision might have gone against him. In our time there is no question of religion or creed, but it is the right of humanity to freedom in a free country that is affirmed in England and France alike.

Another correspondent of "Le Temps" traces the maxim back to the reign of Louis le Hutin, who issued an edict in 1315. It is suspected that the emancipation edict of Louis was mainly

a financial scheme, as he offered freedom on condition of payment for it. But the preamble of the edict ran thus:—"Comme selon le droit de nature chacun doit naître franc, nous, considérant que notre royaume est dit et nommé le royaume de France, et voulant que la chose en vérité soit accordante au nom, avons ordonné que toute servitude soit amenée à franchise."

On this basis, rather weak perhaps, the maxim was founded, *"Nul n'est esclave en France"*—a maxim embodied in national law.

The clause about baptism in Loisel's statement is somewhat doubtful. A case occurred in the reign of Henry II, when a Spanish galley, with three hundred Moorish slaves, was stranded on the French coasts. In spite of the protest of the Spanish ambassador, Henry II, on the advice of his Council of State, declared these Mussulmen free, in accordance with the public law of the kingdom (conformément au droit public du royaume).

The same correspondent, evidently able and learned in law, cites a case where, in 1771, the *Cour de Cassation* in Paris reversed a decision of the Court of the Isle of Bourbon, given in favour of the master, and declared freedom to the slave in the cause, on the ground of the edict of 1315.

The celebrated judgment of Lord Mansfield, in the Court of Common Pleas, was not till 1772, so France clearly retains the honour of first affirming the noble principle for all time that slavery ceases on contact with free soil.

The decisions in American courts we spare our readers the pain of remembering, as, since the Civil War, slavery is there as much a thing of the past as with ourselves.

So tardy was the recognition of natural right in the English law, and so slow the growth of public opinion against slavery, that in 1692 the Court of Common Pleas had maintained the property in slaves to be inviolable, and the slaves to possess no rights in the matter, on the ground of negroes being pagans! Half a century later, Blackstone stated, as a rule universally accepted, that a slave in England had power to dispose of his goods and of his person, but with the singular restriction that he continued through his life to serve the master who brought him to this country. Lord Mansfield's judgment was founded on no abstract question of freedom, but he granted a writ of *habeas corpus*, requiring the delivery of a slave about to be sent out of the country to Virginia, to be there sold.

We cannot but express the hope that the French representatives at the Anti-Slavery Conference at Brussels will sustain the honourable distinction of their country, and affirm that under the French flag, on the seas as well as on the soil of France, no slave can exist.

## BRIEF COUNSELS CONCERNING BUSINESS.

BY AN OLD MAN OF BUSINESS.

II.

"THERE are none so blind as those who will not see," is a well-known saying indicative of those who are so obstinate that they will not see or admit what others readily perceive and agree to. I would construct a companion saying to this, as thus: "There are none so silly as those who look but do not see," this being indicative of those who lack the power of observation, of intelligently understanding, seeing in fact, what they look at. It must never be forgotten that the eye only sees what it brings the power to see. This profound truth lies at the base of all intelligent observation. The story of the two African travellers will illustrate this point, which is of vast importance as one of the factors which insure success in business. These travellers had together passed through a certain region at the time totally unknown to Europeans. On arrival at the first civilised station they were asked as to the results of their journey, what they had seen. One had nothing specially to tell. His statements were altogether of the general; he could not say that he saw anything particular, being of the class of those who travel for the excitement, save of course that it was a "strange country!" Thus "only this and nothing more" could he tell. The other traveller was brimful of information of what he had seen; and amongst other special things he stated that they had passed through a valley or plain covered with elephant tusks—numerous at all events they were, as if the plain had been for ages the resort of elephants at certain periods of their life, or which had come to die there. The other traveller had passed through the very same place, *must* have kicked aside the tusks which impeded his progress. Yet, notwithstanding, he had such a hazy notion of the circumstance that if a marked description had not been given of it by his fellow-traveller, a thousand chances to one if he had ever again thought of it. After-exploration proved the truth—which it is scarcely necessary to say had been doubted—of the one traveller's story, and a mine, so to say, of wealth was the result. The story does not tell us that the traveller who had pointed the mine out shared in its wealth. It is not an altogether unusual circumstance in business life to find that it is not the discoverer of a good thing, the inventor of a new machine for example, who shares the money made out of it.

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Some men seem to be almost totally incapable of observing—that is, of so looking at a thing, or of so listening to a statement, as to have an intel-

ligent conception of what has been looked at, what heard. They might as well have never looked, as well never have heard, so far as knowing what they did assuredly look at, what certainly they heard. I know of few things more inimical to a man's progress in business life, to a man's "making his mark" in it, than this inability to observe. You will find two men, both of whom have passed through the same circumstances, heard the same remarks, and yet the mind of one is an absolute blank so far as any results of the seeing and the hearing were concerned. On the contrary, you find the mind of the other to be full of suggestive thoughts, practical outcomes, the result of seeing or hearing the very same things the other saw and heard. To all classes of business men the habit of intelligent observation is of great practical value. To some it is simply an essential thing. I have elsewhere called engineering the "science of observation." The whole wonderful fabric of modern machinery, from the most simple up to the most complex, in which material arrangements seem to be able to do everything but think, owes its existence to a long train of intelligent observations. The quick and ready seeing of a thing, the listening to the passing remark of a workman, followed by patient thinking out of the matter, has led to some new design, to some new arrangement, some improvement of the old. And thus, step by step, observation, succeeded by practice, the grand structure of our modern mechanics has been, so to say, built up. Our most noted discoveries, the most striking inventions, have all been the product of careful and accurate and intelligent observations, and quiet, patient thinking out of the whole circumstances.

* * *

The man who can quickly see through a thing is half, and more than half, way towards a victory over difficulties. Such a man, who bends circumstances to his will, compels them, so to say, to be the willing slaves of his purposes, is sure in the long-run to take a front place in the ranks of successful business men. This habit some seem to have naturally; they exercise it, so to say, intuitively. Others possess it only in a slight degree naturally. But it can be cultivated, notwithstanding all assertions to the contrary. And fortunate is he who, somewhat lacking in the power to observe quickly and intelligently, believes that it can be cultivated. In this case the battle is already half won. The first thing you have to determine in your mind is the absolute accuracy of the statement that looking at and seeing a thing, while each is essential to the other, are, so far as results are concerned, quite different things; that, paradoxical and even apparently absurd as it seems to be, looking at a thing is not seeing it. For seeing means intelligently comprehending what the thing seen is, so that, thought over, it can be intelligently understood. This is observation—intelligent comprehension of the thing looked at, the statement listened to. Determine that in looking at a thing you will *see* it. Think this over for yourself steadily, quietly, and you will soon perceive what "power" lies in it.

* * *

The "right management of Time" is second to none of all the influences which bear upon the conduct of business life, for time is simply the essential element in all work, however varied in kind and character that work may be. In every calculation respecting it, time is the important factor. Some may object to the phrase "management of time," as being somewhat undignified; but it is strictly true that the question of gain or loss frequently depends altogether on the way in which time is handled or managed.

Each increment or portion of time carries with it its own power to do a certain increment or portion of work. Although this is an axiom—a thing which cannot be disputed—it can be easily, and is to a large extent, forgotten in the daily duties of life. Some men get so scared with the extent of the work that they have to do that half their time is lost in bemoaning over the fact that they never will get through with it—either in this or in vain efforts to take in hand many things at one time. The length of the chain which they have to pick up and coil away so alarms them they forget that if they would only begin at one end and take it up link by link they would soon get to the other end of it. And what was well done once would not have to be done over again.

Others are constantly grumbling over the fact that, as they say, they never can get through with their work, forgetful of this truth—that while in life it is never designed that the work of life should be completed; so long as we possess all our faculties, each day will find us at its eventide with something still to do. What we have to content ourselves with is the work of to-day; that of to-morrow will come in due course, if we live to see it. What *is* the work of the day is, however, not given but to the wise to know.

* * *

To get through business with the quickest despatch and the highest economy of time, divide it into two classes or categories—the things which *may*, those which *must*, be done. It is scarcely necessary to say which ought to have the first attention. But unless the character of the work itself, or the important and pressing demand of some customer or client, defines these two classes with such precision that no one not altogether a fool can misunderstand which class the work falls under, this knowledge as to what the "may" and the "must" classes really are is not given to everyone. I have known a man lose much time in discussing with himself or his assistants which of the various pieces of work which had to be done belonged to the category of the "must" be done. And the difficulty is all the greater if those several pieces of work all possess apparently *equal* claims to be classed as the "must be done." Here some ability is demanded—a knowledge of the characteristics of each, of the capabilities of those who are to do them, and other circumstances. Although all of the same urgency, one piece of work could be done at that particular time more readily, more conveniently, more quickly, than another piece, thus giving it priority of claim to be attended to first. Here decision of character is of great value.

# A FORGOTTEN GREAT ENGLISHMAN.

BY JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "JOHN WESTACOTT," "BY THE WESTERN SEA," ETC.

III.

AT length, after further meetings at Iglau, a compact was drawn up, to which all agreed, and the way was made clear for Sigmund to enter Prague as king. Thus, as Palacky writes, at Iglau the storm was silenced that had shaken not only Bohemia, but Europe—the first great struggle in history, not for material good, but for freedom of thought and liberty of soul. And in this struggle how great and determined a part Peter Payne had taken we have seen; how his counsel had been heeded, and how his incisive, thoughtful words had ofttimes held the Bohemians to Wiclif's creed when they were wavering or inclined to yield to Rome, or rather Basle's arguments. His sadness at the present yielding of his friends to the "word-breaking" emperor must have been great, though nominally they had gained their own ends and secured their own manner of worshipping God. But the very fact that Payne's name does not occur in the festivities connected with Sigmund's entry into Prague and the councils and meetings that ensued seems proof that he held aloof from all. That with the entry of Sigmund came also the entry of evil life into Prague is proved by the fact of Rokycana being constrained to speak of the town being, since the emperor's return, as a Sodom, full of gambling and drunkenness, where evil deeds and revellings in vice were openly enacted; and the Praguers agreed with him, and complained that the compact was broken and they were deceived by legates and Kaiser, and this within a month of its being sealed.

If dissatisfaction quickly grew at Prague, it had never been absent from the towns of Tabor and Koniggratz; and here the opposition to the emperor was organised. They neither yielded nor openly rebelled, probably acting upon Payne's advice, and as he had acted with regard to the decision entrusted to him.

But the emperor's apparent repentance and readiness to yield caused a division even in the Taborite party. He had conferred with a member of their community before Iglau at Trebitsch, and with such an effusion of friendliness that suspicion was aroused. He was warm against the Romish hierarchy, and against the avarice and pride of its priesthood. That, he affirmed, he had learnt to know at Constance, and at his coronation at Rome, and at Basle. He had always desired a reformation of the Church, and longed to treat for peace directly with the Taborites, and not through those who desired no peace; and he desired, after the compact with the entire kingdom was settled, to meet the Taborites and to consult directly with them.

That Peter Payne was the great cause of the Taborites holding aloof whilst all the nation was trusting the word of one who had so often broken it is proved by the sequence of events, for in October of the same year we read that he at length gave his decision and judgment that for two years he had delayed; and now it was given because he was nearly forced to it by barons and Kaiser. These facts prove how great was Payne's power, that he, a foreigner and a chief of heretics, should so hold at bay the whole force of the emperor's party, and prevent a union which he too well knew meant at least an attempted destruction of the faith he had so loved and worked for.

The pressure now placed upon him must have been great, for his judgment was delivered as his opponents wished, declaring Rokycana's party to be in the right and the Taborites in the wrong. Yet even in delivering this decision he openly avowed that he held another opinion in his own soul. The reason for the pressure brought to bear upon Payne by the emperor and his party, and the eagerness to obtain this spoken but not felt judgment, is seen in the fact that shortly afterwards, on the 22nd of October, 1436, Niklas of Pilgram, the bishop of the Taborites, arrived in Prague, and at once denied the authority of Payne's judgment. It had been pronounced in the absence and without the authority of his own party, and did not agree with the written standard ordained at the Eger Convention. But having obtained Payne's decision, the emperor had handed over the whole matter to the decision of Ulrich of Rosenberg and Pribrik of Klenau, and this decision of his own men he pronounced upon on the same day that the Taborite bishop made his complaint against Payne's judgment.

Ulrich of Rosenberg's judgment did not go as far against the Taborites as did Payne's decision, his first article upon their religious faith running thus: "That the Taborites should not be driven with force, but if it could be proved from Holy Writ that they had gone against its teachings or God's laws, then they should amend their ways." To this clause Sigmund wrote that it went rather far, and was against the contract which the legates and the kingdom had decided upon, and still more against the decision of their own priest "Englisch"—a decision given especially at their own request. And so he (the emperor) decided to hand this matter over to the doctors and priests, so that it should not be said he acted upon his own judgment, or reopened matters to cause strife that were already settled.

The acute cunning of the management of this matter is apparent in every act; the more so when we hear Sigmund saying but six days later, in the presence of these same priests and doctors, that if he is come into the land to make peace,

he would "rather make it with the sword against the heretical Taborites than with words."

After numerous questionings and debates it was agreed between Rokycana and Bedrich and the Taborites that four priests and doctors should give, according to the standard fixed at Eger, their final decision upon all debatable points between them, and that both parties in word, heart, and deed should submit to this judgment. How fully they still trusted Peter Payne, in spite of his forced and wavering judgment given before Sigmund, is seen by the fact that of the four chosen to give this final decision his name comes first; and upon the words of these four doctors the emperor's party, including Ulrich of Rosenberg, gave their decision, and the emperor set his gold seal to a letter to the Taborites, and they were allowed to worship God in their own fashion. This letter with the gold seal is preserved to the present day in the town-hall at Tabor.

That this apparent yielding of the emperor's party was but a dividing and weakening of the national and Wiclif party is seen from the swiftly following statement that on the 23rd of December the service in all the Prague churches was held according to the wishes and written directions of the Basle legates, Rokycana gradually yielding upon all points save two—the giving of the sacraments to children and the reading of the Gospel and Epistle in Bohemian. Thus Payne's opposition to Rokycana is fully justified, and his power is yet more distinctly exemplified from the curious reading of a bull dated at the Basle Council, the 15th of January, 1437. The same date was upon the bull ratifying the Iglau compact that was handed to the emperor upon the day Queen Barbara was crowned amidst great joy and festivity, and in the presence of many nobles and magistrates and burghers, and also of Rokycana. The second bull, instead of breathing conciliation as the first appeared to do to Rokycana, reminded the emperor to discontinue the giving of the sacrament to children, and without delay he was to send Dr. Peter Payne, who held erroneous views upon Transubstantiation, to the council. This peremptory order from the council to the emperor, and Payne alone being named as one to be sent, of course perforce, to the Council, is yet further proof of their dread of his power and influence. Point after point was being gained from Rokycana and his followers, and it was Payne's influence that they feared, and therefore they wished him sent without delay that at least in Bohemia his incisive speeches should have no further weight.

As the Hussites yielded inch by inch, truly but yet ever slowly retreating from the steadfast stand made by Huss and Ziska, Payne and Prokop, so the Council advanced from entreaties to demands; and this same year that saw their command to the emperor to send Payne to Basle, saw also the return of various monkish orders to Prague. Rokycana was slowly being set aside, and Bishop Philibert given all rule. Rokycana, the chosen of the people of Bohemia, in spite of his yielding spirit, was to be wholly effaced by Rome, and his power annulled; each office was taken from him, and the firm friends of Rome installed therein, amongst others M. Pribram, the great opponent of Payne and Rokycana, receiving his reward.

Indirectly we learn that Payne held a cure or preachership at Saaz, for Palacky remarks that "the old priest returned also to Saaz, and Peter Payne and Wenzel Koranda were driven away."

Payne secured a safe conduct and came to Prague. This very mention of a safe conduct shows the altered state of affairs in Bohemia in four years. The man who passed through Europe in triumph now required letters of safe conduct to travel in Bohemia itself. The spirit of yielding against which Payne had so strenuously striven had done its work, and Rome was once more triumphant in the land of Huss; and as he journeyed on to Prague he must have felt all his work to be defeated; but he was yet to live to see it once more in the ascendency.

Arrived in Prague, he fell into strife with the emperor and Bishop Phillibert, he probably maintaining his standpoint upon the teaching of Wiclif, as he had ever done; and denouncing the renewed licentiousness and priestcraft which had so quickly reinvaded Bohemia. For the moment his power was gone, and he was driven from Bohemia as soon as his safe conduct expired. The marvel is that he was not sent to Basle a prisoner. But that the people of Bohemia still loved him is shortly afterwards proved; and perchance the emperor dreaded his imprisonment might lead to an uprising once more of the heretics. Koranda, his colleague, was forbidden to preach, and was commanded to live only in Tabor, being forbidden to leave that town under punishment of death by drowning. John Penning, a pupil of Payne's, one who had come with him to Prague, and who had shared his triumphs, was imprisoned and subjected to long questionings, a statement which most probably implies that he was also tortured.

In the gradual rising that ensued after the crowning of King Albert we hear nothing of Payne; but we are made aware of his return to Bohemia—if he had ever quitted it—by a note upon the wild state of the country in the year 1439. The nobles "stormed out of fortresses and castles, and fell upon each other, and then joined themselves to those with whom they were at enmity; so that at last no one knew who was true to each other." The mountain fortresses, and isolated hill castles lent themselves to this raiding; and it was in some such raid that Peter Payne was taken prisoner by Burian of Gutstein, in February of that year.

To glean facts concerning his imprisonment we have to go to an English fifteenth-century work—"The Correspondence of Bishop Bekynton, the Secretary of Henry VI." From two letters that are printed in this correspondence it would appear that Henry VI was not wholly unfavourable to Payne, even as his forerunner, Henry V. Johann Burian of Gutstein seems to have felt he had secured an important prisoner, and one for whom either pope or king would pay a goodly ransom, and if not pope or king at least his own people; so

he entered into a correspondence with King Henry of England upon the subject. The king's answer is characteristic. Dated May 4th, 1440, he speaks of Payne as "Nomine Magistrum Petrum cognominatum apud vos ut sciebitis Peyne, sed apud nos Clerc qui insana et pestifera doctrina sua multas nationes et populos infecit subvertitgae," etc. But though he thanks Johann of Gutstein for offering to send him to England, he offers no money for that purpose. But that Gutstein had also informed the Pope that he held Payne in his power seems apparent from the fact that King Henry writes also to the Pope, May the 18th, in which letter he again speaks of Payne as called by you Peyne, by us Clerc; and gives the said Payne some remarkably hard names, apparently laying on his shoulders the work of those with whom he was associated; for from the Bohemian historians we can glean no trace of his taking an active part in the destructive work of burning and murdering that was so wildly adopted on both sides in all the wars of the struggle. But if Henry calls him hard names, he prefers not to have him in his own country, as the Pope, like Gutstein, seems to have suggested; for it was too hazardous an undertaking, because of the dangers of the way, and especially of the *Idoli Basiliensis*.

Johann of Gutstein appears to have soon grown tired of this correspondence with pope and king, which promised no money outcome. Henry in his second letter suggested to the Pope he should be sent to Florence; but Payne's friends thought too highly of him to allow one who had been their teacher for twenty years thus to be torn from them; and their negotiations with Burian were more to the point: for they paid down two hundred schock of groschen, and once more welcomed him a free man amongst them. For says the old chronicle that Palacky quotes, "Und die Taboritenstädte zahlten lieber diese Summe, als dass sie ihn gestelt hätten." (The Taborite towns more willingly paid this sum than that he should be tortured.) A schock of groschen meant sixty of that coin, and when it is remembered that the ransom for an ordinary man was only five schock it will be seen that they set a high value on Payne's limbs. But probably Burian expected better value than this from either pope or king, and, seeing those sources fail, accepted the best offer he could get; for money and booty were to many of these petty overlords and robber knights their chief aim. A proof of the high value set upon Payne is the indifference often shown at this period for prisoners. In "Round about Haida" is quoted an example of eleven schock of groschen being paid for a batch of prisoners, but when seventy schock is demanded for another batch the answer is given "that they might rot before they would ransom them at such a high price."[1]

Whilst Payne was prisoner, perchance in one of the most terrible rock dungeons, or even Hunger towers, that now when opened yield such fearful and pathetic proofs of their inmates, sufferings, Bohemia was ravaged by a pest. The Turks were advancing in the south, Panslavism was threatening the east of Europe, and anarchy reigned in the land he had adopted. Whoever could overpower the other did so, and "fistright" reigned after Albert's death, the great barons, such as the Rosenbergs, siding with whichever party was uppermost, king or commoners. But a man was slowly coming to the fore whose personal influence was to oversway all this anarchy, and after years of strenuous labour make Bohemia a united and powerful kingdom.

George of Podiebrad's name now more frequently occurs in the councils of nobles and burghers. The Taborite party was much reduced, but later, in the year 1440, its principal priests are named as Nicklas of Pilgram, called also Biskapuc, or the little Bishop; Koranda, and Payne, who had now again taken refuge (after his imprisonment) at Saaz. From here he watched the comedy of two popes and two councils.

But his friends the Taborites were being attacked from all sides by Ulrich of Rosenberg and a strong union that besieged their towns, and by Rokycana and their old enemy Pribram, whom Payne had so often out-argued. Ulrich was now become friendly with Rokycana, and they joined their forces to overthrow the arguments of the Taborites, who still adhered to Wiclif's teaching. Especially upon the question of the Transubstantiation were they steadfast. But at length they agreed to send deputies to the meeting of priests at Kuttenberg to again discuss and agree upon the disputed points; and upon the 6th of July, 1444, at the town of Kuttenberg, was held the last public discussion of the Taborites. Not only were the clergy of all parties here in great numbers, but also the lay leaders, including Herr Ptacek, who may almost be termed the then President of Bohemia.

After some discussion as to the Taborites agreeing to abide by certain decisions, to which they only yielded town by town, the Saaz town, through Koranda, refusing to pledge itself, two presidents and directors of the assembly were chosen, and it is highly significant of Payne's lasting power and sway over the Bohemians that at this meeting he and Wenzel of Drachow were the presidents appointed.

Kuttenberg of to-day is one of the most interesting towns in Austria, and especially rich in ecclesiastical buildings, its St. Barbara's Church being a rich gem of fifteenth-century architecture; but it was in the Pfarrkirche (known now as the St. Jacobi Erzdechenal church, an interesting and good example of fourteenth-century work, and where the Utraquists worshipped from 1423 until 1622), amidst the tall graceful pillars of this beautiful building, that Peter Payne and Wenzel presided over the (to the Taborite party, and indeed all Bohemia) momentous assembly of doctors and nobles, burghers and priests.

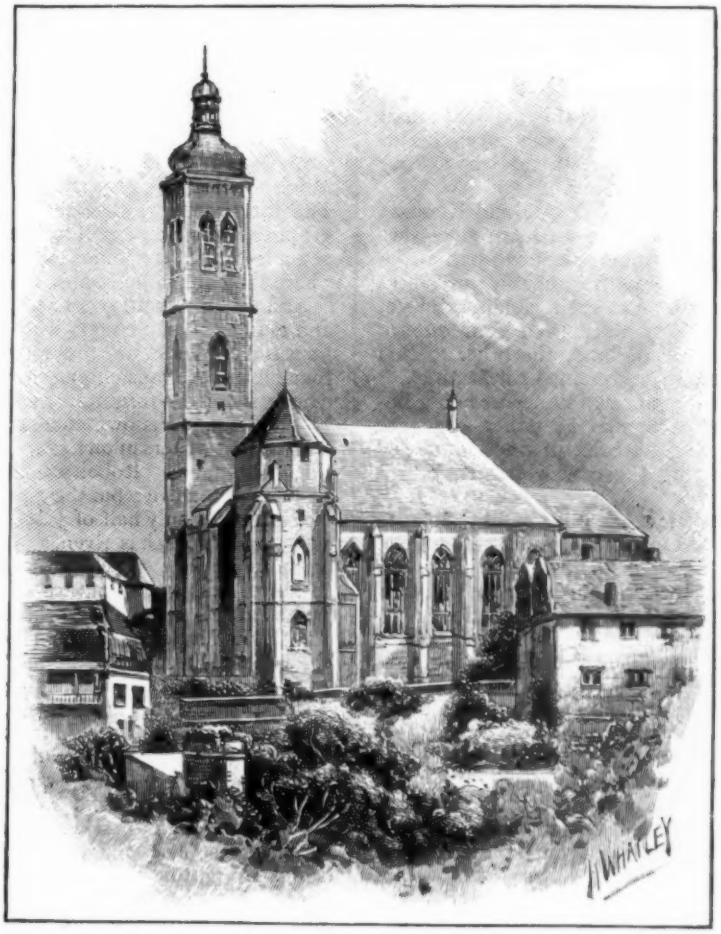
Rokycana opened the discussion with a long speech, ending with a formula of his belief upon the Holy Sacrament: "It is to be believed that (*a*) in the Holy Sacrament the holy body and

[1] See "Round About Haida," by J. B., "Cornhill Magazine," June, 1885.

blood is Christ, the true God and true Man; (*b*) in His natural body born in the flesh, and which body He received from Mary, and with which body He sits in heaven on the right hand of God the Father." And he demanded that the Taborites should also believe this. Payne and his followers, however, answered they could accept the first part (*a*), but not *b*, because Christ, according to His nature, was in one place upon His heavenly throne, though according to His sacramental, spiritual, effectual, and real nature He was here below, amongst us, and present in the sacrament of the altar.

And upon this they formulated their creed in contradistinction to Rokycana's, and the debates ensued thereon. So well and powerfully did the Taborites argue, that Rokycana, and Pribram, Payne's old antagonist and enemy, feared they would convince many, as their words were neither Godless nor unreasonable. And so they adopted the plan, too oft-times successful, of abusing their opponents, and of bringing before the Synod all the offences and wild statements of the Taborite priests for the past twenty-four years. That a good, virtuous man was more to be honoured than the sacrament and such-like statements were denounced; and Pribram, who had said he would prove Koranda, Payne's colleague at Saaz, to be two hundred times a heretic, was replied to by Koranda "that ere he could do this he (Koranda) would prove him two hundred times to be a liar!" And he challenged Pribram to bind themselves to suffer as heretics whoever should be proved to be in the wrong. Such stakes, however, of body and soul the assembly would not permit, but the statement proves how heated became the controversy. The Taborites complained also that Pribram attacked Payne only in the Bohemian tongue, though he knew that this doctor was not sufficient master of that tongue to answer him with it. The advantage of this was great to Pribram, for the assembly could listen to his fluent heated speech, whilst Payne must stammeringly reply to him.

The Synod was dissolved by Ptacek and Rokycana ordering that both parties should submit their points in writing to the Kuttenberg authorities, so that they might be considered at the next general Landtag, and until then each was to remain at peace nor debate upon the strife.




ST. JACOBI CHURCH AT KUTTENBERG IN WHICH PETER PAYNE PRESIDED OVER HIS LAST GREAT DISCUSSION.

At the Prague Landtag the Taborites sent but few delegates but much writing, and Payne's name is not mentioned. But the result was that Rokycana and Pribram were declared to be in the right, and the people were forbidden to follow the teaching of the Taborites. Their towns gave in to the Chalice party one by one, and even in 1440 only one town was left to them—that from whence they derived their name, Tabor.

George of Podiebrad and his party or Bund were fast assuming power, but of his struggles and continuous combats with the Rosenberg party and with emperor and pope we have no space to speak, as Payne's name does not appear in them until George, as Regent, and with the support of the Rokycana party with sixteen thousand men, marched against Tabor and the towns that still held out against Rokycana.

George was of different stuff to Ulrich, and only half an enemy, as he also was a ketzer (heretic). And the burghers of Tabor yielded, accepting George as Regent, he confirming them in all their

rights and liberties, and promising also to leave their friends and allies, the men of Saaz and Pisek and Laun, in peace, the Taborites still further stipulating that in the matter of differences of conscience a discussion should take place in Prague of six persons to settle these matters.

Again most significantly run the names of the chosen six. First came the now adopted archbishop, Rokycana, and next their great leader and defender (who ever through the fierce period of thirty-seven years had unswervingly clung to the pure teaching of Wiclif), their *Meister Englisch*, Peter Payne. He in this their last stand against piecemeal yielding to Rome was the first named to still defend their tenets. It was further arranged, should there be any difference between these six, that the minority should obey the majority; and if the priests would not so obey, the burghers and councillors and citizens bound themselves to obey the general will of the Landtag.

That the priests Niklas, Viskupec, and Koranda did not agree is probable, for we learn they were imprisoned for a long time in the town-hall of the Old Town at Prague until probably forced to agree with Rokycana. But their yielding did not release them, for they were then sent one to George's Castle in Podiebrad, the other to that of Litic, where they were retained till death.

As Payne's name is not mentioned as being imprisoned, it is probable that he either at length joined the ranks of Rokycana or once more fled and was shielded by those who trusted to his teaching.

This was Payne's last recorded public defence of his master's creed and teaching. He lived on, it is thought, in Prague until he saw Bohemia united and at peace with itself, under the powerful regency of George of Podiebrad, a heretic.

Of the importance of Peter Payne's work it is difficult indeed to speak, but the foregoing facts must have proved how mighty was this stranger's influence in Bohemia, and how her present historians honour his work; for, with the one exception of the reference to Bishop Bekynton's letters, naught has been written but from the Bohemian writer's work. In dealing with Pribram's discussions, Palacky states how especially this ardent disputer levelled his diatribes against Payne as the chief proclaimer of Wiclif's doctrines in Bohemia.

The party self-styled the Orphans after Ziska's death adhered most closely to Wiclif's creed, and it was to this party, as we have seen, that Payne at first clung. At first he appears to have resided in Prague when not travelling with the various embassies to Basle or Pressburg or elsewhere upon his important missions. Other Englishmen were with him who had also been driven from Oxford, but the sole name of these pupils and disciples come down to us is that of John Penning.

After Payne was banished from Prague he took refuge at Saaz, and he also resided for some time in the house of Peter Chelcicky, whose "Character Studies" of the period give us such an insight into the life, the fierce turmoil and strife, and the habits and contentions of the period. The very fact of Payne going to him is given as a proof of the importance of Chelcicky at that period, for it proves, says Palacky, "that the eyes of *the most eminent and prominent men* of this period were directed towards him."

Peter Payne, says the Bohemian historian, remained always true in principle to his master (Wiclif), never joining wholly any of the Hussite sections, as they all more or less differed from Wiclif's teaching, though he never failed continuously to draw their attention towards him. By his learning and acute thought as a theologian he enjoyed the greatest respect and esteem. The two of his tractates that M. Pribram mostly inveighed against have not up to the present been found, but a fairly large number of his writings are scattered about in various libraries, and all occupy themselves with his work of spreading and defending the teaching of Wiclif. He strove, said his opponent Pribram, to make clear what was involved, and to abbreviate and emphasise that which was lengthy or verbose in Wiclif's writing. The first words of the two lost documents are given by Palacky, as well as the commencements of some of the less known works, and the places where they are to be found.

And yet this man, one of the most "prominent and eminent" in a country that at the time when he was a leader of its thought was shaking to its foundations the most mighty power then known, is wholly ignored—forgotten by the historians and biographers of his own country.

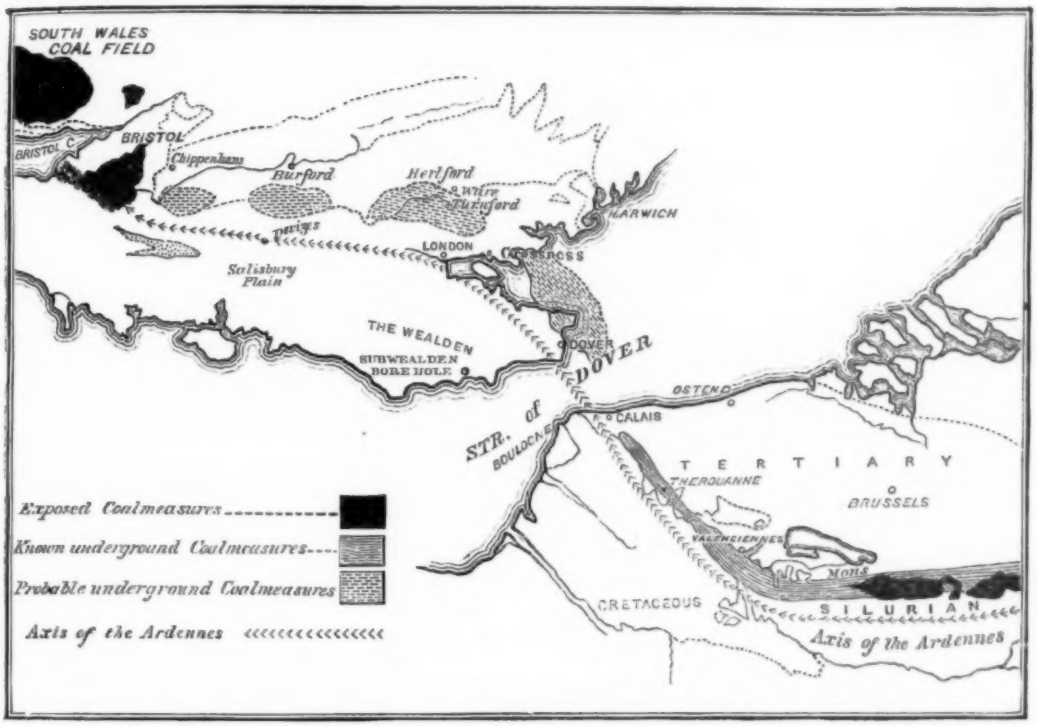
True that writers upon Church matters have mentioned his name. Robertson has seven references, and Creighton five; but these references are slight. For example, only half of John of Ragusa's "slippery snake" speech is given, and not the part which, from an opponent, proves Payne's power. Foxe in his "Acts and Monuments" has several notes upon Payne's name and work. From this we glean that Pope Martin sent to the clergy of England for a subsidy to persecute one Peter Clerk, Master of Arts of Oxford, who, flying out of England, was, at the Council of Basle, disputing on the Bohemians' side. And from a note in the appendix to Vol. III of the same work it is seen that Peter Paine was Vice-Principal of St. Edmund's Hall from 1410 to 1415, and was born at Haugh or Hough, three miles from Grantham. And thus we have the aliases to which Creighton in his "History of the Papacy" refers, that were simply his being called after his profession or his birthland, instead of by his name of Peyne, or Paine, or Payne.

His actions through all these forty years of fierce desperate life are manly and noble. Hardship and continuous danger, he must have endured; and yet only once did he waver before council or pope, emperor or people, in boldly teaching his master Wiclif's doctrines.

Do not these foreign historians prove that Peter Payne was a great man? That he is forgotten by his own countrymen is proved, as we have already said, by the fact that no work read by the common folk in our schools or colleges chronicles his name, and that no biography or encyclopædia or ordinary history of England mentions his work. And yet was he not truly a Great Englishman?

# NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

## WHY COAL SHOULD BE FOUND AT DOVER.




MAP OF THE PROBABLE THAMES VALLEY COALFIELDS (PROFESSOR PRESTWICH, 1872), WITH SITES OF LATER WELL-BORINGS.

SATURDAY, the 15th February, 1890, promises to be a memorable day in the annals of scientific and inductive geology in England. On that day a bed of coal was struck in a boring undertaken for the purpose, at Dover, nearly twelve hundred feet below the surface of the ground.

For the last two or three years the authorities of the South-Eastern Railway and Channel Tunnel Companies, on the advice of Mr. Whitaker, of the Geological Survey, have been engaged making a trial boring at the foot of Shakespeare's Cliff. On the day mentioned Mr. Francis Brady, the engineer-in-chief, reported the first indications of success. At a depth of exactly 1,180 feet below the surface—within only a few feet of the predicted horizon—the coal came up mixed with clay in the boring-tool. "A small quantity of clean, bright coal found in the clay was tested by burning, and proved to be of good bituminous character. The seam was found to have a thickness of 3 feet 6 inches, with a 4-inch parting of shale and sandstone in the middle." But this is not the most significant of the facts which have made so favourable an impression. The coal thus brought up is associated with rocks which correspond pretty closely with those of the Somersetshire coal-field, with which the Dover coal-seam is suspected to be connected.

The results of this discovery are at present incalculable. Whether or not the landscape scenery and commercial pursuits of Southern England are henceforth to be completely revolutionised, or whether the deposits may be only sufficient to give employment to a single small colliery, are questions which will be left undetermined probably for another two years, whilst similar deep borings are being made on the westerly line across England to Somerset. Meantime this actual discovery of the true coal-measures in the south-east of England, whatever may prove to be their extent and value, forms in itself an epoch in inductive geology.

The non-geological mind naturally asks the question, Why should coal be looked for in Kent? Indeed, why should it be suspected to exist anywhere at so great a depth beneath the ground, without a single clue or indication at the surface? Even those who may be initiated in elementary geological principles, and may know

something of the order of succession of the rocks in Britain, are not without good ground for asking for some explanation of a discovery which a few generations ago would never have been attempted in so apparently unlikely a district as the south-east of England—a district where, judging from the nature and age of the rocks at the surface (the chalk and other comparatively recent deposits)—no coal might be expected to be found before reaching the enormous depth of at least seven thousand feet. The underground area in which the coal has just been found is indeed of quite an exceptional character, and unlike that of any of the coal-fields in other parts of England and Wales. It is this exceptional nature of the site, coupled with the fact that several of our leading geologists have nevertheless for years past been predicting the very discovery in question, which gives occasion for a few explanatory notes on the origin of the problem itself and the scientific and truly prescient manner in which it has been attacked and ultimately solved.

As far back as the year 1855 Mr. Godwin-Austen—a name highly honoured among English geologists—began the series of theoretical inquiries which have led to the discovery of coal beneath Dover. In that year Mr. Godwin-Austen read a paper before the Geological Society of London, in which, from a careful study of the geological phenomena of Belgium and the West of England (see map), he inferred that the elevated ridge known as the "Axis of Ardennes," in the former country, was the same as that of our Mendip Hills. These two outcropping parts of a long line of elevation of old rocks, he held, were connected by an underground ridge of the same, hidden by the mass of rocks of later origin. To use Mr. Godwin-Austen's own words, "The depression of the Thames valley represents, and is physically a continuation of, that which, extending from Valenciennes by Douai, Bethune, Therouanne, and thence to Calais, includes the great coal trough of those countries. At an early time a line of disturbed surface was produced, having a general east and west direction, traversing a portion of the area of the fossil coal-growths. This disturbance placed all the rocks of that series along its course, either at or near the present surface. Thus we have strong *a priori* reasons for supposing that the course of a band of coal-measures coincides with, and may some day be reached along, the line of the valley of the Thames."

We have virtually in these words a graphic restoration of the old carboniferous landscapes of southern England, which not only gives the non-geological reader a valuable insight into the process of earth-building in past ages, but a view of the particular event which rearranged the rocks of the coal period below the Thames valley, and then originated the problem now so happily in course of solution. We are, in fact, taken back to a time in the physical history of Southern England when the present upper floors of clay, sand, and chalk which now occupy the surface from Somerset to Dover were not as yet laid down as sediment from their parent seas and estuaries: and when, in exactly the same latitude, a rich and continuous growth of coal forests stretched away from Somersetshire through Wilts and Berks on to the site of the present Thames valley, and thence to the site of Dover, and along the line of the present coal-measures under the Channel into the future France and Belgium.

This much at least in the realm of prehistoric physical geography the geologist postulates as the first condition of a successful search for coal along the same east and west line at the present day. A second and equally important question had now to be solved. The once continuous and horizontal coal-field has since been broken up. Before the later sediments of sand and clay were deposited the rocks were raised by great earth movements along the whole route, bearing up the coal-beds with them, and exposing them to waste and dispersal under the new geographical and meteoric conditions, or possibly burying them here and there in smaller or larger basin-like depressions, or in folds and fissures of the older rocks on which they reposed. Here again there was room for theory and induction based on observation. For the further prosecution of the inquiry credit is chiefly due to Mr. Prestwich, F.R.S., who, since Mr. Godwin-Austen's first paper was written, has followed up the subject in the most sanguine spirit and with indefatigable watchfulness and invaluable suggestions to engineers and well-borers on every possible occasion.

Practically, the search for coal-beds in the South of England has been the search, in the first place, for the great underground ridge, the so-called "Axis of the Ardennes," in its supposed prolongation across the Channel and subterranean England to the Mendips. "The progress of knowledge on the subject has come mostly by unexpected steps, sudden flashes of light, as it were, through work done for a very different purpose; chiefly, in fact, from borings made in search of deep-seated water." The result is that now we have five or six well-determined sites on the line of the supposed axis where this ridge of old rocks has been definitely touched—viz., Kentish Town, Tottenham Court Road, and Crossness in the London area, as shown on the map; and at Ware, Turnford, Burford, and Dover. At the two last-mentioned places the presence of the coal-measures has been satisfactorily proved.

The question still remains, the presence and course of this underground ridge having been thus far determined, are the coal-measures, in spite of the great vicissitudes to which they were subjected by upheaval, likely to have survived to an extent comparable with the proved existing coal-fields, or were they hopelessly thinned out by the denudation which set in upon their upheaval? Here, again, Professor Prestwich is not only highly sanguine, but well armed with facts which qualify him to give an opinion. The professor wrote in the year 1871:—

"Everywhere along that old tract of carboniferous and Devonian rocks, extending from Westphalia to Bristol and South Wales, there appears to have been an old growth of coal-producing vegetation of great luxuriance and persistence.

Everywhere along the immediate flanks of the great axis traversing that old tract we find rich and productive measures, however much they may deteriorate as they recede from that line; and there is no reason to believe but that we should find the same productiveness along the flanks of the same underground ridge, although at a distance of twenty to thirty miles from it a falling-off might possibly be found. On these grounds we believe that the coal-measures, should they exist under the secondary rocks of the South of England, would be found in full force and in full productiveness."

Professor Prestwich went on to say that "the divisions of the coal-measures into separate basins are subordinate to the great east and west axis, and so far as experience teaches us they are never wide nor long maintained. The length of those portions of the axis included between West Pembrokeshire and Frome and between Calais and Dortmund is 472 miles, and in this distance we find eight separate and distinct coal-fields. The combined length of these eight coal-fields is about 350 miles, leaving only about 122 miles occupied by intervening tracts of older rocks, so that nearly three-quarters of the whole length is occupied by coal strata. We consider that a structure which is constant so far as the axis of disturbance can be traced above ground is, in all probability, continued under ground along the range of the same line of disturbance, and we see no reason why the coal strata should not occupy as great a proportionate length and breadth in the underground (South of England) and unknown as in the above-ground and explored area."[1]

Again, "The great original coal trough has been broken up into several basins, and we are not aware of any reasons why any of those which may exist in the unexplored area should have been more denuded than those in the proved area. In each of the great known basins the coal-measures exhibit approximate dimensions of thickness."

We now come to the last question. Will the coal-measures be found to be north of the old ridge of underground rocks in a westerly direction as pictured prophetically in the accompanying map by Mr. Prestwich? or is not the general evidence in favour of the country south of the ridge? The Dover boring is clearly in favour of the northern route, agreeing as it does with the course laid down by Mr. Prestwich some twenty years since —viz., "a line passing through North Wilts, Oxfordshire, and thence across Hertfordshire, South Essex, and the south-west extremity of Kent." On the other hand, it has been urged by Mr. Etheridge, F.R.S., that the boring at Messrs. Meux's at Tottenham Court Road, and at Ware, a distance of twenty-four miles, shows this northern tract of the ridge to be devoid of the coal-measures, the older rocks on which they should lie being immediately overlaid by rocks younger than the carboniferous. But this argument has been fairly disposed of by Mr. Whitaker, who points out that it wants more than three borings along a line twenty-four miles in length to make such an inference safe. Moreover, it seems to have been forgotten that the true coal-measures had already been discovered north of the underground ridge —viz., at Burford in Oxfordshire, 1,184 feet from the surface. Burford is north of the Thames valley, and indeed in about the same latitude as Ware.

We have thus briefly given some reasons why coal has been so persistently looked for in the South of England. We have shown the grounds which existed, in spite of superficial appearances to the contrary, for the memorable scientific induction which has now been so successfully established. Mr. Boyd-Dawkins has well said that "the story of the discovery at Dover is a striking example of the progress of a scientific idea passing through various phases, and growing more clearly defined through opposition and discouragement, until ultimately it has been proved to be true, and likely to lead to industrial changes of national importance."

Professor Prestwich's remarkably prophetic map issued in 1872 (of which we give the salient features), and the sites of subsequent well-borings which are now added to it, will help the reader to realise in a vivid manner the course of the old underground ridge, and the probable position of the coal-bearing beds on its northern flank.

[1] "Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the several matters relating to Coal," pp. 159, 160. (1871.)

### THE MICROSCOPE—CHEAP STUDENTS' LENSES—THE LARGEST APERTURE KNOWN—THE PRICES OF THE APOCHROMATICS.

The foremost topic in microscopical circles continues to be the recent startling advances made in the manufacture of students' lenses, both as regards improved quality and great reduction in price. At a recent meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society, Mr. E. M. Nelson, in a short review of recent achievements, gave some facts of great interest to the student and the expert alike. A new competitor in the production of students' lenses is Herr Reichert, of Vienna. Among the first batch of his lenses that came to this country was a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, of 0·84 angular aperture. Its price was £2, and at that time there was nothing made in England at three times that sum that would at all compare with it. But since then we have reached the era of the cheap semi-apochromatics, due to the employment of the Jena glass introduced by Professor Abbé some two years since. Perhaps the most remarkable of these semi-apochromatics are two lenses by Leitz—a $\frac{2}{3}$ and a $\frac{1}{6}$. The $\frac{2}{3}$, Mr. Nelson tells us, is a remarkably fine lens which has no achromatic rival, and the $\frac{1}{6}$ far surpasses any similar achromatic lens. Mr. Lewis Wright, whose well-known achievements in experimental optics has made him an excellent and reliable authority, finds that Leitz's $\frac{2}{3}$ (No. III.) is really nearer $\frac{3}{4}$. It may be had for the low price of 15*s*.; the $\frac{1}{6}$ (No. VII.) is about $\frac{1}{7}$, and is sold at 30*s*. [In a former paper these two lenses were erroneously ascribed to Reichert, and a $\frac{1}{6}$-glass should have been substituted for 1 in.] They can be obtained through the leading opticians. The apochromatics proper can be obtained

from Mr. Baker, Holborn, London, or through Herr Zeiss's agents, the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company, St. Tibb's Row, Cambridge. A cheap 1-in. glass is still a desideratum.

Some further particulars of Professor Abbé's new object-glass with the largest aperture yet known in microscopy[1] have been given to the Royal Microscopical Society of London, by Dr. Czapski, of Jena. The author lays down some important principles in optics which should be clearly recognised if we are to understand the nature of the advances now being made in microscopy, especially in connection with the now famous "apochromatic" lenses. As regards resolving power, Dr. Czapski points out that the earliest known achromatic objectives in which important advances were made (*e.g.*, in abolishing intrusive colours, and in thus securing a better union of the rays) did not reach the resolving power which the aperture theoretically allowed them. But in Professor Abbé's fluorite lenses the quality of the object-glass is augmented by a complete union of the rays without the aperture being necessarily increased. To this important advance the professor has now added another: he has sensibly increased the aperture, and he has discovered that great desideratum, an immersion liquid which satisfies, in the present case at least, the required conditions. In order to reach the given aperture it was necessary that all media between the object to be examined and the front lens of the objective, as well as this lens itself, should have a higher refractive index. The aperture decided upon was 1·60, and it was completely realised by the maker. A suitable immersion liquid was found in monobromide of naphthaline, whose index is 1·66. For the cover-glass and the front lens was selected a flint-glass index of 1·72, so that the objective was no longer, strictly speaking, a homogeneous immersion objective. None of the existing kinds of flint-glass appeared to be suitable for the front lens, and special fusions had to be undertaken. The memorable success which has attended Professor Abbé's efforts leads to the inquiry whether a further increase of the aperture beyond 1·60 can be expected. The difficulty of any such advance is not of a constructive character; it lies in the want of a still more suitable immersion liquid. If such a liquid were found, Professor Abbé would be at once prepared to undertake the calculations of an objective of still greater aperture for the image-forming rays. Glass of sufficiently high index for the front lens and the cover-glass could be provided without difficulty.

As regards the ordinary apochromatics, scarcely an important meeting of high-power microscopists ever passes without some tribute to the epoch-making character of these remarkable lenses. At the annual meeting of the Quekett Microscopical Club, in March, Dr. Dallinger, the new president, remarked that it had taken nearly two years for some of the highest English experts to do justice to the new objectives, which at first they held to be no better than the achromatics of the best London makers. He himself had been converted from that conservative opinion, and now that the apochromatics and their eye-pieces were understood as a system, results were got which astonished even the most experienced workers with the achromatics.

To Dr. Dallinger's testimony may be added that of experts employed in large commercial houses engaged in industrial and chemical processes, where the spectroscope and the microscope share with chemical re-agents and other methods the ultimate analysis of residues and changes in composition and structure. The apochromatic lenses have for some months past been in growing demand in East London industries of the kind mentioned, their high price being no obstacle in the light of the great interests at stake.

The following are the prices of the apochromatic series:—1 inch, £7; ½ inch, £8 10*s.*; ⅔ inch, £5; ½ inch, £8 10*s.*; ⅓ inch, £6 10*s.*; ¼ inch, £11; ⅙ inch, £9; $\frac{1}{10}$ inch (water-immersion), £15; $\frac{1}{10}$ inch (oil-immersion) £20 and £25. Writing from personal experience, a correspondent kindly informs us that Leitz supplies a really good oil-immersion $\frac{1}{12}$ inch, which at £5 is superior to Zeiss's $\frac{1}{10}$ inch at £8; but of these oil-immersion lenses Reichert's nominal $\frac{1}{15}$ inch (really $\frac{1}{12}$ to $\frac{1}{13}$ inch) is by far the best. Mr. Nelson's verdict is that it is scarcely inferior to the apochromatics, and for projection (lantern) purposes Mr. Lewis Wright has had no lens at all comparable with it: "It has far greater working distance than Zeiss's, and focuses easily through a very thick test-glass, while Zeiss's will not. The most remarkable thing about it is that it is quite a new system, as novel in its construction and method of correction as the apochromatic series were. Leitz's is on the older lines, but with a new glass, numerical aperture 1·30, while Reichert's, Mr. Nelson says, is 1·25."

Seibert's No. III. (about $\frac{4}{10}$ of an inch) is a beautiful lens, and has been adopted by Mr. Wright for projection purposes for some years. Mr. Nelson speaks enthusiastically of its merits as a pocket-lens: "A Seibert No. III, unscrewed from its brass mount, constitutes the best high-power pocket-lens ever made. One mounted like a Coddington would be a useful appendage to a microscopist's outfit, as it has fully one-eighth of an inch working distance, which the Coddington lens has not."

Fully to appreciate the value of the new lenses one has only to compare them with those of ten years since. The extraordinary advances made in the interval can only thus be realised. As already shown, the new lenses have now won the *imprimatur* of the laboratory-worker in critical analyses of great practical import, as well as the admiration of our foremost workers in theoretical optics.

[1] "Leisure Hour," p. 354. It has since transpired that the cost of this glass was 1,000 francs, or £40, not £400, as at first announced, through the erroneous addition of an extra zero.

# Varieties.

**French Convicts in Australia.**—The Australian papers are loud in their complaints of the number of convicts escaping from the French penal settlement in New Caledonia. They are becoming so numerous that the authorities in that settlement are not only charged with culpable negligence, but are suspected at conniving at their escape, so as to get rid of the cost and trouble of keeping them. For some years Queensland, with its wide and sparsely peopled territory, was the chief place of this unwelcome invasion, but lately the same complaint comes from New South Wales. The "Sydney Morning Herald," of February 7th, 1890, had a leading article on the *récidiviste* question, as it is technically called (from *récidiver*, to relapse). The Queensland papers are continually telling their readers of escaped convicts. In a recent telegram it was stated that ten convicts were at the moment in custody in Brisbane, and criminals of the same class are now giving trouble to the police in Sydney. The same number of the "Sydney Morning Herald" quotes an article from "Le Temps," which is considered there, as it is with us, one of the best and most influential Parisian journals, in which the statement is made that only thirty-two convicts have escaped from New Caledonia in the past fifteen years. The editor of "Le Pays" must have been misinformed, for not long since the Colonial Secretary declared that there are now about 800 *récidivistes* known to be scattered up and down the colonies. The only explanation as to the statement of "Le Temps" is that the editor refers to those escaped from prison, and does not include the very numerous convicts known as *libérés*, or what we call ticket-of-leave men. If "Le Temps" gives the number of *evadés* as only thirty-two in fifteen years, it may be true with regard to escapes from prison, or from the Isle Nou, where the worst criminals are confined. But Australians complain of the presence among them of *récidivistes* of any class. Some of the *libérés*, or ticket-of-leave convicts, have committed serious and even capital offences, and none of them are desirable colonists.

**Napoleon's Knowledge of Civil Law.**—During the long and difficult discussions in drawing up the Code Napoleon, the jurists and statesmen were astonished at the familiarity shown by the Emperor with the principles of Roman law. He told them one day that when he was a young lieutenant he was sent to solitary confinement for some slight breach of discipline. "The room had no furniture, only an old chair, and a dusty cupboard, in which I found one ponderous, musty, worm-eaten volume. It was a Digest of the Roman Law. In those ten days of my imprisonment I had nothing else to do but to become saturated with Justinian, and the words of Roman legislators and judges. Thus I acquired my knowledge of the principles of the Civil Law."

**Arbitration Courts for Trade Disputes.**—An important paper, forwarded from the British Embassy in Paris, has been issued by the Foreign Office as to the French *Conseils des Prudhommes*. The experience of these councils may give valuable help in the establishment of analogous courts in our country. The Conseils of Prudhommes were instituted in 1806, under the direct sanction of the Emperor Napoleon. They consist of local boards, in all parts of the country, for settlement of disputes between masters and workmen in matters of wages, contracts, valuation of work, and other subjects of difference. They do not include questions of so large a range as general strikes, or other than local disputes. In their more limited sphere the Prudhommes hold official position and legal authority. The councils consist of workmen and of masters in equal numbers, elected by vote, the voters being above twenty-five years of age, and of three years' residence in the locality. The members of council must be over thirty years of age, and able to read and write. They are paid usually by the communes over which their authority extends. Their decisions have legal force, and there is no appeal in cases involving 200 francs or under. For larger amounts appeal may be made to the Tribunal of Commerce. The councils have no voice in respect to the amount of wages or pay, which is supposed to be a matter for previous arrangement between employers and employed. But their help is sought in regard to questions of inefficient work or absence from workshops; of disputes as to valuation, pay for piecework, and any other difference arising. Each council is divided into two sections—one for mediation and advice, the other for deciding cases where arbitration fails. The council has authority to inspect and report on condition of workshops, whether on sanitary or social points, to supervise the discipline in factories, the behaviour of apprentices, with power to invoke police aid if necessary. There are 136 councils now established throughout France, dealing with about 42,000 cases each year. About 16,000 are amicably settled, 12,000 withdrawn by consent, and not above 13,000 or 14,000 referred for judgment. Appeals are rare. In 1886 there were only 314, in 126 of which the decision of the Prudhommes was affirmed and in 117 overruled. In 71 cases the question was withdrawn before decision by the Tribunal of Commerce. A proposal is now before the Chamber of Deputies to enlarge the scope of the councils, and to extend their jurisdiction to the amount of 500 francs in matters under dispute. The practice of these councils is at least worthy of attention in establishing any permanent arbitration courts in England, with official authority and jurisdiction.

**Charles James Fox's Last Speech.**—On June 6, 1806, Fox made his last speech in the House of Commons. It was on the abolition of the slave trade, and he closed with these memorable words: "So fully am I impressed with the vast importance and necessity of obtaining what will be the object of my motion this night, that if, during the almost forty years I have had the honour of a seat in Parliament, I had been so fortunate as to accomplish *that*, and that *only*, I should think I had done enough, and could retire from public life with comfort, and the conscious satisfaction that I had done my duty." The division showed 114 for Mr. Fox's motion, against it 15; a majority of 99. The great statesman died on September 13 of that year.

**Matters of Taste.**—Cicero said that the common people and the unlearned are generally right in matters of taste, as in regard to oratory and art. There is much difference between the *doctus* and the *rudis* in practice but not in judgment (in faciendo non in judicando).

**Anemometer on the Eiffel Tower.**—A series of observations for a hundred consecutive days has been made at the top of the Eiffel Tower on the velocity of the wind. Speaking generally, the velocity at that elevation was three times in the average greater than nearer the ground. Much of the diminution of force and speed is no doubt due to the check given by houses and other objects near the surface of the earth. The observations present many curious details as to the variations at various times of the day and night, due to changes of temperature.

**Bookworm Ravages.**—In "Kirby and Spence's Entomology" a curious fact is stated about the bookworm (*Anobium pertinax*) on the authority of M. Peignot, a French librarian. In a public library but little frequented one of these destructive insects bored in a straight line through twenty-seven folio volumes! On passing a string through the perfectly round hole made by it these twenty-seven volumes could be raised at once. From the distinguished botanical traveller, Mr. F. W. Burbidge, Curator of the Trinity College Botanical Gardens, Dublin, the "Graphic" has received a living specimen of a bookworm which Mr. Burbidge caught *en flagrant delit* of "gnawing up things like the devil!" It is rather remarkable that until the last few years scarcely anyone had ever seen a real live bookworm,

although its depredations have caused many a heartburn on the part of collectors. Sir Henry Ellis, of the British Museum, had only seen one, and that in a volume of the "Spectator." A fearful-looking monster is depicted under the title of book-worm in Hooke's "Micrographia," 1665. Mr. Burbidge's specimen belongs to the genus *Anobium*, of which there are several species. One of them attacks prints and pictures; and even oil-paintings, the latter probably from paste having been applied to the canvas. In one of the Parliamentary reports on the state of the pictures in the National Gallery, it was stated that the fine picture of the "Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastian del Piombo, had been so attacked by the larvæ of an insect, supposed to be the *Anobium paniceum*. Through Dr. Waagen's efforts the pictures were afterwards watched and protected.

**Mad Dogs.**—An important paper on the suppression of rabies has been communicated to the "Nineteenth Century" (March, 1890) by Mr. G. Fleming, the well-known veterinary surgeon. He advocates—1. Universal muzzling throughout the kingdom for a period. 2. Licensing and registering strictly carried out, and at a high figure for dogs not useful. 3. Destruction of all vagrant dogs. Other minor matters of police regulations are referred to, as well as watchful inspection of imported dogs. By carrying out his proposals, Mr. Fleming guarantees the speedy extinction of rabies, with the removal of "panics, muzzles, and Pasteurian inoculations, and the saving of lives now sacrificed to fearful death from hydrophobia." We wish Mr. Fleming could be installed as temporary dictator, and head director of a canine department of police till his desired object is accomplished. His advice has been followed in the Colony of New South Wales, and rabies are there unknown.

**New Zealand Wool.**—The colony takes second rank among the Australasian colonies in the production of wool, New South Wales holding the first place, with exports valued about nine million sterling. New Zealand exported in 1888, £3,115,508 value; Victoria, £2,466,822; and Queensland, £2,258,365. In quality the New Zealand wool was of the first rank, and fetched the highest price in the London market.

**True Test of Poetic Honours.**—To the common sense of readers uncorrupted by literary prejudices, after all the refinements of sublety and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours.—*Dr. Johnson, on "Gray's Elegy."*

**Scripture Jests and Irreverent Quotations.**—This is a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity.—*Dr. Johnson.*

**Delagoa Bay.**—Admiral Giffard, K.C.B., says that in the year 1827 Captain Owen surveyed Delagoa Bay and the surrounding country, and made treaties with the native chiefs for the transfer of the bay to England. There were no Portuguese within one hundred miles of the bay at that time. Admiral Giffard was a midshipman on the Cape station in 1828, and remembers the subject spoken about. These treaties and the survey must have been forgotten when the British Government allowed the arbitration of Marshal MacMahon to give Delagoa Bay to Portugal.

**Science Lectures at Buckingham Palace.**—In a recent visit of the "Pall Mall" "interviewer" to Sir Richard Owen's house in Richmond Park, the veteran man of science gave an interesting recollection of his lectures in the Royal household: "The Prince Consort requested me to give a series of elementary lectures at Buckingham Palace to the Royal children—the four eldest. There they used to sit in front of me, as quiet and as attentive as possible, whilst the Prince Consort pointed at my diagrams with his stick. Thirty or forty of the Court were present. For a long time I could never make out why it was that the door close to me was always kept open, but I subsequently discovered that the Queen had drawn her armchair up to it and used to sit and listen. In later years I gave a similar course at Windsor to the younger children. The King of the Belgians was then on a visit to the Queen, and he was one of my most regular hearers. It is to those lectures that I am indebted for this charming little house. I have been here for nearly forty years. Come and look at the garden," and as he spoke he rose and walked to the window, whence a beautiful view was obtained. "All my spare time," said he, "has been spent in the cultivation of the garden as you now see it. It is all Crown land."

**French Indo-China.**—The Tonquin Government has no slight task in the pacification of the unruly natives of the Indo-French territories. The submission of the famous chief of the pirates of those seas is regarded as a good omen for the future. Doc Tich, as he is named, has sailed for France, with the understanding that he is to be interned at Algiers; and it is hoped that he will be as faithful to his promises as was Abd-el-Kader. He proposes to study Western civilisation, and to spread it in his old haunts on his return to the East.

**Conscription.**—In one of his speeches at a City company dinner the Duke of Cambridge said that conscription for the army was in England an absurdity. It is incompatible for our service, which is mainly foreign, not home service. France and Germany must have conscription, because they had frontiers to defend. For the militia there might be conscription if necessary, but not for the army.

**The White Doe of Rylstone.**—The last of the Wordsworths of the Lake branch of the family died lately at Scale How, Ambleside, in her 89th year. Dorothy Wordsworth, cousin of the poet, was often at Rydal Mount in her early life. She was a famous beauty in those days, and for this and her charming manners her friends spoke of her as "the White Doe of Rylstone." She was fond of giving reminiscences of the old days of the "Lake School" of poetry, and of the celebrities who were attracted to Wordsworth's home.

**Irish Industrial League.**—This League, of entirely non-political character, is established for the encouragement and development of all industrial objects in Ireland. A large and influential committee has been formed, and if an energetic and intelligent council manages affairs, there may be hopes of doing some useful service to Ireland. The League could not do better than take for guidance the standard book of the late Sir R. Kane on the "Resources of Ireland."

**Hungarian Foreign Trade.**—The consular report from Sir Arthur Nicolson at Buda-Pesth states that the foreign trade of Hungary now exceeds £70,500,000 a year, almost equally divided between exports and imports. The exports are chiefly cereals, wool, and live stock. The imports are chiefly manufactured goods, clothing, furniture, and machinery. Austria absorbs the large proportion of nearly 80 per cent. of the trade; but much of this may merely pass through Austria to be shipped or carried to other countries. The direct British trade is not above £800,000, the exports to this country being chiefly flour, wine, and leather, reaching England either by Fiume, or by the Elbe through Hamburg. The river navigation on the Danube, Save, and the Theiss is being largely developed. Hungary is able to export more wheat and flour than any country except the United States and Russia, India and Roumania coming next in the grain and flour trade.

**Hibernian Patriotic Wish.**—The Dublin correspondent of the "Times" closed a long and hearty tribute to the memory of the late Baron Dowse with the following dubious words: "A great Irishman has passed away. God grant that many as great, and who as wisely shall love their country, may follow him."

**Lagos.**—The latest reports show continuous progress in this small but well-conducted colony. Lagos was acquired by treaty in 1861. The revenue for 1877 came to £51,347, while the expenditure reached £78,610. The excess represented exceptional outlay from the credit funds of the colony on increased and necessary accommodation. The credit of the colony, represented by its investments, etc., amounted, at the close of the year, to £38,059. The colony is self-dependent as regards its defence. Its force

consists of Houssas (Mahommedans) and Yorubas, numbers some 400, and costs nearly £12,000 per annum. It is satisfactory to notice the addition to the fixed establishments of provision for a botanical station as a distributing centre for economic plants of commercial value. The history of this important measure and the progress attained has appeared in the monthly bulletin of the Royal Gardens, Kew, from which it would appear we are indebted for so important a work to Governor Molony, who has himself published a useful handbook on West African Forestry. In 1871 the population was 60,221; in 1881 it reached 75,273; and for 1887 it is estimated to have been 86,559. Education seems to receive the earnest consideration of the Government. The Christian religious bodies have been and are the popular educators. Payment by results on a liberal scale from the public revenue proceeds; scholarships have been provided for; and the vernacular is very properly encouraged.

**Irish School of the Worst Sort.**—An Inspector describes the state of one school thus: "Awkwardness and delay in supplying pupils with pens, ink, pencils, slates, needles, thimbles; insufficient or barely sufficient supply of them; pupils not attending to their own work, but looking over their neighbours'; bad style of reading out dictation; no fire lighted; maps and tablets hung awry on the walls and inaccessible; a twig cut from the nearest bush for a pointer; the clock stopped; pupils sucking their fingers and pen handles; their faces and fingers smeared with ink after writing; dropping in and out of the room in twos and threes; slinking to the fire; . . . a smoky chimney; walls and windows dusty; pupils answering at random and not obeying directions—all these or some of them, leave an impression of carelessness which no amount of passes will obliterate." Happily such schools are the exception; for, out of more than 8,000 schools visited, not above 240 are marked as "bad," and there is improvement visible year by year. The only drawback is that most of the schools are under the direction of the priests as managers.

**Parisian Liquor Saloons.**—At the recent Alcoholic Congress at Paris it was elicited that during the last eight years the liquor saloons of Paris have increased from twenty-four thousand to twenty-nine thousand, that in thirty years the consumption of alcohol has been trebled, in the last ten years doubled, and that no less than thirty-six million gallons of alcoholic liquor have been manufactured out of potatoes. The seed thus sown has borne its inevitable fruit in a startling increase of crime, disease, insanity, and suicide.

**Reredos at Winchester.**—A correspondent mentions that the reredos described in the "Leisure Hour" of last year as a gift from Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, is not in the Cathedral, as there stated, but in the Church of St. Thomas, Winchester.

**Salmon from Ireland.**—Mr. H. Ffennell has reported the largest salmon taken for many years in the Blackwater river, Cork. It was brought to London on February 21st, and was measured and weighed in Mr. Grove's shop in Bond Street. The weight was 51 lbs.; length from tip of snout to middle of tail 50½ inches; girth round the middle 33½ inches. It was a male, bright in colour, and in good condition. The famous Tay salmon, which Frank Buckland called "The King of the Scots," weighing 70 lbs., and 53 inches long, is now exhibited in a glass-case in the central corridor of the Brighton Aquarium.

**Antarctic Voyage.**—Baron Nordenskjöld has announced in the Swedish Academy of Sciences that he and Baron Oscar Dickson, with assistance from the Australian colonies, will start on an expedition in the South Polar regions next year. The voyage of Sir James Ross is as yet the highest achievement in Antarctic exploration.

**Malta.**—A travelling Friend, or Quaker, on his way to India on a preaching mission, thus describes his impressions of Malta. "After passing Pant Maria, formerly an Italian convict settlement, now devoted to the cultivation of grapes and olives, we reached Malta. We greatly enjoyed going ashore there. The strangely built and coloured houses; the hilly streets, often with steps up which to climb them; the carriages and carts of unaccustomed build; the horses with strange bright trappings; the flocks of long-eared goats going about the streets, each with a red collar and tinkling bell; the women with black cloaks and hoods; the multitudes of priests; the gaily-dressed men; the churches where mass was being performed; the grand old palaces of the Knights of St. John; the wonderful natural harbour with its mighty artificial defences, and the English fleet at anchor; the tropical fruit, flowers, and foliage; whilst over all was the cloudless sky, and around us the balmy breezes from the Midland Sea—these united to form a most unlooked-for and long-to-be-remembered scene."

**The Death-Rate of Sailors.**—It may be a surprise to many to learn that statistics prove the sea to be safer to live on than the land. The late Mr. Thomas Gray, of the Board of Trade Marine Department, says, "I have always contended, and am more than ever confirmed in it, that a man is safer at sea than anywhere else, in a fairly good ship, properly manned and carefully navigated, as the very great majority of British merchant ships are." The death-rate of sailors is under twelve per thousand; the loss of life by shipwreck is about a quarter of this; in fact there are more lives lost among miners from accident than among sailors, and many more among railway servants. With regard to the general death-rate the fact that sailors as a rule are healthy when they begin their trade, and retire from it before old age incapacitates them from other work, must have a considerable, and probably misleading, influence on the figures.

**Mummy Cats.**—From Egypt there have been imported several large consignments of mummy cats for fertilising use in agriculture. One day at the rooms of Gordon and Co., Liverpool, no less than nine tons of embalmed cats were sold. The bones, which came from the Beni-Hassan pit, were purchased at £5 17*s.* 6*d.* per ton. The heads were separately sold at prices ranging from two to five shillings—we suppose as curiosities; the manure lots being mostly broken in fragments.

**Marsala Wine.**—The first production of Sicilian wine for foreign export was in 1770, by Mr. Woodhouse, a merchant from Liverpool, who had gone to Sicily for improving the trade in soda, at that time the chief export from the island. Lord Nelson, in 1800, ordered from the firm of Woodhouse, at Palermo, Marsala for the supply of the Mediterranean fleet, at 1*s.* 5*d.* per gallon wine measure. In after years Sicilian wine for commerce was made on the Bronte estates, granted to Nelson, and the culture, in improved state, is still kept up by the house of Nelson Hood.

**Was Pope a Poet?**—Small critics and poetasters sometimes repeat the question which was once asked in Dr. Johnson's time, and to which he gave answer once for all in his "Lives of the Poets." "If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition will only show the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us inquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed."

**Dangerous and Fraudulent Chemistry.**—The production of alcohol from farinaceous stuffs, and from all kinds of vegetable refuse, is a question greatly affecting moral as well as commercial interests in France. The enormous increase of drinking places has been long complained of, and the evil effects of the large consumption of deleterious alcoholic liquors often dwelt upon. The question is now taken up by the wine growers. As recently as 1876 the production of wine was double what it is now; and, on the other hand, the production of brandy from wine has fallen in the ratio of seventeen gallons to one gallon. Bad and perilous spirit is now made from every kind of substance capable of spirituous fermentation—beetroot, figs, treacle, potatoes, and many substances. The spirit is coloured with fuchsine and other chemical dyes, and the sale of these attractive-looking liquors is injuring the health and character of the working classes. The Marseilles Chamber of Commerce proposes a

repeal of the Act permitting free distillation, or a heavy differential tax on alcohol not made from the vine. Sir John Lubbock lately called the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the importation of potato spirit coloured to imitate rum, another form of this dangerous chemistry.

**Palliasses of Cocoanut Fibre.**—The use of straw for stuffing soldiers' palliasses was some time since abandoned in the army in India, mainly on the representations of Surgeon-Major Climo, of the Army Medical Department, who suggested the substitution of coir, or cocoanut fibre, as being at once more wholesome and less expensive. The change in India has had good results, and there is reason to believe that the War Office has under consideration the advisability of extending the new system to this country. There are many objections to the use of straw as bedding, which has prevailed up to the present time. It is renewed quarterly, and is sold after use mainly to dairy farmers. This is a practice which has obvious disadvantages when viewed in the light of modern theories as to the connection which exists between the infectious diseases of men and animals. Surgeon-Major Climo, who has given much attention to this question, suggests that pleuro-pneumonia may be in some way connected with human exhalations, and it is a remarkable fact that this disease exists as an enzootic only in countries such as Ireland and Burmah, where human beings and cattle live under the same roof. Coir fibre, which it is proposed to introduce into this country as well as in India, in place of straw, is cleanly, is easily disinfected, and is extremely cheap, and by the substitution an annual saving to the country estimated at about £10,000 would be effected. The straw costs £1 12*s.* 4*d.* a bed every fourteen years; coir fibre would cost, landed in England, 3*s.* a bed every fourteen years, and, being so cheap, would be destroyed, as it ought to be, when discarded.

**Coal in New Zealand.**—In the last Blue-book of New Zealand it is stated that "Extensive coalfields exist in the colony, coal being found in various parts, and mines being worked in the provincial districts of Auckland, Nelson, Canterbury, and Otago. No accurate survey of all the coalfields has yet been made, but the approximate output from all the mines up to the close of 1888 is estimated at nearly 5,233,000 tons. There are three kinds of coal—(1) Brown, of an inferior kind, valuable only for local consumption, and not for production of gas or steam. (2) Pitch coal, not yielding gas, but valuable for fuel or steam purposes. It is stated that it was this coal which enabled H.M.S. Calliope to weather the hurricane at Samoa, which was so disastrous to many vessels. (3) Bituminous coal exists of a very superior kind, and is eagerly bought for gasworks and iron-foundries. In both the Australian and New Zealand markets this coal fetches prices about 15 per cent. on the average above any other coal. For steam purposes engineers esteem it at least 20 per cent. better than the best New South Wales coal. The fields of this class are reckoned to contain about 200,000,000 tons, chiefly found on the west coast of Middle Island. It is probable that this estimate is much understated, as the fields are in somewhat inaccessible districts not yet officially surveyed."

Some fine petroleum oils have been found in various parts of the colony. The oil-shales in Otago and Southland give promise of valuable products.

**Colophons.**—At the International Conference of Librarians in 1889 one of the most interesting papers was that of Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, on Printers' Colophons, or private symbols affixed to the books printed by them. Colophons, or attestations of the execution of a book occurring at the end of a volume, were, he said, much older than title-pages, and for a time supplied the place of the title-page, which was unknown until about 1476 and not generally used until 1490. The delay in the application of so obvious an idea as the title-page, was very singular, but might be regarded as fortunate, inasmuch as the colophon, though less practical than the title-page was often more communicative. Early colophons frequently gave interesting information respecting the book and the printer which could not well have found a place upon the title-page, and thus helped to elucidate an interesting but obscure department of literary history. We learned from colophons the importance which the old printers attached to accuracy, their antagonism towards the copyists they had superseded, their pride in their authors and themselves, the assistance they received from patrons and correctors of the press, their recommendations of their productions on the ground of cheapness, sometimes the time a book had occupied in printing and the extent of the impression. Sometimes even, as Mr. Pollard, in a valuable article in the "Universal Review," mentions, the printer even brought in a bishop to help his book with a recommendation. The ancient title-page, when inscribed within the covers of the MS., was also, says Rich, "written at the end instead of the commencement, at least it is so placed in all the Herculanean MSS. which have been unrolled." Sometimes, however, it was written on a separate label, affixed to the roll so as to hang down outside. After a brief reference to the flight of the printers from the besieged city of Mentz, where they had worked for so many years, and the romance attending their dispersion throughout Italy and other European countries, Dr. Garnett described some of the most striking colophons. Udalricus Gallus boasted that he could print more matter in a day than a copyist could transcribe in a year—*Imprimit ille die quantum non scribitur anno.*" The same printer tells the geese that they may keep their quills for the future, as the Cock (Gallus) has superseded them all. Joannes de Spira, the first printer established at Venice, thus declares the superiority of his press to the work of the scribe:—

> "Namque vir ingenio mirandus et arte Joannes
> Exscribi docuit clarius aere libros."

The question, however, might be raised whether this distich did not refer to Joannes Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, to whom the word "docuit" would be most applicable, and whether in this book of 1469 we had not the earliest testimony of the invention. If so, this was indeed a precious colophon. The colophons on certain editions of Sallust and Juvenal indicated the number of copies printed. In some cases the merits of the author and not of the printer were extolled.

**Ramsden, the Optician, and George III.**—In "Edgeworth's Memoirs" is told the following anecdote. The King had ordered from Ramsden an instrument which he was particularly desirous to obtain. Ramsden was a great mechanical genius and a fertile inventor, but he was also an adept at a kind of invention not so creditable—the invention of excuses. He hardly ever kept an engagement of any sort, or ever failed to promise what he always failed to perform. The King seems to have been aware of this infirmity, and knowing Ramsden's want of punctuality, allowed him to name his own time for executing the order. As usual, the work was hardly commenced at the period appointed for delivery. When at last it was finished Ramsden took it down to Kew in a post-chaise, in a prodigious hurry, and, driving up to the palace, asked if his Majesty was at home. The pages and attendants-in-waiting expressed surprise at so abrupt a visit, but the visitor insisted on being admitted, assuring the page that if he told the King that Ramsden was at the gate, his Majesty would soon show that he would be glad to see him. He was right; he was let in, and was graciously received. His Majesty, after examining the instrument carefully, of which he was really a judge, expressed his satisfaction, and turning gravely to Ramsden complimented him on his punctuality. "I have been told, Mr. Ramsden," said the King, but with a sly humour in his look, "that you are considered the least punctual of any man in England; you have brought home this instrument on the very *day* that was appointed. You have only mistaken the *year!*"

**Disraeli on Cobden.**—In the eloquent tribute paid by Mr. Disraeli to the memory of Cobden he used these words as to the permanence of his influence: "These great men are not altogether lost to us, their words will often be quoted in this House, their examples will often be referred to and appealed to, and even their expressions may form a part of our discussion. There are, indeed, some members of Parliament who, though they may not be present, are still members of this House, are independent of dissolutions, of the caprices of constituencies, and even of the course of time."

# Household Queries.

**To Correspondents.**—We have received several queries this month which are unanswered, as not coming at all within the scope or intention of this department, which is solely to deal with practical matters of a more or less definitely *household* character. No doubt it is hard sometimes to draw a precise line. We cannot, however, reply to queries about individual ailments, or obtaining situations, or disposing of stamps or other property, or asking for business addresses, or about institutions, or seeking legal advice; under one or other of which headings the queries fall which cannot receive further reply. Private replies can in no case be undertaken.

**Preserved Oranges.**—*Will you please give me a recipe for preserving oranges whole?*—Only Sevilles are usually preserved this way. Scrape or grate off the thin outside of the rind, make a hole as large as a sixpence in the top of each, and scoop out the pulp; then place the oranges in cold water, changing the water twice a day, for three days, then drain them, put in a pan with as much water as will cover them, and boil gently till tender. Meanwhile take two pounds of sugar to every pound of oranges, and putting half a pint of water to each pound, boil to a syrup, adding then the juice and pulp from the fruit, boiling for a further ten minutes all together. Then skim carefully, pour it over the oranges, and let the whole stand an hour; after which put the whole back in the preserving-pan and simmer gently till the oranges look clear, which ought to be in half an hour or so. The juice of a lemon may be added if that flavour be desired. The oranges should be placed with the holes upward, side by side, in a shallow jar, and the syrup poured over them, and the whole covered close and kept in a cool dry place. In a week they are ready for use. The rind may be cut or carved into patterns instead of being scraped.

**Pigeons.**—*Can you tell me if pigeons are difficult to keep? Are they destructive to a garden? And do they keep away other birds?*—They do not keep away birds, and are only destructive very occasionally to shallow seeds and a very few young leaves; far less so than other birds. They never scratch. They are very easy to keep when once domiciled; but old birds cannot be kept at liberty, as they would fly away in search of their old home. Therefore pigeons kept loose must be reared on the spot. It is, on the whole, far more pleasure to keep them in a house and enclosed aviary of netting, as then the nesting and progress of the young ones can be looked after, and they become much tamer. Nearly all the handbooks on the subject suppose such a method of keeping them.

**Damp and Sunless Garden.**—In relation to the query and answer last month under this heading, we have since received some further hints from one of the best gardeners in England, which we summarise as a possible help to many readers. Some roses, if planted carefully after the soil has been well pulverised by the frost, might succeed to a certain extent by choosing the most vigorous growers; unless, however, exposed to a fair amount of sunshine, they cannot bloom freely, but will be more disposed to woody growth; therefore keep any such for the more sunny portion, and only start a few kinds at first, like Maurice Bernardin (dark red), Ulrich Brunner (rose), La France (pink), Paul Neron (deep pink), Souvenir de la Malmaison (blush), John Tupper (bright rose), Gloire de Dijon (yellow), or other vigorous-growing varieties. The spot "seldom dry" should be drained as well as possible, and on that spot one might plant one or two or more (according to space) of the pampas grass and the hardy bamboos. *Bambusa metake* and *Arundinaria falcata* would be the best; they are quite hardy, and produce a fine effect. *Tritoma uvaria* (the red-hot poker plant) would also do well. The stronger growing of the hardy ferns would also succeed when once established. One or more plants of the weeping willow could be planted, so also could the weeping ash. All of the foregoing plants are moisture-loving subjects, absorbing a considerable amount, thus aiding in keeping the ground drier when once they are in good growth. Aucubas, yews, and hollies amongst evergreen shrubs would be good on such a soil and of deciduous growth; the variegated Negundo *(acer negundo)* would be very effective; in contrast to this the purple beech would look well. The laburnum might be expected to do well if not extra shaded.

**A Builder's Defalcations.**—*Have I any remedy against a builder whom I now find has cheated me? Less than two years ago I employed him to make certain repairs on a house I had bought. Since then portions of the work have had to be all done over again; while only the other day, owing to an accidental leakage, I discovered that this "builder" had cheated me with regard to the quality of some sanitary arrangements, and that important joints had been made with putty, rags, and string! I find it will cost me several pounds to make all good in this one instance. Can I recover this sum from the man who was paid to do this very work only eighteen months ago?*—If clear evidence can be brought that specific things have been charged for and paid for, and not done, there is no doubt that the sum could be recovered. Thus, if the joints mentioned have been charged in a bill you can produce, and you have incontrovertible evidence of the putty-and-string performance, a claim can be sustained. But for more general defaults, necessitating vaguely the work being done over again, all will depend upon the *definiteness* of the builder's detailed charges, and of the defaults you can prove. It is usually very difficult to sustain claims of that kind. There remains the question of whether he is worth what people call "powder and shot." As a rule, it does not "pay" to take legal proceedings for such matters. You should, however, lay the actual details before a solicitor if you think of doing so.

**Flounders and Haddocks.**—*Could you kindly tell me any other way of doing up haddocks and flounders besides frying them?*—There are lots—presuming from the flounders that you mean fresh fish. Even fried fish may be varied nicely by serving *au gratin*. Flounders may be boiled, or stewed in a pint of gravy, with (if you like) a glass of claret or port and a little mixed spice; and when serving, thickening the gravy and adding a little chili vinegar, essence of anchovy, salt, and pepper. Or with half a pint of white-wine sauce, the liquor of a dozen oysters and the oysters minced, three anchovies, pepper, salt, and nutmeg, all stewed together, fried fillets put in and stewed together—a delicious fricassee may be made. We should say that the alcohol is practically *nil* in these recipes, being used only for the flavour. Haddocks are often stuffed with forcemeat and baked in an oven with a little butter, with or without a little chopped onion and herbs beneath; or boiled and served with different sauces; or opened and broiled, after being buttered and floured. Or fillets may be egg-and-bread-crumbed, and then fried.

**Bright Metal.**—*I have heard of an invisible substance that can be applied to bright steel to prevent rust, and should like to know what it is.*—You probably refer to what is called "silico enamel," often used to cover the bright parts of bicycles and tricycles. It is quite effective as regards exposure, but not suitable for such things as fire-irons, as any

varnishes on such objects would scratch through from contact with other metal. It can be bought at any cycling shop or depôt.

**Paint Brushes.**—*What is the best method of cleaning artist's paint brushes; also brushes that have been used for Aspinall's enamel?*—Artist's brushes are cleaned with spirit of turpentine. The same would probably be sufficient for Aspinall; if not, benzol would certainly be so.

**Tennis Ground.**—*If ground about here is £10 the acre, how much would feu be for enough for a tennis green; how much would be the cost for turfing or cindering, and paling for enclosing it?*—Such questions do not admit of definite answers. If you are allowed to take a portion at the per acre rate (which does not at all follow) the sum will be one of simple arithmetic, when you have decided how many courts, and therefore how much ground, you want. But the cost of preparation varies most widely, according to circumstances. There is not only the price of labour in your locality, and of materials, but the ground may be nearly level, or require expensive levelling; may be naturally dry, or require thorough drainage; may have a naturally fine level turf, or require fresh turfing. Average grounds are best prepared by excavating a foot deep, below which drains are laid *if needed;* then clinkers or broken bricks are spread four inches deep, and about two inches of cinders over that. Then pegs are driven in for the level, and the soil is filled in and worked down firmly, after which turf is laid or seed sown. Constant rolling is needed while the lawn is settling. That is how first-class grounds are made in average cases; but a naturally level and dry piece of fine turf may save much of it, or having to level it on a slope may add a great deal. Asphalt will differ for similar reasons. Any respectable nurseryman will look at the ground and give you an estimate.

**Moist Hands.**—*I am very much troubled with perspiration of the hands, more especially in the palms; and would regard it a great favour if you could recommend some cure.*—You cannot do much safely, but occasional sponging with aromatic vinegar may be of service. Cycling exercise, taken regularly, but in moderation, usually reduces the tendency; and it generally goes off with advancing years. If there be a little debility, phosphate of iron often does good, but should only be taken under medical sanction.

**Seaweed.**—*Can you give me the recipe for dyeing seaweed for table decorations?*—We have not seen such decorations; and to our own taste sea-weeds used in any way would look bad in any but their natural colours, which are very beautiful if soaked in several changes of fresh water and carefully dried. But nearly all domestic dyeing is done—and can be effectively done—with Judson's preparations.

**Cleaning Bronzes.**—*Can you tell me the best way to clean a pair of valuable bronze figures which have become spotted by damp and dust? They are in chain armour, and in brown and white bronze. I am anxious not to injure them.*—This is one of the cases in which prevention is much better than cure. It is, in fact, peculiarly ticklish to meddle with bronzes, as they are of so many kinds; and without a careful examination one does not know whether the colour is solid or given on the surface only. If you can be *sure* there is no mere surface colour, a little diluted acid would remove the rust, but it would remove any surface colour as well. Very diluted caustic soda or potash is, on the whole, safer, and will cleanse most bronzes very well; but even this is dangerous to some surface colours. A very common plan in Germany for large work is to soak fustian in soluble glass and then wash it (wet) with soap; this leaves it impregnated with silica, and such stuff is found specially useful for cleaning bronzes. It would, however, injure some. The fact is that bronzes are of about a dozen different kinds. You would be safest to try first what you can do by a conscientious rubbing with soft rag simply greased. That often removes rust most wonderfully, or so tones it down that it no longer looks bad, and then any grease may be removed by benzol. Do not forget that few bronzes look well *too* clean. If this fails, and you value them specially, we strongly advise you to take an opinion on the tangible objects before meddling further, as a thin surface colour might be easily destroyed by the treatment applied. The greatest experts are most cautious in meddling with bronzes.

**Folding Table-Napkins.**—*Could you inform me of a nice simple way for folding table-napkins? I know there are books on the subject, but the patterns are either too difficult or don't turn out satisfactory.*—It is impossible to do much without diagrams, an assortment of which you can get for sevenpence in part II. of "Cassell's Book of the Household;" but here are two. Fold the napkin in half (square way) and then again in half, to mark the centre; then undo the last fold, leaving it in half only. Take the top left corner and bring down over a diagonal fold, so that the top edge lies on the marked crease; do the same with the other corner, and you now have a triangle, with two edges meeting down the middle. Now take a rolling fold from the base half or two-thirds up, pressing the folds of the roll down; then taking the roll in the left hand, give it a twist round, and tuck one end of the roll into the other. This gives you a neat arum-shape, in which the bread can be placed. A rose is easy with a *square* napkin, not too stiff. Fold in half both ways to find the centre, and mark the creases well, then spread open again. Now fold each corner to the centre; turn the smaller square over and do so again; and repeat till it has been done four times. The third time pull out the corners and make them stand upright; inside the four corners will be an inner row, and these also can be pulled out, resembling the petals of a flower, when the bread can be placed in the centre. The main secret is to practise the folds of *any* pattern first on thin paper. Then the napkin must be fresh and clean, and enough starched to be a little stiff. Then every fold must be pressed sharply down with the thumb-nail, and in some patterns a good result can only be got by the aid of a flat-iron rather cool. A used or soft or tumbled napkin can never be folded to look well.

**Oil-Painting.**—*Please tell me how to restore an old oil-painting, frame and all.*—The frame will be quite beyond any domestic treatment, and nothing more can safely be done even with the picture than to wash it carefully (if varnished) with a bit of the softest Turkish sponge, squeezed nearly dry, at frequent intervals out of lukewarm water, wiping dry *immediately* with a soft rag; and if any places require special cleaning, going back and doing them again rather than leave them damp long at a time. Blackened lights are discoloured by solution of hydrogen peroxide in water, and benzol or other powerful solvents are used by restorers; but any such means would end in the ruin of the picture if attempted by inexperienced persons.

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## Astronomical Almanack for May.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | T | ☉ rises 4.34 A.M. |
| 2 | F | ☉ sets 7.22 P.M. |
| 3 | S | Venus an evening star |
| 4 | ☩ | 4 SUN. AFTER EASTER |
| | | [Full ☽ 9.9 P.M. |
| 5 | M | Clock after ☉ 3m. 28s. |
| 6 | T | Spica S. 10.20 P.M. |
| 7 | W | Jupiter a morning star |
| 8 | T | Saturn an evening star |
| 9 | F | Half-Quarter Day |
| 10 | S | Mars rises 9.27 P.M. |
| 11 | ☩ | ROGATION SUNDAY |
| | | ☽ 3 Quarter 4.22 P.M. |
| 12 | M | Corona Borealis S. 0.7 A.M. |
| 13 | T | Jupiter S. 3.33 A.M. |
| 14 | W | ☉ rises 4.11 A.M. |
| 15 | T | Ascension Day |
| 16 | F | ☉ sets 7.44 P.M. |
| 17 | S | Saturn sets 1.40 A.M. |
| 18 | ☩ | SUN. AFTER ASCENSION |
| | | [New ☽ 8.19 P.M. |
| 19 | M | Daybreak 0.40 A.M. |
| 20 | T | Twilight ends 11.28 P.M. |
| 21 | W | Length of Night 8h. 12m. |
| 22 | T | Jupiter rises 0.30 A.M. |
| 23 | F | Easter Law Sittings end |
| | | [Oxd. East. Term ends |
| 24 | S | Queen Victoria born 1819 |
| | | [Oxd. Trin. Term begins |
| 25 | ☩ | WHIT SUNDAY |
| 26 | M | Bank and Genl. Holiday |
| | | ☽ 1 Quarter 10.34 P.M. |
| 27 | T | Draco in zenith 2.0 A.M. |
| 28 | W | Clock after ☉ 3m. 0s. |
| 29 | T | Mars S. 11.45 P.M. |
| 30 | F | ☉ rises 3.52 A.M. |
| 31 | S | ☉ sets 8.3 P.M. |
| | | [Twilight all night |



THE ROSIÈRE.

# SENIOR AND JUNIOR:

## A COUNTRY TOWN CHRONICLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "GREAT GRANDMAMMA SEVERN," "THE CHILCOTES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVII.—HESTER IS SURPRISED.



THEN THE CAPTAIN FELL TO TALKING ABOUT OWEN.

HE stood quite still for a moment, held by a vision of Hester as she was framed in the width of the door, one arm thrown up and arrested in the act of replacing a book on a high shelf. It was a round white arm—he noticed that—and the face it shielded looked straight at him with a pair of beautiful startled eyes.

Who was she? and how came anyone so young and so pretty to be on such terms of intimacy with the Captain's jealously guarded treasures? All this he had time to wonder over in that brief instant before the Captain called out,

"Owen, Owen, what do you mean by turning up like this, you rascal?"

"I came," began the young man, and then he looked at Margaret Chester, and then he laughed. "Margaret," he said, "we are found out."

"Of course you are found out," cried the Captain, wheeling round in his chair with a pretence of displeasure; "there is guilt on every line of Margaret's face. My dear, you are a very poor conspirator. So it was to meet the young man, and not to cheer and console the old one, you came, was it?"

"Yes," said Margaret boldly, accepting the situation and meeting it with a smile on her comely face; "I thought Owen ought to be with you, and I told him so; and here he is."

"And here he is," echoed the young man; "and you don't seem overjoyed to see me. Shall I shoulder my portmanteau and be off again?"

"Come into the dining-room and I will intercede with George for you," said Margaret, "and persuade him to give you some dinner. You really deserve a little attention for obeying me so nicely. Ah, by the way, I have not introduced you to my young cousin. Mr. Owen Prideaux, Miss Hallett. Hester, you have heard of Mr. Prideaux?"

Margaret made the introduction with the easiest air in the world, as if it were a mere act of courtesy, an afterthought, and never, oh never, as if she had planned and plotted for it beforehand; and perhaps, after all, had brought the young man up from Brighton for nothing else in the world. The Captain may have guessed something of this, for he laughed as he said,

"Go and eat, my boy. You didn't suppose I was dying, did you, that you came off without waiting to snatch a bite?"

"You never told me," said Owen, lingering a moment near the books; "you left it to Margaret to tell me you couldn't walk."

"Not walk? Pooh, nonsense! I shall walk as well as ever to-morrow. There, go, sir, go; you are keeping a lady waiting. We can amuse ourselves very well till you come back to us."

"And now"—he turned to Hester—"now that we have got rid of those two foolish people—"

But Hester's eyes had not been idle all this while, though her tongue had said never a word. So this was Mr. Owen Prideaux. Not the Owen of her imagination, but a wholly different creature; and for a moment she found it a little difficult to substitute the real for the fancied picture.

The young man of her guesses had been tall and lank, long-haired, spectacled, languid. She knew no better than to accept the vulgar conception of an author, for it is a point with the public that genius, or even talent, which is the more common, is always badly housed. This young man could not have been meant by Nature for an author, since he had none of the traditionary characteristics; he neither languished nor wore spectacles, and his hair was cut as close as the art of the barber permitted. Neither was he so very young, twenty-six perhaps, which is a ripe and mature age in the eyes of twenty, and it was only a certain liveliness and mobility of expression, a certain air of vitality, that made him look younger than he was.

Hester had looked at him scrutinisingly enough to recognise these points, but the impression that remained most strongly with her was that she had seen this face with the dark bright eyes, the ready smile, the defiant chin, the general air of being on commanding terms with the world before—where, in what circumstances, under what conditions, she could not tell.

"He isn't like you," she said, half-unconsciously speaking aloud.

The Captain smiled and gently laid down the book he held.

"When the young author appears on the scene," he said, "the old ones must make their bow."

Hester blushed guiltily.

"I was thinking that I had seen him before," she faltered, "or someone like him, and I was wondering how it was that he made me think of another old library—the only other library I have ever seen."

"You think of Owen as most people do—as a maker of books and a dweller among books; perhaps even by nature a lover of books," he said, in smiling parenthesis; "yet I doubt if the boy has made the acquaintance of a third of this goodly company." He looked round the well-filled shelves. "It is left to me to think of him—and to like best to think of him—as a good son and a bright companion these six-and-twenty years more or less."

"It is a long time."

"It is a short time to threescore and ten."

Then he fell to talking about Owen, and it was easy enough to see his heart was in the matter, and that, after all, he was glad of an excuse to take leave for a while of his ancient philosophers, and to be garrulous over a topic that more vitally touched him and warmed his blood. He went back, as old folk will, to early times, and spoke of the broad-shouldered man as a little chap, with lordly imperious ways, and a far profounder interest in lollipops and cakes than in pothooks and hangers.

"When I hear them talk of him as an author," said the Captain, "I think of him in his pinafore, rebelling over 'Magnall's Questions.' I used to hope he would be a sailor"—he gave a little sigh to that vanished dream—"but his books, there is nothing of him left for him to tell me in them."

"They say people always put the best of themselves in their writings," said Hester, remembering the many noble and exalted sentiments she had encountered in a judicious course of novels.

"Perhaps, perhaps," he smiled; "but the best and the worst of us all is discovered in a companionship of a lifetime."

Hester was very much interested in the biographical particulars she gleaned from the old sailor's talk. On the whole she thought the immaculate Owen must have been rather a naughty little boy, whom theoretically the Captain must have held to be frequently deserving of a birching, though practically his soft heart doubtless interfered

"Yes, yes," said the Captain, as if in answer to her thought, "I was very strict with him, very strict, it's the only way with the youngsters—keep

a tight hand over them and make them obey, but it has worked very well with Owen—he is a good boy."

Hester could have laughed to hear the newcomer—who stood six feet in his stockings—called a boy; then she looked at the white-haired old man, and refrained. Perhaps at seventy middle age might wear a seeming infancy in her eyes too—"If I live to be seventy, which, indeed, I don't desire, unless everybody I care for lives to be seventy too."

In the dining-room the talk by a perfectly natural law had reverted to the pair in the library.

"No, no soup," said Owen to the relenting George, who had amiably forgiven the young master his irregular appearance. "Fish? Yes, that will do. Though I live by the edge of the sea, and have an eye on it all day long, it seems I've to come to London to taste fish. There's some politico-economical reason for it, no doubt, that is beyond my grasp; but you must have noticed the fact, Margaret."

"Owen," said that lady, "eat, and don't chatter. You said you were hungry."

"What an admirable way you ladies have of snubbing a man when you can't answer his questions! I know what you want, Margaret—you want to get back to the library. I don't wonder, so do I."

"It doesn't look like it."

"But it is the case. Yes, if George will allow me a clean plate I will have some pie."

"Better have a slice of beef; pie is very indigestible."

"That is one of the sweeping statements which always rouse my gall," said the young man, helping himself liberally to the forbidden dish; "the human stomach, fortunately, isn't made in one fixed primordial pattern."

"I thought writing people had to be so careful," said Margaret, a little maliciously.

"Margaret, this is base evasion on your part. You know that I am burning to ask you a hundred questions."

"Indeed, Owen, I know nothing of the kind."

"Then please recognise it now. In the first place, who is that beautiful girl whom my dear old dad has admitted to his heart? She had the sacred 'Grolier' in her hand."

He looked at Margaret with a smile in his eyes, but Mrs. Chester was trying with indifferent success to be a little angry.

"Beautiful girl, indeed!" she said. "Owen, you must please keep all that sort of nonsense for your books. Hester is pretty, I daresay, and she is a good girl, which is of a great deal more importance."

"Now that's a true woman's speech. Why should virtue be better because it chooses a plain mask?" cried the young man. "For my part I love it more, and want more ardently to copy it, when I see it shining out of a beautiful pair of eyes. If I live to write a hundred novels, I shall have none but pretty heroines."

"What nonsense you are talking! I wish I had left you to your scribbling and your heroines. Are the pretty people to have everything in this world? I never was pretty, that I know of, and yet I have not lacked friends. I thought better of your discrimination and your insight and all those fine qualities they credit you with in the papers. If you are going to judge Hester merely by looks—"

"But I am most anxious to discover all those shining virtues you hint at!" he cried, with a well-feigned penitence; "I long to begin the study—if you hold me worthy of it. May I go back with you to the library now?"

"She is a good girl," said Margaret, with a kind of distressed simplicity, "and it hurts me when men talk of young girls as if their eyes and their smiles and their complexions were everything. A young girl when she is good and pure is so fine a thing that to handle her in any way but reverently is to take the bloom off her soul."

"You don't think that of me?" he said in genuine consternation.

"No, Owen"—she repented at once—"not of you."

"I've lived to little purpose with my dear old father all these years if you think me capable of irreverence towards women."

"But I don't, my dear"—it was Margaret's turn to be penitent now. "I was speaking generally, as you do in your books, and taking my old woman's liberty of reading your sex a little lecture. And you know, Owen," she said, making one of those desperate clutches with which she vainly tried to rein in her rebellious impulses—"you know it was not for any girl, but for your dear father's sake I asked you to come to town."

"And there is no girl in the world for whom I would come so quickly or so gladly as for the dear old man," he said with a heartiness that somehow a little displeased this most inconsistent of her sex.

Owen, if you please, was not to talk of Hester or to admire her beauty, or indeed anything about her but her virtues and graces, much as he might have admired the philosopher on the shelf above her, or a copy from the antique in the South Kensington Museum; and yet when he went and sat down by the old Captain's chair and poured out the gathered news of two days of separation, giving scarce so much as a stolen glance at Hester as she sat apart with folded hands, Margaret felt as if she could have slapped him. Such is woman!

Hetty, for her part, sat listening to his talk with a good deal of private wonder. It was not in the least bookish or learned, or indeed instructive at all. It was a very lively account of his misadventures in the house by the sea, where he had insisted upon being left to the tender mercies of an old caretaker, while he despatched George in charge of the little staff to the Captain's aid in town. The Captain laughed very heartily over the recital of his mishaps, and Hester smiled in sympathy, but Mrs. Chester refused him this tribute.

"Hester," she said, "we must be getting home; it is growing late, and perhaps Owen—"

At that the young man started up. He looked at Margaret reproachfully.

"Please don't let my private afflictions drive you away," he said.

"It is very early, Margaret," said the Captain; "and since you confess you came to see Owen—"

"And we have had no music."

"You both know I don't play," said Mrs. Chester with dignity.

"But perhaps Miss Hester does," interrupted the Captain, "and will give an old man the pleasure of listening to her. The piano is old too, but it has discoursed sweet music in its day."

"And it is in tune," said Owen eagerly, going across the room and opening it. "We keep it in good order to be ready for the rare happiness of hearing a musician when good fortune sends one our way."

"Please don't expect me to be a musician," said Hester with a smile; "that's too big a word for my little tinkling. You play yourself, do you not?" she asked, turning over the sheets that lay scattered on the top.

He shook his head.

"Mine is not even tinkling—it's a one-finger exercise. When I am haunted by an air I can hammer it out with scarcely more art than I brought to 'Pop goes the weasel' when I was a boy. That music was left here by a man who comes sometimes and is good enough to dazzle us by the amazing tricks he plays with the notes."

"You make me more and more afraid," she said, seating herself and speaking with feigned seriousness; "but I can promise you no gymnastics of mine to criticise."

"I shouldn't presume to criticise even if I didn't know beforehand that it would be unmixed pleasure to listen to you."

"That is a very rash assumption," said Hester, but she played without more ado, and he listened as if he indeed found the delight he anticipated.

It was an old-fashioned music, grave and delicate, with quaint turns and surprises in it, as the fancy came to her; it was such music as she played her father to sleep with in the drawing-room at home, and her thoughts flew there as she touched the keys. What were they doing at home? and did they miss her as she missed them? The music grew a little pensive, and she drooped her head and seemed to forget where she was, and to be far away, lost to the audience. Owen looked at her with a curious, gentle gravity that was reverent enough to satisfy all Margaret's exactions. He had not seen so fair a face for a long, long time.

The Captain, too, was listening with a great delight, and when she sang, as she did at his request, the low-voiced gentle melody brought the moisture to his old eyes. When she got up at last he thanked her with many warm phrases. He rose stiffly, and bent and kissed her hand with an old-world grace when she came up to him.

"I will come again and sing to you if you like it," she said.

"And I will be there to hear," thought one of the listeners to himself.

Out in the hall stood Owen Prideaux, his ulster on, his travelling-cap on his head, when the ladies came down, cloaked and hooded, from the bed room above.

Margaret went up to him. "Owen, we are going to drive," she said.

"What!" he cried, with a faint remonstrance and chagrin in his voice; "have you actually had the boldness to order Parker to postpone his slumbers?"

"We are going in a hansom, and there isn't room for you. And besides, you came up from Brighton to nurse and cheer your father."

He looked at her with a half-whimsical gravity that presently gave way to a smile.

"You don't want me to forget that pleasant duty?"

"No, I don't want you to forget; it was for that I sent for you." Margaret was seemingly anxious to make this point quite clear.

He smiled again rather bitterly as he put the ladies into the cab and bade them good night. Margaret Chester had forgotten that she was talking to an author whose forte, according to the critics, was the delineation of character.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.—AN UNCOMFORTABLE TALK.

PRIDEAUX divested himself of his ulster and went straight back to the library. It wore its everyday aspect, except that the pipes and the superfluous newspapers with which men always cumber themselves had been removed by the careful George, and replaced by an arrangement of flowers as a more fit setting to the presence of ladies, and yet somehow the room had an oddly deserted look, and for the first time it struck Owen that its perfect comfort lacked some last touch.

After all, is there any furniture that can quite make up for the absence of charming women when one is young? When one is seventy the new voices serve but to recall a little too sadly, perhaps, the old that have been long silent; but when one is young, even a Margaret who is forty, and who has never, by her own confession, been pretty, may leave a room a little the blanker for her absence.

Of course it was Margaret, and not the young girl who had sung and whose lingering notes still seemed to vibrate on the air, whom he missed. Margaret was such an old friend.

"You didn't see the ladies home?" asked the Captain, looking up, at the opening of the door, from the easy-chair by the fire, to which he had limped.

"Margaret took care to frustrate that design by ordering a hansom. I might have taken another, to be sure, and followed them, but Margaret is a careful duenna; she will look after her charge."

"She will not be overburdened. A discreet and a sweet young woman that, Owen."

"Miss Hallett looks as if she could very well take care of herself," said Owen, with an unaccountable streak of bitterness.

"I found her very simple, intelligent, and sweet-mannered," said the Captain rebukefully, with that kindness for the sex that so endeared him to them. "She reminded me of young women as

they were when I was young, too—a little less armed at all points than they are apt to be in these days."

"Oh, she is country bred! Margaret has been reciting all her virtues; and one of the advantages of living in the provinces is that you are naturally a little slow to take on the last sharp polish—the culture that consists not in knowing everything, but in knowing a little of what everybody has said about everything. In the country, where society doesn't rise above the rudimentary conception of one ball a year and a little mild tea-drinking between whiles, and where the local debating club represents all the learning, you've a chance of coming across a streak of the old simplicity which our London girls have long ago voted archaic."

"I don't know what you may think of her singing," said the Captain, accepting this unusual harangue with a smile for the fire; "I am no judge of music."

"No, since you tolerate mine."

"But I'm content to think it the best. That's the kind of singing that goes straight to an old man's heart."

"And to a young one's," cried Owen impetuously; and then he laughed again. "It's another of the advantages of having been born to a provincial audience. If Miss Hallett had been brought up in London she would have found it necessary to have acquired twirls and shakes and tremolos, instead of using those clear notes spontaneously as the birds of her garden."

He got up suddenly from the arm of the chair on which he had seated himself, and, crossing the room, closed the piano. Then, coming back to the mantelpiece, he swept off George's rudimentary flower arrangements with a ruthless hand, and, carrying the vases to the dining-room, exchanged them there for pipes and tobacco-pouch.

"There," he said, "I have silenced the music, and George's fripperies will no longer reproach our bachelor untidiness. And now to business. What about this foot of yours?"

"My foot doesn't trouble me."

"Ah, but it troubles me." He spoke with an accent of laughing tenderness. "Have you seen Cole?"

"My dear lad," cried the Captain, "do you suppose I've lived to be threescore and ten, and knocked about the world for half of it, to worry myself about such a trifle as a stiff ankle? Cole, indeed! What could he tell me to do that I've not already done under George's stern discipline? 'Don't walk about,' he would say, and as I can't walk without some inconvenience, the chances are I should obey him. 'Take this bottle of physic,' he would add, and in that particular I should probably disregard his advice; so there we are just where we should have been if Cole had my cheque in his pocket at this moment and I had his prescription in mine."

"I know what an intractable patient you are."

"Not at all. I don't object to his ordering the physic, I don't object to paying the chemist two hundred per cent. for it—the physic-bottle is part of the necessary humbug with which a doctor is forced to equip himself—the public will have it he can't effect a cure without it; but while I bow to the painful necessity on his part, I stop short at swallowing his coloured water."

"I remember your heresies of old. Now, if by some turn of fortune I were to be ill, I should feel that my complaint was being treated with levity unless it were propitiated with the phial and the pill-box—but every man to his liking. Since you won't have Cole, you will please accept me as consulting physician-in-chief. That ankle must have a wet bandage."

"Pass me the briar-root, boy, and sit down and keep quiet."

"All in good time; your example has taught me the value of sticking to one's opinion. I mean to take my own way."

"But not on my foot."

"Come," said Owen good-humouredly, going about his preparations, "I'm not such an awkward nurse as you suppose. Even Margaret allows that I am to be trusted to look after you, and for what else have I come from Brighton, as she was careful to point out?"

"Margaret is deep, she is a wily woman," said the sailor, with a twinkle in his blue eyes.

"On the contrary, I find her as simple as if she had been brought up in the wilds," said the young man, again with a tinge of melancholy bitterness. "She has not the art to disguise her meaning, though her kindness would veil it if she knew how. It is 'hands off' with her, 'keep at your distance, remember your place.'"

The old man sat a moment or two in silence. Then he looked across at the occupant of the opposite chair.

"What is it, my son?" he asked quietly.

"A fit of the spleen born of the society of a caretaker, no doubt. That old woman of the sea you hung round my neck was enough to demoralise anyone. If you hadn't deserted me—"

"You were always truthful, my boy."

"And you won't accept my evasions now? Well, you've brought my growls upon yourself. I suppose"—he spoke with something of an effort—"you, with a past that hasn't an illegible page in it, can scarcely understand the point of view of a man who has come from nowhere and is nobody, without so much as a claim to the name he wears, or how it makes the world into a place of shadows and apparitions, and haunting ghosts for him, and bares his skin to everybody's pricks."

"Owen"—there was a note of pain in the voice—"Owen, my poor boy, has it been so hard as that?"

"Hard!" cried Owen, "I should be a brute if I could look you in the face and say that it has not been a happy world too."

"I meant it to be very happy."

"And it has been and it is," said Owen in quick response. "I daresay we all have our moments when we find the philosophic mood less easy than at others; perhaps it is the pie, against which Margaret warned me, that is taking its revenge by pointing out what an extremely indefinite article this

Ego is! And after all, what does it matter? We all come we know not whence, and go we know not where, as the Saxon told us some hundreds of years ago. In half a hundred more at the longest the turf over my head will have settled the question for me."

"For me," said the Captain very gently, "the question was settled five-and-twenty years ago when I found a son."

"And I a father who has given me the most generous love I could ever know. I should, as I said before, be a callous brute if I could ignore it or find it insufficient; but there are times—I suppose as things go they are inevitable—when obstinate questions will crop up. I have never, since I left my boyhood behind, seen a woman who might have been my mother, or a girl who might have called me brother, without wondering whether my birthright would have given me a claim to share their lot in life, or whether such a woman as I saw in Brighton the other day—degraded with drink—would not have a better right to call me son."

"You have never spoken of this before, Owen. It was my prayer when I took you to be my son that you should never feel the loss of any tenderness. If I have managed badly, my boy, I ask you to forgive me."

"Don't, don't," said Owen, more moved than he cared to show. "I haven't spoken of it, because for years it never cost me a thought. You told me from the first that I was not your child, and I've thanked you a hundred times for sparing me the having it flung at me by some meddlesome fool of an outsider. It was honestly done, and like you; but while you told me the truth, your goodness made it difficult to believe it. I've had a son's privileges and a son's love if ever a child had them. I defy any man in London to produce a jollier record than mine; and if I can't always prefer ignorance now, I can generally cheer myself with a very comfortable construction of possibilities. There's this advantage in being nobody—there is always the chance that you may be a personage without knowing it."

The Captain's kind heart was wrung by the thought that there was something lacking which his tenderness could not give to the son of his love. A name and a place, a kindred in the flesh whose looks and gestures and ways of thought are our inheritance—how little we value these privileges until some creeping doubt comes to shake the foundations of our confidence, and a blemish threatens our past! Some of us may even be mean enough to be ashamed of a grandfather whose place in the social scale was distinctly lowly, but who would not rather have a barber or a butcher for an ancestor than no ancestor at all?

Our pride may take the oddest forms so long as it is legitimate. There are Border families bearing old historic names, for instance, where it is considered a distinction to have had a progenitor hanged for a raid on his neighbour's cattle; but cut a man adrift, prove to him he has no claim to the name he wears, no right to be proud of deeds done by one of his blood, and you awaken in him a thousand susceptibilities which even the most unremitting watchfulness of love can scarcely avoid bruising anew.

But for the Captain's unstinted affection, Owen's vital consciousness of his disadvantages might have turned into a cold, proud resentfulness; but his love for the only father he had ever known was too deep-rooted and too sincere to allow him to harden into an attitude of defence against imagined slights. He had caught something of the sailor's sound sweetness of disposition and whimsical point of view, and there were even moments when he could take his own anomalous position humorously, and console himself with the vision of a faultless pedigree.

It was this uncertainty about his past that in some degree determined his choice of a profession. Having no claim beyond the love that bestowed it on him to the name of Owen Prideaux, he had early enough resolved to make himself a name which no one could hint away or dispute. The bent of his mind was towards literature, and the shaping of circumstances naturally enough turned him into a novelist, where his insight and his sympathy, quickened by his own equivocal lot, had room to display themselves.

He had recently written a novel that, by some happy chance, rather perhaps than by its inherent worth, pleased the critics and the public in equal degree, and he had already a modest little fame among the devotees of Mudie's. When it came to be a question of a pseudonym for this first venture, Owen was for ticketing himself Smith or Brown or Jones perhaps, but the Captain was of another mind.

"Since you must needs write, my dear boy—and I suppose you must, though it seems to me most things have been said already—"

"And better than I am likely to say them," Owen smiled; "but unless we could shut our eyes to that damaging fact, there would be an instantaneous end of all literature."

"Well, since you must write—and I'm glad, by the way, that you don't propose to tamper with the classics—you will, if you wish to please me, hoist your own flag, and not sail under another man's colours."

"You mean that I shall use your name?"

"Your own name, my son," said the Captain, with mild reproach.

Owen coloured as he said, with something of an effort, "You gave it me before you knew whether I should deserve it, and now you are giving it me once more without knowing whether the book will be worthy of it."

"I am not afraid," said the old man, with his fine smile.

That was Owen's history up to this point. Outwardly he had had a very happy life, and if inwardly the doubts had been growing with his manhood, he had till now successfully kept them to himself. How was it that they should choose the first instant of his meeting with a young and simple girl to betray themselves? Why, on this night of all nights, should he have found the

secrecy that shrouded his life hateful almost beyond endurance, and his ignorance about his past a calamity?

He could not himself have explained how his bitter protest came to escape him, though certainly if he had questioned himself he would have referred it rather to something that happened in Brighton than to any impression Hester Hallett had made on him. But then there is in that Central Africa that is in all of us so much pathless ground, on which in our summing up of motive we never reckon, since it is to each of us an undiscovered country, that our self-judgments have but a limited value.

The Captain was too much shaken and disturbed to be quickly soothed by Owen's return to a brighter mood. His brows were drawn in a line of pain.

"Perhaps," he said, "I did not do my duty by you."

"Don't say that," urged Owen; "don't make me hate myself for having spoken."

"I can't help you to your past, Owen—I wish I could; but if there's anything in heredity, there's nothing in it to cause you shame. You are all that I could wish a son of mine to be."

"What I am, if there is anything good in me, I owe to you."

"But," the Captain went on, "I blame myself now that I did not make more searching inquiries. I'm afraid I sacrificed you to my own selfishness, Owen—to the fear that any definite discovery would have—well, robbed me of you when I had begun to care for you. And yet I did what I could. I discovered the woman who had deserted you, your nurse."

"You found her, wearing a criminal's dress, in gaol, and in your unsuspecting goodness you believed that she spoke the truth when she disowned me as her child."

"Nay, I was not quite such a simpleton as to take her bare word for it. She was not all bad. There was a spark of divine goodness in her, and it burned for you. She did what she believed was her best for you when she left you—to me, as it chanced."

"It might have been better if she had left me under the nearest hedge to die of hunger and cold."

"Has my love been so little to you, my son?"

"Not that, but the fear of what may run in my blood. When I read of a crime, or see a woman degraded to the level of a beast, can you wonder that I shudder before what might have been—what may be in my own lot?"

"You need not fear; we may all be conquerors of our fate, God helping us; and your mother, so far as I could gather the poor threads of her story, lived a blameless life, if a sorrowful one. When you were four years old we stood by her grave—you remember that?"

"Dimly, as a half-forgotten dream; a spring day warmed with sunshine, the sound of the sea near at hand."

"It was there, in that village by the sea, that I first heard of her, when I at last succeeded in obtaining an interview with your nurse. They made it almost as difficult as if I were a criminal myself. I pressed her for particulars of your history, but she would give me none. You were nameless, she said, and without a history; it was for me to give you both. When I threatened to turn you out, it was but a threat," said the Captain, with a simplicity that made Owen smile in the midst of his gloom; "she owned that your mother had used the name of Smith."

"You should have let me use it too; it was a prophetic choice."

"It was under that name that I learned what little I could of her story, for she had been dead six months before you became mine."

"And in those months?"

"You lived and throve under the care of Sarah Truelove. You were a lusty rogue when I found you. Bad as she was, she had a jealous care for you. She hungered that you might be fed; she only gave you up when the pinch of want threatened to close in on you both. She did not debase herself while she had you in her care, but about your past she was obstinately dumb. I think there had been some shadow of wrong on your mother's life which she chose to hide in silence—a silence which her companion, out of a sense of loyalty, I believe, refused to break. I learned nothing more, and was perhaps too easily satisfied and content to be ignorant."

"But you traced this person supposed to be my mother?"

"Only her history as it was vaguely remembered by uninterested strangers, and that but for the last months of her life; before that I lost the clue. She had lived obscurely and hardly, by such work as a poor gentlewoman may do, and she was buried under the name of Alice Smith, an assumed name as I think there is every reason to believe."

"And there we are pulled up on the brink of another mystery."

"I heard nothing that need cause you anything but pity for the poor lady in your thoughts. A woman who hides her wounds and suffers in silence you may compassionate, but cannot despise."

"And this other woman—have you seen her again?"

"Never again. I made a point of not seeing her, though I made such inquiries as I could from time to time about her, till I lost all trace of her She has spent her life badly, and it was part of my bargain that she should not seek to see you."

"What was she like? Can you recall her face?"

"A passionate face—dark hair, dark eyes."

"That would answer, even after all these years. And had she a curious deep scar across the cheek and brow?"

"Have you—" began the Captain, looking up in blank bewilderment.

"Yes," said Owen, "I have seen her. There can be no mistake; she has found you out."

"There are many women who might answer that description, Owen."

"It is *the* woman, and no other. She came to Brighton and insisted on seeing you. She was drunk—horribly, shamelessly drunk, but she had

still sufficient command of herself to keep her business from me. And I was her business—I," he said, with a melancholy irony.

"You must be mistaken, boy," said the Captain, almost harshly. "Your morbid fancy has run away with you."

"She gave me her name," said Owen quietly. "Even if there are two women disfigured in that same way who have business with you, there can scarcely be two bearing the name of Sarah Truelove."

"What did you do?" asked the Captain, with a groan.

"I took her by the shoulders and turned her out." He laughed with a kind of reckless humour. "It was like tearing up my pedigree, when you come to think of it, and disinheriting myself. That drunken sot knows the secret I would give anything to discover, and I shut the door in her face."

### CHAPTER XXIX.—THE TWO MARYS.

"SHE must go."

"But she is so timid, and she is happy with us; she is almost a daughter to me now Hetty is away."

"I tell you she must go." Mr. Hallett spoke in that tone of finality a husband uses when he means to subjugate. "She refused to go to town with Hester, and I yielded then; she must go to Spens; there's to be no refusal this time. If I give in to this nonsensical pretence of timidity, do you know what people will say?"

"Does it matter what they say?"

"I thought that was an argument that would certainly move you," said Mr. Hallett with undisguised sarcasm. "Isn't a woman's life made up of wondering what her neighbours are thinking about her?"

"You are a little unjust, Andrew."

"And you are a little obtuse, my dear," responded the lawyer dryly. "Can't you see that our townsfolk will at once conclude that we are keeping the heiress for our son?"

"Would it displease you if Andrew wished to marry her?"

Certainly Mrs. Hallett was a little obtuse, and this was one of the moments when her unsuspecting simplicity was a trifle inconvenient. A woman of a more mundane type would have grasped the situation at once, and saved her husband from the necessity of explaining that it was not the marriage he objected to, but the construction the world was likely to put on his apparent fostering of it.

It was this lack of tact on her part that gave an added acidity to his words. No one likes to be forced to unclothe his motives and present them with an affronting nakedness, stripped of that drapery of sophistry that makes them so fair to one's own seeming. Andrew might win the heiress, if she were the heiress; but while her future remained shrouded in uncertainty, she was to have every opportunity of deliberate choice—it was to be a fair field for all comers.

Perhaps he knew that he ran little risk when he made this magnanimous resolve, perhaps he knew that his wife knew it too—he saved himself at least from the embarrassment of an explanation by an excess of dogmatism that left his wishes on the question of Andrew's hopes open to conjecture.

"I've passed my word to Lady Hemmingway that she should go, and you must manage it, Mary. I should not have thought it a very difficult matter to persuade her. If she wants new clothes, you can see to that, I suppose. Get Hester to send her down some things from town. But gowns or no gowns, she must be ready to go to Spens on Tuesday."

"She will go when she knows it is your wish, but I am afraid she won't enjoy it."

"She will get on well enough. She has been here too long."

"But she may come back?"

"She must come back," said Mr. Hallett, with a frown of impatience, "unless she will consent to live at Hallett's—which she ought to do—or go to town till March."

"Or unless Sir James falls in love with her," said Mary, with an attempt at playfulness.

Mr. Hallett got up and stood with his back to the fire. He looked at his wife with an impenetrable glance.

"It would be a very suitable arrangement for Sir James," he said quietly, "and if he likes to take the risk, he stands a fair chance to win."

Mary said no more. Perhaps she would not have said so much if in her heart of hearts she had not known that Sir James's chances were practically non-existent. Another had stepped in before him and stormed the easily-conquered fortress. During those weeks of Hester's absence the two women had been drawn very close together by a hundred shared interests. Circumstances had made Mary Kelynge the inheritor of Hester's little home duties; and put, as it were, upon her mettle, she developed quite a reputable talent for dusting and the minor arts of housekeeping. But it was in those long afternoons over needlework, that fill so large a part of a woman's programme in the country, that Mary chiefly shone. Not that she was a brilliant conversationalist, or ever contributed anything that had the most modest pretension towards originality. A clever talker would have scared Mary Hallett, who was one of the sweet old-fashioned women who find a perennial flow of interest in the commonplaces of life, and never meddle with its abstruser aspects.

The two of them, as they plied industrious needles, spoke endlessly of Hester, discussed her letters and the little triumphs that she allowed to peep out in them; pleased themselves with conjectures about the gentlemen who seemed so frequently to share the tea in Princess Mansions; and settled to their own satisfaction in what particular dress Hester received their devotion.

From Hester it was very easy, for the mother at least, to slip away to Andrew; and here Mary Kelynge showed herself surprisingly docile in following the other's lead. How they talked of

that young man, or rather how one of them talked and the other listened! What anecdotes of his babyhood and his boyhood there were to relate, and what a hero he seemed in one pair of fond and foolish eyes! No wonder that the mother, with that quickness of perception the dullest woman has for a hint of a love story, very soon perceived Mary's poor little secret.

"I never told you," cried Mary, faltering and frightened, her heart going pit-a-pat as she pictured her lover's displeasure at the disclosure—"I never told you!"

"My dear, you told me months ago," cried Mrs. Hallett, delighted at her own shrewdness. "Do you think I have no eyes?"

"Then you are not displeased?" asked Mary timidly.

"Displeased!" cried Mrs. Hallett; and then the women embraced as women will for any reason or for no reason in the world.

Mary Kelynge, it will be seen, was no longer plain or stupid or uninteresting in this other Mary's eyes. She had already been taken to that kind bosom, and held her place there as a child. To love the son was a sure passport to the mother's heart; to be Andrew's choice was to be without blemish; and the girl he held worthy to be his wife was made welcome to that large store of tenderness without a hindering scruple.

The one drawback to Mrs. Hallett's satisfaction was the silence Mary imposed with a frightened appeal that was not to be resisted. Mary Hallett's transparent honesty of nature made any departure from strict candour difficult to her, and to be burdened with a secret, even of her own finding out, was oppressive. She would have liked to talk it over with her husband in that idle half-hour over the bedroom fire when a dressing-gown and slippers made confidences seem easier; she would have liked—let no one despise her for it—to have set agoing those preparations that loom so large in a woman's thoughts about marriage. Already she had furtively visited her linen-closet, and spent a happy morning selecting a "plenishing" from its abundant riches. She sighed as she locked the door again and left the blameless piles of snowy damask to the lavender-scented darkness.

If she could have obeyed her honest impulse she would have summoned her friends to one of those afternoon tea-drinkings which so cheerfully stimulate utterance, and have offered Mary up to the congratulations of Melchisford.

It was hard to deny herself this little triumph, harder still to maintain a strict reserve in those letters which Hester received almost daily in Princess Mansions; but Mary's face expressed such an abject terror at the first hint of disclosure that it was not to be thought of.

"Andrew would be so displeased," she said. "Dear, dear Mrs. Hallett, don't let him find out that I have told you! It frightens me when I think of his anger. He so dislikes the thought of people talking."

"You didn't tell me, dear; I found it out for myself," said Mrs. Hallett, with a reviving pleasure in her own shrewdness. "And I daresay it is silly to want to talk about things that interest us; men *are* superior to that weakness. You shall tell your story in your own way and at your own time, but you must not be sorry that I have guessed it, because it makes me glad."

"No," said Mary, with an honest delight glowing in her homely countenance, "and it is so nice, because *we* can talk about it; there's no harm in that!"

So to kiss Andrew a little more tenderly in her nightly and her morning greetings and to put a new sort of cheerfulness in her letters to Hester were all the mother could permit herself. For the rest, she had a very wholesome awe of that sleeping displeasure that is so easily wakened in the heart of a husband, or even of a lover, when he is of the masterful type. She was a subscriber to the doctrine of wifely subjugation that finds so few supporters in these days of liberty and equality, and clung to the innocent belief that men are "born superior."

But when it came to be a question of despatching Mary to Spens she could at least send her away without a pang of dread over the baronet's superior fascinations. Mary cried feebly when her sentence of exile was pronounced. Tears were the expression her emotion took on all occasions, but they seemed natural enough to Mary Hallett.

"I shall miss my new dear daughter sadly," she said, and as she spoke she had a vision of those other unmended cares that would flock in to trouble her peace when Mary and this charming love topic were banished. "But for you, dear, it will be a little change."

"I shall hate it, you know I shall," cried Mary, the tears dribbling anew. "I shall feel miserable, and I daresay," she added with humility, "I shall disgrace myself. Lady Hemmingway is so grand, she frightens me."

"She is not grand at home, from what I hear. She sees to everything, I am told—skims the milk and collects the eggs, and weighs the meat, just like anybody else," said Mrs. Hallett, who shared the popular demand that a baronet's widow should be a little different from other people. "She will take you about with her; and Sir James—I don't think you need be afraid of him." There was even a faint flavour of contempt in this dismissal of the excellent baronet.

"Oh, but I am; he is worse than his mother When he talks it is like someone speaking out of a book, and you know I am not clever; and it always makes my head feel queer to be talked to like that, and he and his mother will think me a fool!"

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Hallett, wishing to be consoling, "it doesn't much matter, does it, what they think, since there is one person who loves you without wishing you to be clever? I am not clever either, Mary, but I have had a great deal of love in my life."

"Ah, but you are pretty," said Mary with a pang; "if I had been pretty or clever I could better have understood how Andrew stooped to me; but to be only rich, and perhaps not even that!"

"You are good. I am glad my son was wise enough to choose goodness," said the simple creature; "it is the only thing that counts in such a venture."

"But I feel as if something were sure to happen if I go away."

"Nothing will happen; nothing at least that will hurt you," said Mrs. Hallett, with a passing mental reference to the wounds she herself might suffer; "and a little separation is very wholesome, even for lovers. You can write to each other," she said, romantically picturing Andrew and Mary burning the midnight oil in those endless written confidences that lovers find needful to their happiness, and secretly resolving that Andrew should have a plentiful store of candles. "And, Mary dear, letters are a bit of one's love story that should never be missed out: they are treasures for always. I have very few, because my husband and I lived opposite each other all our lives and we were scarcely ever separated; but I have a little bundle tied up in my desk, and I read them sometimes when—when I feel sad or dull"—she faltered, blushing a delicate vivid pink—"but no one else shall ever read them, and I should like them buried with me."

But the prospect of a correspondence scarcely consoled Mary, who was no readier with her pen than with her tongue, and who had, if the truth must be told, no very close acquaintance with the laws either of grammar or spelling; and it was almost a relief to her when Andrew said with prompt decision that there was to be no writing of letters. Andrew junior was an embryo lawyer, and he knew the risks of written vows.

"What would be the sense of writing," he said, "unless you want to take all Melchisford into our confidence? I shall see you sometimes, I suppose?"

"Oh, I hope so," said Mary, the waterworks beginning again.

"There, don't cry, my dear girl," said Andrew, who had a masculine aversion from tears. "You don't suppose I'm going to hand you over as a present to Sir James?"

"I hate Sir James! I shall never speak to him."

"Oh," said Andrew, with tolerance, "he'll talk to you, and that will please him quite as well. I can't come to Spens, you know."

"Can't you?" Her tone was wistful.

"No," he said sharply. "Hemmingway and I are civil when we meet, but we don't hit it off. He has never forgiven me—a—um—well, never mind, a little joke I played off on him at Peter's; and besides, he's such a confounded prig—I couldn't stand him for half an evening."

Mary naturally looked as if she thought he might come to Spens on her account, and Andrew was quick to interpret her thought.

"Besides, you know, it would be just a formal 'how d'ye do' between us, if I did come," he said; "we couldn't venture on anything more confidential with that old cat looking on. No, we must meet somewhere else—outside, or at Hallett's—that would be best and safest. I shall be riding often over there on business, and you must be sharp, Mary, and make some excuse for going there without any of the Hemmingway lot. You can invent some pretext, I suppose—about a gown, or a book, or a visit to Mrs. Carter, or something? I'll wait for you every Wednesday at the end of the long gallery at three sharp."

He had been about to appoint the library as their trysting place, but the remembrance of another interview there checked him.

"Oh, will you really do that? Yes, I will come," said Mary humbly, grateful for this attention on her lover's part, and feeling that her romance was at last about to begin. "I'll try to be very clever."

"Don't be too clever," said Andrew, with a kind of good-natured irony, "or your hostess may suspect you, and offer you her company."

"I am more likely to be too stupid," said Mary humbly.

Perhaps she had a lurking hope that he would contradict her, but he did not.

"If—if I can't come you won't forget me?" she said timidly. "It will seem so strange to be without you."

"No fear of that. I ought rather to be afraid that you will put Hemmingway in my place."

"Oh, Andrew!"

"Well, well, we must trust each other," he said. He felt that he could trust her at least; and perhaps the certainty of her unalterable devotion robbed it of such charm as it might otherwise have had. It was with an effort that he summoned a more loverlike mood, and her timid pleasure woke in him something that was perilously near contempt.

"Poor soul, how awfully she is bound up in me!" was his first thought; but his most abiding feeling was a half injured sense of her plainness. His task would have been so much easier if she had been pretty. Her tears had no potential power over him, even though they flowed for him; he only noticed that they had reddened and swelled her eyelids, and blotched a complexion that could ill afford it. And even his kindness was lofty, and touched with that superiority with which one shows goodwill to an inferior animal. He was sure of her now; he was almost as good as married to her; there was scarce a chance that his plans should miscarry. And with a man of his fibre it was inevitable that, having made his purchase, he should immediately begin to cheapen it.

### CHAPTER XXX.—SIGHTSEEING.

OWEN PRIDEAUX little guessed how near to him lay the clue that would unravel the secret of his birth. Here were two men, each holding certain information, and each baffled for want of the knowledge the other possessed—each interested in the same matter, and neither dreaming that the other had a stake in the business, and could have supplied the missing link.

Hester, too, who had taken so sentimental an interest in the lost heir, and had so ardently longed

for his recovery, was daily in his company and never suspected it. Ought she to have divined, by some secret instinct, that Owen Prideaux was no other than Avisia Hallett's son? If she failed in insight it was not for lack of opportunity; but it must be remembered that to her, as to the rest of the world, he was Captain Prideaux's son. He had a father already, the dearest and most delightful of fathers; and knowing this, and being often in the Captain's company, and more drawn to him day by day, was it likely she should go out of her way to provide the younger man with a romantic and altogether improbable history? There was nothing in the relations of the two men to make her dream that they shared no common blood; on the contrary, there was everything to prove that the kinship was real—love and trust on both sides, and a comradeship that was a revelation to her. There was no such tie between Andrew and his father; and she owned to herself, with a pang, that they had somehow missed the secret of this good fellowship.

Besides, if the whole truth must be honestly disclosed, Hester's interest in the missing man had a little waned.

Was it because some newer interest was taking its place? Who can tell? Certain it is that when Dot wrote a melancholy little note to say that Tom had been sent off on business for his firm—all the way to Sweden, too, in the midst of the wintry weather, to inquire after a missing grain cargo—and that consequently the important meeting already planned must be deferred till his return, Hester bore the news with surprising equanimity. She ran off to Bayswater at once, and was admitted and allowed to climb upstairs to the little bedroom, where Dot followed her, but the few moments the friends dared snatch betwixt the governess's duties were all spent by Hester in comforting Dot for her lover's absence. She seemed to have forgotten wholly that he had tidings for her which must wait, for Dot was still determined that Tom and Will—poor Will!—must be the historians. Hetty had forgotten all this, and was only consolatory and sympathetic, and anxious to brace and cheer her little friend. Even when Dot's rare holiday afternoon came round, and she spent it in Princess Mansions, she had no difficulty in guarding her secret. If she half hoped that Hester would press her for particulars of Tom's great discovery, and give her an opportunity of hinting at his cleverness and his self-denial, his disinterestedness and all his other shining virtues, she was disappointed. Hester was kind and charming, and more beautiful than ever; but she was not curious. The "Frank" of whom the girls had chatted so often, weaving so many thrilling possibilities about his name, and providing him liberally with adventures, was never once mentioned by her.

Dot wondered, and was a little hurt perhaps, but when a young man walked into Mrs. Chester's drawing-room as if he were very much at home there, and with an air that showed clearly that he liked better to be there than in any other place—when she saw the joy in his eyes and the timid answering joy dawning in another pair of eyes—Dot forgave her friend's indifference. The young woman made her own inferences, and possibly they were justified. It must indeed be allowed that she was in a far more favourable position than the critical reader to judge the situation. Had she not herself experienced all the pangs, the chills and fever-heats, of that disease from which Hester was supposed to be suffering? That was perhaps why Dot hugged her friend so warmly when she went to the bedroom to tie on her bonnet at night, and why she said—apparently apropos of nothing—that she was quite convinced now that Tom's news could wait, and that it was only poor Will who would be disappointed by the delay.

Hester blushed and looked very guilty.

"Mrs. Chester must ask Will to dinner," she said, with downcast eyes.

"Better not," said Dot gently, and Hester blushed again and did not press the point.

And so because Tom's firm required his services at this particular date, and because for one reason or another Hester's interest in Melchisford affairs had grown a trifle dulled, the mystery which was no mystery remained unsolved, and Owen Prideaux, by turns tragically gloomy and unnaturally sanguine, and Andrew Hallett was more and more certain that fortune meant to befriend him and to throw her choicest portion into his lap.

So the Fates spun the threads of these young lives and looped and interwove their lots, they all the while unconscious of the links that drew them together.

The mild gaieties which Margaret had prepared for her guest now occupied most of the ladies' time, and made the days pass very pleasantly.

They took to the sights of the town the simple readiness to be pleased of country folk, and were as conscientious in their quest of marvels as if they had been in Rome or Athens. On most days they had an escort, for it is very well known that there are many places in London to which ladies cannot go alone—or where at least they are the better for male protection.

Margaret's little victoria held three very comfortably, even though the third had rather long legs to tuck away. What cared he that the seat was narrow? How obligingly he squeezed himself into the limited space, and what a fondness he suddenly had for driving—which he had always professed to hate—so long as two kind faces beamed opposite him!

One of them, he thought, bloomed like a beautiful pale flower rising out of its sheath of furs, the other had smiled upon him ever since he could remember—for Margaret had forgiven Owen that imaginary offence of his, and had taken him back to favour when, about a week after the dinner at Chelsea, he had called at Princess Mansions. He had gone reluctantly enough, still with that unconquered soreness that had so strangely beset him on the night when he first saw Hester; but the ladies were at home, and received him with so much kindness that his moodiness insensibly melted away, and he found himself talking with the old ease and readiness.

Margaret had many tender inquiries to make

about the Captain. Was his foot really better? and had he tried the remedies she had sent?

Owen confessed with a laugh that the patient had been rather refractory, and that he had only yielded before the authority of the new physician.

"Dr. Margaret must be obeyed," said the Captain. "When a lady commands, it is a privilege to submit."

"Ah," said Margaret, with simple delight, "I knew that lotion would cure him—it never fails. Hester, you must take the prescription home with you; you will find it a treasure."

Hester promised with a smile to arm herself with this invaluable remedy, and to undertake the cure of all the wounds and bruises in Melchisford, "for if it has cured Captain Prideaux," she said very prettily to Owen, "it deserves a good word from everybody."

"Yes," said Owen, "and the very first visit he pays is to be one of thanks to his kind friends here."

Hester had done nothing to hasten the Captain's recovery, and yet Owen looked and spoke as if all the gratitude belonged to her. She had not even gone to sing to him, as he was not slow to remind her.

"I will go, if he would like it," she said shyly.

"I know he would like it; he has been talking of your music."

After a consultation with Margaret, she settled that they might go, possibly even on the following day.

"We are going to the Zoo, Owen," she said, looking at the young man with quite a severe air; "of course, you despise the Zoo, so we must not ask you to go with us. You will be at your literary club, no doubt, discussing high matters with other geniuses."

But thus challenged, Prideaux cried out that he had longed for years to go to the Zoo.

"I am pining to revive my early impressions," he said; "I haven't been there since I was in petticoats. You held my hand, Margaret, lest the lions should frighten me; you were a beautiful young lady, and you modestly hid your blushes in the depths of a poke bonnet tied with yellow ribbons."

"I never wore yellow in my life," cried Margaret, the woman in her roused to remonstrance; "and poke bonnets, my dear boy, went out before you were born. And as for being beautiful, that I never was." Her tones gathered severity.

"That you always were and will be to me," he said, with so much sincere kindness and such an absence of flippancy that she was appeased at once.

"Well, if you would really like to go, we might make room for you, might we not, Hester?—that is, if you have nothing better to do."

"I have nothing half so good to do. The Athenæum hasn't elected me yet," he said, with smiling irony, "and my 'literary club,' as you call it, is an old City tavern, where one or two Grub Street hacks like myself meet for an hour."

"Owen, Owen, I'm afraid you are very wicked," said Margaret gravely, to whom, as to most women, the mention of a tavern carried suggestions of extreme dissipation.

"Not at all; our potations, like our chronicles, are of the mildest. We of the pen can't afford to revel in such luxuries as you provide, Margaret, and we talk no heresies. We only meet to air our grievances and unite in abusing the publishers. And they are such a sleek and prosperous lot they can very well stand it."

This affair of the Zoo was the first of the excursions in which Mr. Owen Prideaux's share soon became a matter of course. Hester had professed a wish to see the lions fed, and Owen tore himself quite easily from his literary labours to join the ladies at lunch, and drive with them to Regent's Park afterwards. He came in the gayest spirits, and was undoubtedly quite honest when he professed himself to derive the liveliest enjoyment from the spectacle of the captive beasts, big London's pet playthings. Age is after all a matter of temperament, and a fresher heart may beat in the bosom of eighty than is sometimes to be found under the bodice or waistcoat of eighteen. Owen Prideaux was six-and-twenty by Time's calendar, but he had still the vivacity and elasticity of his boyish days, and could enter into the spirit of any adventure with all the eagerness of his knickerbockered youth. From whatsoever stock he may have sprung, it is certain he had inherited a keen, high spirit, and a sensitively strung nature, quick to absorb and reflect every passing impression.

Hester was disturbed once more by some faintly-stirred remembrance whose full significance she could not grasp as she looked at his mobile face. Those dark eyes that could be so merry or so moody as the soul within him was moved, that firm, defiant chin, that air of masterfulness, and yet of curious half-melancholy pride and dissatisfaction—where had she seen them before? Her experience was very limited, and yet, search it as she would, her memory gave her no clue.

"Some face that I have seen, passingly perhaps, and forgotten," she said to herself, "and yet it is not a face to forget."

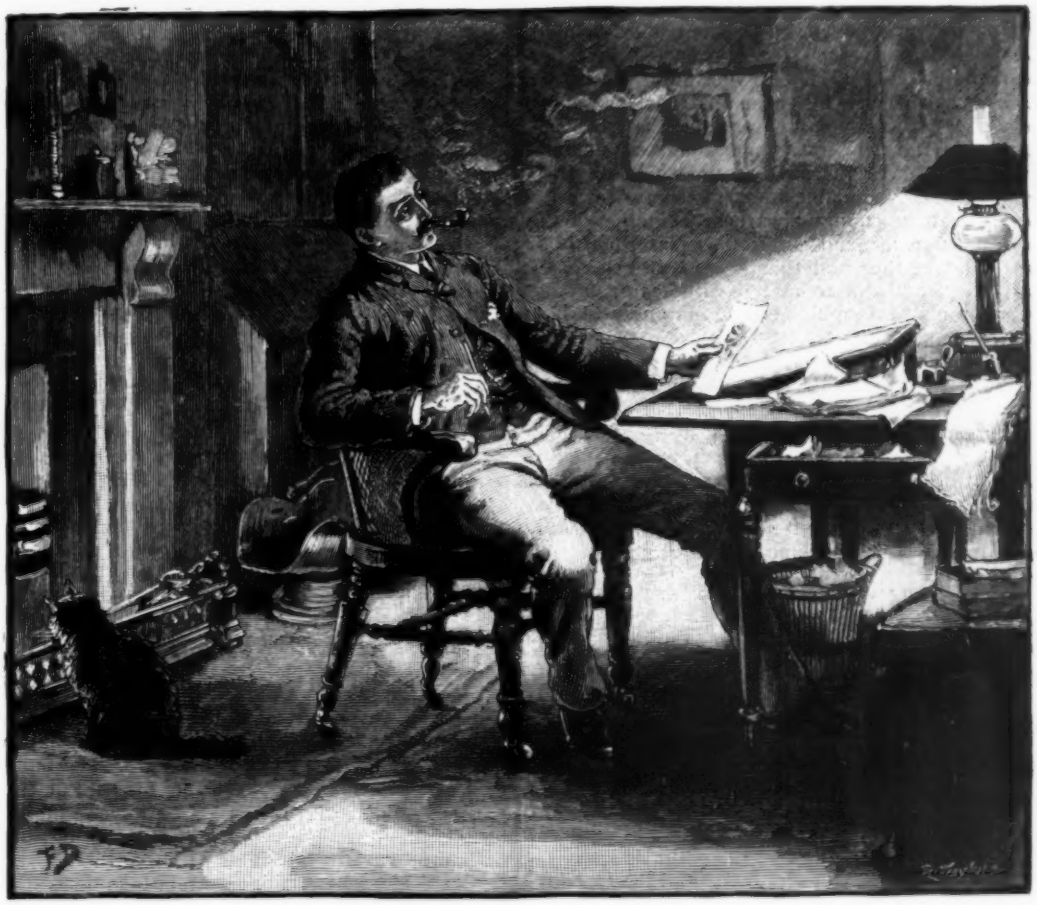
Be sure that Owen on his part thought that Hester's was not a face to forget. He tried to reproduce it in the privacy of his den at night, when the Captain, and even that disciplinarian, George, had gone to bed and left the young master to burn the midnight oil.

He had a facile gift with his pencil, but Hester's sweet serious looks refused to reveal themselves under his strokes. When he caught what seemed to him a faint reflection of her pale beauty, an added touch would spoil the portrait and turn it into a hideous smirking travesty. He tore the paper savagely and flung away his pencil. In the same way, when he tried to displace the heroine in his new novel—what a vulgar, pert little upstart she seemed now in his eyes!—and to replace her with Hester Hallett, he failed as lamentably as he had done in his task of limner. The original heroine had been pink and fair, after the popular fancy, petite, mignon—perhaps he had even had the bad taste to employ these words in describing

her. It was easy to substitute a maiden who was tall and slim, and of a clear pallor—item, two dark straight brows; item, two wonderful clear grey eyes, a well-shaped nose, and a mouth that curved into a smile of rare sweetness—any penny-a-liner can chronicle and catalogue after this fashion. But all those subtle graces of mind, her simple goodness, her modesty, her purity—how could he hope to reproduce these so that others should see them as he saw them? It was not to be done.

He locked away his manuscript in sad disgust and disheartenment. The book for which his publisher was ready—and even perhaps impatient—did not progress at all in those days, and the members of the fraternity who met round the afore-mentioned board, and seasoned the bread-and-cheese with the time-honoured grievances of authors, shook their heads and said that Prideaux's own head was turned with the surprising success of his first novel, and that he was taking things easy, and was seen about at the houses of grandees, who petted him and made a kind of tame lion of him. They predicted a sudden descent of his Pegasus, and perhaps they may be pardoned if they anticipated the downfall without overmuch sorrow, since their own poor hacks had taken them on no such flights.

It was a mistake, however, to suppose that Owen spent his evenings among the gay and frivolous, and dined with dukes and lords. The world of dukes and lords had not come back to town, but were preparing to spend Christmas in the country, and Owen's evenings were all either given to the Captain or were spent in Princess Mansions—in either case more innocently, and no doubt profitably, than if he had dined at a big-wig's board or bemused himself with smoke and beer among his brethren of the pen.



OWEN TRIED TO REPRODUCE HER FACE IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS DEN.

His days, too, were given up to the most virtuous and innocent pleasures, and perhaps he had never been happier than when he was thus playing the boy with this sweet new companion and with Margaret for a mother.

When the Captain's foot was pronounced to be safe from the smallest risk of injury he joined the trio and made it into a quartette. Sometimes it was Margaret who took her place at his side, but

often it was Hester who took the arm he offered with a courtesy that belongs to an age that had a finer reverence for womanhood than this. On the first occasion that Owen saw them together, the erect, silver-haired old man and the young girl, he felt curiously thrilled and touched. The Captain, who liked most people, and thought all women good and kind, had yet, it was evident, a peculiar tenderness for the country maiden who sang her sweet old-fashioned melodies to him nightly now with an artless grace that made them a thousandfold better than the finest music you can buy, though you pay for a box and a primadonna to enchant you. To the young man it seemed a good omen that the dear old sailor should like Hester, though why there should be anything specially lucky in that fact we must leave him to explain. At any rate, he put black care away and deliberately smothered those afflicting doubts about his own possible history which made him so unamiable on our first interview with him. A man cannot always be thinking of his own deficiencies, and surely it is permitted to all of us to take the good that is sent with the passing hour, and not to mar it with fears that tomorrow may bring clouds and darkness to blot out the sunshine.

For a while this pleasant state of matters went on very smoothly. Margaret, of course, had other visitors besides the Captain and Owen, and engagements and duties in plenty, as every popular lady has; but a woman can generally manage her social world as she will, and Mrs. Chester undertook that the cosy evenings in Princess Mansions should not be too often interrupted. Occasionally, indeed, she had some faint stirrings of conscience.

"I'm afraid we're encouraging Owen in idleness," she said one day to the Captain; "the world must be waiting for his book."

"It would please my vanity and yours, Margaret, if we could think that," he answered, with his mildly ironical smile; "but the world's memory is shorter than ours. Let the boy alone; he is learning his lesson, and he will write the bètter for it when his time comes."

"What do you mean by 'learning his lesson'?" she asked; and her tone was a little anxious.

She was dressed for dinner in the black satin and white lace she always wore, and the Captain, too, was in evening costume. Hester had not yet joined them, and Owen, who was expected for the meal, had rushed off on some errand of his own. Margaret and the Captain had the pretty drawing-room all to themselves.

"What do you mean by taking his lesson?" she asked, laying her hand on her old friend's sleeve.

"What do you mean rather, Margaret?"

"I don't want him to suffer," she cried; "you couldn't think that!"

"Suffer!" he retorted; "we have all our portion of pain, I suppose, and if he is to take his this way, I trust he may have the manliness to bear it without whining and without bitterness. At least he will have no cause for shame. A man might well love so good and sweet a woman, and I should think him but a poor, bloodless, spiritless nincompoop if he didn't!" cried the Captain, with sudden energy and fire.

"And Owen—has he no qualities to attract a girl and win her regard, do you think, that you should talk of rejection and the learning of lessons? Is he so trivial, so slight, of so little worth, that she must needs reject him?"

"Margaret, Margaret, you arch conspirator, you base dissembler!"

Then Margaret blushed and hung her head; but the next moment she lifted it and faced him bravely with a smile, though the tears were in her eyes.

"I have known Owen all my life, since he was little, and I think I know him as if—as if he were the little boy I lost twenty years ago, or my own young brother who died long ago, living still and grown to manhood. There is nothing left to tell me about him—nothing at all. And as for Hester, I remember her too—a pretty child; and in these weeks I have read all her heart. We women, when we live together day by day, cannot hide ourselves from each other; we know each other unerringly, and we spy flaws and weaknesses in each other that your eyes never see. But, dear Captain, she is good, good as she is bonny, as they say in the north—good enough for Owen, I think, and—and do you believe I would have brought them together only to give one or other of them pain?"

"Ah, my dear, but hearts are dangerous tools to play with, and when we meddle with that kind of business we scarce know to what we may be leading others."

"There is no danger in this case."

"Marriage is at best a tremendous hazard."

"Neither you nor I have a right to say that! I was happy, and I hold it the duty of every woman who has been successfully married to help her neighbours to the same chance," cried this spirited Margaret, who was ready to play the *deus ex machinâ* to all the distressed lovers of her acquaintance.

"Nevertheless, it is to play with edged tools."

"Not in this case. Tell me, if I turn out to be right—and I *know* I am right—will you be glad?"

"Can you doubt it?" asked the old man. "Could Owen win a higher prize? Would fame please him better, do you think, than a sweet and loving wife? If he wins her, it will be the best day of his life."

"Except the day on which he found you," said Margaret, stooping and kissing the hand she held in her own.

"And now," she said briskly as the door opened to admit Hester, "we'll not give Owen another minute's grace; the soup is on the table, and he shall have it cold for his punishment."

And Hester, sitting opposite the blank which that young man should have filled, never knew what a highly sentimental scene had taken place on the hearthrug of the one room while she in the next was putting on her white dress, and hesitating whether or not to add a rose given her that day.

The two simple foolish conspirators sacrificed

Owen's literary career with the most cheerful alacrity. What cared they if the publisher raged and threatened? Owen was engaged in a life study which was vastly more important in their eyes.

Owen, indeed, had rushed off to Paternoster Row on a mission of appeasement. Messrs. Green and Brown were inclined to take high ground with the young author, and to remind him in curt phrase that a bargain is a bargain, and that he was over young and over new to give himself the airs of a veteran, as if the world could not do without him. Prideaux then lost his temper, which, truth to say, was not a very difficult achievement on his part. He had all the dislike and natural rebellion of his tribe to be bound. Genius owns no master, and if it pleased him for the moment to think himself of that high order, the world was in part to blame for the conceit. It had been far kinder than its wont to the young author, and it was perhaps no wonder that his head was a little turned, and that he should consider himself a very fine fellow.

In the end, however, his good sense and natural modesty prevailed, and the storm which had threatened at one time to run high calmed down.

Mr. Brown, who was the moneyed partner, shook hands with him blandly; and Mr. Green, to whose share it fell to do all the little civilities, accompanied his client to the door.

"We've advertised you for January; you won't disappoint us?" he said, as he helped Owen to draw on his great-coat.

"All right," said Owen, a little sulkily.

If he could but have reflected on all the cares and anxieties, the hopes and despairs, that had trodden these flags before him, and will tread them, no doubt, when he is forgotten; if he had remembered the tardiness with which success comes to the few to whom it comes at all, the smallness and insignificance of the prize when it is won, he might have gone away in a humbler mood, thankful for his own brighter lot; but he was thinking of his empty place at Margaret's board, of the sweet face and the sweet voice of which every instant's delay was defrauding him.

But, behold! when he got to Princess Mansions, and was swung up to that second-floor where we have so often gone with him, his place was no longer empty. While he was grappling with the business of this life, another had stepped in and secured his portion of pleasure.

When Owen, who had had a bag sent from Chelsea, had whipped himself, with amazing celerity, into his evening clothes; had washed and brushed, and was proceeding with a brisk step to make his gay apologies to Margaret, he was arrested on the threshold by the sight of a broad back and a curly head rising above his own particular chair—by the sound of a voice he knew, and perhaps scarcely cared to recognise.

"How do?" said Spenceley, turning round with a cool nod to the new-comer; "first come, first served, you see. Your misfortune brought me good luck."

"Where on earth," said Owen, checking all show of vexation, "do you come from?"

"Express from Dover. The disaster Miss Hallett threatened me with befell me—that is, I thought it a disaster till to-day. I happened to get into the wrong train. No need to ask where *you've* come from, old man."

"No, there is certainly no need," said Prideaux curtly, as he drew in a chair at a solitary unfriended corner. "Confound the fellow's impudence, and his easy, intimate airs!" he said to himself, as he applied himself to the soup. He answered the Captain's questions shortly; he forgot to make his apologies to Margaret; he was not at all grateful to her for keeping his dinner warm, or even for the look of half anxious care she wore, as if the new-comer's presence pleased her no better than it did him. He was scarcely even mollified when he noticed that Hester wore in her belt a rose that he had given her.

## An English June.

THEY say the blue Italian skies
More radiant beauty know,
And flowers of Ind have richer dyes
Than northern ones can show;
That isles there are which summer queens
Through every changing moon;
But ah! before these brighter scenes,
Give me an English June.

When morning breaks on night's repose,
It is as if the world
Were newly-born, like yonder rose,
With petals half uncurled;
So soft the air, so fresh the lawn,
So rapturous a tune
The skylark sings to greet the dawn,
Above the meads of June.

Her emerald treasure bravely cast
About the barren hill;
Her golden brooklets whirling past,
Her silver lakes so still;
The insect hum she loves to wake
At sultry hour of noon:
Who does not know the things that make
The charm of England's June?

And if sometimes the storm cloud sweeps
Athwart the happy scene,
It is the tearful rain which keeps
Both field and forest green.
Why, life itself, all sunshine made,
Would be a sorry boon;
Nay, better mingled light and shade,
Just like an English June.

SYDNEY GREY.

# THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

## THE SULTAN OF TURKEY [1]



ABDUL HAMID II.

ON Whit-Sunday, 1876, there occurred in a fair palace overlooking the Bosphorus one of those romantic tragedies which are but too common in the history of the Crescent. What happened exactly will perchance never be known, since truth and news are as carefully hushed up in Turkey as they are propagated in more civilised lands, and the mystery may never be solved whether Abdul Aziz committed suicide or was assassinated. The probabilities, however, all point to the suspicion of foul play. A palace plot is no uncommon thing in the Ottoman Empire and in the history of its rulers. Certain it is that the ex-Sultan was found dead in his room, with a mortal gash in his arm, five days after he had been deposed, on the plea of insanity, to make way for his nephew, Sultan Mourad v. It is beyond question that the monarch was broken in health and mind, and that hence he was not able to resist with sufficient energy the Muscovite pressure brought to bear upon him, and which threatened to degrade Turkey into the position of a Russian province. That he was mad enough to commit suicide is by no means proved. But his deposition was a political necessity, and hence insanity was used as a plea to make the act plausible to the world at large. It was hoped that Mourad would prove a wiser ruler. He had not been many weeks upon the throne when it became evident that he, too, was a man unable to meet the heavy strain which had to be borne by a Turkish sovereign in those difficult times. The ministers therefore resolved that this ruler, too, must be deposed, and with the consent of the Sheik-ul-Islam, the spiritual head of the Faith, Sultan Mourad also was quietly uncrowned.

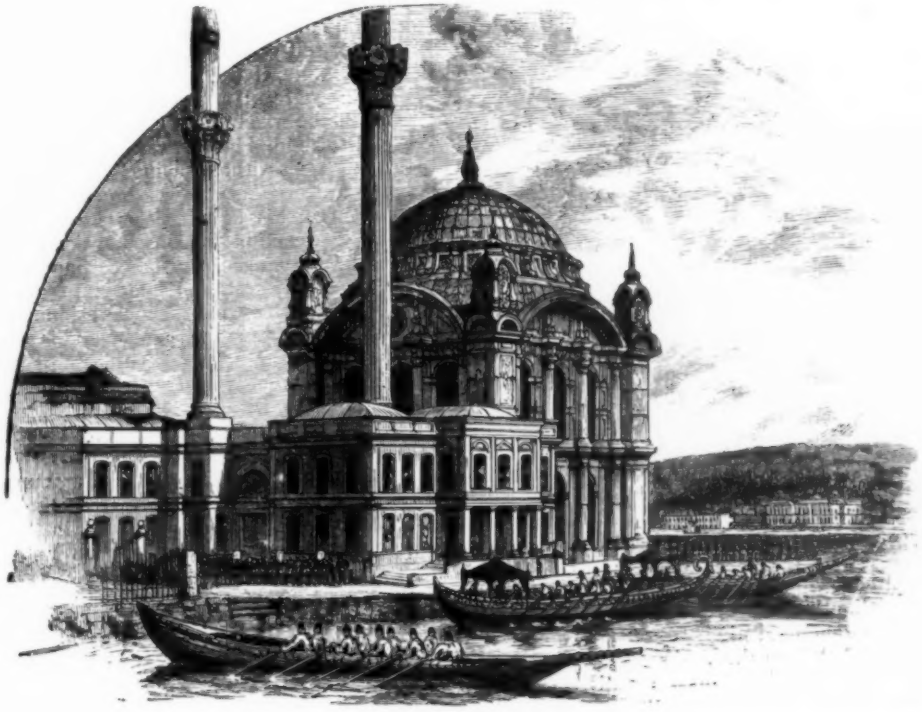
It was then decided in council to offer the vacant post to the younger brother of Mourad —Abdul Hamid—with the request that in the interests of the empire he would ascend the throne of Turkey, and be girt with the sword of Othman. The offer was by no means welcome to the man to whom it was made. Abdul Hamid had lived for years in retirement; he was not ambitious, and he had no desire to exchange his seclusion for a thorny sceptre. He urged that his brother should be accorded a fur

[1] We give the latest portrait we have been able to obtain. It is from a photograph taken some time since, the Sultan not personally favouring the art of the photographer.

ther trial, that his incapacity to rule should be further proved. When at last this was placed beyond doubt, reluctantly he yielded to the appeal made to him, and on the 31st of August, 1876, ascended the throne of his fathers, to become one of the best sovereigns that had long ruled the Empire of the Crescent.

Abdul Hamid, whose name means Servant of the Praiseworthy, was born in 1842, the son of a Circassian, who died shortly after the birth of her babe. The child's education was consequently entrusted to another wife of Abdul Medaid, herself childless. She was a wise, upright woman, who devoted herself with love to the motherless boy, and who guarded him with the most tender, judicious care. His first master was the Court mollah, Mustafa Efendi, and his later tutor Kemal Efendi, the latter a man of European culture, who gave him a good Oriental education, combined with Occidental ideas. The boy learnt Arabic and Persian, and studied history and geography with zeal and interest. But in all European languages, and above all in French, he made little progress, so that even to-day he understands them but indifferently, and does not speak them at all. It is this that renders the intercourse of Europeans so difficult with him. From his babyhood he evinced signs of a weakly constitution, and was noted for his timidity and shyness. But all the more remarkable were his thoughtful bearing and his shrewdness of perception and comprehension. Never having known a mother's love, a mother's caressing care, rarely noticed by his father, he led almost from his childhood a retired life, keeping apart from all recreations. As a youth, too, he never joined in amusements, and was so careful of his means that when he ascended the throne he had amassed a capital of 60,000 Turkish pounds. In 1868 he travelled in Europe, in the company of his uncle, the then Sultan Abdul Aziz. According to his own showing, his sojourns in Paris, London, and Vienna helped greatly to enlarge his mental vision and to increase his knowledge. On his return to Constantinople he was fired with a desire to fill up the lacunæ in his education, and set himself to reading industriously. He also occupied himself much with music. As before, he avoided all social recreations, and did not even hunt or shoot. When the palace revolution occurred that ended in the violent death of Abdul Aziz, he was profoundly moved and impressed; and when his brother Mourad ascended the throne Abdul Hamid was the first to lay his obedient homage at his feet. It was not until the latter had been declared weak of intellect, and that he himself was called upon to take his place, that Abdul Hamid revealed all the force of character that lay within him. Perchance he himself was unconscious of it, and that it needed circumstances to call it forth. For hardly in power, this quiet, studious recluse suddenly showed an energy that surprised even those who knew him most intimately.

He had been called to govern in a dark moment of Turkish history. The State had recently de



MOSQUE OF ORTAKEWY.

clared itself bankrupt, the finances were in a state of chaos; Russian agents were busy in every town and village stirring up the natives to rebellion by means of fair promises and clinking gold; Servia had declared war on Turkey, the army was disorganised and discontented, because unpaid. The Sultan met all these difficulties with a cool judgment—a diplomacy that amazed Europe and displeased greatly the ruler on the bank of the Neva, who certainly did not desire to see Turkey recover from her position of European sick man. Great self-control, great patience, did Abdul Hamid show, and also great astuteness. He recognised the power that his chief minister, Midhat Pasha, held in hand, and he feigned for a period an entire submission to his will and to that of other influential ministers, while all the time carefully laying his own schemes and preparing to govern his country in accordance with his own ideas.

In April, 1877, Czar Alexander II at last declared open war on Turkey in place of the secret one he had been carrying on for some time. His purpose, to quote his own words, was to give expression "to the intense anxiety felt by the whole Russian nation to effect an amelioration in the position of the Christians in the East." How the Czar managed to be so well acquainted with the intensest feelings of his subjects, seeing the expression of popular opinion in Russia is gagged on press and platform, does not appear; but in any case, he considered himself obliged, in view of "the haughty obstinacy of Turkey," to draw the sword; and he ended his declaration by invoking the blessing of Heaven upon his army called out to fight in so holy a cause.

The Bulgarian massacres excited so intense a feeling against the Turks that Russia in this instance carried with her the sympathies of many who had been opposed to her ambitious schemes.

How valiantly the Ottomans fought, how gallantly they defended their country, is matter of history; and though the Turks were often beaten, so too were the Russians. Finally, in March, 1878, the famous Treaty of San Stefano was signed, a treaty so grasping on the part of Russia that the moment its provisions were known in Europe it was manifest from the excitement it created that the other Powers would never permit it to be carried into effect. In consequence the famous Berlin Congress was summoned.

The result of this Congress, as all the world knows, was the practical tearing up of the Treaty of San Stefano. Lord Beaconsfield returned to London emitting the famous phrase, "Peace with honour," the Russians went back to St. Petersburg to scheme further pretexts for interfering in the affairs of the Sublime Porte, and the Turkish representatives got home to Constantinople in time to assist at councils the end of which was revivification and reform.

For, the war over, Abdul Hamid showed his hand. He now felt that he was indeed firmly seated upon his throne, and his resolve was to restore prosperity and happiness to his distracted kingdom. But the first thing of all to do was to punish sternly the king-maker, the disturber of the internal peace. The Constitution drawn up by Midhat Pasha, to which the Sultan had been forced to give his consent, was revoked, Abdul Hamid holding that the people on whom it had been thrust had not yet reached that phase of political development in which alone constitutions of any kind are possible, and that, moreover, ready-made constitutions, constitutions that are not of genuine growth, are rarely of much value. Possibly other motives mingled in his policy, for it was not to be expected that he should rise at one bound above all the traditions of his throne. After all, government is a question of climate and ethnology; and no fair-minded thinker can doubt that in the present low state of general culture in Turkey, and its absolute inaptitude for self-government, direct rule of some sort is inevitable, if not essential for the time being to real progress; and it is matter of satisfaction if this rule be wisely exercised.

That Abdul Hamid was severely criticised for this step goes without saying. In Europe especially arose the cry that he was crushing the dawning freedom of his country, that he was pursuing a policy of reaction and obscurantism. It does not fall within the scope of these papers to discuss these general questions; suffice it to say, the Sultan, believing that even well-meant innovations may be hurtful if premature, continued his course undeterred alike by adverse criticism or the candid counsel of friends unacquainted with Turkey—its internal state, its needs, its tastes. Undaunted, he pursued his path, showing great personal courage and bravery.

At the same time the dread of a counter revolution did not let him rest; and as time went on, and he found himself deceived in some of his dearest hopes, deceived above all in the persons in whom he had put trust, whom he had raised to eminence, he began more and more to retreat personally from public life, though never abandoning State affairs.

The Palace of Yildiz, a little outside Constantinople, grew to be his favourite residence; and he now rarely quits that spot. An eye-witness of Abdul Hamid's conduct at the end of the first month of his reign wrote as follows: "In all matters of public importance the personal views of the Sultan Hamid have exercised a most decisive influence, and this influence is growing every day; but it is altogether of a different kind from that of his predecessors. It is not that capricious interference, the result of momentary whims and covert advice or influence, but it is a systematic effort on the Sultan's part to master the affairs of State by seeking for information, and on the strength of this forming his judgment. . . . According to the etiquette of centuries, the Sultan came as little into contact with his ministers socially as with the rest of the world. The present Sultan has broken through the barriers of this isolation. He allows them to be seated in his presence and discusses affairs in council. He has already spoken earnestly of his strong wish to encourage trade and industry, to open agricultural schools, and to introduce model farms In his

choice of officers to attend about his person he has specially selected those who have received a European education and have become conversant not only with the languages, but with the leading ideas of the civilised countries of Europe."

His wishes in respect of internal reforms have all been carried into effect. The first thing to do was to put the finances straight, for these were in utter confusion. As has been well said, never since Necker seized the purse-strings of revolutionary France had an apparently more hopeless outlook to be faced by mortal financier. The official inquiry instituted at the request of the Sultan revealed a state of corruption and dishonesty which had assumed proportions surpassing all that even an Oriental country can show in the matter of peculation and trickery. A more enlightened financial policy was at once inaugurated, to whose wisdom and merit the improved state of Turkish finances and the whole condition of the empire now bear witness. The next thing to do was to put down brigandage, one of the greatest curses of the Turkish empire, affording a lucrative if irregular method of gaining a livelihood to thousands, and exercising a rule of pressure and terrorism over all dutiful subjects. In this matter, too, Abdul Hamid showed that he had a resolute hand and decided views; and the good results achieved already make themselves manifest. The work of exterminating brigandage goes on merrily, to the decided advantage of Turkish finances and Turkish prosperity.

Nor are these the only marked improvements that have taken place since Abdul Hamid came into power. Under his personal initiative the school system has been much enlarged and perfected, and not only for males, but also for females, the schools for the latter especially being under the direct patronage of the Sultan, who is truly interested in the welfare and progress of his female subjects. The progress made in women's education under his reign is little short of marvellous. Among other changes, primary education has been made obligatory, and each commune must possess a school where children are taught gratuitously, and where instruction does not consist merely in the reading of the Koran, as in former times, but where more useful and more modern attainments can be acquired. It is perhaps needless to say that in initiating this reform Abdul Hamid has had to encounter much active and latent opposition, and that the latter, especially in the country districts and those remote from the capital, often hinders the more rapid spread of his good work. It is exceedingly difficult to impose reforms upon the Turk, who, after all, it must never be forgotten, is an Asiatic and a Mussulman. The press, too, has been taken under the Sultan's protection, and though one could scarcely look for press freedom in an Oriental land, yet by Imperial command all the most important literary and scientific works of Europe are issued in translation from the Government printing office, a thing that was not tolerated under previous reigns. But one of Abdul Hamid's constant preoccupations is to raise the intellectual status of his subjects.

Nor do Abdul Hamid's reforms stop here. The army had also to be reorganised and better disciplined; and to this he devoted himself with the same energy that he had shown in other departments, the result being that the military system of the country is now far from despicable; indeed, is so good as to have won praises from that great authority on all that is soldierly, the Emperor William II. Further, the railroad system has been much extended, and new lines are being constructed in Asia.

In all these matters it must never be forgotten that Abdul Hamid himself is the active and reforming force, his ministers being merely the subordinate officers who carry out his behests and directions, often belonging themselves to the old Turkish retrograde faction. And this is the Sultan's misfortune; while Abdul Hamid is thus sincerely enthusiastic for the welfare of his people, he is not seconded by his subordinates, who have neither his zeal nor his uprightness; so that in the interior the advance in culture and civilisation is not yet so marked as in the districts nearer to the Sultan's direct supervision. That he himself is a humane sovereign is beyond doubt; nor is he in any wise responsible for the atrocities that but too often occur in his domains, and disturb the dreams of Europe. Thus it is a fact that he has not signed more than one death warrant since his accession. Indeed, capital punishment has been practically abolished by him, for it is he in person who has to decide the fate of criminals.

It is beyond doubt that Turkey, whatever its shortcomings—and these no doubt are great—has also suffered much from misrepresentation. All that occurs there reaches the outside world in a distorted shape; the good is depreciated, the evil is exaggerated. Indeed, the common notion seems to be, "Can any good thing come out of Turkey?" Thus it is always assumed without question that a Sultan gives himself up to luxurious and licentious living, and does not trouble himself with the affairs of the State. That the present Sultan is a serious man, whose entire energy and ability are devoted to the affairs of government, the reforms he has instituted prove. That his private life resembles much more that of an English gentleman than the popular idea of an Oriental prince, is familiar to all who reside at Constantinople. Among other financial reforms, he has consistently discouraged the expenditure of the harem. He himself is practically a monogamist, and has no more legal wives than four, the number obligatory upon a Sultan, and to none does he show special favour. That his harem is nevertheless largely populated arises from the customs of his land and of his dynasty. He personally would be glad enough to be rid of his three hundred brevet spouses, who merely cost him money, and often are the causes of those palace revolutions too common in Oriental lands. But, as we all know, the force of custom is not so easily broken. Thus, on his birthday, and on twenty other days in the year, the Sultan invariably receives from his adoptive mother the present of a beautiful slave, and this young lady has forthwith to be transferred

to his establishment in the capacity of harem dame, with a household of her own, consisting of at least four eunuchs and six female servants, to say nothing of horses, carriages, and grooms.

Multiply the number of these establishments by three hundred, and it ceases to be astonishing that the expenditure on the Sultan's Civil List should amount to 4,000,000 sterling a year. A large item in this sum represents the dowers which the Sultan pays to his slaves when he marries them to favourite officials. About one hundred are married from the palace annually, and each of them is entitled to receive £10,000. Unfortunately, the bridegroom who takes a wife from the



PALACE OF DOLMA BAGTCHÉ.

Sultan's hands must at his earliest convenience make a present of a slave to keep the staff of the Imperial seraglio up to its proper figure. The Sultan, as those who know him affirm, loathes the whole system; but there are too many vested interests engaged in keeping the Imperial harem supplied with wives, and if the Sultan were to cashier his entire female establishment, he would certainly be deposed or murdered. Sir William White is said to have advised his Majesty to reduce his establishment by not filling up vacancies, but this is not easy, seeing that every Cabinet Minister and Pasha of note looks to passing his daughter through the Sultan's harem as a simple means of securing her a marriage portion, with the title of "validé," which may be construed as princess.

That so huge a household must cost much is self-evident, and yet Abdul Hamid does his best to check reckless expenditure. Still it is estimated that over six thousand persons are fed daily at his Dolma Bagtché Palace when he is there. Perhaps this is another reason why he prefers the smaller Bildiz Kiosk. One who is well informed gives a graphic picture of the Sultan's housekeeping. He admits that it is clear that there is good executive ability in the management of this enormous household, for there is scarcely ever a jar or a hitch, even under the impulse of the most untimely demands. Every different department is under the control of a person who is directly responsible for that, and he has a corps of servants and slaves under his orders, who obey him only, and he is subject to the Treasurer of the Household. Women have no voice whatever in the management of anything in any department. Their sole occupation is to wait upon their respective mistresses, or to serve the Sultan in some specified capacity; and the labour about the palace is so sub-divided that no one works very hard except the Lord High Chamberlain and Treasurer of the Household.

The Chamberlain is mostly occupied in administering to the wants and caprices of the Sultan, and is in almost constant attendance upon him; so the Treasurer of the Household has the burden of the housekeeping on his burly shoulders. He has an organised force of buyers, who are each charged with the purchase of certain supplies for their individual departments, each having his helpers, servants, and slaves.

One man is charged with the duty of supplying all the fish, and as to furnish fish for at least six thousand persons is no light undertaking in a place where there are no great markets such as

there are in all other large cities, he has to have about twenty men to scour the various small markets and buy of the fishermen, and each of these men has two others to carry the fish they buy. About ten tons of fish a week are required.

There are nearly eighteen thousand pounds of bread eaten daily, for the Turks are large bread eaters, and this is all baked in the enormous ovens situated at some distance from the palace. The kitchens are detached from all the palaces and kiosks. It requires a large force of bakers to bake the bread and another to bring it to the palace, and another force of buyers who purchase the flour and fuel. The bringing of most of the wood and charcoal is done by camels, who carry it on their backs. The rest comes in caïques. The Turkish bread is baked in large loaves, and is light, moist, and sweet; delicious bread in every way, particularly that which is made of rye.

The food for the Sultan is cooked by one man and his aids, and no others touch it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp, and this is broken in the presence of the Sultan by the High Chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each separate kettle before the Sultan tastes it. This is to guard against poison. The food is almost always served up to the Sultan in the same vessels in which it was cooked, and these are often of gold, but when of baser metal the kettle is set into a rich golden bell-shaped holder, the handle of which is held by a slave while the Sultan eats. Each kettle represents a course, and is served with bread and a kind of pancake, which is held on a golden tray by another slave.

The Sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles, and never uses a table and rarely a knife or fork,—a spoon, his bread, a pancake, or fingers are found far handier.

It requires just twice as many slaves as there are courses to serve a dinner to him. He usually sits on a divan near a window, which looks out over the Bosphorus, and takes his ease and comfort in a loose *pembazar* and *gegelik* with his sleeves turned up. After he has eaten all he wants, the Sultan takes his coffee and his chibouk and lies back in an ecstasy of enjoyment and quiet reverie which he calls taking his *krif*. Woe be to anyone who comes to disturb it!

The whole household is at liberty to take meals where it suits him or her best, and thus everyone is served with a small tray, with a spoon, a great chunk of bread, and the higher ones only get the pancakes.

Nearly one ton of rice per day is required for the inevitable *pillaffe*, six hundred pounds of sugar, as much coffee, to say nothing of the other groceries, fruit, vegetables, and meat. Rice and mutton and bread form the greater part of the food for the majority of Turks, together with fish, sweetmeats, confectionery, nuts, and dried and fresh fruits.

That there is enormous waste and extravagance in the kitchens is obvious, and it is said that enough is thrown away daily to maintain a hundred families; but such waste is perhaps not confined to a Turkish royal household, and might also be found in kitchens nearer home. The surplus is gathered up by the beggars, in whom Constantinople abounds, and what still remains is eaten by the scavenger dogs.

All the water for the Sultan's use, and the drinking water for all the household, is brought in barrels from two pretty streams at different places in the Bosphorus, towards the Black Sea.

Another one of the Lord Chamberlain's functions is to see that a horse is kept in constant readiness, and also a carriage night and day, in case the Padishah should want to change his residence, as he often does, at a moment's notice.

Yet with all this traditional machinery of expense around him, its master leads the simplest life. Abdul Hamid gets up early. His toilet does not detain him long; indeed it might detain him longer according to European codes. When dressed, he at once devotes himself to recite the prescribed prayers, after which he drinks a cup of black coffee, and instantly afterwards begins to smoke cigarettes, a pastime that he continues all day almost without intermission, for he is an ardent smoker. Breakfast ended, he arranges family affairs when these require his attention, as is almost always the case with so large a family and of such varied ages and needs. This done, he quits the harem and goes into the selamlit. Here he receives the reports concerning court affairs. Towards ten o'clock his court secretary and chief dignitaries appear, bearing the day's despatches and reports. These handed in, the Sultan seats himself on a sofa with these documents on his right, on his left a pile of Turkish newspapers and extracts from the European press, translated into Turkish for his benefit by a translation bureau specially appointed to that end. His lunch, which follows the despatch of this business, is most simple—little meat, a fair amount of vegetables. The meal ended, he takes a walk in the park or rows in a little boat upon one of the lakes it encloses, always accompanied by a chamberlain or some high dignitary. After taking two hours' exercise in the air, he returns to his sitting-rooms, where he holds an open reception, or else presides over some committee meeting. An hour or two before sunset he once more goes out to walk. His dinner is as simple as his lunch. His favourite food is *pillaffe*, sweets, and a very little meat. He never touches spirituous liquors, in due obedience to the commands of the Prophet, but he drinks large quantities of sherbet and eats a great deal of ice-cream. Dinner and digestion over, he receives company in the selamlit, or he retires into the harem, where his daughters play and sing to him. He himself on these occasions will often seat himself at the piano, an instrument he plays fairly well. For painting—for the fine arts in general, he has no taste. His women, too, find him very cold; but he is devoted to his children, and also much attached to all the members of his family.

In appearance he is of medium height, rather short than tall, well-proportioned in his person, and carrying bravely the weight of his onerous

duties, though there are also moments when an old and careworn look comes across his face, and when he almost personifies the apathy we so generally connect with the Turkish character. His beard, cut into a slight point, is black, so are his hair and eyes. The latter are tender in expression, but also penetrating, and he looks his visitors full in the face, with a scrutiny that seems to read their thoughts. What destroys the pleasant first impression made by these eyes is the constant look of uneasiness in them. The fact is, Abdul Hamid does not feel himself safe even in his own palace. He does not suspect any person in particular, but he is on his guard against everyone. He knows too well that palace conspiracies are of frequent occurrence in the life of an Oriental sovereign, and he cannot forget the tragic events that led to his own elevation to the throne. Whether he need truly be thus timorous is a question.

Few Padishahs have been so beloved by their subjects as he. Indeed, he is to them quite a new type of Sultan, and they do not fail to appreciate the novelty. He is a man who does not pass his days in his harem, toying with his slaves. He is a man who takes a real interest in the welfare of his people, who, far from following the example of his predecessors, and leaving the reins of government in the hands of some clever courtiers, insists on seeing and judging all for himself, down to the minutest particulars. Indeed, it may be affirmed that he exaggerates this practice, with the result that a deplorable delay often occurs in the execution of public business, because the Sultan lacks the material time to attend to everything at once.

Personally he is most benevolent and kind-hearted, and scarcely a month passes that he does not contribute some large sum out of his private purse to alleviate suffering among his subjects, irrespective of race or religion. Quite recently he made a spontaneous gift of 250,000 piastres in aid of the preparatory schools in the isle of Crete. On one occasion he converted the greater portion of his plate and jewellery into cash for the use of the State Treasury; on another he cut down the number of his personal servants in order to devote the funds to the service of deserving charity. He spends with as little cost to his subjects as possible, and his Civil List, for a Turkish Sultan, is modest in the extreme.

His character may be summed up as having for its dominant note an extreme caution. Hence, perhaps, the source of his constant mistrust and frequent indecisions; and hence, perhaps, the reason why he discharges all business matters himself. It is well that to this extreme caution is added real intelligence, so that he is capable of coping with all the questions of home and foreign policy, the sociological problems concerning religion, education, and what not else that passes through his hands. Fortunate, too, that he is endowed with an unusual faculty for work. In manner he is exceedingly polite, especially in his treatment of European ladies. Indeed, he understands the rare art of making himself beloved by all with whom he comes in contact. His language, which is very carefully chosen, is somewhat slow and monotonous in tone, but he can rouse himself to great fire when any theme excites his enthusiasm or his feelings. In religious matters he is no fanatic; indeed, he rather leans to freethought. Still, he always demonstrates himself as enthusiastically Pan-Islamite; but this may be the result of well-calculated political astuteness. Hence he associates much with the Mussulman clergy, dervishes, and mollahs, and is lavish in gifts to them; as, indeed, his hand is always open to give. He likes to play the part of Mæcenas, and bestow handsome presents on all his European visitors, especially if they be men distinguished in art or letters. European princesses and the wives of ambassadors can also tell tales of his generosity in this respect.

If we would sum up the nature of his government we might with truth designate him as a liberal sovereign, bearing in mind, of course, that liberty in the Occidental sense is unknown in Turkey. But Abdul Hamid has understood how to adapt his really fundamentally liberal ideas to the local, political, and ethnological conditions of his realm. While apparently a stern despot, he is really paternal and well-intentioned. Whatever be the sins of Turkey, her present sovereign, Abdul Hamid II, is a kind, benevolent ruler, whose chief aspiration is for the good and welfare of his subjects. The unrest, the discontent that certainly exists in parts of the huge disjointed empire can as a rule be traced to emissaries from without, whose aim is to attack the interests of England, or to further the designs of "the divine figure from the north." Undoubtedly the last war helped to loosen yet further the bands that hold together the jumbled population, just as it helped to give the finishing touch to its already shattered finances. If Turkey can be saved from complete disruption—and those who should know best doubt if this seemingly inevitable evolutionary process can be arrested—it will be due in large measure to the enlightened government of her present Sultan, under whose reign it has made rapid and vigorous strides in the path of recovery and reform. What she requires now above all is that his life should be spared, and that she may enjoy the blessings of peace in order to recuperate her strength and her finances.

How precariously matters stand for the Ottoman Empire no one better appreciates than Abdul Hamid himself. Hence his nervous anxiety to be left a neutral in all European compli cations. As far as inner revolts are concerned he may rest easy: his throne is safe; and all the stories that reach the West about family conspiracies, and a desire to depose him and replace his brother Mourad, are pure inventions, not to mention the fact that Mourad is really weak of intellect, and that the other members of the family are all devoted to Abdul Hamid.



# A Ballad of Canterbury.

Across the grim grey Northern sea
  The Danish warships went,
Snake-shaped, and manned by mighty men,
  On blood and plunder bent;
And they landed on a smiling land—
  The garden-land of Kent.

They sacked the farms, they spoiled the corn,
  They set the ricks aflame;
They slew the men with axe and sword,
  They slew the maids with shame;
Until, to Canterbury town,
  Made mad with blood they came.

Archbishop Alphege walked the wall,
  And looked down on the foe.
"Now fly, my lord!" his monks implored
  "While yet a man may go!"
"Shame on you, monks of mine," he cried,
  "To shame your bishop so!

"What, would you have the shepherd flee
  Like any hireling knave?
What, leave my church, my poor—God's poor,
  To a dark and prayerless grave?
Not thus are English bishops wont
  Their own poor lives to save."

And when men heard his true strong word
  They bore them as men should.
For twenty nights and twenty days
  The foemen they withstood,
And day and night shone tapers bright,
  And incense veiled the rood.

The warriors manned the walls without,
  The monks prayed on within,
Till Satan, wroth to see how prayer
  And valour fared to win,
Whispered a traitor, who stole out
  And let the foemen in.

Then through the quiet church there ran
  A sudden breath of fear;
The monks made haste to bar the door,
  And hide the golden gear;
And to their lord once more they cried,
  "Hide, hide! the foe is here!"

Through all the church's windows showed
  The sudden laugh of flame;
Along the street went trampling feet,
  And through the smoke there came
The voice of women, calling shrill
  Upon the Saviour's name.

And "Hide! oh, hide!" the monks all cried,
  "Nor meet such foes as these!"
"Be still," he said, "hide if ye will,
  Live on, and take your ease!
I am Christ's man, and my last breath,
  Like His, shall speak of peace!"

He strode along the dusky aisle,
  And flung the church doors wide;
Bright armour shone, and blazing homes
  Lit up the world outside,
And in the streets reeled to and fro
  A bloody human tide.

The mailed barbarians laughed aloud
To see the brave blood flow;
They trampled on the breast and hair
Of girls their swords laid low!
And on the points of reeking spears
Tossed babies to and fro.

Alphege stood forth; his pale face gleamed
Against the dark red tide.
"Forbear, your cup of guilt is full!
Your sins are red," he cried;
"Spare these poor sheep, my lambs, for whom
The King of Heaven died!"

Drunken with blood and lust of fight,
Loud laughed Thorkell the Dane.
"Stand thou and see us shear thy sheep
Before thy foolish fane!
Hear how they weep! They bleat, thy sheep,
That thou mayst know their pain!"

He stood, and saw his monks all slain,
The altar steps ran red;
In horrid heaps men lay about,
The dying with the dead;
And the east brightened, and the sky
Grew rosy overhead.

Then from the church a tiny puft
Of smoke rose 'gainst the sky,
Out broke the fire, and flame on flame
Leaped palely out on high,
Till but the church's walls were left
For men to know it by.

And when the sweet sun laughed again
O'er fields and furrows brown,
The brave archbishop hid his eyes,
Until the tears dropped down
On the charred blackness of the wreck
Of Canterbury town.

* * * *

"Now, Saxon shepherd, send a word
Unto thy timid sheep,
And bid them greaten up their hearts,
And to our feet dare creep,
And bring a ransom here which we,
Instead of thee, may keep!"

Archbishop Alphege stood alone,
Bruised, beaten, weary-eyed;
Loaded with chains, with aching heart,
And wounded in the side;
And in his hour of utmost pain
Thus to the Dane replied:

"Ye men of blood, my blood shall flow
Before this thing shall be;
If I be held till ransom come,
I never shall be free;
So help me, God! God's poor shall never
Be robbed to ransom me!"

They flung him in a dungeon dark,
They heaped on him fresh chains,
They promised him unnumbered ills
And unimagined pains;
But still he said, "No Saxon shall
Be taxed to profit Danes!"

Six months passed by; no ransom came,
Their threats had almost ceased,
When Thorkell held, on Easter Eve,
A great and brutal feast;
And they sent and dragged the Christian man
Before the pagan beast.

Down the great hall, from east to west,
The long rough tables ran;
They roasted oxen, sheep, and deer,
And then the drink began;
At last in all that mighty hall
Was not one sober man.

'Twas then they brought the bishop forth
Before the drunken throng;
And "Send for ransom!" Thorkell cried,
"You are weak, and we are strong,
Or, by the great god Thor, you die—
We have borne with you too long!"

The savage faces of the Danes
Leered redly all around;
The bones of beasts and empty cups
Lay heaped upon the ground,
And mid the crowd of howling wolves
The Christian saint stood bound.

He looked in Thorkell's angry eyes,
And knew what thing should be,
"There is one God, Who died to save
The poor, and me, and thee.
Thou art not strong enough—God's poor
Shall not be taxed for me!"

"Gold! Give us gold, or die!" All round
The rising tumult ran.
"I give my life, I give God's word,
I give what gifts I can!
Bleed Christian sheep for pagan wolves?
Find you some other man!"

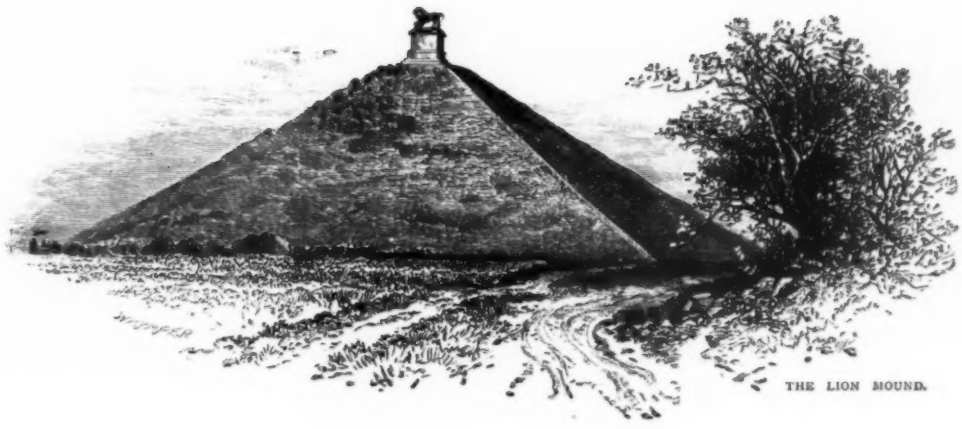
And as he spake the whole crowd rose
With one fierce shout and yell;
They flung at him the bones of beasts,
They aimed right strong and well.
"O Christ, O Shepherd, guard Thy sheep!
The bishop cried—and fell.

* * * *

And so men called him "Saint," yet some
Deemed this an unearned crown,
Since 'twas not for the church or faith
He laid his brave life down;
But otherwise men deemed of it
In Canterbury town.

"Not for the church he died!" they said,
"Yet he our saint shall be,
Since for Christ's poor he gave his life,
So for Christ's self died he.
'Who does it to the least of these,
Has done it unto Me!'"

E. NESBIT



THE LION MOUND.

## THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

IT was the Duke of Wellington himself who said of the battle of Waterloo that "possibly it was the most important single military event in modern times." There have been wars in later times on a vaster scale, and where far greater numbers have met in deadly conflict, but this saying of Wellington is, on the whole, as true now as when first uttered two generations ago. The final overthrow of Napoleon and the conclusion of the long Continental war will remain ever memorable in the history of Europe and of the world.

After seventy-five years there can be but few survivors of the men who actually fought at Waterloo. The names in the Army List with the honourable prefix "[illegible]" (signifying the Waterloo medal, borne by those who took part in the engagements of the 16th, 17th, or 18th of June, 1815) will soon all have disappeared. Here and there scattered over the empire are veterans who still wear the medal, but they are as few as the leaves that shiver on a tree when autumn is past.

There are many, however, who have heard stories of those days from the men who fought under Wellington. These traditions will soon also cease to be current, and to written records we must look for our knowledge of that memorable campaign and its last decisive battle. Happily these published records are numerous, and in the main authentic and harmonious. We know most of the facts of the events of that critical time, and the story is one of undying interest. Every book on the subject—and they are many—is eagerly read, and crowds go to see representations of the battle, whether models like that of Captain Siborne, or panoramic views like that which is now exhibiting in London. Nor are any pictures more attractive than those which present episodes of the battle—such as the fight for the French eagle, the saving the colours of a Highland regiment, the flight of Napoleon after the defeat of the Old Guard, or the meeting of Wellington and Blucher.

That the interest is as fresh as ever, and extending to the most distant parts of the world, was proved by an incident reported in the Melbourne papers at the end of last year. At the first public *levée* held by the Earl of Hopetoun, as Governor of Victoria, there were above four thousand persons presented. After two thousand five hundred had been "hand-shaken," like the crowded visitors to an American President at the White House, Lord Hopetoun had to sit down exhausted with the exertion on a hot December day, and to bow his acknowledgments to the other guests as they were announced. Towards the end of the presentations a tall, bent, grey-headed old man, nearly a hundred years old, with tottering gait, was led in, supported by two friends. He was a well-known old Waterloo man—perhaps the only one surviving in the colony. He was cheered as he was brought in, and both he and the Governor were still more loudly cheered when Lord Hopetoun, with the pallor of fatigue yet on his smiling face, rose from his seat and advanced to meet the aged veteran and most cordially shook him by the hand. It was a touching little scene that seemed to speak home to every heart. The loyal old soldier had expressed a strong wish to be presented to the new representative of her Majesty, and the cheers that rang through the hall, however contrary to the etiquette of such an occasion, attested the sympathy of the spectators and the interest felt in the old Waterloo veteran. The whole empire shares in the pride of such traditions.

The writer of these notes visited the field of Waterloo nearly sixty years ago, in company with some who had personal recollection of the day.

The aspect of the field of battle was at that time rather different from what it is now. The main features of the ground are of course the same, but there were some places which more vividly recalled the events of the memorable 18th of June, because as yet they had been little changed by time or the hand of man. This was especially the case with the château and garden of Hougoumont, the central point and key of the British position, and the scene of the hardest fighting during the day. The ruins remained exactly as they were after the battle, and the rough loop-holes were seen in the walls of the enclosure just as they had been hastily made by the gallant defenders of the place. There is little alteration, even to this day, in the ruins of the château and the loop-holed garden wall, but some of the out-buildings have disappeared. In other parts of the field there are changes very noticeable after the lapse of half a century. The rising ground where Wellington chiefly posted himself, as commanding a view of the field, is levelled away, probably during the raising of the mound for the Belgian Lion. There were then real fragments of armour and musket-balls, and other objects of curious though morbid interest, often turned up by the plough or the spade, and not manufactured, as they are often now, for sale to the myriads of relic-seekers. The guide of those days was Sergeant-Major Cotton, who had been in the battle, and who had got from various sources a good deal of correct information. One of the best plans of the field bears his name.

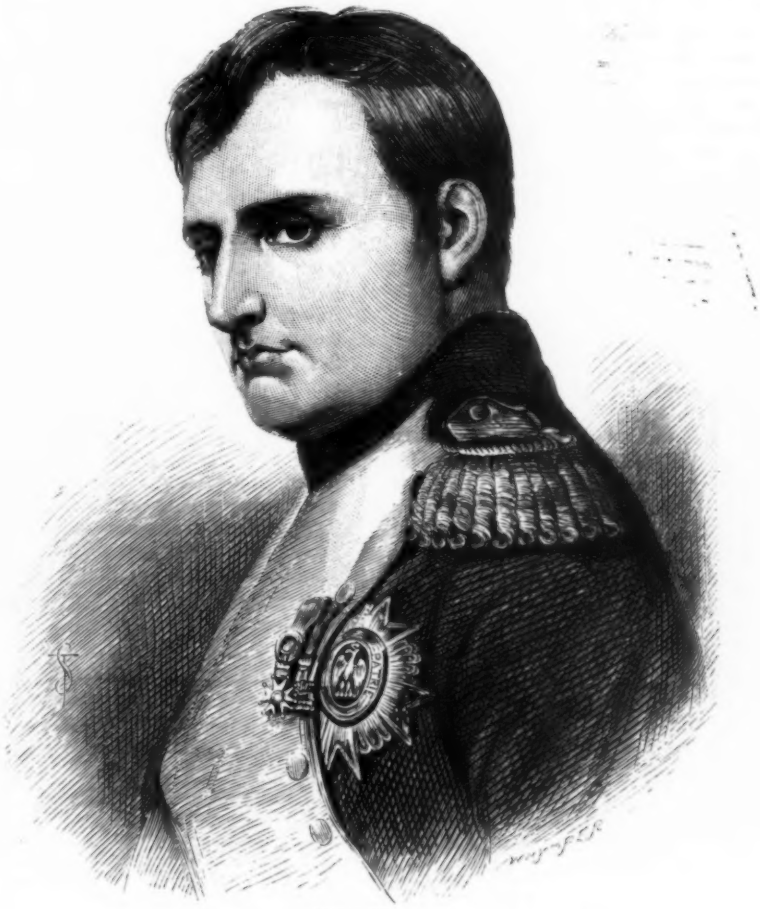


WELLINGTON.

[*From the Portrait by Sir T. Lawrence.*

It was surprising how little of importance could be told, even a few years after the event, by those who took part in the battle. They knew what they did and what they saw, but about the general movements or events of the day there were only vague statements available at the time. Even Wellington himself in his official despatch was in some matters inaccurate, for he was dependent in these points on the reports of others. It was only after various accounts had been published, and reports of many eye-witnesses could be compared, that a full and accurate history of the battle could be expected. Of all the sources of

information, the work of Colonel Gurwood, editor of the "Wellington Despatches," is the best official authority, and Captain Siborne's book is also most valuable. The volume of the Rev. G. R. Gleig, himself an old army man, and afterwards Chaplain-General of the Forces, is on the whole the best summary of the campaign. About half of the book refers to the movements before the 18th of June. In his preface he says that he had read most of the published accounts of the Waterloo campaign; and as a summary of these narratives his book is full of interest. But in several matters of detail his statements have to be corrected by other accounts, both French and British. Of the most important of all the events of the day—the last charge of the Old Imperial Guard, and the decisive check to its advance by the flank attack of the 52nd Regiment, under Col. Sir John Colborne (afterwards Lord Seaton)—the fullest and clearest account was long afterwards given by a venerable clergyman, the Rev. William Leake, of Holbrooke, Derbyshire, who in his youth carried the regimental colours of the 52nd in the battle.



NAPOLEON I. [*After Delaroche.*

It is a remarkable fact that the time of the battle commencing is differently stated by almost every writer on the subject. Some make the firing to begin as early as eight in the morning; others fix the time of actual collision as late as noon. In the Duke of Wellington's official despatch the hour of ten is named, but in a vague way, as if the circumstances were not exactly noted or remembered. One thing is certain, that many hours of daylight had passed before Napoleon moved to the attack, although it was to his advantage to get all the time possible for dealing with the English before the Prussians could come to their support. It is affirmed by some French writers that the delay was due to the fact that there was insufficient ammunition for a long day's conflict. Napoleon himself afterwards stated that he waited till the ground was hardened somewhat, after the drenching rain, so that the cavalry and artillery could act with greater effect and celerity.

While the French remained unaccountably

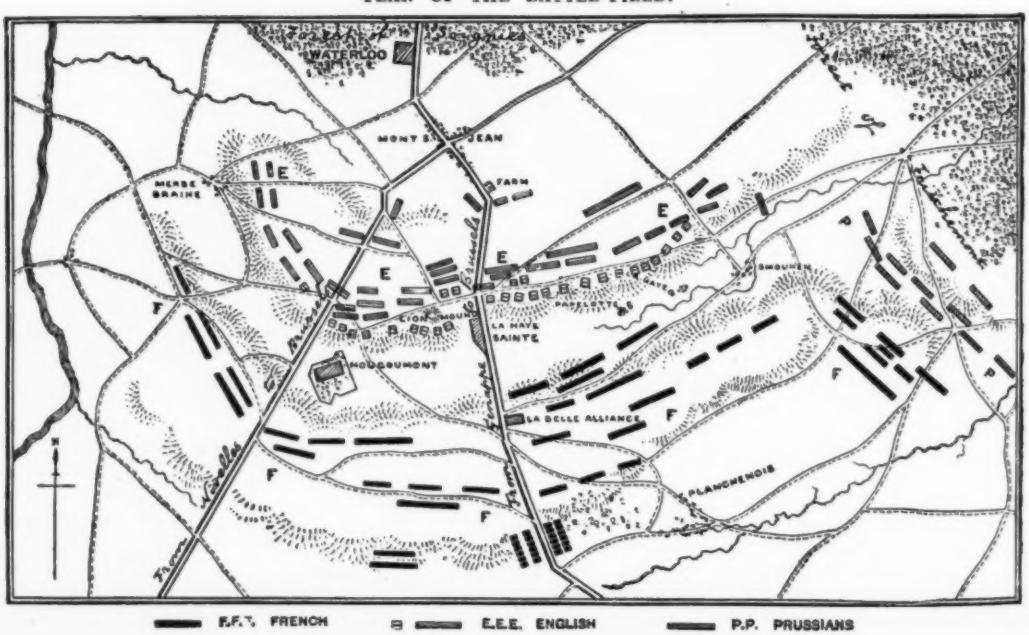
supine, the Duke of Wellington, with characteristic activity, was providing against every possible emergency that might occur. He was shaved and dressed, says Gleig, at two o'clock in the morning; sat down by the light of a lamp to his desk, and wrote many letters, three of which are published by Colonel Gurwood. One of these was to the British minister at Brussels, having for its object the maintenance of quiet in that city. "Pray keep the English quiet," he says; "let them all prepare to move, but neither be in a hurry nor a fright, as all will yet turn out well." Another letter, to the Duc de Berri, advises him to remove to Antwerp, taking with him the King, Louis XVIII, and the court, though only as a measure of precaution. "I hope," says the Duke, "indeed, I have every reason to believe that all will go well; but it is necessary to look a good way before us, and to provide against serious losses, should any accident occur." The third letter was to the Governor of Antwerp, giving advice as to the defence of the fortress, and having everything ready for inundating the surrounding country.

Other letters of personal and private nature having been written, the Duke busied himself in seeing every preparation made for the conflict, and for fitting up quarters in every house within reach for the accommodation of the wounded. The story has often been told about his ordering his dinner as usual, and fixing the time. His French cook, who had long been in his service, set about his duties in the kitchen of the house at Waterloo, where the headquarters of the army were established, and he never interrupted his work amidst all the thunder of the battle, although often urged by passing Belgian fugitives to escape while he could. He never disturbed himself, but said, "His Grace had ordered dinner, and would certainly come back to eat it. He would not disappoint so generous a master." And he did come back, and the dinner was not less *recherché* than usual, though the master was not in a mood to do full justice to it.

That Wellington was taken by surprise on the 18th of June, and that he was not prepared for the battle of that day, has often been said—and by many believed. The words of Lord Byron's famous description of the scenes at Brussels the night before—the "hurrying to and fro," the "mounting in hot haste," and other poetical phrases—have helped to give currency to this belief. The truth is that as long ago as the 8th of June the field of Waterloo was mapped and laid down by Captain Pringle and Colonel Wells, and on the plan made by these officers Wellington filled in with his own hand the places which the several brigades and regiments were to occupy. The arrangements were completed on the 17th. Everything had been well considered as to the position, and the place carefully chosen for the battle. French military writers have questioned the judgment of the British commander, as his troops would have been entangled in the forest of Soignies in case of defeat, but Wellington did not admit defeat in his calculation. His position covered the advance of the French on Brussels, while the communications of the allied forces were kept open, and the roads toward all the depôts and strong places in the Low Countries were best protected from this point.

That which was unexpected—and it was the last desperate effort of Napoleon's impetuous genius—was the sudden resolve to attack the

PLAN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.



Prussians and the English separately before they could unite to give battle. With this plan he hastened to attack Blucher at Ligny on the 16th, and with his 72,000 Frenchmen defeated the 80,000 Prussians and compelled them to retreat. With 45,000 men Ney was sent to occupy Quatre Bras, an important strategic station, where four roads met. The British held their ground, though suffering heavy loss, especially in some of the Scotch regiments. Wellington, hearing of Blucher's retreat after Ligny, fell back on Waterloo, and took up the position which he occupied on the 18th of June. Napoleon, after

them a good example of brave heroism and steady endurance. The majority of Wellington's veterans had been sent across the Atlantic to serve in the miserable conflict with the United States. It has been said, possibly with truth, that if Wellington had led all the well-trained Peninsular veterans the day would have been gained without the aid of the Prussians or any other of the Allies. Not without reason could the Duke say of his army, at the close of the Peninsular War, that it was "ready to go anywhere or to do anything."

When we speak of troops at Waterloo not to be depended on, here is one example. A well-



LA HAYE SAINTE.

detaching Grouchy to follow up and keep in check the defeated Prussians, led the rest of his army to attack Wellington's position.

There used to be much discussion as to the number of the troops that were engaged in the decisive battle of the 18th. But there has long come to be a general agreement about this. Napoleon himself in his Memoirs, and the recorded conversations at St. Helena, admitted that he had about 70,000 men, and that they included the best troops in the army and a large proportion of his faithful and experienced veterans. The best authorities give the number as 72,000. In cavalry and artillery the superiority of the French was enormous.

The forces under Wellington were nominally 67,500 men, but there were not 40,000 on which any dependence could be placed, and there were not 25,000 British troops, of all arms, under his command. Even of these 25,000 a large proportion were new levies—raw recruits who had never been under fire. There were, happily, some of the old Peninsular regiments, just enough to give encouragement to the young soldiers, and to set

mounted and handsomely-equipped cavalry regiment—the Cumberland Hanoverian Hussars, commanded by Colonel Rulle—had an opportunity of doing good service at a critical time, and as they had not been engaged in the earlier part of the day Lord Uxbridge urged their advance. Scarcely was Lord Uxbridge gone, when the colonel, hearing the whistle of shot, wheeled his regiment round and began to retire. An aide-de-camp, Captain Seymour, was sent to remonstrate, but the colonel told him that he had no confidence in his men, who, besides, were owners of the horses which they rode, and could not afford to lose them. Accordingly the whole regiment moved off at a brisk trot, though in perfect order, and never drew bridle till they reached Brussels. Here the report was spread by them that the allied army was destroyed, and that Napoleon was advancing at the head of his Guards!

The Belgian brigade under Bylandt behaved as badly, though they only retired out of range of fire. Some Dutch troops brigaded with them in vain tried to keep them firm, and the British regiments then nearest, under Generals Kempt

and Pack of Picton's brigade, could scarcely be restrained from firing at the fugitives. The Brunswickers behaved better, and Count Kielmansegge's Hanoverians, and the German Legion, but Wellington's chief dependence was on the small British force.

It is impossible in brief space to narrate the various events of that memorable day. Soon after noon the attack by the French began in good earnest. The points towards which their main advance was at first directed were the farm of La Haye Sainte and the château and garden of Hougoumont. The former position was occupied after considerable resistance, being held chiefly by foreign allied troops, but the French failed after repeated attempts to capture Hougoumont, held by the British. At one time the overpowering masses of the attack held the garden and nearly forced an entrance to the château, but the gate was closed by the efforts of a few officers and men, notably Colonel Macdonnel and Sergeant Graham, and the ground outside was afterwards reoccupied.



THE INTERIOR OF HOUGOUMONT.

Throughout the afternoon a succession of terrible attacks with artillery and cavalry tried the firmness and courage of the British infantry, the squares of which received and repelled all the fierce attacks of the foe. One attack was led by Kellerman, with 18,000 cavalry! These contests were varied occasionally by charges of the British cavalry, in which deeds of valour were witnessed, many of which would now be rewarded by the Victoria Cross. Such were the exploits of Shaw the Lifeguardsman, who in successive single combats killed seven of the French swordsmen. Sergeant Ewart of the Scots Greys captured the eagle of the 43rd French Regiment; and a like trophy was gained by Captain Clarke, of the Royals, who captured the eagle of the 105th of the Line.

Of these and other stirring episodes of the battle there are full accounts in all the popular narratives of Waterloo. Some of the scenes are of deeply tragic interest, as when the gallant Picton fell in leading a charge of the Light Horse brigade. The death of General Sir W. Ponsonby, in command of the heavy brigade, was also a sad loss, and about the same time Colonel Ponsonby, at the head of the 12th Cavalry, was struck down, but had a wonderful recovery after being ridden over and pierced by French lancers. The cavalry charge in which Sergeant Ewart of the Scots Greys captured the eagle will long be celebrated in records of that day. The brigade consisted of the Royal Dragoons, the Scots Greys, and the Inniskillens. In their charge they had to pass through the thinned ranks of the 42nd and 92nd Highlanders, many of whom seized the stirrup-leathers of the Greys as they passed, and the charge was made with the cry of "Scotland for ever!" It was the most brilliant cavalry affair of the day, the French being utterly defeated. In other conflicts they had been more successful, because they had so vast a superiority in this arm that even when defeated there were masses of fresh troops in reserve to prevent the British from following up any successful conflict.

But it was more by the steady and enduring firmness of the British infantry that the fight was maintained. In vain the French artillery poured death through their ranks, and the terrible charges of the Cuirassiers and Lancers assaulted their

squares. Wellington himself was astonished as well as delighted with the cool courage and steady resistance of the British infantry. It was General Foy's remark, "that they seemed rooted to the ground;" and Napoleon said, "they stand like rocks." This endurance struck him more even than the fiery valour of the Scots Greys and other cavalry regiments. It was in repeated attacks upon the British squares that most of the afternoon was passed. Almost all the other allied troops had disappeared before evening, and the British alone maintained the position with heroic endurance.



THE ENTRANCE TO HOUGOUMONT.

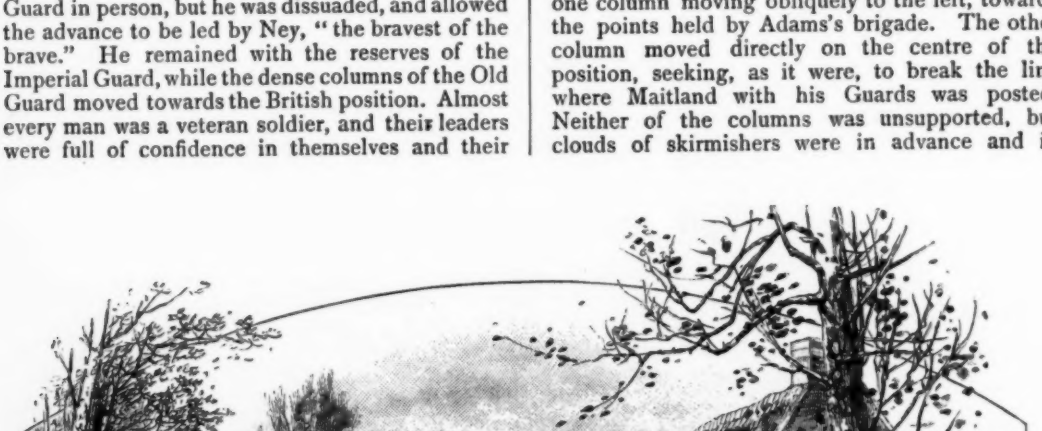
The approaching close of the day brought increased anxiety to both commanders. Wellington feared that his troops would be exhausted in strength, while their numbers were thinned by the losses from artillery fire which he had not guns enough to silence or check. Hence the words attributed to him, "Would to God that night or Blucher would come!" Napoleon was equally anxious, for the day would be lost if the Prussians came up while the British still held their ground. When distant guns were first heard, and he heard that masses of troops were not far off, he vainly hoped that it was Grouchy with his army, to whom he had despatched urgent messages to hasten his arrival. But Grouchy adhered to his first orders, which were to follow and to watch the Prussians after their defeat at Ligny. Blucher managed his retreat with consummate skill, and while leaving troops enough to keep Grouchy in play, he was himself hastening with his main body to join Wellington. Napoleon saw that a supreme effort must be made. He determined to advance in force against the British position with his powerful reserves of cavalry, and with the Imperial Guard, which as yet had taken no part in the action. If, with these fresh troops, he could penetrate the British lines, victory was certain.

It was nearly eight o'clock when this grand movement commenced. The main body of the Old Guard (the full name is "The Imperial Grenadier Guard"), ten thousand strong, in two dense columns, very little separated from each other, began their descent from the position where they were formed.

Napoleon intended, or proposed, to lead the Guard in person, but he was dissuaded, and allowed the advance to be led by Ney, "the bravest of the brave." He remained with the reserves of the Imperial Guard, while the dense columns of the Old Guard moved towards the British position. Almost every man was a veteran soldier, and their leaders were full of confidence in themselves and their Emperor's destiny. Taking post in front of the farm of La Belle Alliance, Napoleon caused those magnificent battalions to file past. He spoke to many of the veterans, some of them grey-headed, and scarred with old wounds, reminding them of their former triumphs, and in few but well-chosen words telling them how much was expected of them. Ney was at their head, with Michell, Friant, and others whom they knew and respected; and these setting an example of heroic fortitude and self-devotion, the best possible spirit animated the masses of troops. They marched past the Emperor, answering his appeal with loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur," and in brief time the face of the slope was covered with the advancing columns.

Wellington from afar saw that a great movement was commencing, and he galloped, almost unattended save by two or three orderlies, towards the ridge behind which the English Guards were posted, to warn them of the coming storm. On his way he passed the regiments of Adams's Light Brigade, who had been for hours exposed to the incessant fire of the enemy's artillery, and at intervals to tremendous charges of cavalry. With a few words of encouragement as he passed, he went on to the Guards' position.

The two vast columns of the Old Guard diverged slightly as they came down the slope, one column moving obliquely to the left, towards the points held by Adams's brigade. The other column moved directly on the centre of the position, seeking, as it were, to break the line where Maitland with his Guards was posted. Neither of the columns was unsupported, but clouds of skirmishers were in advance and in attendance, and strong bodies of cavalry were also at hand.



LA BELLE ALLIANCE.

It was nearly 8 p.m. when the Duke of Wellington, having observed the movements going on, rode across from the left of the line towards the place were Maitland's Guards were in position. As he passed the front of the Light Brigade he spoke for a few minutes with Sir John Colborne, both sitting on horseback looking towards the French columns advancing in the distance. The Duke went on to the Guards' position, where he remained till near the time of the approach of the Imperial Guard.

While the French were coming down the slope on their side of the hollow, a hundred guns had kept up a fire over their heads, but the firing ceased when they began to appear on the rising slope opposite. The drummers were beating the *pas de charge*, and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" rent the air. The attack was supported by large

bodies of cavalry and troops from their left wing led by General Foy. The advance of these troops prevented the Duke from withdrawing any of his brigades of infantry from other parts of the line, so that the decisive conflict promised to lie between the Imperial Guard and the British battalions of Guards posted on the ridge against which Ney was moving.

A vast cloud of skirmishers was sent forward from the Imperial Guard, and so strong was their fire that Maitland's skirmishers fell back, and the British Guards were kept behind the crest of the ridge, waiting the command to advance to meet the foe, now approaching the summit.

This was the moment when a movement took place which may be truly regarded as the turning point of the whole battle. The front of the main column of the Imperial Guard in its advance was now abreast of the place where Sir John Colborne was posted, and not more than two or three hundred yards distant; the 52nd was the regiment of Adams's brigade nearest to the advancing column. In two or three seconds the word of command, "Right shoulders forward," came down the line from Sir John Colborne, repeated by the mounted officers and the officers commanding the front companies. The movement was soon completed, and the 52nd, four-line deep, faced the left flank of the massive column of the French Guard. The 52nd was alone, the other regiments of Adams's brigade being for the moment thrown out by the sudden and unexpected movement.

At this juncture the skirmishers of the Imperial Guard were seen to be driven back by a bayonet charge of the British Guards. Wellington had seen how Maitland's battalion, then lying down in square on the reverse incline of the position, was threatened by the unusually large mass of skirmishers. He had given orders to the commanding officer to "form line on the front of the square, and drive these fellows in." This was the origin of the famous but mythical saying, "Up, Guards, and at them," words which were never uttered. The Duke had left the spot before the advancing columns of the French Guard were near, and returned to the spot where he previously was watching the field. He saw that the critical time had come, and stood ready to give the prearranged signal for a general advance, not by bugle as usual, but by lifting and waving his hat. After he left them the Guards drove the French some little distance down the slope, and then retired again up and over the crest of the ridge.

At this juncture, while the beaten skirmishers were forming in front of the leading columns of the Imperial Guard, the 52nd Regiment suddenly opened fire upon the French without even halting. The men fired, then partly halted to load, whilst those in the rear slipped round them in a kind of skirmishing order, but still maintaining a compact line, occupying, however, nearly double the extent of ground which a four-deep line usually requires. In fact it extended almost as far as from front to rear of the dense column, which was staggered by this sudden flank attack.

Lord Hill saw the movement from the front, where the Guards were, and said it was one of the grandest advances he had ever witnessed. An officer of Ney's staff said afterwards to Colonel Brotherton, in Paris, that their advance was stopped not by troops in front, but by a very sharp attack on the flank. His words were, "Nous fumes principalement repoussés par une attaque de flanc très-vive qui nous écrasa." M. Quinet in his account of the battle used the same expression: "Le 52e Régiment Anglais en profite pour venir audacieusement se déployer sur le flanc gauche. . . . Il ouvrit son feu à brule poirpoint, qui nous écrasait."

The Imperial Guard, massed in column, could do little to resist this flank attack. The mounted officers of the 52nd—Colonel Sir John Colborne, Lieut.-Colonel Rowan, and the others—rode to the front of the line. Major Chalmers, in front of the right of No. 4 Company, placed his cap on the point of his sword, and, standing up in his stirrups, cheered the regiment on. Soon the general of brigade (Adams) was at their side, and with a hearty British cheer the regiment charged the Imperial column, which did not wait for the cold steel, but instantly broke into confusion. The rear column of the Guard, seeing the confusion, and seeing the advance of the other regiments of Adams's brigade (the 71st and the 95th), broke and fled. For now the signal had been given by Wellington for advance all along the line, and right gladly was it obeyed by all the gallant regiments, who so long had chafed under standing on the defensive and merely repelling the enemy's attacks. With the others, the British Guards, at the command of Maitland, started from the ground, and after one volley went down the hill at a charge, Lord Saltoun's shout, "Now's the time!" being heard over the din of firing. They were soon mingled with the broken mass of the Imperial Guard. In vain some of the French officers waved their swords and encouraged their men to rally; equally vain was it for even those old veterans to struggle to keep order. They could only answer the onset of their assailants with desultory firing. "Time for formation, there was none; but broken, dispersed, and, for all offensive purposes, utterly useless, these—the very flower and pride of the French army—ran down the slope with the British Guards at their heels."

These are the words with which Mr. Gleig closes his narrative of the overthrow of Napoleon's Guard. He refers indeed to the flank attack of Adams's brigade, but he did not know, and therefore could not do full justice to the part borne by the 52nd Regiment, which formed the critical point of the defeat.

He followed Wellington's despatches; and the Duke himself was not aware till afterwards of the movement by which the advance of the Imperial Guard was first checked. Napier, the military historian, a man of warm feeling and always outspoken, did not hesitate to charge Wellington with favouritism in giving to the aristocratic officers of the Guards credit beyond their due, and rewards beyond their share. Napier in this charge did wrong to his chief. It was not till afterwards that Wellington knew the details of the

defeat, and when he was asked to set matters right, he evaded the appeal, as not of much consequence.

It may seem strange that Sir John Colborne did not himself claim the honour merited by his regiment. The truth is that he was a man of much humility as to his own services, and bore the injustice, which he knew to be unintentional, in silence. But it was spoken of in the service at the time, and ought not now to be forgotten. Sir John Byng, who succeeded to the command of the whole division of the Guards when General Cooke was wounded, said, "We saw the 52nd advancing gloriously, as it always does;" and meeting Sir John Colborne in Paris, a few days after the battle, he asked, "How do your fellows like our getting the credit of doing what you did at Waterloo?" And he added, "I could not advance when you did, because all our ammunition was gone!"

Colborne, when he was Field-Marshal Lord Seaton, to an old brother officer who asked him what had prompted him to make that attack, said: "I was watching the heavy column advancing, and saw, from where I was, no preparation to meet it, and therefore there was nothing to do, having such a strong battalion in hand, but to endeavour to stop them by a flank attack; for it seemed quite evident that if something of that sort was not done our line would unquestionably be penetrated."

That the movement of Colborne stopped the advance of the Imperial Guard, and was thereby a critical point in the events of the battle, there can be no question. But there is glory enough for all the British troops who fought on that day The defeat of the Imperial Guard settled the victory for Wellington, and that before a single Prussian came on the ground. When Blucher did come up, the Prussians took up the pursuit, for which the English troops were too much exhausted, and they gave the panic-stricken French no respite, Napoleon himself having a narrow escape from capture. Night and day he continued his flight till he reached Paris, at midnight, on the 21st of June.



[*From a Sketch taken from Life by Fr. Rehbery.*

The news of the victory was not generally known in London till the 22nd of June, although it is understood that Rothschild got early tidings from Brussels by carrier pigeons, and amassed wealth accordingly. Other Stock Exchange stories are on record. But it was through the Duke's own despatch, forwarded by Lord Bathurst to the papers, that the public announcement was made. A copy of the "Times" of the 22nd, containing the despatch and other matters, is exhibited among the relics at the Waterloo Gallery, where many most interesting objects are displayed, lent by the present Duke of Wellington and by other fortunate possessors. The great panoramic view, painted by a foreign artist, Chevalier Philip Fleischer, is an imposing and fascinating picture

but in some details regard has been paid to artistic effect more than to historical representation. The exact positions of the forces at a particular moment could be known to no observer; but the main points of the field of Waterloo on the evening of that 18th of June are strikingly presented, and a clear narrative of the principal events of the battle is given by an intelligent lecturer, who is familiar with the ground, and has made himself master of most of the best accounts of the battle. The spectator is supposed to be on the spot where the Belgian Lion stands, made from cannon taken from the French by the allies.

The sketch-map (on page 534) shows the general position of the two armies. Wellington occupied a long crest of the undulating ground, stretching for about a mile and three quarters in the form of segment of a circle. His first line was on the southern slope; the second line of reserve behind the crest of the ridge. The château and walled ground of Hougoumont formed a strong point in front of his position, and the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte was a second post of defence. Hougoumont was never lost, La Haye Sainte was finally occupied by the French after 5 p.m. The huge artificial mound on which the Belgian Lion stands is near the place where Wellington had his chief post of observation.

Napoleon's headquarters were at La Belle Alliance. His army occupied a ridge' roughly parallel with that of the allies. The whole width from crest to crest of the opposite ridges varied from 500 to 800 yards. With arms of precision a battle could not now be fought on such a field.

The Imperial Guard was massed on either side of the main road, or chaussé, behind La Belle Alliance. In the early evening, when the advance of the Prussians threatened the flank of the French towards Planchenois, Napoleon sent, under Lobau, the "Young Guard" and other troops to retard them; but Blucher came up in time.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.L

## HOW THE FRENCH POLICE IDENTIFY CRIMINALS.

WHEN an old gaol-bird is trapped again, to answer for some new offence, his first thought almost always is, how he may conceal his identity from the police. It is the business of the police to make it impossible for him to do so. The criminal relies on two things—his own address, and the imperfections of the method of identification employed by the police. If that method be a bad one (that is to say, if it offers facilities for the concealment of identity), and if the old offender be a clever hand, he has a fair chance of palming himself off as a prisoner who has never been in prison before; and if he can keep up the fraud during his trial he will, on conviction, escape the heavier punishment which is the award of a second offence. But if the method of identification be an accurate one, no amount of cleverness on the part of the criminal will avail him against it. Let it be noted, moreover, that a trustworthy system of identifying prisoners serves the ends of justice in two ways—it secures the recognition of the criminal who has been previously convicted, and it renders impossible the false identification of prisoners arrested for the first time. The old hand cannot escape, the new hand cannot be "recognised" as the author of a crime which he never committed. But is there in existence any system for the identification of the criminal classes on which such absolute reliance can be placed?

We do not possess it in the British Isles, at all events. The method by which criminals are attempted to be identified by the English police (a body which, in very many respects, may be compared advantageously with any other police force in the world) is unapproachably excellent to secure non-identification, or the identification of the wrong person. But let me speak from its results, and not abuse it vaguely.

The habitual criminal (supposing him endowed with the true criminal genius) develops into an exceedingly artful dodger. The third or fourth time that he is caught he knows quite as well as the police do what means *they* have of identifying him, and consequently what chance *he* has of imposing on them. He assumes an alias, of course, and swears, with an innocent face, that he was never in prison before. He is well aware that the police have got his photograph somewhere, and with it a record of his height and a description of his general appearance. But he also knows that the collection of photographs in the hands of the police numbers tens of thousands, and is none too well classified; that a photograph which may have been taken five years before is possibly very little like him now; that nothing is more difficult than to recognise a man upon a general description; and that height diminishes with advancing years, and is besides a matter in which a certain amount of deception is at all times easy. He persists in representing himself to be somebody else, and the chances are—under the English system—that he may succeed. The murderer Jackson, who had been convicted I do not know how many times, was not recognised on the occasion of his last arrest; no previous convictions were proved against him at his trial; he was sentenced as a first offender, and the leniency of his treatment in the Manchester prison gave him the opportunity to split a warder's skull.

Almost every habitual criminal in England on being rearrested gives a false name, and does his best to swear away his own personality. This circumstance in itself attests the essential weakness

of the English methods of identification; for an offender who knows that his recognition is certain seldom if ever attempts to conceal his identity. In France, for example, such attempts are nowadays all but unknown. French criminals, no matter how serious or how trivial may be the offence for which they are rearrested, no matter how many previous convictions they may know will be established against them, admit their identity almost invariably, and at once. The French method of identification, then, is better than ours? Much more than this—it is the ideal method. It is the only perfect method in existence. It is the method which, in few or many years, will be adopted throughout the world. Well, what is this method?

It is one which M. Alphonse Bertillon, its inventor, introduced into the police economy of France some seven years ago, and its basis is a system of anthropometrical descriptions—that is to say, quoting M. Bertillon's own words in the address which he delivered at the Prisons Congress in Rome, "the indications depend essentially on a knowledge of the lengths, etc., of certain bony parts of the human frame, such as the length and width of the head, the height, the length of the middle finger, ascertained by actual measurement of the individual examined."[1] At a first glance the system appears full of complications; in practice it is simplicity itself. Before entering upon the plan of procedure, let me make a couple of observations in explanation of the basis upon which the method rests.

The chief measurements taken are those of the height, the head, the middle finger of the left hand, the left foot, and the arms extended. Of these, the measurements of height are less trustworthy than the rest. Most of us become a little bent as we advance in years, and, this circumstance apart, it is notoriously easy for a person who is being measured to deceive the measurer, either by not standing completely erect, or by straining himself to a point slightly above his normal stature. The head, on the other hand, offers no facilities whatever for deception. By no artifice can we increase the actual length or width of our heads, and, what is equally important, the skull undergoes but very slight development after the age of manhood. In M. Bertillon's system the head is measured, as to length and width, by a compass of special contrivance, which is "so accurate that should a mistake of only one millimètre have been made on the first measurement the points will not pass; if, on the contrary, the compass has been opened one millimètre too much the points will not touch the skin of the head." From this it is evident that "without the slightest difficulty the diameter of the head can be measured to within one millimètre."[2] To find the length of the head, one point of the compass is placed in the hollow above the bridge of the nose, whilst the other is used to ascertain the greatest length to the back of the head. The maximum breadth of the head is obtained by measuring from one parietal bone to the other.

The length of the middle finger of the left hand is regarded by M. Bertillon as the most important and valuable measurement of all. After adult age this finger never alters in length by one hair's-breadth, and "it can be measured to a millimètre, provided care is taken that the finger is bent at an exact right angle with the back of the hand."

The left foot can be measured to within two millimètres, provided the operator places his subject in a suitable position.

The maximum length of the arms when fully extended is a much more useful measurement than it might at first appear to be. The popular notion is that the length of the extended arms exactly equals the height; but this is by no means always the case. Sometimes, says M. Bertillon, it is "greater by five, ten, fifteen, or twenty centi mètres, and sometimes less by several centimètres. It assists, therefore, in classifying after the height."

The colour of the eyes is very carefully observed, and for this purpose a special category has been framed which gives seven descriptions of eyes, "based on the intensity of the pigmentation of the iris."

These are the chief measurements and indications upon which M. Bertillon's anthropometrical system is founded.

Next, as to the mode of procedure, it may readily be shown how simple a task it is to classify a very large number of police photographs upon which these anthropological measurements have been noted. Without such notifications, police photographs, when they have been accumulated in great quantities, are, I will not say valueless, but valuable only in a very inferior degree for purposes of identification; and for this reason, that the means to reduce them to classes are wanting.

And, failing classification, what is the good of your photographs? Does anyone suppose, for example, that the English police are at the trouble of searching through a collection of one or two hundred thousand photographs every time they make an arrest? Later on I shall show, with M. Bertillon's help, that photographs, however accurately they may be taken, and however well they may be classified, are practically worthless as means of identification in comparison with an exact system of measurements. But for the moment it suffices to point out that the assistance which can be rendered by photographs without measurements is casual and fortuitous to a degree. Our own police would probably admit that the camera has not afforded them a hundredth part of the aid which was anticipated from its use.

But now let us see how simple an affair the classification of a hundred thousand photographs becomes as soon as the measurements of the hundred thousand prisoners have been noted on their pictures. M. Bertillon divides his hundred thousand cartes according to the sexes. He casts out twenty thousand photographs of women (I do not know whether the anthropometrical system has yet been applied to female prisoners), and

[1] From a private translation made by Mr. E. R. Spearman, J.P. (the first English advocate of the system), who kindly lent it to me.—T. H.

[2] A millimètre is the one-thousandth part of a mètre. The mètre is equal to 3 ft. $3\frac{37}{100}$ in. English measure.

another twenty thousand representing children, who are in a division by themselves. These rejections leave sixty thousand photographs to be dealt with. This group is at once divided into three classes of twenty thousand each, according to the men's height—short men, men of medium height, and tall men. Now, taking no further account of height, we go on to split each of these primary divisions into three classes, according to the length of the heads; and we have three packets of six thousand photographs each for the short heads, the heads of medium length, and the long heads respectively. Measurement of the heads for width enables these three classes of six thousand each to be again subdivided into three classes, and we find ourselves with three packets of two thousand each, containing respectively the narrow-headed prisoners, the prisoners with heads of medium width, and those whose heads come under the classification of wide. The middle-finger measurements will allow these three packets to be reduced to a series of six hundred; these in their turn may be reduced to a series of two hundred by the division according to the length of foot; the length of arms reduces these again to sixty-three; and the division according to the seven classes of eyes gives us a final result of nine.

Thus easily has M. Bertillon divided for us his hundred thousand photographs into groups or packets of nine or ten apiece! He goes on to insist that the measuring process itself is readily and rapidly performed by an operator of the most ordinary intelligence.

And now let us see the system in actual working. Here is a prisoner just brought in. He gives the name of Jean Darqué, his birthplace Lyons, and protests that this is his first arrest. There are two classifications in M. Bertillon's system — the alphabetical and the anthropometrical. The alphabetical collection is searched first, and no Jean Darqué is found in it. He has not been arrested before, then, or he has given a false name. If the police had nothing but their huge bundle of photographs to assist them, the identification of the self-styled Jean Darqué would offer a troublesome task. But there is the anthropometrical classification at hand, and the next step in the process is to take Jean's measurements. Beginning with the length of his head, this is found to be medium, so the long-headed and the short-headed photographs are at once put aside. Now, the photographs of criminals with heads of medium length are themselves divided into three classes, according to breadth. Jean is measured again; his head is wide, so the two classes of short and medium width are rejected. The number of photographs is getting smaller and smaller. He is now measured for the length of his middle finger, and then for the length of his left foot. But a small number of photographs remain; Jean's fate begins to tremble in the balance. The last packet is reached, which contains only some seven or eight likenesses. Ha! This one here is surely Jean's! All the measurements tally, and the features of the picture are the features of Jean; but the name is quite different. Nevertheless, it is either Jean or his double. The photograph represents a notorious offender whom the police have long been seeking.

"You persist in saying that you are Jean Darqué, and that you were born at Lyons?"

"Yes."

"And that you have never been arrested before?"

"Yes."

"You are not, for example, François Dulau, born at Marseilles, and twice convicted of robbery, and once of forgery?"

"No; all that is false!"

"All right! Take off your coat, and roll your left shirtsleeve to the elbow. You have an oblique scar on the front of your left fore-arm, an inch and a quarter long, commencing three inches from the elbow."

Nemesis! The scar is there, and "Jean Darqué" resumes his proper identity as François Dulau.

I think we ought to take our hats off to M. Bertillon!

The case I have chosen is an imaginary one; but M. Bertillon in his lecture quotes a similar case from French criminal records.

Contrast the ease and rapidity with which the French police, acting on the anthropometrical system, were enabled to arrive at the identification of François Dulau, with the failure of the English police to identify the murderer Jackson. The warder whom Jackson killed in the Manchester prison owed his death to the utter faultiness of the English method of identifying criminals. At the time that Jackson was last arrested his photograph was in the hands of the police; but so were thousands of other photographs, and Jackson's was not discovered amongst them. The best possible classification of photographs (and there is *no* best possible classification of them without the anthropometrical markings) would be no more than partially helpful, for it not unfrequently happens that the pictures themselves are almost useless as means of identification. A clever disguise goes a long way to destroy, for police purposes, the value of a photograph which may be three, five, or ten years old. A man grows a beard, or shaves an old beard; he grows a moustache, or cuts one off; he changes the fashion of his hair. So far as old photographs are concerned, we can most of us make new creatures of ourselves with quite surprising facility. M. Bertillon is careful to point out, however, that photographs taken in profile have a certain fixed and permanent value, since the lines of the forehead, the nose, and the ear are practically unchangeable.

But anthropometry shelves the camera. We have just seen in the supposititious case of François Dulau how completely the *système Bertillon* places its practitioners beyond the need of photography. It was not so much the likeness of Dulau, or "Darqué," that the police were hunting for, as the card containing his measurements. Photography is deceitful, but there are no deceptions possible in the length of the head and of the middle finger; and there can be no two persons

in the world whose measurements of head, finger, foot, and arms extended are identical. Indeed, since M. Bertillon's system has been in operation in the French prisons, a prisoner who makes a bother about being photographed is simply passed on to the measurer; and by the time that gentleman has done with him there is not the ghost of a chance of his escaping identification—photograph or no photograph—should he ever again find himself in the hands of the police.

This is a very brief sketch of the anthropometrical method devised by M. Bertillon for the identification of the criminal classes, which is now in general use in connection with the police system of France. The inventor appears to have been fortunate from the first in drawing to his support the leading prison authorities in the country. The French, as Matthew Arnold said long ago, have one inestimable advantage over the English in their readiness to receive new ideas. The "idea" of the anthropometrical method is in itself so unexceptionably good that it was never likely to be rejected untried in France. The idea accordingly very soon became a practical scheme; the practical scheme was allowed to be tested, and once tested, there was no further question as to its worth. M. Herbette, the director of prison establishments in France, publicly stated, nearly five years ago, that even at that time the system had completely fulfilled the hopes which the theory had inspired.[1] Such a system as this seems deserving of the largest measure of publicity that can be given to it. It is even, perhaps, worth a passing consideration by the police authorities on our own side of the Channel.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

## "FLUFFY."

"FLUFFY" was her name. Not the name by which she was baptized—which I never knew and never cared to know—but her *real* name. Everybody called her "Fluffy" as naturally as one calls a cat "pussy." It was herself—her character epitomised in a word. She was a charming little thing in appearance. She had the lightest straw-coloured hair, which tossed in small fuzzy ringlets above her forehead; eyes as blue as the speedwell; and bright flushing cheeks. The impression she gave was one of attractive youth and surface prettiness, which no one attempted to define with more severe accuracy.

Fluffy had her orthodox list of schoolgirl "accomplishments." Her little fingers touched the notes of the piano as lightly and as vaguely as a butterfly flits from flower to flower, and with as little apparent purpose. The light, dreamy ripple of music was deliciously soothing—after-dinner playing *par excellence*, for it was so unconnected and meaningless that one's brain did not attempt to follow it. I have heard Fluffy render the compositions of many masters with perfect correctness of note and time, but they all sounded pretty much the same under her nimble white fingers.

Fluffy had also been taught to draw and paint. It was in Rome that I first met her, and I well remember the pompous pride with which her father produced her portfolio of Italian sketches. I was glad to be able to allow some talent in the management of the colours and the correctness of perspective, but these good qualities were counterbalanced by a baffling vagueness and indefiniteness of treatment, and a hopeless want of grasp. The failure was the more baulking because it was so difficult to define exactly where it lay.

We all laughed at Fluffy and liked her. It was through me that she was introduced to my circle of friends in Rome. My knowledge of Fluffy's father dated back to prehistoric times; ours was the conservative friendship of old acquaintanceship; otherwise there was so little that was congenial in our tastes—he, a wealthy merchant who had rushed through business, and now rushed through pleasure; I, an indolent art dabbler, who hardly cared to stir from the pleasant nook of my sunny studio—that we should never have attracted one another. As it was, when he and Fluffy, in their mad career through Europe, arrived at Rome I was the first person to whom he presented himself and his daughter. They had settled themselves in an hotel exactly opposite my studio, and were evidently determined to "do" Rome or die. I recollect the alarm with which I contemplated the many calls upon my time and patience which would be the inevitable consequence.

I poured my woes into the sympathetic ears of one of my artist friends, by name Tresham. He was a young man of an attractive bearing and ready talents, who was much sought after in society. He was quite sufficiently aware of his value; but his self-conceit was of so subtle a nature and so hidden by the charm of his manner, that it would have been forgiven in the moment of discovery, even if it had not been more than counterbalanced by a very real generosity and innate goodness of disposition. The worst charge that was ever brought against Tresham was that intellectually he was something of a snob. He was certainly exclusive in his choice of acquaintances as a rule; so that, even though I suspected him of having caught sight of my visitors of the day before, I was tolerably taken by surprise when he said carelessly:

"If you introduce me to these people, I dare say I may be able to save you the annoyance in some degree. I'm sadly lazy this warm

1 "Summary of M. Herbette's Speech at the Prison Congress at Rome," by Mr. E. R. Spearman.

weather, and I'm on the look-out for a legitimate excuse to be idle."

I was only too delighted to shift the responsibility on to other shoulders; and the introduction took place in my rooms the following evening. I was forced to admit Fluffy's charm—the charm of quick dimpling smiles and flitting blushes—as she entered the room in her white and pink gown. There was something suggestive of spring-time about her, something fresh and young and unformed, which seemed to render her very shortcomings natural and inevitable, while it constituted an unconscious appeal for tenderness and tolerance. Tresham became more affable and condescending than I ever remembered him. He was consciously letting himself down to her level of talk; but it amused and pleased him to do so; and she was soon chattering to him with the freedom and inconsequence of a child. Occasionally in the intervals of her father's ponderous conversation—of which I was left to bear the entire weight—I caught fragments of their more frivolous talk. Tresham, who hated dancing, was, I found, earnestly endeavouring to persuade Fluffy into going to a fancy-dress ball, which he had previously anathematised to me in round terms.

"Oh! I should love to go. I *must* go," cried Fluffy, clasping her hands in naïve excitement. "I have never been—that is, I mean I have been to an ordinary ball, but never to one in fancy dress. It must be so—so romantic!"

"We must see if we cannot propitiate the ruling powers," Tresham answered, smiling benevolently. "I should not imagine it to be an impossible task."

"Oh no"—Fluffy looked affectionately across the room at her father's heavy, vacant face—"papa is the dearest man; he always does as I wish. But now, tell me, Mr. Tresham, in what costume shall I go?"

Tresham pondered gravely over this momentous question for some time; then an inspiration came.

"If I were you," he said, "I should go as 'snow;' something soft and feathery would be sure to suit you."

"Don't you think, then," said Fluffy, raising her big blue eyes with unexpected roguishness, "that it would be much more in character to go as a goose?"

Later in the evening Fluffy played to us. The piano was near the window, and her slight figure was darkly silhouetted against a background flooded with rich yet softened light, which made a halo of the fine small curls round her head. It was a pretty picture, and doubtless helped to soften Tresham's fastidious criticism, although I saw him make one involuntary grimace.

After they had gone he sat smoking in my room a full hour, and was unusually loquacious.

"What a dear little thing she is!" he said, "and what a delightful rest she gives to one's brain every way! Such an affectionate, yielding creature would be an ideal companion, until you were bored by having all your own way, and wanted someone to quarrel with. Do you think she ever *could* assert herself?"

"Really," I returned lazily, "you're as able to answer the question as I am. My acquaintance with Fluffy is not of much longer duration than yours."

"She is so charmingly compliant and inconsequent," he went on, not wanting my opinion in the least. "One gets so tired nowadays of opinionated girls—all the varieties of the species—political girls, masculine girls, learned girls, artistic girls! The pretty little helpless noodle we used to be so familiar with in three-volume novels has entirely disappeared; and I don't know that her successor is any more to my taste. Every emancipated schoolgirl thinks herself entitled to an opinion in any society; it is considered as insipid to agree as it was once considered rude to disagree."

I looked at Tresham in helpless astonishment while this tirade was in process. Certainly these sentiments were a novelty from his lips. Hitherto he had sedulously cultivated the society of those whom he now affected to despise.

"Tresham," I exclaimed, "you are clearly bewitched! I must congratulate Fluffy on your conversion. You make an eloquent apostle of insipidity."

I suppose that sobered him, for he took his leave.

For some days I saw little of either Tresham or Fluffy; but I have good reason to believe that they saw a good deal of each other. Tresham took a quite unprecedented amount of trouble to ingratiate himself with both father and daughter; and they were only too pleased that he should institute himself their guide. He knew every inch of Rome, and quite awed Fluffy by the amount of information he had at his command.

"Mr. Tresham is so alarmingly well-informed," she said rather wistfully to me one day; "he knows a great deal, and I only half know a very little. He has such a clear brain; all his facts, and his ideas about them, are engraved in firm, defined lines; he can always grasp and seize hold of what he knows; while I—I'm a woolly-headed little thing, I'm afraid!" She shook her head at me, and laughed as she spoke, while all the pretty fluffy curls danced as though in corroboration of the fact. "My mind is always in the twilight; I can hardly tell whether I possess an idea or not, it is all so blurred and indistinct."

"Why, Fluffy," I said, "you are developing quite a remarkable vein of analysis."

"Don't laugh at me," she implored, though she had laughed at herself the moment before; "I feel myself so hopelessly foolish and frivolous. I never could really satisfy anyone who was clever for long."

She was so simple that she did not know her own transparency. I was conscious of a sudden, sharp pang of compunction at seeing her bright face overclouded even for a moment, and of something very like fear at my heart, as I reflected that if it was true, as she said, that she was "a woolly-headed little thing," it was also true that Nature had gifted her with wonderfully clear and truthful instincts in matters where her heart was concerned.

Meanwhile I was puzzled by Tresham's be-

haviour. It was not difficult to divine that he was fast falling in love, or fancying himself in love, with this little creature, who was so different from his former ideal of woman. Now and then he appeared to attempt a futile resistance to his feeling for her, but it was half-hearted and unsuccessful. With all his vaunted intelligence, he had not enough penetration into character or keenness of vision to teach him that ultimate happiness could only depend upon the ready response of mind to mind, and soul to soul; or, what seemed more likely, he was wilfully blind, and had not the strength of mind to sacrifice to the future the need of the moment.

But one morning a strange event happened. I was sitting at the open window of my studio, overlooking the terrace gardens below, ablaze with flowers whose vivid tints showed their brightest in the clear, hot sunshine; from a neighbouring balcony a parrot screeched, and I was lazily maturing some scheme of vengeance, with as much animus as the drowsy heat would permit, when a shadow crossed my doorway. It was Tresham. His expression was so peculiar—a curious mixture of distress and mortification, with a hidden, shamefaced undercurrent of relief, or so I fancied—that I knew in a moment that something had happened, though *what*, I was totally at a loss to conjecture.

"I'm leaving Rome for a bit," he said abruptly. "I thought I'd come in and say good-bye to you."

I was so startled by his manner that I could only gasp,

"It's rather sudden, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said grimly, "it's sudden."

Then we stood awkwardly silent for some minutes. I hardly dared to ask the question that trembled on my lips. At last I ventured, trying to speak carelessly,

"Does Fluffy know you are going?"

He almost interrupted me with a sort of scornful impatience.

"Know? Of course she knows! Do you remember my asking you if Fluffy could ever assert herself? Well, she has answered the question for me."

"You don't mean to say," I said slowly, in utter astonishment, "that she has refused you?"

"You put it with perfect correctness, my dear friend," he answered with the same bitter impatience in his tone—"that is precisely what has happened. Fluffy informs me that our characters are not suited to one another; she is not my affinity, in short, and nothing I can say will alter her opinion."

"But she cares for you?" I said, mystified by the turn things had taken.

"She *can't* care for me," he answered roughly.

I stood thinking it all over for a few minutes, and then courageously went over to the enemy.

"I believe Fluffy is right," I said, "and I am astonished at her penetration and decision. You are *not* suited. You are pleased now with her pretty ways, but all the time you are saying to yourself that intellectually she is not your equal. If that is so now, how will it be when Time has stolen the smiles and dimples, and clipped off the bright curls? No; go and be thankful that Heaven has given Fluffy a wise heart, as well as a loving one."

It was hardly to be expected that I should at once win over a disappointed wooer to this middle-aged and rational view of the case; although I knew that there was within him a treacherous and unwilling conviction that I was right. But for the present Tresham left Rome disgusted with me, and, I am afraid, with Fluffy too at first, for a refusal is one of the hardest things for a vain man to bear gracefully.

When he had gone I went to find Fluffy. At first she sent word that she was not well, and could not see me; but presently she came down. The poor child's eyes were swollen and disfigured with vehement crying, her hair was tumbled in wild disorder, and a more doleful face I never saw.

"Why, Fluffy, what is all this?" I said, in my most fatherly manner, taking her hand. "I thought you cared for Tresham."

"And so—so I *do*," she said, beginning to cry afresh.

"Then what is the meaning of it?" I asked.

Fluffy was one of those silly people who must tell out all their troubles, and I soon had her reasons.

"I knew," she said, "that really at the bottom of his heart there was just a little contempt for me. Of course he liked me; I amused him, you know. I suppose he had got tired of grand learned ladies, and I was a change; but—but that couldn't last. He would have been unsatisfied. And then"—she looked up with a sobbing, hysterical laugh—"you must not think I am unselfish over it. *I* shouldn't have been happy either. I should always have been trying to walk on stilts, and I should only have tumbled. I *can't* be clever; when I try it only worries me and makes my head ache. And so it is ever so much better for us both that we should have the courage to be a little unhappy now, rather than be more unhappy afterwards. Oh, I know he is thwarted and mortified, but that will be easily cured; and, as for me, I can't cry for very long together—I haven't character enough to make a tragedy."

She stopped and looked at me with such a plaintive, quivering mouth that I stooped and kissed her.

"Indeed, Fluffy," said I, "I think you have a great deal of character."

HELEN SMETHAM.



# A NORDFJORD WEDDING.

BY ONE OF THE GUESTS.

THEY that are married, or that intend to take the holy estate of matrimony upon them, may be interested to learn how such important events are managed in Norway by the simple folk whose homes lie on the shores of the Nordfjord. I for one was very anxious to see a Norwegian wedding, so considered myself fortunate to find on the day we arrived at G—— that two weddings were to take place that week in the Lutheran church close by.

A few mornings after our arrival we were sitting on the balcony of the hotel, which commanded a fine view of the lake, when we heard the distant sound of music across the water, and saw far away, as a speck on the clear bosom of the lake, the boat which contained the bridal party rounding one of the rocky promontories. Nearer and nearer came the boat, and louder and more distinct the music. We hurried to the pier to see them arrive. It was a large boat, and held most of the guests except those who joined the party on the shore. Each woman as she stepped on land carried in her hand a "tine" (the little wooden box characteristic of Norway, in which was her contribution to the marriage feast). In the stern sat the bride and groom, hand in hand. How solemn they all looked! Indeed, to the uninitiated the company bore resemblance to a party on their way to the churchyard. Everyone, man and woman, was in black, and the pattern and material of each woman's dress were identical. The elderly matrons wore a black silk scarf over their heads, the younger women and girls handkerchiefs of coloured or white muslin, as the Irish peasants do. The dresses were composed of thick woollen stuff, like serge or homespun; full skirts, plaited round the waist and falling loose to the ankles. And all were of home manufacture, from the spinning-wheel to the finishing touches of the *modiste*, and as black is the dye easiest procured and surest of success, its general use was accounted for. Of course, this rule does not hold good in other districts of Norway; round the Hardanger, for instance, the costumes are as gay and varied as in Switzerland.

When the party landed all retired to the châlet close by, where the wedding feast was to take place, and a messenger was despatched to the *praesteger* (rectory), about a mile up the village, to announce the arrival of the bride. An hour later, and the procession was wending its way along the road to the picturesque church with its red-tiled roof. First came the two musicians, whose strains were heard across the water as the boat drew near. Their talents were not marked in any way; I fear even a village concert would hardly have awarded them an *encore*. But for all that the music was sweet, and they played with a will. Immediately following came the bride and bridegroom, hand in hand again. Rather "sheepish" he looked, it must be confessed, and no "best-man" at hand with a word of encouragement, for in the wake of

the bridal pair the women, old and young, collected, leaving the men of the party by themselves to bring up the rear.

A description of the bride is always important. In justice I must own her personal charms were few. On good authority we heard she had seen but four-and-twenty summers, but you might have guessed her nearly twice that age. Like the Swiss women, the Norwegians age early; they work hard in the fields, and even in the building of their houses seem to take more than their proper share of the labour, so that at sixteen the fresh girlish beauty is gone, and they look *passées*. Our bride was a strong young woman of medium height, whose good-humoured face could boast of no beauty, but still was pleasant and kindly in expression. Her head-dress was a study in itself! I had often heard of the bridal crowns, and in photographs most picturesque and pretty they look. In reality, the appearance of a Nordfjord bride when her toilet is complete is grotesque. The hair is all drawn back from the face and hidden by a closely-frilled cap; on the top of the head is a soft roll of white muslin, which forms a pad on which rests a crown three pounds in weight. These crowns are silver, and in some instances are adorned with precious stones. They stand about ten inches in height, and resemble the pictures one sees in old-fashioned history-books of the Tudor Kings in their regal robes. Fastened to this head-dress are coloured ribbons—black, red, white, stamped with patterns—which hang round the head, leaving only the very front of the face exposed, and more than anything else add to the quaintness of the costume. Over her shoulders was a large red cape, the trimming of which was remarkable, and would, I think, suit the taste of an Indian squaw. Conspicuous in front hung four small mirrors a child might covet for her doll's-house. These were evidently considered an important decoration, for the friend in attendance often rubbed them bright, and watched that no end of ribbon hid them from view.

Arrived at the church gate, a halt was made, and then the good services of the *brude-krone* were put into requisition. As the bridegroom had no "best man," so the bride was without bridesmaids. Our weddings, I fancy, would lose half their charm if they lacked the presence of those who come next in importance to the bride herself. Our brides, too, choose for that office from among their young friends. Exactly the opposite is the rule among the Norwegian peasants. A person is selected as being the oldest acquaintance of the family, and not unfrequently it is the future mother-in-law who occupies the post! Before entering the church this weather-beaten dame carefully brushed the gown of the bride, made sure the crown was all right, and wiped the boots of both bride and groom with a handkerchief. We were surprised on going into the church to see it nearly full. Norwegian churches inside are bare almost to ugliness—wooden buildings painted white, with large, ungainly windows, which, by the way, are not made to open, so that ventilation can only be obtained by means of the two doors. The men sit on one side, the women on the other; but on this occasion the bridegroom took his seat beside the bride. The pastor—who came from the rectory in his cassock, with white ruffle round the neck, as you see in pictures of John Knox—walked up the aisle to the communion-table, and the service began. We had been at his church the previous Sunday and heard him preach. There was a wonderful charm about the man. We could not understand "the unknown tongue" in which he spoke, but he had goodness stamped in every feature, and his simple earnestness was most impressive. We were able to worship with them the one God and Father of all, and in a new sense to realise the blessedness of "the communion of saints."

The wedding service began with a hymn; it was the air we know as Luther's Hymn, but sung so slowly, and with such a nasal twang, that it sounded like a dirge. Before the conclusion of it the bridal pair left their seats and took their place hand in hand before the rails. The pastor then gave an extempore address which lasted quite fifteen minutes. The subject, I heard, was a homily on the duties of the married state, alluding to the "blameless" and holy lives of Zacharias and Elizabeth, and exhorting them to like faithfulness of conduct. Then followed the mutual vows, as in our service; but the absence of any ceremony with regard to the ring—which is given at betrothal, not marriage—was a great omission.

Kneeling again, the pastor repeated the Lord's Prayer, putting his hand at every sentence alternately on each bowed head, as a bishop does for the rite of confirmation. Then, on his giving the blessing, the ceremony was over. There was no signing of registry-books in the vestry, nor any appearance of nervousness on the part of the bride; both looked stolid and self-possessed as they received the "congratulare" of their friends, and prepared to return to the châlet in the same order of procession.

When we got back to our hotel I found an invitation from the bridegroom requesting that we would come to their feast that evening. It was a chance we would not lose, so at seven o'clock we joined the party. The gathering was large. These festivities seem the only amusement the people have, so for miles round they come over mountains and across the fjords to join in the fun. We were told by a Norwegian lady of an amusing custom that exists in some places among these simple folk. It sometimes happens that for years young men come as invited guests to these functions—and bring, of course, a wedding gift on each occasion; but for some unexplained reason—no fault of their own probably—they never take themselves a principal part in the ceremony. The truth at length begins to dawn on these bachelors that they are sadly at a disadvantage, and that though for years they have been helping their friends to set up house, and given away many *kroners*, their own turn has never come to receive any. Accordingly, what is called a "money wedding" is got up on their behalf, and all the married couples to whom presents have been made come to their house and bring gifts, so

that in the end these old bachelors may not be without some compensation—such as it is!

But to return to the bridal party. We were met at the door by the bridegroom, who bade us welcome with many gesticulations, and, in proof of his ready hospitality, insisted on our tasting some native cordial. To avoid offence we submitted to the ordeal. Fortunately the glass in which it was offered was small, and to put it to our lips enough. A dreadful mixture it was to taste. On entering the châlet we found ourselves amongst a crowd of peasants, and the heat and smell of the viands were far from pleasant. In the largest room at a long table were seated a number of men and women, who, as we entered, were singing in a slow monotonous voice a tune not at all festive in its tone. The table was groaning with food. We noticed several basins of the national dish, a kind of porridge over which is poured butter melted to oil. The plates and spoons were alike wood, and there were not a few dishes of their favourite fish compound, a kind of codling, which, covered with soda, is buried for three days, and when dug up is regarded as a *bonne bouche* for the most fastidious.

The hall and stairs were filled with people, so we were glad to get into the open air for a little before going into the neighbouring châlet to see the dancing. It was a lovely evening, the air clear as Italy, mountains surrounding us on every side—

> "Those giants clad in armour blue,
> With helmets of a silver hue."

And bright and glistening the "helmets" looked in the July sun. Several children were playing on the grass—funny little figures; the girls were in their long gowns and aprons, facsimiles in dress and style of the mothers and grandmothers close by. They were of all ages, including infants but a few weeks old, brought because their mothers must not lose the "outing." And why should they? The long summer days are too quickly gone, and they will have many months of dark winter to stay indoors. But it was time to make our way to the dancing. I shall never forget the sight. How closely packed they were! Squeezed up in one corner were our friends the two musicians. Their fingers must have ached, for for hours at a time the tune went on, as round the couples danced. On the cross-beams of the ceiling many youths were seated, who laughed and joked with their friends below. The space allowed for dancing in the centre of the room was small, and all round the walls the guests stood two and three rows deep, waiting to take their turn. The bride was passed from one to the other so that many might share the honour of dancing with her. Sometimes they formed themselves into a figure like the children's game of "thread the needle;" and then it gave the bride as much as she could do to pass under the arch of outstretched hands without injuries to her crown. A gentleman of our party asked if anyone could dance the "halling," and one man amid much laughter volunteered. Starting on his hands and knees, he quickly made a round of the room, and then, springing up, he performed a series of quick-steps in time with the music, flinging his hands over his head in wild fashion, and finishing off with a bound upwards to catch, as it were, the beams of the roof. It is a feat which requires some skill, and a man to be both young and active, to do it well.

It was with reluctance we bade the company farewell and retraced our steps to the hotel. In that crowd of country folk all were so well-behaved, coming forward in their simple fashion to shake hands as we left. There is a home-like feeling with the people that makes one forget they are foreigners, and which adds not a little to the indescribable charm of the country. Simplicity itself in their manners, they are affectionate among themselves, and courteous to strangers. What a pity if the very fact of the visits of us tourists should be the loss of that character, and give rise to a demoralising craving after English and American "backsheesh"!

We lingered often during the walk back to look behind and listen to the sound of the rude music as it floated through the air. Eleven o'clock had struck, hard as it was to realise the fact in that delicious light. The nights in Norway at this time of year are more beautiful than the days—

> "If we can call that night, which of the attributes of night
> Has none but peace and calmness."

And even an hour later we could see distinctly from our balcony the figures of the dancers as they passed to and fro before the open windows, and could hear the merry hum of voices borne across the valley.

Happy, homely, old-fashioned Norway! What a pleasure it was to spend a holiday there, laying up a store of health and strength, and to carry back in one's heart a sunny memory to brighten working hours, and give food for many a pleasant chat over the fireside at home.

A. J. HAYES.

# INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE.

THE services rendered by Sir Charles Wheatstone, and the part he bore in the introduction of Electric Telegraphy, are known to all the world. The following characteristic incident of his youth has been communicated to us by a member of his family, and has never before been published.

A little boy looking intently into an old bookshop. Nothing very particular in that, no doubt. Only this little lad was by no means an ordinary-looking boy, and the book he was gazing at was not one likely to attract a child. He was between twelve and thirteen, small for his age, with a broad massive forehead, and bright intelligent eyes, blue as a turquoise. The book on which his longing eyes were fixed was a work describing some of Volta's discoveries; for this incident occurred many years ago, when the century was still in its teens.

The boy gave the volume a last yearning look, and then he turned to the bookseller, and inquired, pointing to the work,

"How much?"

He was a constant visitor at that stall, and well known to the owner, who was rather interested in the child's devouring taste for literature. For nothing came amiss to him, from fairy tales upwards. However, the boy's latest fancy rather took the man aback. The march of intellect had not then so far advanced that children were in the habit of studying works on electricity for their own amusement.

Anyhow, the price of the volume was far above the means of the would-be purchaser. The child's face fell as, much disappointed, he pursued his homeward way in the direction of Pall Mall.

London in 1815 was not the London of the present day; at least so I have always been given to understand. Personally I cannot offer an opinion, as I was not then alive. But from all accounts, it must have been a somewhat dirty and ill-lighted city. Consequently the Pall Mall of those times was a very different place to the handsome street which now stands in its stead. A tumble-down, loosely paved road, flanked on each side by old dilapidated houses, erected long before the reign of sanitation.

It was, however, as gay if not gayer than its successor, for the Prince Regent's palace lay just round the corner. Therefore, on the whole, Pall Mall was not a bad quarter to live in as times went. At least, so thought Charles Wheatstone, a true Londoner in feeling, if not in fact. Indeed, all his life he considered that city the pleasantest of dwelling places, and often said so.

But at the moment Charles crossed his parents' threshold his brain was much too busy to trouble itself about such things as the advantages of a town life. All his thoughts were engaged in making a mental calculation of how long it would take him to save up money enough to buy the electrical work. Having settled that matter, he walked briskly through the hall and opened a door leading into a sort of scullery outhouse. That, no doubt, had been its original condition, and even now, though greatly altered, it was not much to look at. But to Charles it was the best and most interesting spot in the whole house—his own private laboratory, where he, in conjunction with his only brother William, spent all his time and pocket-money in making wonderful and strange experiments.

There was their crucible, made entirely by themselves, wherein was compounded the most awful collection of smells that ever attacked man's nostrils. As a set-off to this instrument of torture to the household, they possessed also a still, in which they had been able to distil perfumes, to which Charles, in particular, was very partial.

Some people may possibly be inclined to think it was a little risky leaving two such young boys to their own devices. But in the case of these boys they had no one particular to look after them; for their mother was an invalid, and their father too careless to trouble much about his children, though at the same time he was very proud of his clever son Charles. So the lads were left to pursue their occupations in peace.

Sometimes, of course, accidents would happen. For instance, on one occasion part of the roof was blown out with a loud report. About the same time William appeared with all the hair burnt off one side of his face. The cause of the explosion remained a mystery, but I think it was a mercy the children had any limbs left, considering the dangerous nature of their amusements.

However, when Charles entered the laboratory there were no alarming signs about. Nothing, in fact, more portentous than William preparing matters against his brother's return. William rarely worked on his own account, having a firmly rooted opinion of Charles's superiority over himself. For William believed his brother to be the cleverest boy living, and was never tired of carrying out his elder's directions, however hard they might task his energies. Charles was the head that conceived the ideas, and William the hand that modelled them into visible form.

William listened sympathetically as Charles related his non-success at the bookstall. Naturally, it was very grievous not to be able to get the wonderful book that could show and teach them such extraordinary things—things he could never have dreamt of being possible if Charles had not told him about them. Still, he did not despair. He knew when Charles once made up his mind he was not easily daunted.

It was indeed a curious trait in the elder brother's character that whilst in daily life he was often irresolute, in his scientific researches he never allowed himself to remain uncertain on any subject. Supposing he were not perfectly sure of his facts, he would remain silent until he had time to work them out thoroughly. That done, he never wavered in his conclusions.

"But I mean to have the book if I have to go without sweets for months," said Charles decidedly, as he concluded his story.

William was not so fond of goodies as his brother, therefore the threatened deprivation did not affect him so much as it might otherwise have done.

In this case, as usual, Charles kept his word. Day by day as he passed by the bookstall he used to look anxiously to see if the volume was still there. He was so dreadfully afraid someone else would buy it.

The very first moment he had scraped money enough together he hurried off to the stall. He laid the sum down on the counter, and the man handed him over the precious work. Charles grasped it tightly in his joy. It was his own now—his very own, to explain away his difficulty and make the wonderful new discoveries clear to his knowledge-seeking brain.

Almost before he was out of the shop he eagerly scanned the first page. But here a terrible disappointment met him—the work was written in French. Even then there was no regret at having purchased the book. After all, French was a language that could be acquired if one only set earnestly to work, therefore an obstacle capable of being removed by patience and perseverance.

"What will you do now?" asked his faithful satellite William.

"Buy a dictionary as soon as I can afford it," replied his brother promptly.

As to asking their father to help them, such an idea never occurred to the boys. Mr. Wheatstone, like all careless men, never had much loose cash, and certainly very little to bestow on his children at any time.

Consequently Charles had again to save his scanty pocket-money until a dictionary could be obtained. That accomplished, he set himself resolutely to making the acquaintance of Volta in print.

It would have been a difficult task for a grown man; what then must it have been to a child scarcely thirteen! But Charles got through it at last, not only mastering the words, but understanding the sense of what he was studying.

However, reading about experiments was not sufficient for the boy's inquiring brain. He wanted to try for himself and prove the results.

"We must have a battery," he observed to his brother.

"But where are we to get it from?" expostulated William. "It would cost an immense deal of money to buy. And we have next to none."

"Of course we cannot buy one; but we can try to make one," was the answer.

If Charles had there and then proposed to put a girdle round the earth—a feat he really succeeded in doing years afterwards—William would have seen nothing out of the way in the proposition, he had such perfect faith in his brother; besides, he knew Charles was no idle boaster.

So the battery was commenced, and the boys set to work with a will. Their materials were of the roughest and their knowledge rudimentary. Consequently their progress was slow, but they did not mind that. They were prepared to wait patiently, provided only the work turned out satisfactory in the end.

Then came a bad day, when money and supplies failed altogether. The copper plates of the machine were still wanting, and the boys' funds were reduced to a few pence. These pence, by-the-by, were not those in present use, but huge clumsy pieces nearly twice the size.

William stood eyeing the coppers as if, by dint of hard staring, he might be able to convert them into silver. But Charles now, as ever, rose above the difficulty. He reflected for a moment and then began,

"We must use the pennies themselves, and see how that will answer."

The suggestion proved to be practical, and then the battery at last was complete.

Suppose there should be some hitch to prevent its working? thought Charles anxiously. Still that was hardly possible, for he had been most accurate in following out directions. William had no fears on the subject. Of course if Charles made the machine, it was bound to be a success.

William was right: it did succeed, even beyond the boys' expectations. They used it for years, to their own intense delight and the great gratification of their father. What ultimately became of the battery I have not been able to find out.

Probably it was an ugly, uncouth thing, but to the eyes of those two boys I doubt whether anything possessed greater beauty. And when one considers that perhaps the nucleus of some of those great achievements that in after years helped to revolutionise the world was experimented on that very machine, then I feel as though I should like to have had a good look at that battery.

The boy is father to the man, says Wordsworth. As this boy was, so was the man: steadfast, patient in his work, no difficulty too great to overcome, no hitch too small to investigate. He always said if a thing was worth doing at all it was worth doing well. And I think his life illustrated his principle.

F. C. W.

# THE ISLANDS OF FLOWERS.



PENINNIS HEAD, SCILLY.[1]

BELONGING to England, but separated from the mainland by forty-five miles of sea, stand the "Islands of Fowers," marked on our maps as the Isles of Scilly.

They are almost as little known to the majority of the English people as the North Pole, and yet they abound in interest. Every voyager approaching them from the Atlantic welcomes the light of their five grand lamps, which bespeak the proximity of land and rouse the ships' captains to increased vigilance.

The exquisite flowers grown on Scilly brighten our homes from north to south of Great Britain during the dull cold months of the year; and if we are so fortunate as to get a very early dish of new potatoes, sea-kale, or asparagus,[2] we shall not be far wrong if we decide that it comes from Scilly.

There are nearly three hundred of these islands, but five only are inhabited and cultivated—namely, St. Mary's, which is the largest, and quite able to accommodate strangers; Tresco, the residence of the lord-proprietor; Bryher, St. Martin's, and St. Agnes.

These five together occupy 3,560 acres, about two-thirds of which are tillable, and contain 1,989 inhabitants; and what this small body of people, with their industry and intelligence, manage to draw forth from the comparatively limited number of acres is wonderful.

It requires quite a stretch of the imagination, standing on St. Mary's, to believe that one is only three hours and a half distant from the mainland; for the contrast is so great between the one and the other that it would be more natural to fancy one's self half across the globe.

On these islands there are neither frosts nor excessive cold, for they are under the beneficent influence of the Gulf Stream. Neither is there ever intense heat, for the breezes of the Atlantic fan them with life and freshness even on the hottest day in summer.

Here also are the clear blue sky, the fresh life-giving climate and sunlight, such altogether as people seek in vain even on the Riviera.

Here the land is literally bursting with life, and the vegetation almost tropical in its profusion, but with this great advantage, that no venomous creature whatever lurks on any part of the islands.

Here, too, is an absence of the railway whistle and the rush of tourists, of nigger bands and barrel-organs, of horses and carriages waiting to be hired, for they are not needed.

Life is certainly not the same here as on the mainland. There is no lawyer, and only one doctor for the whole of the five islands. Life here is essentially kept going by flowers. Flowers form the subject of conversation; flowers are the desire of the rich and the poor; flowers are everywhere—in the houses, out of the houses; in every sunny nook and slope. It is true that flowers are the business of life, but notwithstanding this the Scillonians love flowers—men and women, old and young, even the little children; and they understand them too, and shame many a visitor with their knowledge of the botanical names.

Those who have not been to Scilly may like to know something of the details of a visit recently made, especially as it is difficult to learn anything

[1] Our three illustrations are, by permission, from photographs by Gibson and Sons, Penzance.

[2] We had a little dish of asparagus on February 12th, grown in the open-air on Mr. Trevillick's farm in St. Mary's.

definite about the place or the way to get there, for it is never advertised, the Scillonians not being a self-asserting people.

Leaving Penzance at ten o'clock in the morning, either on Tuesday or Saturday, by a very good steamer, the Lyonesse, one arrives at St. Mary's in a little over three hours at a cost of seven shillings.

It is a most interesting little voyage if one is well enough to take notice. The Great Bell Buoy is passed, which is close to a very dangerous reef called Runnel Stone. This bell is rung by the rise and fall of the sea, and as the Lyonesse passes by its deep measured boom is distinctly heard. The sight of the Land's End is scarcely lost before one sees in the far distance ahead sundry little dark specks, or banks, on the surface of the ocean, which the steward announces as the islands. A Londoner might possibly exclaim, "How like they look to a number of Regent's Park Primrose Hills!"



HUGH TOWN, ST. MARY'S, SCILLY.

The vessel draws up to the pier of St. Mary's, and the visitor is glad to find himself or herself in two minutes within the pretty cosy little hotel called Tregarthen's. Whatever be the ideas formed of the Scilly Isles before leaving the mainland—and they are sometimes very curious—they will all be upset in an hour or two.

A very reasonable idea is that the Scillonians will speak a dialect like Cornish or Devon folk. Not in the least—their language is absolutely free of dialect, and perfectly good English.

The people are well educated, and from very early times have been famous for their good manners and dignity of demeanour, added to which they are most kind to strangers.

A gentleman writing fifty years ago says: "I certainly never saw in humble life so much good taste, so much of what may really be termed well-bred ease, as at Scilly."

There are good schools on the islands.

St. Mary's, which is about three miles long and two broad at its widest, is quite full of interest. There is the Star Castle, built in the reign of Elizabeth, in very good condition, and a walk round it of a mile and a half overlooking the ocean, which it would be difficult to equal anywhere in grandeur or beauty.

The massive piles of rocks, their grotesque forms and caverns, together with the legends attached to them, are full of interest to everyone, old and young. The antiquarian would find the old church and yard a mine of delight; and the artist would wish nothing more beautiful than Holy Vale and Rocky Hill for his pencil; while those who love boating can indulge in it fully. Twenty minutes' distance by boat, on a fine day, you find yourself transported at once into the tropics — for the island of Tresco has no resemblance to anything English except in the kindness and courtesy of the lord-proprietor.

The flowers on the islands transform them into cloth of gold or driven snow. Shielded from every breath of rough wind by hedges of picturesque shrubs, they give forth an abundance which must appear to those who have not been there an impossibility, and in such perfection and variety as to excite the fullest admiration.

St. Mary's is almost covered with narcissi; they are to be seen on every side—not only on the acres of the wealthy growers, but in pots on the window-sills of the cottages. Everybody grows them, even children; and they can discuss the merits of each variety with a fluency that astonishes a stranger.

One acre of land will swallow up nearly half a million roots, and these cost forty shillings a thousand. After this first expense the costs are merely nominal. The only manure given is the road scrapings, but the best nourishment of all is the natural one afforded by the decaying leaves.

The different varieties—even those which spring from one common type—will not all thrive under the same treatment; and unless the origin and habitat are well studied in the case of new varieties, great failures will result.

Many of those who supplied the Scillonians with roots now get their supplies from them, as being more than equal to the foreign, and at the same time cheaper.

Nearly a hundred acres are devoted to the culture of the narcissi; and the capital invested in it is something like £250,000.

One of the wonderful things to a visitor is to see, in the month of February, all these lovely flowers in full blossom in the open air—arum lilies looking as strong as cabbages, and camellias in blossom on great trees.

The Scillonians are most orderly in the way they send their flowers to market. The spikes are tied in dozens and packed very tightly in boxes; and on arriving at the various markets they look as fresh as if they had been plucked an hour before.

On taking one or two specimens of the Scilly flowers to Mr. Sowerby, of the Royal Botanic Gardens, he at once was interested in one called the "Scilly White," a very graceful lily, and very abundant in the islands. It seems that some months since he received a bulb from the north of China as something most rare and precious, and known by the names of "Sacred Lily," "Jos Flower," "Flower of the Gods," "Water Fairy-flower," and "Emblem of Good Luck." This flower is just now in full blossom in the great conservatory, and is in every particular identical with the Scilly White, which is grown by acres in the open air on the Scilly Islands. We were both interested, and Mr. Sowerby said it had been the desire of his life to visit Scilly, and I do not think this little incident will lessen it.

During the last year or two the Scillonians have largely cultivated the anemone, and some of the double flowers are marvels of beauty. Mr. Dorrien-Smith has some at Tresco which were brought to him from Palestine, and are distinguished from others by a much brighter colour.

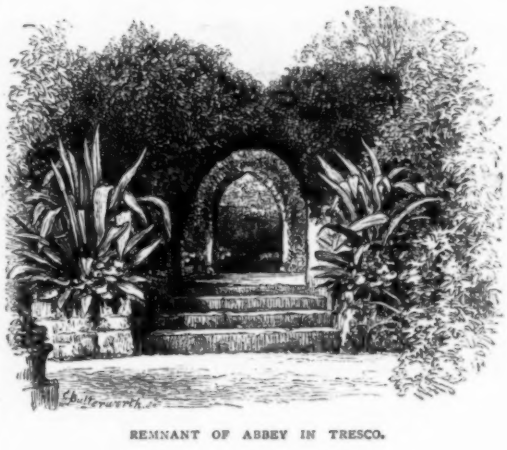
The amount of cut flowers sent by the five islands to the various markets of England and Scotland during a season averages 200 tons. And of early potatoes they send 800 tons by the steamer and 250 tons by other means.

It may interest many to be reminded that Wesley visited St. Mary's Island in 1743. He was not allowed to preach in the church, but held forth twice in the street to a crowd of inhabitants, among whom he distributed tracts and hymn books; but he was pelted out of the island, which certainly would not be the case now.

The churches on the islands are equal to any on the mainland, and the singing better.

There is no gas on Scilly, so that churches, streets, and homes are lighted by oil.

For sick or tired people it would be difficult to find



REMNANT OF ABBEY IN TRESCO.

any spot more favourable than Scilly. The coast abounds with safe little coves for bathing; the eggs, butter, milk, and poultry are excellent; and the water is good. The accommodation on St. Mary's is very good when the space is considered. There is Tregarthen's Hotel, of which I cannot speak too highly; and there is Holgate's Hotel, on the top of the hill; besides several very good private lodgings.[1]

While writing this article I came accidentally upon the following in a number of the old "Penny Magazine."

"The whole library of one of the Scilly Isles a hundred years ago consisted of the Bible and the 'History of Dr. Faustus.' The island was populous, and the peasants being all as a rule able to read, the conjurer's story had been handed from house to house until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments or his catastrophe was left legible. This being realised, a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and a proposal made and approved that, as soon as the weather permitted of sending to Cornwall, a supply of books should be sent for. Then occurred a discussion as to the name of the books to be ordered, and the result was that an order should be transmitted to an eminent bookseller at Penzance for him to send another 'Dr. Faustus.'"

The present state of literature in the islands is a contrast indeed. All the magazines of the Religious Tract Society are to be found there, and the people bind themselves together for a large subscription to Mudie's; and many on the islands are writers themselves.

E. BREWER.

[1] Mr. Tonkins, of Hugh Street, St. Mary's, knows every "stick and stone" in the islands, and would be willing, I know, to answer any questions. He has published a little guide-book (the only one) at 1s., which gives many interesting details of the islands.

# THE PARIS WORKMAN.

IT has often been said that if the English workman were to live like the French workman he would become in course of time a small capitalist, and be able to take comfort from the reflection that in his old age he would require neither outdoor nor indoor relief from the Poor Law Board. This, like many other sayings with a foundation of truth, or which are repeated after they have ceased to be true, is apt to lead people into error. Speaking generally, the French working-classes are by no means so frugal and so provident as they were half a century ago. In the rural districts there has been little change, but in the cities and large towns there has been a marked movement of the industrial and laborious population in the opposite direction to frugality and simplicity. It is, therefore, erroneous to speak of the French who live by manual labour as if there were no difference in the habits of the urban and the rural representatives of this class.

The tendency of all large cities is to produce the same social results. Those who suppose that the Paris workman lives chiefly upon bread and vegetable soup should at once disabuse their minds of a legend that has had its day.

Speaking generally, he lives well when he has employment, and saves nothing. It may fall to the lot of some observers to find some striking exceptions to this rule; but a class is not to be judged by exceptions. It would be indeed astonishing if the working-class in a city like Paris, so proverbially associated with pleasure, had remained uninfluenced in these days by all the examples of self-indulgence set them by the rich and prodigal, and especially by the well-to-do middle class with whom they are more directly brought into contact—that *bourgeoisie* whom the native of Belleville and Montmartre has been taught from his childhood to regard as the most rapacious and selfish of mankind. If, then, the Paris artisan does not show the same courage and self-denial in striving to provide for the future as well as for the present as did the generation that has passed or is passing away, he must not be judged too harshly; for it is manifestly unjust and irrational to expect a man who has come into the world with few advantages to set a higher example of virtue than those about him who have been born with many. It is only fair to say this before proceeding to give reasons for stating that it is time for the legend of the frugal and temperate workman of Paris to be discarded.

The money that four out of every five Paris workmen spend upon themselves is out of all just proportion to the amount of their earnings, assuming that they have families to support. The labourer or journeyman mechanic who earns from five to seven francs a day considers that he has acquitted himself of his duty towards his family if he places from two to four francs to the common fund. It is true that he pays for the greater part of his food out of the money that he keeps back; but the fact remains that he spends an unfair proportion of it upon himself. His principal meal, which he takes out of doors, is of a much more sumptuous kind than that with which his wife and children are obliged to be contented. The wine shop is his restaurant. Those who give him credit for so much frugality would be not a little surprised if they were to see him at his midday meal. His soup, meat, vegetables, bread, wine, coffee, and small glass of *eau de vie* usually cost him little less than two francs. A man who earns seven francs a day thinks himself fully justified in spending two francs upon his lunch. Then there is the coffee, and often the *eau de vie* likewise, that he takes on his way to work in the morning, and the wine that he drinks between meals with friends at the zinc counter, at the workshop, or on the scaffolding where he is employed. Tobacco, too, and the sou spent on the "Intransigent" or some other paper should not be left out of the reckoning. In saying that he spends two francs and a half out of doors every day no risk is run of being suspected of straining facts in order to make out a case against him. This typical workman is not a drunkard—is still far from being one. The drunkard gives little or nothing out of his earnings to his family. Supposing, then, that the man who earns six francs takes home three and a half, he expects his wife to make provision out of this for his dinner and his clothing. What is left is obviously insufficient in Paris with the utmost economy to pay the rent and support a family, although there may not be more than two children. The theory, then, that the man should support his wife and children completely breaks down in the case of the Paris working-class. In homes where there is not absolute misery the woman almost invariably maintains herself, and not unfrequently her children as well. If she is not very industrious, or if she is incapacitated from work by physical causes, the wolf is very quickly at the door. It is she who is usually the mainstay of the home; it is her labour and self-denial, cutting and contriving, which make both ends meet.

A multitude of observers have noticed a vast difference in character between the Frenchman and the Frenchwoman. So little does this difference appear to be related to the common distinctions of sex, that it has often been said that in France the woman is the man and the man the woman. Making allowance for absurd exaggeration, there is something to support the paradox. It is the disposition of the average Frenchwoman to take life much more seriously than the average Frenchman; to realise and accept its obligations and duties in a nobler spirit of self-sacrifice and courageous endeavour. Women of perverse nature, and whom society

has spoilt, still represent but a small minority of their sex in France. The majority, of whom the world knows very little and cares to know little, because they belong to the humdrum level of humanity, are endowed with admirable qualities for fighting the battle of life. As married women, they fight this battle so well that in numberless instances their clearsightedness, economy, and energy have saved their families from ruin. Their capacity for business and every kind of industry suited to their physical strength has without doubt caused a great deal to be expected of them which they might have escaped had they been otherwise constituted. Thus the wives of small tradesmen very frequently do all the book-keeping in addition to their household duties; the wives of peasants work in the fields from sunrise to nightfall; and the wife of the mechanic, or town labourer, is expected to bring nearly as much money as himself to the house by dressmaking, artificial flower-making, charing, or some other occupation. But this is not all. It is upon his wife that the town workman relies when he is out of employment. In connection with certain trades men expect to be idle several weeks in the year. They then lounge about the streets most of the day, but cheer the family by their presence at meal-times. The women know that they must go on working, or their children will starve, therefore they continue somehow to find occupation. With all women solicitude for their children is the great incentive to exertion. The Paris workman often profits by this law of nature, and he would probably be worse off if he had no family. It is no rare thing for a French beggar to urge as a reason for helping him that he has no wife to rely upon when he is out of employment.

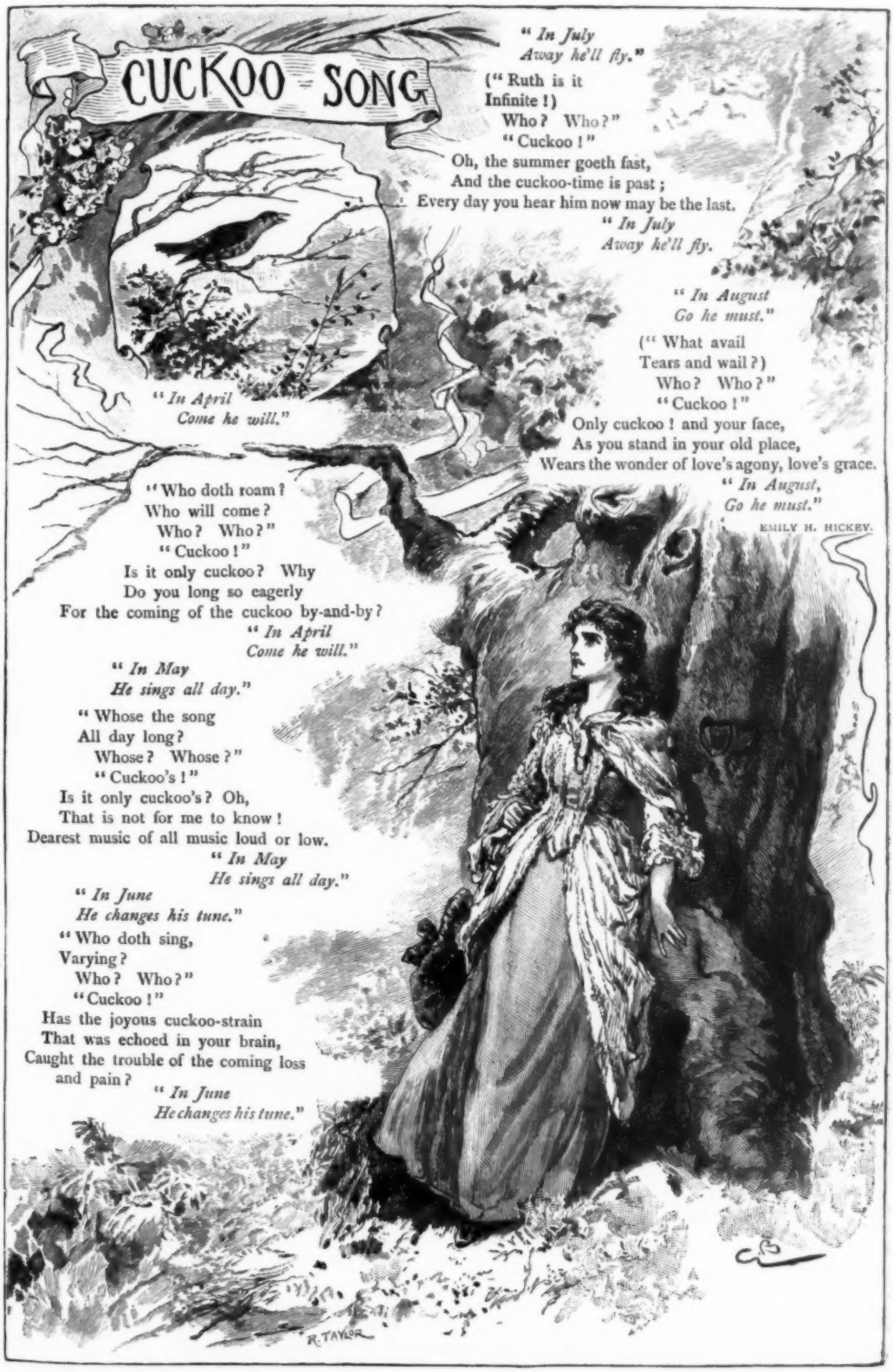
Children of the working-class in Paris suffer from the necessity which compels the women to leave their homes for so many hours in the day. Nevertheless, there is no lack of *crêches* or *asiles* for infants, or of free schools for older children. There are the communal schools, where the instruction is non-religious, with a tendency to be anti-religious, and there are the *Ecoles Libres*, supported by voluntary contributions, and managed by Christian Brothers and Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul. By far the greater number, however, of the children go to the communal schools, and if they obtain any religious teaching, it is at the price of giving up a portion of the Thursday holiday to attend catechism in the parish church. The children are naturally unwilling to do this, and very few would enter a church were it not for their mothers. The men are usually indifferent, when they are not actually opposed to religious instruction. In this matter, again, the woman in France shows a better perception of domestic duty than the man.

A very considerable proportion of the Paris workmen are not Parisians; they have been drawn to the capital from the provinces by the prospect or the hope of obtaining higher wages. International Exhibitions always attract large numbers, many of whom do not return to the provinces when the extraordinary need for their labour is passed, but help to swell the permanent population of the city. It is not necessary to be deep in social economy to perceive the evils which arise from this incessant movement of humanity towards a great centre. Men who from their childhood were almost as frugal as the ancient Scythians are said to have been, and who were not more discontented with their lot than the majority of mankind, under the influence of example in a large city, rapidly become Sybarites by comparison with their former selves. Fresh desires which they quickly learn to regard as needs grow in the imagination, and when, by satisfying them, they do injustice to others and feel it, they cast the blame on society. Let work or wages fail, all the signs of luxury and plenty around them are then so many incentives to violence, and it is only fear that keeps many from having recourse to this *ultima ratio*, which prompts every animal that wants something to take from another that has it.

EDWARD BARKER.



# CUCKOO-SONG



"*In April*
*Come he will.*"

"Who doth roam?
Who will come?
Who? Who?"
"Cuckoo!"
Is it only cuckoo? Why
Do you long so eagerly
For the coming of the cuckoo by-and-by?
"*In April*
*Come he will.*"

"*In May*
*He sings all day.*"

"Whose the song
All day long?
Whose? Whose?"
"Cuckoo's!"
Is it only cuckoo's? Oh,
That is not for me to know!
Dearest music of all music loud or low.
"*In May*
*He sings all day.*"

"*In June*
*He changes his tune.*"

"Who doth sing,
Varying?
Who? Who?"
"Cuckoo!"
Has the joyous cuckoo-strain
That was echoed in your brain,
Caught the trouble of the coming loss and pain?
"*In June*
*He changes his tune.*"

"*In July*
*Away he'll fly.*"
("Ruth is it
Infinite!)
Who? Who?"
"Cuckoo!"
Oh, the summer goeth fast,
And the cuckoo-time is past;
Every day you hear him now may be the last.
"*In July*
*Away he'll fly.*

"*In August*
*Go he must.*"
("What avail
Tears and wail?)
Who? Who?"
"Cuckoo!"
Only cuckoo! and your face,
As you stand in your old place,
Wears the wonder of love's agony, love's grace.
"*In August,*
*Go he must.*"

EMILY H. HICKEY.



# TOM CROOK.

"THAT settles it," said the captain; "out of this you don't stir to-night."

"That" was a savage body blow planted on the gable of the house by a furious gale, which, roaring and raving up the straits, was dealing out death and destruction to everything that came within its reach on land or water.

"My Mary will do all she can for your young lady. The old man and I will look arter you, colonel," went on the captain, flinging a log on the fire.

My daughter and I gladly accept the situation without any further ado. We were old campaigners, and had roughed it together for many years and in many climes. A soldier's lot had sent me pretty nearly over the world in my time, and my daughter, motherless from her birth, if she had not actually ridden on the baggage-waggon, had followed my lot wherever it might be cast from her earliest infancy.

This vagrant life had so grown upon us that when I left the service we never settled down anywhere. We were constantly on the move—so constantly that as the bird of passage is fain to rest its wearied wing on the rigging of the first ship's mast it meets with, so we two were fain at times, and often without premeditation or forethought, when worn out with ceaseless roamings, to drop into the nearest and quietest resting-place we could light on.

Thus it was with us now. We had been on the move incessantly for many months until we pined for a little rest and quiet, "far from the madding crowd," and found it unexpectedly in a retired little nook on the Menai Straits. Voluntary waifs and strays of humanity, we had dropped into it in the last days of October, when the tourist turmoil had subsided. Alpenstock, bicycle, break, waggonette, traps of every description had disappeared from the scene. The last excursion train of the season had puffed and screamed through the valleys, the last cheery toot of the coach horn had re-echoed from the hills, the last excursion steamer had flaunted its gay bunting on the Menai Straits. The holiday maker's carnival was over, and silence and solitude reigned undisturbed along the Snowdon ranges.

This was exactly what we wanted, and so we determined to nestle for the winter in the friendly seclusion of the everlasting hills, and for the last few weeks had been thoroughly enjoying ourselves in exploring the grand, and now unfrequented, scenery around us.

On our first ramble by the shore of the straits we had, on turning the corner of a wooded cliff, come upon a pretty cottage snuggling under it, and close by a little pier, to which a trading smack was moored.

A dark, seafaring-looking man was smoking in his shirt-sleeves at the open door, a large dog at his feet, which resented our intrusion so warmly as nearly to drive my daughter into fits. His owner hurried to her rescue, and in a few courteous words had reassured her and introduced himself.

He was our nearest neighbour. A sea-going captain, by name Owen Williams. This was his little crib, "The Haven," he called it, where he lived with his wife and her father when he was on shore. Would we come in and rest? The lady looked rather upset. Proud and glad to meet us. Hoped we should be friends.

And fast friends we became from that very moment. From the days of old there have been all sorts and conditions of sea-going skippers, differing widely in many respects no doubt, but still in popular estimation very much birds of a feather, with salient characteristics common to

them all. This has certainly held good time out of mind with the British salts. So much so, that, rightly or wrongly, public opinion will have it that they are all of one stamp, all formed in one mould, all running in one groove, all tarred with the same brush, all bluff old sea-dogs with nerves of iron and hearts of butter which they ever wear upon their sleeves. Open-handed, simple-minded, straightforward, jovial, boisterous, gusty, inveterately addicted to language loud and strong, to grog, tobacco, and interminable yarns.

Such for ages has been the typical, and happily for old England, in all essential particulars, the veritable seagoing British captain; and such in many respects was my particular skipper, Owen Williams—but not in all. Jovial and hospitable, candid and simple, and open-handed, he certainly was; but withal canny and cautious; soft-hearted but not soft-headed; sociable and humorous, and given to tobacco and endless yarns, but not to strong liquors or strong language. On his quarter-deck he might have been a very gusty "son of thunder"—and I suspect he could be on occasion—but on shore he cooed as softly as a turtle dove, and his voice and accent were singularly low and measured, and at times, especially with women, soft and musical—a contrast with his rough and sea-beaten exterior, which puzzled me at first, but on knowing him better I found him to be a man of many contrasts, which somehow blended harmoniously together in the end.

When I first met him I thought he had given up the sea for good, and had taken contentedly to a landsman's life. He had been so long on shore, one would have thought that he had no idea of ever going afloat again. Following his business in deep waters had prospered with him, and he had married money and gone in largely for ventures in mines, quarries, and such like, which occupied most of his time and seemed to engross all his thoughts. Yet all this time he was at heart a very son of Neptune, an old salt to the backbone, steeped through and through with sea-brine and tar, pining night and day for the hour when he could escape from the thraldom of earth to revel in the freedom of the boundless ocean, where he felt not only free but safe.

"I feel like a bird in a cage, colonel, on land," he would say. "I have never had a night's rest on shore since first I went to sea, a boy of seven, with my father. No sleep for me since then except with the roll of the waves to rock me. I must be off to sea soon again, or go crazy. Would have gone long ago but for Mary, who can't abide the sea, and that," he muttered in a lower tone as he turned away, "I am waiting for a sign."

I was considerably puzzled as to what he meant, but before long I got an insight into much that explained what seemed so peculiar and contradictory in his disposition.

One day, while we were fishing with long lines in the straits, and had toiled all day and caught nothing, I said to him—

"Well, after all, sea life at times must be dreary and tedious. I know I have found it dull enough now and then, even on a troopship, with lots of pleasant fellows on board; and you must have found it wretchedly slow in your lonely cabin on a long voyage, especially at nights."

"Colonel," he replied, "I have never felt lonely at sea, for I have never been alone. He who said, 'I will never leave thee,' has been faithful to His word. I want no more."

I saw he meant every word he said, and respected and liked him more than ever; but I felt out of my depth, and taken somewhat aback by the turn the conversation had taken, and was relieved to find that the captain did not pursue the subject, and without further comment began to haul up our lines.

But these few words threw a new light on his character, and made me understand more clearly what manner of man he was.

And as time wore on, and we became better acquainted, I began by degrees to form some idea as to what that something was which kept him so long on shore.

Sprung from a stock of Welsh seafaring Puritans of the strictest sect, he had from his earliest childhood been imbued with their doctrines and principles, on which he had been spoon-fed in his cradle, and with which all his mental nourishment had been saturated ever since. They had guided and governed every thought and action of his career. Next to the Book which was the guiding star of his life, and which he knew from cover to cover, he loved to pore over and dilate on the treatises, disquisitions, and commentaries of the shining lights of his people. Night after night for many long years had they beguiled the tedium of the night watches and of his solitary cabin, until his mind had become absolutely leavened by them; and many a time after I came to know him, when on a ramble or excursion, or in the midst of a yarn, would he suddenly fly off into rhapsodies and endless quotations from the disquisitions of some favourite Gamaliel. Yet no man was less aggressively dogmatic. He certainly loved dearly to discuss a knotty point or doctrine, but even then I always felt that he was discussing the point more with himself than with me; and he would frequently lose sight of my presence altogether, and pour out the overflow of his heart to the heavens above and the seas around him, as had been his wont year after year, day after day, night after night, in the enforced loneliness of his seafaring life.

Such was Owen Williams as I found him. A strange blend of the ocean and the conventicle.

His wife was like and unlike him. A painful episode in her life, connected with an only and dearly-loved sister—to which the captain had once, in explanation of an unusual fit of depression on her part, mistily alluded, as if he were but imperfectly acquainted with the particulars—had woven a strand of melancholy into the otherwise calm and even fabric of her lot. She was as much under the influence of religious convictions as he was, but she allowed her private sorrow to invest them with gloom. The beliefs that mellowed his life depressed hers. He took life at its best, and its pleasures genially. She took life at its worst, and its pleasures very sadly,

reproaching herself for worldliness on the rare occasions on which she took them even sadly. But the captain and she hit it off capitally together, which was small wonder, as they had many excellent traits in common, and if her disposition was less genial than his, her heart was just as large and kind, as we had good reason to know after very short acquaintance with her.

I was rather at a loss to account for the origin and intensity of her religious convictions; probably it was to be accounted for on the principle that, "As the husband is the wife is"—but, be that as it may, I feel pretty certain that her jovial old father had not much if anything to say to them. That Ancient Briton, stalwart and erect despite his fourscore years, with his twinkling eye, his ruddy countenance and moist lip, gave me the idea of one who troubled his head very little about such matters.

Such were our companions round the captain's fireside on that stormy night.

The morning, though well on in November, had been so temptingly light and calm that we had ventured on a sail with the captain out into the bay beyond the bar. It was an exceptionally lovely morning. Under a cloudless sky the rugged mountains of the Welsh coast were basking in a St. Martin's summer sun. The glistening bay rippled with a light breeze deliciously fresh and briny. Far out to sea on the western horizon an Atlantic liner or two—close into shore a few coasting schooners creeping in and out the straits—a bevy of dingy fishing smacks prowling over the bay, with a dapper little yacht strutting and pirouetting and saucily flaunting its white plumage in and out amongst them—"so shows a snowy dove trooping with crows"—all combined to make a charming picture which we enjoyed immensely, and would have lingered over until sunset but for a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand which suddenly appeared to windward, and rapidly spreading over and obliterating the horizon, brought up a stiff breeze and rolling sea.

The captain lost no time in bearing up for home, and not a moment too soon. Before we could cross the bar the wind had risen to a gale, and we were evidently in for dirty weather.

All the vessels within sight were like ourselves scudding for shelter, except the little yacht which still kept knocking about the bay despite a warning shout from the captain as we passed her, to shorten sail and bear up for harbour. If the shout was heard it was not heeded, and when last we saw the yacht she was still in the bay defiantly struggling with the gale.

Under the skilful pilotage of the captain it was not long before we were landed safe and sound at his little quay, just in time to escape a furious outburst of the galé and a drenching downpour of rain; and right glad were we of the friendly shelter of the captain's haven, where for some hours we waited (but in vain) the lulling of the storm. Louder and fiercer it rose as night came on, and when the captain declared, "Out of this you do not stir to-night," so appalling was the weather we did not make the slightest attempt to decline his peremptory hospitality.

And so it came to pass that we found ourselves ensconced before a blazing fire in the captain's best kitchen on that memorable night.

What a cosy nook it was!

The ceiling low and panelled, the furniture massive oak, the tiled floor covered with rugs and skins, the mantel-board above the blazing fire gleaming with copper kettles and pans, on each side the hearth an oaken arm-chair, against the opposite wall and facing the fire a high-backed settle softly cushioned.

Let the storm rave and howl outside! What care we, so snugly sheltered in the captain's haven?

The old man occupies one arm-chair by the fire. I face him in the other. My daughter and Mrs. Williams exchange whispered confidences on the settle. The captain takes up his position on the hearth-rug. For it is the captain's watch, and the hearth-rug is his quarter-deck, up and down which he paces with measured roll.

Having surveyed his craft and crew, and satisfied himself that everything is taut and shipshape, he casts his eye to windward, and after peering long and fixedly over our heads, and, as it were, into the far horizon, mutters dreamily, "As I war er saying, colonel, there are three Crooks in the lot."

"Captain!" cries my daughter, as if she had not heard him, "is it not the fashion on board ship to spin yarns by the galley fire? You have been everywhere—all over the world, and I am longing for a yarn from you by your own galley fire."

Her intervention reminded me that all day long the captain had been so wrapt up in his own reveries I could not get a joke or a yarn from him. When I met him in the morning I saw at once that some one of his spiritual guides, with whom he had been conversing in the night watches, had taken complete possession of him. He had the absent air and far-off look peculiar to him on such occasions.

My daughter indeed, whose devoted slave he was, and who treated his reveries with very scanty respect, had been more successful.

While sailing down the straits (the captain in the clouds) we had come upon a very picturesque cottage almost on the water's edge, and absolutely smothered in creepers which twined and clustered over walls and thatched roof and chimney tops in all the gorgeous splendour of their autumnal tintings. There was no garden in front, for the wavelets almost lapped against the low parapet which guarded the cottage from the tide; but the open casement windows, and an exquisitely trim parterre on the rising slope behind the house, were crowded with autumn flowers of every hue. A lovely little picture! A perfect bouquet decking the sunlit shore.

"Oh, what a little paradise!" exclaimed my daughter, clapping her hands excitedly. "What a sweet spot! Just the very spot where I could

live content for all my life," and she touched the captain lightly on his arm to arouse his attention.

Jack, pursued by the giant, never descended his beanstalk more rapidly than the captain descended from cloudland at that touch.

"Waal! sweets to the sweet, dear lady," replied the captain, gallantly. "I guess there would not be many sweeter blossoms there nor yourels, an' if you war there I feel sartain that a chap I knewed who lived yonder onc't wouldn't ha' been in such a hurry to quit it as he war."

And the captain chuckled and shrugged his shoulders and nodded his head towards the cottage, and then suddenly pulled himself up short and cast his eyes around, in a dreamy way, as if looking for a beanstalk by which to re-ascend to cloudland; but my daughter was too quick for him.

"Now, captain," she cried, "this is too bad! There is something tickling you, and you want to keep it all to yourself. Do tell us why your friend ran away from that little Eden."

"Waal!" replied the captain, relinquishing for the moment his ascent to cloudland, "it war this way it came to pass.

"A good spell back, when I war a-followin' the sea, an old chap and his old woman lived yonder with their darter, their on'y child, a comely black-eyed merry lass, an' Rachel war her name. They live thar yet, but the old folk has well-nigh put in their time. The old man had been a gardener in his day, and had put by a tidy bit of money and retired, an' spent all his time a titivatin' on that little spot; an' precious trim he kep' it, he did; just as you see it now. Waal! in coorse of time two young fellows, brothers from furrin parts—somewhere about Birmingham way—were took on at the foundry works, Carnarvon, and afore long picked up acquaintance with old Bill the gardener's darter. Anyhow, the elder brother lost no time in makin' up to the gal, an' keepin' company with her, an' to cut the yarn short, he married her an' come to live with the old people, an' them's his children as you sees a playin' afore the door there now."

We were tacking down the straits against a gentle south-wester, and had ample opportunity of surveying the cottage from every point of view.

"Waal! t'other brother—Dick was his name—got precious lonely a stoppin' by himself with strangers in the town, an' as he war a pleasant easy-going chap, old Bill's old woman made room for him somehow in the cottage, an' they all put up together an' pulled together very harmonious, though he war a bit too lively for old Bill. Better company I'd never ax to meet than them two chaps. Waal! it were drawin' nigh Christmas time, and the young fellows about the town used to be a meetin' at their Christmas clubs an' carryin' on all sorts of games at night, an' Dick war in the thick of it all. There war no lark ever heard on that he war not up to. So night after night he war a-knockin' about the town with the lads, an a-comin' back at all hours. Rachel used to let him in, an' always had something nice an' comfortin' for him by the fire when he comed in cold or wet; but old Bill didn't fancy bein' roused out of his sleep at sech hours, an' he cut up awful rough, an', says he, one night to Dick as he war a startin' out,

"'Look here, youngster,' says he, 'I don't like yer larks, I don't—disturbin' quiet folks at all hours of night; an' I'll have no pettin' or humourin' on yer no longer, I won't. Not a bit or sup will yer get in this house till yer mend yer ways; so go forage for yerself,' says he.

"Waal! Dick bangs the door an' goes off a whistlin', an' doesn't come back till nigh one in the mornin'. Rachel let him in, but darnt give him nothin'; but she had kep' a bit of fire in the kitchen grate to smoke a pipe by. That war all he wanted, an' when she had slipped up to bed he shut the doors all quiet like, an', grinnin' to himself, pulled out of his pocket a pound and a-half of beefsteak, a tuppenny loaf, an' an inion, an' begun to make up the fire. 'I hav' done old Skinflint this time,' he sniggered, as he put the steak on the pan and began rubbing his hands over the fire; for though a quiet night, it was sharp, with a frosty full moon. Waal! the cookin' went on fine, an' Dick war a-turnin' the steak, when all of a sudden he heerd a knock at the door behind him; a heavy knock it war—a single knock an' no more. Dick thought at first it might be the wind, an' he listened, but there war no wind to talk of. An' he war dazed to guess whatever it could be. When sudden the thought struck him it must be some of the lads who had seen him a buyin' the steak, an' come for a lark to share the supper.

"'Not if I know it,' says Dick to hisself; 'there's little enough for one,' an' he begins a slicing the inion into the pan, an' it was jest a frizzlin' grand when bang! came the knock again, an' this time it was heavier, an' as if someone war a shovin' as well as a knockin'. 'Ah!' says Dick over his shoulder 'yer smelt it, did yer? Yaas, it *is* fine, lads! but that's all yer 'ill get on it, if yer war to knock till mornin'.' An' he gev the steak its last turn, an' war a stoopin' for a plate to put it on, when he felt somethin' cold a tricklin' on his ankles, an' on lookin' down—my word! if he war not standin' over his shoes in water.

"'Here's a go,' says Dick to hisself. 'If that rotten old water barrel in the back kitchen ain't gone and busted itself. I knewed it would one of them frosty nights; but I ain't a-goin' to be done out of my supper by it,' says Dick. So he claps the steak on the table, an' tucks his legs under him on the cheer, an' sets to; but he had not got through the second mouthful when bang came the knock again, and heavier this time.

"'Come, now, leg it, you chaps,' called out Dick as loud as he dare, for he thought they war a-carryin' the joke too far. 'There's nuttin' here for yer, an' if you wake old Skinflint upstairs it will be worserer for yer, I can tell yer,' an' he set to again at the steak; but afore he could put a bit to his mouth there war that thump again at the door, heavier nor ever; an' in a moment after the table afore him riz off its legs and went a sailin' about the room, an' Dick were up to his waist in water before he could look about him. He knewed

fast enough now what war up, an' that it was the spring tide that had kep' knockin' at the door all along, an' war now a pourin' in under it so unceremonious like.

"Sich a tide don't come every day, dear lady, or that 'ere little Eden wouldn't be a-smilin' there now. No! there hadn't been the like for more nor thirty year afore, nor ever since; an' Dick an' his brother had all their work cut out that night. Thar war no stoppin' the water or keepin' it out, an' it rose so high in the house they had at last to cut a hole in the thatch an' get the old people an' the baby an' Rachel through it on to the chimneys of the house, where they perched like jackdaws till the tide fell, an' Dick an' his brother had got things somewhat ship-shape below.

"'Yaas! it war a rough night,' said Dick, when he told me the yarn next day; 'but the old man was far rougher than the night, for he would ha' it, ungrateful like, that I let the tide into the house a-comin' home so late. I'm a-done with him an' his house! I ain't a-goin' to live the life of a water-rat no longer with old Skinflint, I ain't!' says Dick, mighty hot.

"'An' where beist thou bound for, lad?' says I. I seed he had a dangerous sparkle in his eye an' a bundle on his arm.

"'I don't know an' I don't care' says he.

"'Nay, my lad!' says I. 'Come along with me; I'm a-goin' afloat this arternoon.'

"An' he comed.

"He be a second engineer on a Clyde steamer now, he be."

A long pause; and then very reflectively and slowly—

"Yaas!" (The captain's foot is on the beanstalk.) "He—is—a—second—engineer." (The captain is steadily ascending.) "On boord—a—Clyde—steamer." (The captain disappears into cloudland, and there is no getting him back for the rest of the trip.)

Even after the weather broke he was under the spell; and on my giving utterance to a hasty expression of annoyance at having our day's pleasuring knocked on the head, he turned on me moodily, and said—

"Stow them hasty words, colonel! There is no use a-flyin' out. There be Crooks in every lot—a triple Crook, as saintly Thomas Boston—"

Here a heavy squall nearly sent us on our beam ends, and woke the old sea-dog up, and I, in my lack of sympathy, hoped it had disposed of Thomas Boston and his triple Crook, when to my dismay he cropped up again to start the jocularity of this evening.

The captain now, as he stood before the fire, turned slowly to my daughter as she spoke, and having telescopically surveyed her along the stem of his pipe to make sure of her identity, said—

"I never decline honour, dear lady; an' it is al'ays an honour to be asked to spin a yarn by you; all the more when it seemed as if my thoughts were far away from you all, though they wasn't. Excuse an old salt; we old mariners have but bad manners; an' yet this here Crook in the Lot on which I was musin' 'minds me of a yarn which, on sich a night as this, is ever nigh my thoughts, an' which I will try and tell you as well as I know how.

"When I last went to sea years ago," began the captain, "I set sail from Glasgow in the brig Mary, of which I was captain and owner. She war a spick span new vessel of 550 tons, built on the Clyde for myself, an' called after my good wife there. She war freighted with notions, as the Yankees call 'em, an' bound for the West Indies to bring home a cargo of sugar. We had slipped down the Channel afore a fair breeze, an' war nearly abreast the Hook Lighthouse, when I heered a hubbub for'ard, an' presently the second mate appeared, haulin' a little curly-headed urchin by the collar.

"'Another of them stowaways,' said the mate, an' he shook him an' laid him on the deck afore me as a terrier would a rat. 'Lucky we hadn't cleared the Channel. Suppose you will bear up for Waterford, an' chuck the young varmint out there?'

"I had almost replied, 'Bear up,' for I had had bother enough in my time already with stowaways. The banks of the Clyde bred 'em in swarms, an' worserer swarms never war bred—no, not on the banks of the Nile; but before I could speak the little chap had picked hisself up, come right up to me, slipped his hand into mine, an' looked me straight in the face without a word or a whimper.

"I don't know how it war, but what could I do with that little trustful hand in mine? Then he war sich a tiny scrap—barely eight years old to look at, though he war nearer ten, with fair curly hair an' great blue eyes that grew largerer an' bluerer the longer they looked at you, as my Mary's there do, only hers are black."

(Was it fancy or did I see Mary wince, and hear her murmur "Gwennie's eyes"?)

"Yaas! I think it war the eyes that did it; but anyhow I gev the word to the mate, 'Leave the lad to me, an' hold on your course.'

"Waal! my watch is wearin on, an' will be over afore this yarn if I do not hurry with it. So, no matter why—p'r'aps couldn't tell if I wished—but from that moment my heart went out to the little lad, an' I took him to myself. I could not abear to leave him in the fo'castle, so I slung a little hammock for him in my own cabin, an', as the Scriptur' says, 'he did eat of my own meat an' drink of my own cup, an' was unto me as a son.' Poor lad! It war the only fatherly care he had ever known.

"As far as he could or would tell it (for he would not tell all even to me), his was a pitiful lot. He had never known or heerd of his father. Seemed not to know what a father was, and could tell but little of his early days. He only knew that his mother had been everything to him. If he knew his full name he kep' it to himself. His own name was Tom, an' nothin more. He could not tell where he was born, or where he had passed his early days. Since he could remember, mother an' he war al'ays on the move, an' at first, wherever they went, thar wos barracks, an' soldiers, an' bands of music, an' they were happy—least-

ways, they had good clothes, nice places to be in, an' plenty to eat. But that didn't last very long. An' then come bad times, getting worserer an' worserer every day; less food, less clothes, and worse lodgin'—until at last, cold an' hunger an' almost starvation in a garret. Except that his mother cried more an' more, an' got thinner an' paler every day, he would say nuthin' about her when it come to this. As for him, he used to pick up what he could by chalkin' picturs on the pavements in a sort of a way. Lighthouses an' boats an' sech like. His mother taught him, an' used to take him to some likely corner of a mornin', an' call for him in the arternoon, an' sometimes not till late at night. No! he never begged or stole—an' then the blue eyes spread out so as he fixed 'em fearless like on mine.

"At last one evenin' she failed to pick him up as usual, an' on comin' back late to his garret alone, he found it full of people, an' on the bed his mother, cold an' wet an' dead. They told him she had fallen into the river. God help him! But let me hurry over this sad part of my yarn. He never left her side until she war tumbled carelessly into her grave. He lay on her grave all that night, an' wandered to the quays in the mornin' cold an' famished, an' somehow smuggled himself into the hold of my ship.

"That war all I could get out of him, an' hard job it war to get that much, he war that close about the past; but as to all else, as open an' jovial a little chap as I ever see, an' as active an' mischievous as a young monkey. He war no time in gettin' his sea-legs, an', my heart! how he could scamper like lightnin' up the riggin', an' out on to the yard-arms, an' drop down by any backstay or brace he could lay hand on—ay! in any weather or in the roughest sea.

"He war always up to larks with the crew an' a-playin' tricks of all sorts on 'em. Scot free too! The smartest on 'em never could pay him off. He war through their fingers, an' up the ratlins, an' out on the to'gallant sail yard, an' down a backstay an' into my cabin afore the best on 'em war half-way up the riggin'. But the grumpiest on us never bore him a grudge or kep' it in for him. How could we? Sech a jovial little fellow! an' as harmless as a babby. Never see'd sech a innocent chap afore. An' to be picked up off the streets of Glasgow, too! I war never done admiring how he could be that ignorant an' that innocent. P'r'aps it war because no sun had ever shone on his mind that it had never opened out like, an' war still a babby blossom, that he knewed so little bad or good. Be that as it may, the good an' the evil of this world had run off his mind like water off a duck's back. He had, an' I'm glad on it, no more mind than a babby when he come aboord my ship, but he had a lovin' heart, an' I felt eager to larn him all I could. But that war no easy matter. Some things he'd pick up handy enough. He larned all about the ship an' the workin' on her surprisin' quick, an' war never tired of helpin' a-mendin' sails an' splicin' ropes, an' workin' with the ship's carpenter; but book-larning he couldn't take in. I tried hard to larn him, an' he tried hard to take in what I larned him; but he didn't get any forrarder. I felt sure he had idayes right enough if I could only get at 'em an' wake 'em up, but I couldn't. He larned to read a bit arter a while, but he took no meanin' out of what he read and didn't want to. 'What use war all this book-work?' he wanted to know. 'It won't warm me if I'm cold, or give me a bit to eat if I'm hungry, or make me well if I'm sick. It only keeps me from workin' or playin' with the men. If it warn't that it would vex you, cap'n, I'd sling every book in the ship overboard.'

"No, I couldn't make him understand that it was good for him. He could not see that, but he did see how hard I tried to get him on, an' he worked as hard as he could jest to please me.

"Of course on boord ship I had no books to take a child's fancy; but thar war one book, which next to The Book had been my comfort an' guide for many a year, a little book called 'The Crook in the Lot.' It had soothed many an anxious hour an' brightened many a dreary one for me; but it war too deep for the lad—too deep for any lad—an' yet it war at last the on'y book he would larn out of. He seen me a-readin' on it night arter night in my cabin.

"'Larn me out of "The Crook," cap'n,' said the little chap, 'out of your own book. If ever I find larning, I'll find it thar or nowhere.'

"Waal! he took to that book, an' he stuck to that book like a leech, an' in time he got to spell the words out an' read 'em pretty pat; but the meanin' war too much for him. After a time I tried to explain the comfortin' words, but he couldn't take 'em in. Still he never gev up. He *would* master the cap'n's book. He al'ays carried it about with him, an' would tackle to it, an' have a tussle with it many a time in the day, whenever he could find a spare moment or a quiet corner below or aloft. The sailors used to poke their fun at him when they see him a-settin'-to with that 'ere book, an' tearin' his curly poll over it.

"'Waal, Tom!' I heerd one of 'em say, 'hast thou straightened that 'ere crook yet?'

"'No; never see'd the like, nor you neither. Why, there are three crooks in 'em, an' while I'm a straightenin' one t'other two get crooked again. There's no straightenin' on 'em,' says the little chap; an' then he laughed and made believe to punch the book with his fist, but he didn't. He put it away careful inside his jarsey, and was off for a skylark with the man.

"No, he never gev that book up, an' it war all along to show his gratitude to me. Every man aboard knewed that, and took more kindly to him for it, for all their jeerin' at him. Why, when they entered his name as Tom Crook in the ship's books they had no malice in it, not a bit. It war more their way of showin' their likin' for the poor chap, who stuck to work he didn't care for or understand, all along of his love for me; an' they chaired the little lad on their shoulders round the deck, an' drank his health in a ration of grog which war served out to 'em on the occasion.

"He was as pleased with the name as they wos, an' as proud as a paycock when he was able to scrawl 'Tom Crook' on the bows of that same book. Yaas! Tom Crook he war from that time

out, and Tom Crook he will be evermore to me. Poor lad!"

And then the captain comes to a dead stop, and takes a long far-off look to windward beyond us.

"Waal!" resumed the captain, smothering a sigh (he had swept the far horizon in vain), "all this time the good ship was a sailin' on, an' without mishap we had reached our outward-bound port, discharged our Glasgow cargo, shipped our cargo of sugar, and were homeward bound. Our return v'yage war what you might call a fair average—nothin' to brag of an' nothin' to snarl about; sometimes layin' our course, an' sometimes boguing to windward, but on the whole we done fairly till we sighted the Fastnet, which p'r'aps you know is where most homeward-bound vessels tries to make their landfall. Waal! we made the Fastnet right enough, an' laid a course along the land to the eastward; but we wasn't able to lie it, for the wind war a reg'lar muzzler. It had looked greasy to windward all day, too; an' comin' on flood, it began to blow hard with an ugly sea gettin' up. So we snugged the good ship close down, flattened in our sheets an' sailed her full an' by. By the time the night fell it were blowin' a whole gale—so much so that I says to the mate,

"'If this here goes on we shall have to heave her to.'

"I wish with all my soul I had. Many a hearty fellow would have saved the number of his mess, and two good little vessels would have been still at the top of the water instead of the bottom. But it was ruled otherwise. So we kep' joggin' her off, sailin' her as fine as we could without shakin', the weather being as thick as a hedge an' the night as black as a wolf's mouth.

"Now you see, dear lady, I tell you (for of course the colonel knows all about it), the rule of the road at sea for vessels on a wind, as we was, is this: vessels sailin' close-hauled on the port tack must give way to those on the starboard; or, to put it in 'longshore lingo, them that have the wind on the left of the steersman should pass astarn of them who have it on the right. If an accident occurs from neglect of this here rule the blame lies with the ship with the wind on its port, or left side, for trying to pass ahead when they didn't ought to. Waal! havin' made a good offing, it was ''bout-ship!' an' away we stood for the land on the starboard tack, our lights burning clear, an' the look-out thar forrard skinning his eyes in search of vessels.

"All at once he sings out, 'Green light on the port bow!' an' there it war, sure enough, headin' straight for us! Now, you see, had it been a red light the man obsarved on our port bow we'd no call to take any notice of him, for, as the rhyme goes,

> 'Green to green and red to red,
> Perfect safety—go ahead!'

But bein' red on green, an' we bein' on the starboard tack, it war our business to hold on, an' his to bear away under our starn. Waal, whatever war the cause—an' no one will ever know that till judgment day—whether their look-out war drunk or asleep, or whether there war nary look-out at all, never a spoke that there ship's steersman put over, but held on as if he had the whole sea to himself. Even had she seen us when we seen her there war none too much time for her to bear away an' get clear of us, the night bein' so dark an' thick. As it was, she was bound to foul us. We done all we could. We shouted, but in that gale of wind I doubt if we were heard. We ported our helm hard over, throwin' the ship's head right up into the wind, an' if he had starboarded at the same time, even then we might have scraped through. But no, on she came! Her bow an' a good part of her length passed clear ahead of us, an' then we came right plump on her lee-quarter, crashin' an' smashin' everything afore us like a walnut under a lemon. That woke her up, you bet, though it war on'y for a few minutes afore they were all gone to their last, long sleep! All was confusion, of course, an' we had enough to do to think of ourselves. We backed the main-yard an' got clear of her, an' she drifted one way an' we another, an' a few minutes later one of our hands, who had been keeping his eye on her lights, seeing them suddenly disappear, sings out, 'God help 'em! She's gone down all standing!'

"Waal, we wasn't in much better case, for when I gave orders to see what water we wos makin', it war found that there war fifty inches in the well, an' gainin' fast. Both pumps were set to work, but the water gained on us, an' finding that we could not keep the ship afloat, I ordered the boats to be lowered.

"The storm had somewhat abated, but the sea was a runnin' mountains high, an' the first boat that war lowered wos stove in by the waves. The second boat, however, war lowered all right, an' the crew succeeded to get into it in safety. But I refused to join them, fearin' the boat would be overloaded in such a heavy sea. I had given orders to lower the boy down first, an' in the darkness thought it had been done; but just as the boat war a-sheerin' off I felt a something a-clutchin' to my legs, and there war the lad a-clingin' to me an' refusin' to leave me! I had no time to argufy with him, there war on'y one chance for the lad. I tore his clutch away, tied a rope round him, yelled to the boat's crew, 'Look out for Tom!' an' flung him as far towards 'em as I could into the sea. Marcifully the clouds parted for a moment, an' the crew saw the lad an' hauled him safely into the boat.

"Peerin' over the ship's side, I saw him dash the water from his eyes when they got him in, an turnin' towards the ship he beckoned wildly to me to follow him. But it could not be. The crew war a-pullin' for their lives from the sinkin' ship, an' the mate, who war steerin', wos a-pushin' him down, when he shook himself free, pulled the little book out of his breast, waved it towards me an' kissed it.

"The darkness closed over them, an' I saw him no more. Never again, never again!"

"And you," burst in my daughter impetuously—"what of your noble self?"

"You do not understand these things, dear lady," he replied quietly; "the captain always is the last to leave his ship. I only done what many

a ship's captain has done afore who never lived, as I have, to tell the tale. Besides, I had my chance, though a poor one, of bein' picked up by some ship a-passin' up or down the Channel. An' I warn't a-goin' to lose the chance. So as the ship could not remain afloat much longer, I made a kind of raft out of a life-buoy and three cork fenders lashed to a ladder, an' fastenin' myself slack to this raft with a gasett, just as the vessel war risin' dead to the sea an' fast settlin' down, I dropped down over the weather-quarter an' pushed off from her, an' half an hour arter, just at daybreak, I seen her make a lee lurch an' then go down head foremost. Shortly arterwards I spied a ship in the distance, but I could fly no signal of distress, an' she passed me unnoticed, an' I remained drifting on my raft without sighting another sail until late in the arternoon, when, by the Lord's marcy, a homeward-bound steamer picked me up well-nigh spent, and landed me in Queenstown.

"I have never been afloat since then. That wreck, that rescue, war the Lord's sign to me. I have felt it was His will that I should abide on shore a time. I am waiting [surely there was *longing* in the tone] for the sign to go afloat again. An' it WILL come in His good time."

He turned and paced his quarter-deck moodily.

"Avast there, captain! I believe that is a nautical term," I interposed, ungratefully ignoring the pressing attentions of the Ancient Briton, whose presence, indeed, I had well-nigh overlooked. "Avast there! and let me cut into the yarn for a moment. Some few years ago I was quartered in the south of Ireland, and ran down one day from Limerick to see an old friend, a civil engineer, who was carrying out the embankment of some slob lands on the banks of the River Fergus. He took me over the works during the men's dinner hour, and we had almost got to the farther end of the tramway which ran along the top of the embankment, when we came across a young lad sitting on a trolly and poring over a book."

The captain cocks his ear and pulls up short on the quarter-deck.

"I thought it strange that he should be there all by himself, and said so to my friend.

"'Well, it is strange,' he replied; 'but then he is a strange lad. No one here knows who he is or where he comes from. He turned up here one morning about six months ago and asked for work, and though he looked rather too young and small he favourably impressed me, and I took him on. I found that he had a mechanical turn, and I put him to platelaying on the tramway, and a right good boy he has turned out. The clerk of the works says he is the smartest and steadiest lad he has, and able to do more than one would at first think possible, for though he only looks twelve years old, he is nearly sixteen, as far as we can make out. He is an active, merry little fellow, but keeps a good deal to himself, and I often find him, as he is now, poring over that little book which he always carries about with him. I don't know what it is; he never says anything about it —or, indeed, about himself. He is very reticent, and all we can get out of him is that his name is Tom, and that he has been on the tramp all over the world as long as he can remember.'"

The captain slaps his thigh, and stares at me with all his might.

"I, too, had been on the tramp all my life, and felt a fellow-feeling for the little vagrant, and went over to him and said a few kindly words. He rose as I approached him, and saluted respectfully. A well-built, healthy-looking lad, but, if sixteen, very small for his age, with light curly hair, bronzed face, and large blue eyes—very honest eyes.

"'You seem fond of reading,' said I, pointing to the book.

"'Not very, sir,' he replied, with a smile, 'but I am fond of this book; it was given me by a sea captain with whom I once sailed, and who lost his own life to save mine. I will stick to this book while I live.'"

"Tom! it is Tom!" roared the captain from his quarter-deck.

He had to roar to keep from breaking down. He was trembling all over with excitement, as was his wife. She had started up from the settle and was leaning on her elbows over the table.

"Waal, colonel!" pants the captain, hoarsely; "what more?"

"Very little, for just then the bell rang to resume work, and with a friendly good-bye we parted."

"I'll make sail for that 'ere Fargus in the mornin'!" shouts the captain, banging the table with his fist.

"I fear it would be no use, my good friend," I reply, as gently as I can. "I heard since that the whole embankment had been carried away by a furious storm and the works abandoned. It would be merely a wild-goose chase to try and trace the lad there. Besides, who can tell if the boy were your Tom? It might only have been a coincidence after all."

The light went out of the captain's face. He thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, turned on his quarter-deck, and gazed vacantly and sadly over our heads into the far-away horizon.

His wife fell back on the settle and covered her face with her hands, and but for the raging storm outside, which was growing louder and fiercer every moment, all was awkwardly still.

Suddenly the Ancient Briton bounded to his feet, and with his hand to his ear stood listening anxiously for a moment; then, with a hurried shout to the captain, rushed bareheaded out of the door, and in a minute afterwards I heard the toll of the large bell at the gable of the house mingling with the fearful howling of the gale.

"There it is again!" cried the captain, whose hand was also to his ear. "The old man was right."

We all heard it this time—a piercing cry for help that rose high above the gale.

"Mary, rouse everyone! Light up every window. The light and bell may guide them to the shore! Colonel, come along with me!"

In a few moments we found ourselves struggling with the storm upon the beach. The night was

pitchy dark, and the roar of the wind and waves deafening. The tolling of the bell gathered some neighbouring fishermen, who, under the orders of the captain (cool as a cucumber), were doing all that could be done under the circumstances. That was not much. To launch a boat was impossible, and there were no life-saving appliances within reach.

The tempest was at its height; the night was too dark, the spray too blinding, to see across the straits. The ill-fated vessel, whatever she might be, fired no guns, burned no blue lights, and we could only judge of her whereabouts by the despairing cry that every now and then came across the raging sea—a cry, a single cry, the same cry, as if all but one were lost.

"I dread that foolhardy yacht has blundered in the straits and capsized! I seen she war badly handled in the bay. What brought such a cockle-shell here at this time of the year?" growled the captain in my ear.

We could do nothing but scour up and down the beach with lanterns and coils of rope—the captain, always in the van, right in amongst the boiling surf, peering across the raging waves, and shouting cheerily through his speaking-trumpet in answer to that cry of despair. The old man stuck manfully by the bell, which never ceased to toll. And so the night wore on, the storm raging higher and louder; the cry for help growing feebler and less frequent. At last it ceased. The wind, the waves, the bell, the captain's cheery shout across the waves were all that could be heard, and I had almost lost all hope, when the captain suddenly, with a cry in Welsh to the men, flung his lantern aside and dashed into the sea.

By the light of our lanterns we could see him breasting the surf and clutching at some dark object that was tossing on its crest. We floundered in after him, and just as he was disappearing on a receding wave flung a rope over him, which he managed to hang on by until we hauled him in, nearly exhausted, but clasping firmly the body of a lad with a lifebelt round his waist.

I was stooping down to pick him up when I was shouldered away by the Ancient Briton, who lifted up the lad as easily as he would a bit of seaweed, and carrying him into the house laid him before the kitchen fire.

There he lay insensible, in spite of every effort to reanimate him. A fair-haired lad of about twenty, in a sailor's dress, with the word 'Lily' on his jersey.

"As I thought," muttered the captain, "a hand on that unlucky yacht." He was gazing steadfastly on the still face, and feeling with his hand for a beat of the heart.

Thank God! it was beating at last—faintly, but surely beating—and beating against something which the captain drew out of the lad's jersey: a little shabby battered book, saturated with sea-water, and dropping to pieces from hard usage; but a pearl of great price in the captain's eyes. He knew it at a glance, and flung himself on his knees by the side of the sailor-boy.

"Tom! my lad, my lad!" he gasped, as he passed his hands through the curly hair.

The old familiar voice brought life back to the boy; his eyes slowly opened and met the captain's gaze. He could not speak, but a faint smile flickered on his lips as in reply he feebly raised three fingers for a moment in the air.

The old salt pressed the weak hand to his lips.

"It is the Lord's doin'," he murmured. "He has sent the sign at last."

* * * * *

It is morning, and my daughter and I are climbing the hill towards our own domicile. The rain has ceased, the storm has somewhat abated. One battered victim of the fearful night—the poor little yacht, keel uppermost—is bumping to pieces on the rocks beneath us. As the captain surmised, her rash and inexperienced crew had come to grief in the intricacies of the straits, of which they knew nothing, and this frail little craft had capsized in the gale.

As soon as Tom was sufficiently revived to tell us thus much, and that the owner and another hand besides himself were on board when the yacht capsized, we resumed our search along the shore. The bodies of the other sailor and of the owner, a young Irishman from Kerry, were picked up some days after in the bay.

The adventures of the night are over, and we return to the haven. A parting grasp of my dear old captain's fist, and I look around for his wife to bid her good-bye. She is nowhere to be seen, but my daughter points to her room, the door of which is ajar, and peeping in, I see little Tom lying fast asleep rolled up in blankets by the fire, and the captain's wife on her knees beside him gazing into his face and sobbing through an agony of tears.

"Oh! Gwennie! Gwennie!"

We close the door softly and leave the house.

"What can have upset the poor thing?" I ask, as we mount the hill. "Does she connect the lad with anyone belonging to herself?"

"It is strange," replies my daughter musingly, "but it almost seems as if she does. The name she uttered was certainly that of her sister. There is a sampler over Mrs. Williams's bed which she worked when a girl (she showed it to me herself), giving the whole family genealogy, and amongst the rest is the name 'Gwenllian, second daughter.' I asked her once where this sister was. She answered very shortly, 'Dead many years.' What can it all mean?"

The painful episode alluded to by the captain flashes across my mind, but I merely say to my daughter,

"Bluebeard's chamber, my dear, with an ugly skeleton inside, you may be sure; and the less we pry into it the better."

"Well," she replies, "I do hope at all events it means that poor Tom has found a home at last."

"You may be sure he has, and you may also be sure," I rejoin laughingly, "that it will not be in 'The Haven,' but on the rolling deep. Our dear old skipper will have it that the lad has been brought back as a sign for him to go afloat again, and afloat he will go, and Tom with him."

L. LOFTUS BUSHE-FOX.

# BRIEF COUNSELS CONCERNING BUSINESS.

BY AN OLD MAN OF BUSINESS.

III.

IT is not "the work, but the worry of life which kills," is a saying known to most of us. And unlike some other often quoted sayings, it has more actual truth than paradox in it. There is no doubt of the fact that with many life is made miserable by the worry they have in it. Nor is this always the worst of it, bad as this may be, for also, beyond a doubt, with some life is actually shortened by its weary worry. Yet, after all, as life has this characteristic attached to it—and none are free from its attacks—there must be a way of meeting the injurious effects of worry, as we know many reach a green old age cheerier and heartier than when young, while others succumb and sink out of sight. The case is not met by asserting that the one class had little or no worry in their lives, while those of the other class had a great deal too much of it, because the experience of many is that men known to be more than usually subjected to worry sometimes walk serenely and securely through it all, and pass out at the end of their business life unscathed by its baneful influence, whereas, on the other hand, there have been those who had much less of it, to whom the well-known saying might have been almost literally applied that "they were worried to death," for they have died in the very midst of it.

* * *

Wise men with well-balanced minds conclude, therefore, that the influence of worry depends chiefly upon the way in which one accepts it. To which I would add that there are some worries which we need not accept of at all unless we wish. But the misfortune of the matter is that many make the worries for themselves. Worries there are in every business, peculiar to every life, which are, so to say, brought to us by others—they seem inevitable with certain conditions and circumstances. But a vast deal of their influence upon us depends upon the way we meet them. Some men take the crosses and losses of life softly—like the prudent pilgrim who boiled the peas he was enjoined to walk so many miles with in his shoes. Others like to take things hard, with a grudge and a grumble, and if enjoined to do penance by walking with soft peas, they would positively prefer to walk with them hard. The journey in both cases has to be performed. They are the wisest who take things easily as they go along it. Nothing is gained by making others miserable over our crosses and losses; and nothing either by making ourselves miserable. And I confess that nothing has at times surprised me more than the ready facility with which some people absolutely create worries, over which they will fret and fume for a long time, and out of circumstances, moreover, which to other men would not cause a moment's concern. It is but folly to keep worrying over worries which come to us naturally, or at least are the crosses of ordinary business. As we cannot avoid them, and as we did not make them, it is assuredly pure folly to waste time in grumbling and fretting over them.

* * *

With a prudent wise man time is money, and he should therefore be the last to add to a worry the loss which is known as "crying over spilt milk." The wise man will at once begin to work in order to make money to buy some more milk. There are those who apparently like to be worried, people of whom it has been said that they are never happy unless they are miserable. They have got into the habit of hugging worries as if they were bosom friends—a habit which I fear they but too sedulously cultivate. Most earnestly would I counsel any of my young readers who feel that they have a tendency to be easily worried by worries to check the disposition at the outset. Much, very much, of the comfort of their lives depends upon the issue, and, what is of little less importance, the comfort of those with whom they live and do business will be largely influenced by it. It is of little use in life to sit down and cry at the foot of the Hill Difficulty, either because it *is* there before us or because it cannot be got over. Up and face it; set a stout heart to a stiff brae, as the Scotch proverb has it, and with the pleasure of having overcome the difficulty will be found also not seldom the satisfaction of feeling that it has been got over much easier than was anticipated. Indeed, this satisfaction is generally the reward of facing difficulties bravely and promptly.

> "Finger gently the poisonous nettle,
> It will sting you for your pains;
> Grasp it like a man of mettle,
> It soft as silk in hand remains."

* * *

Paraphrasing a well-known classical tale, I might, if I were asked what was the first thing required to ensure success in business, reply, "Order—system;" and if asked what was the second thing, again reply, "Order—system;" and what the third "Order," ever "Order—system." Always system,—always order under every condition; under all circumstances, at all times, order. The old-fashioned phrase, looked down upon by not

a few in these new-fashioned times, "A place for everything; everything in its place," is the embodiment of a principle of almost priceless value in business, and is in itself a paraphrase in homely terms of the saying of the poet, "Order is heaven's first law." Exemplified everywhere, and always around us, it is no less the first law of a well-managed business. Indeed, it is not well managed in the highest sense of the term if order in every department be not organised and maintained For after all, if you but think of it, one may as well not have a system as just to organise it and then give it up, or omit taking its details in due order, or keep it going in a half-hearted, spasmodic kind of way. And yet I have been told by youths who had amongst their natural gifts a pretty fair notion of their ability to decide all points in the best way possible, that to be "orderly" was to be "finnikin;" that they in the fulness of their talent had other things to think of, other work to do, than what they called "old women's work."

* * *

Yet such erratic geniuses who have so grand a contempt for order, for system, which to them are but as "the bit and the bridle," have somehow a conception that, after all, they cannot get on without money. And I have sometimes known this consideration to influence them in so far that they condescended to think over the matter when facts and circumstances have been alleged to prove that "order" and "money-making" were very much akin in business. Frequently have I heard men say that their habit of order was to them individually worth a goodly number of pounds a year simply in the time the habit saved them. And time in business is neither more nor less than money—a truth which it takes some people a long, long time to learn the value of. For somehow they cannot see that if, by the giving of a certain amount of time to the doing of a piece of work, for which, *when* done, so much money will be got, the money has been made by the time. No doubt if you put the matter in this plain way they would feel mighty wroth at being thought to be such fools as not to see this. Nevertheless, they all the same act precisely as if they could not see it—did not believe that time was money—that in many cases the value of the work was the measure of the time expended on it.

* * *

System is concerned with the plan of working out a business as a whole, order with its details; the one implies a complete organisation, the other the taking up in proper place and time the various parts. I have known a large establishment, having a splendidly-organised system of working, in the hands of an incompetent manager turn out simply a failure; but when a strict disciplinarian took the reins, who knew the value of order, and insisted upon every detail being carried out in its proper place and at its proper time, the system was once more a striking success. While order in itself involves system, a system may not be carried out in an orderly way. To be systematic is not always to be orderly. Indeed, I have had a good deal of trouble in my time with those who would be systematically disorderly.

* * *

When you are worried and wearied with a number of conflicting circumstances in business, you may find it to be capital mental discipline to sit down to a pretty stiff piece of work, mental or manual, and doggedly do it. Many have found the plan efficacious. It not only takes your mind, they say, away from your worries, your losses, and crosses, but it gives you the mental repose and strength which enable you best and most wisely to meet them. But of the two kinds or classes of work, I decidedly prefer the manual to the mental. For after all, if you look closely into the matter, it is not so much rest from any particular kind of mental work or worry you require, as rest from *all* mental work and worry of whatever kind. The weariness and the worry arising from the conflicting circumstances of business have been almost wholly mental. And although the mere change from one kind of mental work which worry is to another—and hard work, moreover, as those know well who have had much of it to deal with—is in itself a relief; so far as my experience goes I have found that the more complete the change the better. And this not merely in the change from one kind or variety to another, both being of the same class; but the change from one class to another—as from manual to mental, from mental to manual. And this, which has been my experience, has been amply corroborated by the experience of many business friends. What we needed in order to recuperate our "used-up powers" was rest from *all* thought. And we found that we could obtain this much more effectively by doing something which demanded no thought, or, if any, of a very light and easy kind.

* * *

Do not be too particular as to the character of the cure. What you have to look after is to get cured. If your cure be laughed at, never mind. If it be a cure, let them laugh who win. I knew a busy man, whose chief business was close thinking and planning, and who had a taste for modelling and moulding. His method of getting his change, his rest, from heavy, long-sustained thought was to keep by him a lump of an exceedingly plastic substance. He would take it up at times, and twist and twine and mould it into all manner of shapes, all kinds of form—leaves, vases, etc. —which, when made, were remorselessly destroyed and then restored to the lump, which afterwards went through the manipulation as before. This habit brought up a train of thought which was in effect no thought—no useful thought—at all, but sufficient to keep him off the subject of his great business thinking, or from his worry. Not altogether useless thought, either, at times, for he has assured me that as the change told, as the rest asserted its healthy power, some thoughts of

value came struggling in. Idle as the plan of change was, it had, nevertheless, *the look* of keeping one busy; useless as it was, in one and the most important sense it was, as I have said, highly useful, for it served its purpose. And it is of less matter what the character of the change may be; if it serves its purpose it has proved itself useful.

I conclude by giving one counsel to the young man in business, who, in his eagerness to "get on," to make "great headway" on the voyage of his business life, is apt to forget it. What baleful effect neglect of it is calculated to have upon his physical strength and mental powers I need not say here. The counsel is very brief. Do not keep the bow of business effort always bent. Unbend it sometimes, and let it rest awhile free from excessive strain. Have a change now and then, and never mind what people say. If taking a change be your duty—as assuredly at times it is—then take the change, and with it what chance there may be of being charged with being an idle fellow in taking it. Remember the classical protest or counsel, *Festina lente*—which may be freely translated or paraphrased, "Hurry up slowly!"

## NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

### THE MUD-FISH.

AFRICA is the home of many extraordinary animals, but there is no more remarkable creature to be met with there than the subject of the present article. The mud-fish inhabits certain of the rivers of Western Africa, and, as its name implies, it lurks at the muddy bottoms of these rivers. At present, however, it is not necessary to go to Africa to see this fish, as it can be seen by anyone who has the time in the reptile-house at the Zoological Gardens. A number of these fishes are now exhibited in the tank which, until recently, the manatee occupied. At first sight there is perhaps nothing especially striking about this animal; it looks very much like an ordinary fish except for its curious long slender fins. A visitor who knew nothing about the creature would probably go away with the impression that he had seen nothing out of the common. When the fishes arrived each one was encased in a ball of dried mud, lined with mucous from its body, and perforated by a small aperture to admit of breathing. This "cocoon," as it is sometimes called, on account of its analogy to the earthen case fabricated by many caterpillars in which to undergo their metamorphoses, on being placed in warmish water was dissolved and the fish liberated.

The habit which the mud-fish has of making an earthen chamber of the mud at the bottom of the river is a most wonderful provision of Nature for the exigencies of the climate; the rivers which the fish inhabits are liable to periodic droughts. When such a drought is imminent the fish retires to deep water and excavates a pit, in which it lies, covering itself over with a thick layer of mud. It can suffer with impunity the complete drying-up of the river.

But the most interesting fact about the creature is that during the time of its voluntary imprisonment it breathes air directly through an aperture left in the cocoon, by means of lungs, just like a land animal. When the returning rains dissolve the mud and liberate the fish it breathes by means of gills, just like any other fish. Most people are aware that the frog, when adult, breathes by lungs, while in the tadpole state it breathes the air, dissolved in water, by gills. But the mud-fish is an instance of an animal which can carry on both modes of breathing—if need be—simultaneously. It is, in fact, thoroughly amphibious.

If a naturalist who was unacquainted with the mud-fish were requested to evolve from his inner consciousness a creature which should combine the characters of the lowest order of Vertebrates (fishes) with those of the next order, the Amphibia (frogs, toads, newts, etc.), he would sketch out a beast exactly like the mud-fish. Externally it is a fish with scales and fins; its internal structure is more like that of a newt, and it has both gills and lungs. The young mud-fish, when just hatched from the egg, are so like tadpoles that it would require a skilled observer to say what they really were.

The African mud-fish has a near ally in the rivers of South America, which, so far as we know, has similar habits. Some years ago a legend was rife concerning an enormous creature which burrowed in the marshy ground and uprooted trees in its progress. This animal was termed by the natives the "Minhocao." It is possible that the story was based upon the observation of a large individual of the American mud-fish, which is very much superior in size to the African form. The only other mud-fish which is known is an inhabitant of Queensland, where it is called the "Barramunda." It is rather more fish-like in appearance than the other two, but is essentially similar in its structure. Although these three animals represent at the present day the only species known of this curious annectant group, there are abundant remains of them in the rocks. In former periods of the world's history they abounded and grew to an enormous size. They are now evidently a waning race, and the naturalist of the future will probably be confronted by a "missing link" in the chain which binds together fishes and amphibia.

# Varieties.

## Congo Games.

Mr. Holman Bentley, in one of the appendices to his "Dictionary and Grammar of the Kongo Language," gives a list of games played in that region, and the phrases that belong to them. We give a few samples of these games. It will be seen that some of them resemble others in vogue at home.

*Lungungu.*—A game in which the players form sides, and each provides himself with a piece of string, or *mbwa*, at each end of which a small weight is attached. One side bowls a hoop (*lungungu*) towards the players on the opposite side, each of whom endeavours to whirl his piece of string so that it catches and twists upon the hoop on the principle of the Bolas in America. The hoop is caught up by the free end of the *mbwa* and whirled round the head, after which the hoop is handed back to the party who sent it, and these are considered to have lost the game. Sometimes the winner is challenged to *dia e nsusu* (eat the fowl), that is, to continue whirling the hoop, and jump over it without its touching the ground

*Mbele.*—A game in which the players form a line, the first being called *ntotela*. One player faces the line and takes his stand before each of the others in turn. Facing the first, he throws out both his hands, then he crosses them on his breast, and after this throws out one hand. The one in the line who is opposite has to do the same. If he can meet the thrust with the same hand that is put out to him three times, he stands out, and the other takes the last place (*vada*) in the line. If he misses the three chances, his turn is past, and the player goes on to the next. If the player can go three times along the line without being played out, the last man is called slave (*mbundu*), and has to stand aside. In the case of the player being played out, and having to take his place at the end of the line, the "slaves" take their places after him. If the player is able to play out all as slaves the *ntotela* may return and try until he redeems himself by playing out the player. The ex-player then has become *ntotela*, and tries to play back the "slaves." The movements are very rapid, and the game causes much fun.

*Mwana a eyembe* (the young pigeon).—A game played by two. The left hands interlock; with the right hand each rubs his ribs, whilst the following little song is sung by one (the mother):

"O mwana a eyembe
Kameneno nsala ko
E lumbri kemenwa e nsala;
Ku Mputu kekwenda
O Eyemba papa e papa."

"The young pigeon has not yet grown his feathers; when he has grown his feathers, he shall go to Mputu (white man's land), flap, flap."

The other player (the young pigeon) coos an accompaniment, and when the song is finished, the players clap their right hands over and under the interlocked left hands, which are then separated, and each claps his hands together and strikes his right thigh, after which they lock hands and commence again.

*Nduku.*—A game in which those playing form two sides, and sit in lines feet to feet. A cloth is thrown over the legs, and an article is taken and passed about from one to the other under the cloth, everyone rummaging about (*fumfidikita* or *fulukuta*) as though he were passing it. A player on one side challenges one on the other side with "*funguna*" (confess), and attention being given, he asks further, "*ku ntu a nani*" (on whose head), and the person challenged guesses who has the ball. If he guesses right the ball is passed over to his side.

*Nkandi a ngongo.*—A game in which the players sit in a ring and pass round a palm-nut. Everyone pretends to be in the act of passing it on. A person in the centre watches, and when he thinks he knows who is in the act of passing the nut, he springs upon the person whom he suspects has it. If correct, the person has to take his place in the centre.

*Nkiambiembie.*—A game in which a *nkiambiembie* seed is hidden in one of five little heaps of sand or dust. The person who guesses has to brush away (*takula* or *vunzuna*) four of the heaps, and leave the one having the seed. If correct, he has the privilege of hiding. A register (*soneka e xinsu*) of successful guesses is kept.

*Nkwa*, or hockey.—A game played by two people. A palm-nut called *nkwa* is dropped upon the ground, and each with his stick tries to knock it to a good distance; each good stroke being registered.

*Vita a mbutu.*—A game in which large numbers join and form sides. The sides separate themselves at a distance of 100 yards apart. Towards the middle each party erects its towns—*i.e.*, places little piles of croton fruits (*jatropha curcas*) four in each pile, and one pile for each player. The sides then retire, and commence pelting the towns with other crotons from their stores until one town is knocked down, upon which they rush on to the losing side, and a general *mêlée* and pelting with crotons ensues. Accidents very frequently occur in the last rush and struggle, and the game is therefore forbidden in many towns.

*Wadi.*—A game played with eight small discs, each having one side white and the other side coloured. The discs cut out of a piece of calabash are most frequently used. They are called *mpanza*. They are thrown from the hand, and some fall with the white side up, and some with the coloured side. To throw the discs is "*ta o mpanza*;" to fall white side up, "*sengoka*;" to fall coloured side up, "*bukama*;" and the person who throws the discs, "*nte*." When the discs are thrown, if even numbers turn white side up, 2, 4, 6, or 8, the player loses, and such a throw is called *zole*. When 8 turns up, it is called *kaya*. When odd numbers or no discs turn white side up, 0, 1, 3, 5, 7, the player wins. The winning throws have the following names:—0, *mayembe*; 1, *ntinti* or *manga*; 3 and 5, *ngo*; 7, *ntinti* or *manga*. In this game the natives play for money, and often heavy stakes are laid, sometimes even slaves.

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## Wellington from a French Point of View.

In an article in the "Journal des Débats," M. J. Lemoinne, one of the ablest and most judicious writers of our time, gave an interesting sketch of the character of the Duke of Wellington. He says: "It has very often been remarked that in his multitudinous despatches the word *glory* never occurs, but always the word *duty*. As it was characteristic of the man, it was also characteristic of the kind of sentiment which he inspired. One cannot help feeling for him a great and sincere respect, but he speaks neither to the heart nor the imagination. He commands esteem, but not emotion.

"His soldiers he inspired with confidence and respect more than with sympathy and enthusiasm. He took care of them: of their stomachs, of their clothes and shoes; but he did not tell upon the sentimental chords of human nature. The rigorous moral and material discipline which he exercised upon himself as well as upon others naturally excluded all outburst and spontaneity. He never had any weakness, and it is rare for men to love greatly those who have nothing to be forgiven. We must not, however, judge this part of his nature with French predilections and habits. The English soldier does not like to feed upon imagination, and with empty stomach he would not care much about being contemplated by forty centuries, as Napoleon said to his army under the Pyramids. But with such high-sounding words as those you will make the French soldier go to the end of the world without bread and without shoes. It is quite enough to tell

him about *victoire* and *gloire ;* he will readily die for the sake of the rhyme !

"Wellington had one great and noble quality—he spared blood. But that is one of those qualities which are not calculated to tell upon the masses, and it is precisely by soldiers that it is least appreciated. Mankind has no gratitude for those who are sparing of its blood; on the contrary, loves those best who, like Napoleon, spend it most lavishly. He still remains the idol of the soldiers and of the people."

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**The late Professor Dr. William Wright, of Cambridge.**

Students of the Bible are generally unaware how much they owe to the indefatigable labours of the late Professor William Wright, of Cambridge, Adams Professor of Arabic in the University. He was not known to fame as a Biblical commentator, but, as will be seen in the course of this short memoir, he did much to elucidate the Holy Scriptures. It is no disparagement to the learning and ability of the present distinguished occupant of the chair which he held at Cambridge to say that Professor William Wright left no one to equal him in Great Britain in the knowledge of the profundities of Arabic grammar, or in acquaintance with the Arabic literature, especially of its poets. Born in India in 1830, Dr. W. Wright was a Scotchman by descent, and a thorough Scotchman in sentiment and feeling. He was trained in the University of St. Andrews, and derived his first impulses toward Oriental studies in that University. Having graduated at St. Andrews, he went to Halle, in order to carry on his studies.

Halle was then remarkable for numbering among its professors the revered Dr. Augustus Tholuck. Dr. William Gesenius, the distinguished Hebrew grammarian and lexicographer, had recently died. The chair he had held was occupied by Professor Aemilius Rödiger, one of his ardent pupils, and it was in his house that Dr. William Wright studied Arabic and other Oriental languages. From Halle he went to the University of Leyden, distinguished for its Arabic learning, where he published his first work in Arabic literature, in 1852. This was the "Travels of Ibn Jubair." Returning to England, he was appointed Professor of Arabic in University College, London, in 1855, and edited the first part of the "Analectes sur l'Histoire et la Littérature des Arabes d'Espagne par Al Makkari" (Leyden, 1855). The year following he was appointed to the newly-established Professorship of Arabic and Hindustani in the University of Dublin, which had been founded mainly with the object of preparing students for the Indian Civil Service, which had then been thrown open to competition by examination. In that post he remained several years, and had, besides his ordinary pupils, a few who attended his lectures out of a deeper love for Oriental studies. In 1861 he was appointed Assistant Keeper of the Oriental MSS. in the British Museum, and accordingly removed to London. At the British Museum Dr. W. Wright was chiefly engaged in cataloguing the Syriac MSS., and afterwards in cataloguing the Æthiopic MSS., obtained chiefly after the Abyssinian Expedition. His catalogues are well known by scholars as masterpieces in their way. He continued to publish numerous works in Arabic, the titles of which it would be needless to give here. His "Grammar of the Arabic Language," originally founded on the able work of the Norwegian Professor, Caspari, was first published when he was Professor in Dublin; but the second edition, which was an almost completely independent work, and a work of great labour and research, was published in 1862. It will be long ere that masterly work, "Arabic Grammar," is superseded.

Dr. W. Wright was appointed Adams Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge in 1870. The gifted E. H. Palmer, Fellow of St. John's College, who was afterwards Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in the same University, was his most formidable competitor for the Adams Chair of Arabic. But the choice of the University fell on Dr. W. Wright. Already Honorary Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, he was created Fellow of that College when elected Professor of Arabic. He had produced in 1869 his important edition of the Syriac text of "The Homilies of Aphraates, the Persian Sage, edited from Syriac MSS. of the fifth and sixth centuries" (Williams and Norgate).

It was originally intended to issue a second volume containing an English translation of the Syriac, but that second volume of "Translations" unfortunately never appeared. In 1871 he published the "Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles," in two volumes, the first a volume of "Syriac Texts," and the second of "Translations." Many other works were produced by him in the same department. He assisted materially the still living distinguished Syriac scholar, Dr. R. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, in his great work, the "Syriac Thesaurus," which is now rapidly approaching completion; and his activity in several other branches of Oriental learning requires only to be referred to. The mere catalogue of his publications in Arabic and Syriac would occupy considerable space. He was an active member from first to last of the Old Testament Company of Revisers. Few members were more diligent in their attendance, few did harder work, than Dr. Wright, who has left his mark deeply on that important monument of British modern scholarship.

Dr. Wright's house in Cambridge was a resort for all the foreign Orientalists who visited that University. His wife and his sister-in-law always warmly welcomed all such visitors. He was a great lover of animals, and owned beautiful specimens of a Persian cat, a cockatoo, and a parrot. These, with his garden and flowers, were his greatest delights. The parrot was one of the most remarkable birds. Dr. Wright was a strong Conservative, and the bird, who had picked up his politics, astonished, on several occasions, some of the Scotch Liberals who called on the Professor, by the vigour of its expressions and the strength of language with which it denounced the late Premier. The parrot's well-timed remarks on all subjects often created the greatest surprise and astonishment. It often told very inconvenient tales of the servants, who often feared its disclosures. An Oriental who had never heard such a bird insisted that its voice was a voice from another world. The bird was apt sometimes to delude the unwary. It was excessively fond of its master, and sent an English scholar who called to visit him one day on a fool's errand to Queen's College by screaming out, "The 'vessor (or Professor) is gone down to Queen's."

Dr. William Wright was created *honoris causâ* PH.D. of the University of Leyden, M.A. and LL.D. of Cambridge, LL.D. of Dublin, St. Andrews, and Edinburgh, D.C.L. of Oxford, D.D. of Jena. He was a corresponding member of many foreign literary societies in Germany, Italy, and Russia; correspondant de l'Institut de France; and only two years ago received the great honour of Foreign Knight of the Prussian Order Pour de Mérite, in which the names of few British scholars are inscribed. His knowledge in all departments of Oriental learning was extensive. Most genial in manner, most kind in all his actions, most careful and painstaking as a teacher, his loss after the lapse of months is still keenly regretted, not only in Cambridge, but wherever he was known. Among his pupils may be mentioned his namesake, though not a relative, Dr. C. H. H. Wright, Bampton Lecturer at Oxford in 1878, who was one of his earliest pupils at Dublin; and Rev. A. H. Kirkpatrick, the present Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge. Not only scholars in Great Britain, but those in Germany and elsewhere, deeply regretted his comparatively early demise. He was only fifty-nine years of age.

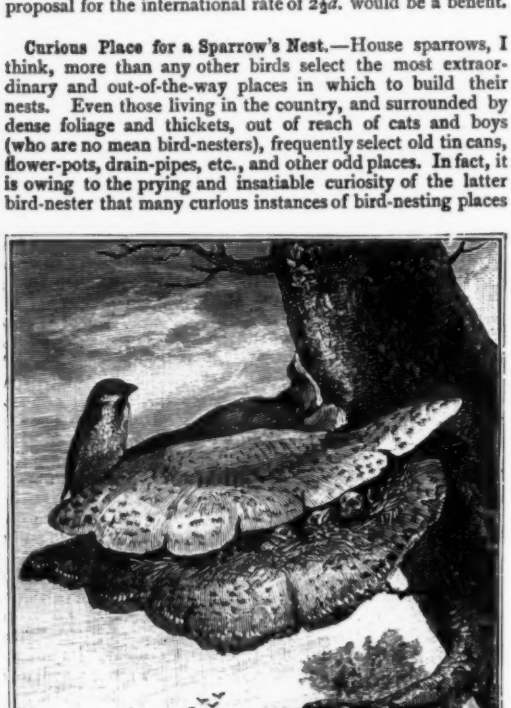
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**Napoleon's Tactics at Waterloo.**—The Duke of Wellington, writing to Lord Beresford a fortnight after the battle, on July 2nd, says: "Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both by an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

**Ocean Penny Postage.**—It is worth bringing to remembrance that during the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851 Elihu Burritt made a strenuous effort to obtain attention to the subject of a uniform penny postage by sea as by land. The penny postal rate was by that time firmly established, and Mr. Burritt pointed out the absurdity of the high charges

for foreign postage. Among the instances cited by him was the charge of ninepence for thirty miles conveyance of a letter across the British Channel, when for one penny the same letter could be sent from Jersey to the Shetland Islands—a thousand miles by land and sea, and twice shipped. At that time the Government charge for conveying thirty miles across the Channel a bag of half-ounce letters weighing two hundred pounds was £240, while a passenger of the same weight was carried for a few shillings. In America a letter could be carried three thousand miles for three-halfpence. We have advanced little in this matter since 1851. Mr. Goschen's proposal for the international rate of 2½*d.* would be a benefit.

**Curious Place for a Sparrow's Nest.**—House sparrows, I think, more than any other birds select the most extraordinary and out-of-the-way places in which to build their nests. Even those living in the country, and surrounded by dense foliage and thickets, out of reach of cats and boys (who are no mean bird-nesters), frequently select old tin cans, flower-pots, drain-pipes, etc., and other odd places. In fact, it is owing to the prying and insatiable curiosity of the latter bird-nester that many curious instances of bird-nesting places



have been brought to light from time to time. What induced our irrepressible and much-abused friend the house sparrow to select such an extraordinary place as shown in our illustration for his nest is difficult to guess. The fungus is usually very soft and flimsy in structure, and has at times a strong odour. However, into the recesses of a large one growing from a beech-tree in the garden of a Fulham inn a comfortable nest was constructed, and in due time were reared three little ones; so the home could not have been very damp. It was, however, observed by someone who could not let it alone, and it was a few days after placed in the British Museum, where it can now be seen.—R. E. H.

**Another Lost Comet.**—It has already been mentioned in the "Leisure Hour" that several periodical comets were expected this year, and that one of them was that which was first discovered by a German astronomer named Brorsen in the year 1846, and was afterwards found to be revolving round the sun in a period of about five and a half years. It has been seen on several occasions since its discovery, the last time about eleven years ago. At the return due in the autumn of 1884 it was not seen, for on that occasion its position was not very favourable for observation; but it was expected to return again recently under better conditions for visibility. It has, however, been very diligently looked for with powerful telescopes, but not seen, so that it would seem in some extraordinary way to have disappeared from our ken. Shortly before its discovery in 1846 another periodical comet (known as Biela's, from its discoverer in 1826) returned, but in a divided state, having become two comets instead of one, and after the two had returned again together in 1852, they would seem to have undergone a further division so extensive that they never appeared again as comets, but were only seen as a shoal of meteors following the track of the original comet. A similar fate may have now befallen Brorsen's comet, but it is not likely we shall obtain proof positive of this, as the orbit is nowhere sufficiently near the earth to bring the meteors (supposing the comet to have separated into a shoal of this kind) at any time within our atmosphere, ignition in which by their rapid passage through its particles is what renders such bodies visible.—W. T. L.

**Jewish Liberality.**—The Jews of San Francisco are said, in a recent paper, to be generous supporters of the chief charities of that city, and this support is given to institutions even so distinctively religious as the Young Men's Christian Association. We are not at all surprised to hear this. The leading members of the Jewish community in London are generous supporters not only of their own charities, but of others under Christian influence. Sir Moses Montefiore was always ready to respond to an appeal whether for Jew or Christian, if properly attested. Lord Rothschild and others of that family are similarly liberal. Mr. F. D. Mocatta is a life contributor to the funds of the British and Foreign School Society; and many other instances of generous liberality could be given. On Saturday, March 29, the centenary of the Great Synagogue in Duke Street, Aldgate, was held with much ceremony, and Dr. Adler, the preacher, gave an interesting summary of the history of the Jews in England, contrasting their social and political position even a hundred years ago with that now gained, when men of their faith are found in the peerage, in Parliament, and in the magistracy of the first city of the world. Curiously enough the day was also the seven hundredth anniversary of the massacre of the Jews in York Castle. All must have joined in celebrating the triumph of toleration, and the prosperity of so loyal a people.

**Australia Re-visited after Fifty Years.**—At a recent meetting of the Colonial Institute, Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G., gave a most interesting lecture on "Australia re-visited, 1874—1889." Sir Arthur said that he had made nine voyages to Australia, and while fifty-one years ago he took one hundred and sixteen days to reach the Antipodes, his journey last year occupied thirty-four days. The progress of the Australian colonies had been exceptionally rapid, and their legislative enactments were not unworthy of Greater Britain. Vote by ballot, household suffrage, cheap transfer of land, and free education were more or less importations from Australia, and it was worthy of remark that some of the clauses of the County Councils Act of 1888 bore a very close resemblance to some clauses in the District Councils Act passed a few years ago in Queensland. The despatch of the New South Wales contingent to help us in the Soudan was the original idea of Lord Augustus Loftus, then Governor of that colony. The total number of miles of railway in Australia up to the end of 1889 amounted to 8,800, and it was possible to travel by rail from Adelaide to Brisbane in one continuous link, the great bridge over the Hawkesbury River in New South Wales, 3,000 ft. in length, having been opened last year. . . . . Federal union had been considered in our colonies on more than one occasion, but not yet accomplished. Internal jealousies, conflicting interests, had stopped the coach, and there was little sign of united action, which was the first desideratum. The question of tariffs must be adjusted, establishing one fiscal policy for Australia—in fact, a customs union or *Zollverein*, which was the basis of the unity of Germany; and if England would consent to adopt such a system and include all her colonies and dependencies it would be a most popular movement. Other questions of more or less importance must be considered, amongst them immigration. It seemed strange that, while Queens-

land had voted a quarter of a million for assisted immigration, all the other colonies had held aloof. Dissimilar land laws were also a stumbling block, and postal and telegraph rates, and the cost of erecting and maintaining lighthouses, must be fairly adjusted, and last, though not least, the crucial question of the site of the future capital of the Australian dominion. Our Australian colonies must be first welded into one as a preliminary to Imperial federation. Imperial federation was no hothouse plant, and did not require forcing. The Colonial Office had the good sense not to interfere, but to leave the colonists to work out their own future. During his recent travels the words "Imperial federation" and "Australia for the Australians" never reached him, but he frequently heard of military federation, and the recent visit of General Edwards would accelerate that movement. Our colonies had nothing to gain but everything to lose by secession, an absurd idea limited to the addled brains of a few young and inexperienced Australian politicians, fired by the perusal of impassioned post-prandial eloquence in this country. The borrowing power of our Australian colonies would appear to be unlimited, amounting to the almost incredible sum of one hundred and seventy million pounds sterling—all raised by debentures in England on colonial securities, endorsed by the British flag; but in the event of a possible secession, which was too ridiculous to contemplate, to what serious extent would the value of these debentures be affected? The true relation between England and Australia was that of father and son, mother and daughter. They were one in origin, one in language, one in thought, one in the nature and action of their laws, and they desired to imitate as closely as they could the time-honoured institutions of this country. The spirit of Imperial patriotism flourished in Australia; the feeling was loyal and affectionate; the first tune the children were taught was "God save the Queen." He endorsed the remarks of Sir Henry Parkes, that he saw nothing to prevent Australia's becoming a great power on the earth and realising her destiny as a nation, while retaining her connection with the mother country.

**The Eclipse of June 17th.**—An annular eclipse of the sun will occur on the 17th inst., and will be the only eclipse visible in this country during the present year. The moon being at the time within four days of her apogee, or the point in her orbit where she is furthest from the earth, her apparent diameter will not be large enough to cover the whole of the sun; so that at places where the eclipse is central, a ring (Latin, annulus, whence the term annular) of light will be left even when the obscuration is greatest, and this ring gives a sufficient amount of light to deprive the eclipse of the scientific interest attaching to one which is total. A solar eclipse of the latter kind will take place in December, but will be total only in the Southern Ocean, and not be visible even as a partial eclipse anywhere on land excepting in South Australia, New Zealand, and some of the neighbouring islands. The eclipse on the 17th of the present month will be annular over a line passing from Senegambia to Tripoli on the North African coast, crossing the Mediterranean near Crete, traversing Asia Minor, skirting the south side of the Caspian Sea, and finally passing through Afghanistan and the Punjab into Bengal and Burmah. It will be visible as a partial eclipse over the whole of Europe and great part of Asia; but at Greenwich little more than a third part of the sun's disc will be covered at any time, the eclipse commencing there at 20 minutes past 8 in the morning and ending at half-past 10, whilst the greatest obscuration will take place at 23 minutes past 9.—W. T. L.

**Krupp Works at Essen.**—The United States Consul at Dusseldorf devotes a recent report to a description of the Krupp works at Essen, especially since the death of the elder Krupp, the founder, in July, 1887. It was feared by many that the great establishment would not in future enjoy the same reputation and prosperity as in the past, but, to the surprise of many, his only son assumed charge with the same spirit of energy and businesslike management that made the father so famous throughout the world, and increased business and prosperity has attended his efforts. His first act after the death of his father was to give to the city of Essen, now a place of about 70,000 inhabitants, 300,000 marks for public improvements; he then created a fund of 1,000,000 marks for the benefit of poor, sick, and disabled workmen who had devoted their lives to his and his father's service, the providing of a pension for the support of those who should meet with accident while at work in his employ, and further assurances of steady employment to deserving men with fair wages, advantages of a home in his village, low rent, and medical attendance free if disabled. The consequence is that strikes are unknown at Essen, and the establishment is independent of trade-union men. The works cover about 1,000 acres, divided by a broad roadway through the middle, 150 ft. wide, leading to the Krupp village or colony beyond, containing about 8,000 houses, each with a small yard or garden. The number of men employed in all the departments three years ago was 20,000; at the present time the number reaches about 25,000 or over. The management is conducted by a control office, which is connected by telephone and telegraph with all parts of the works, with the main office in Essen, and from that office by cable to all parts of the world. Cast-steel works at Essen, three coal mines near Essen and Bochum, 547 iron ore mines in Germany, several iron ore mines in Spain, four forges in other parts of Europe, a trial shooting ground 16·8 kilomètres long, a trial shooting ground 7·5 kilomètres long, four ocean steamers, 11 large furnaces, 1,542 smelting stoves, 439 steam boilers in actual use, 82 steam hammers (weight 10 to 50,000 kilogrammes), 450 steam engines (from 2 to 1,000-horse power), 1,622 divers tool-making machines, 14 large locomotive engines, and 40 small locomotive engines form part of the plant of the works. The consumption is roughly as follows: Coal and coke, an average of 4,000 tons per day, 2,000 of which are used in the forge works and steamers; water, about 18,834 to 26,898 cubic mètres per day; gas, about 13,350 to 42,700 cubic mètres per day; and 400 to 1,500 tons of iron ore. To forward the material at Essen there are in use 43 kilomètres of ordinary railway, with 14 tender locomotives and 539 cars; 25·75 kilomètres narrow gauge, with 14 locomotives, 344 wagons, 69 horses, and 191 carts; and 65 kilomètres of telegraph, with 35 stations and 55 Morse apparatus. To the "consume-house" belongs one hotel, eight beerhouses, one seltzer water factory, one mill (with steam engines), one baking-house, one slaughterhouse, one tailors' and three bootmakers' shops, and 46 shops for the sale of colonial products, manufactured goods, shoes, meat, bread, potatoes, etc. The sale of goods in the "consume-houses" in 1884 amounted to 3,781,000 marks, or about £190,000.

**J. T. Wood, the Ephesus Explorer.**—The death of Mr. John T. Wood, to whom was due the great discoveries at Ephesus, was announced in April of this year. Mr. Wood, who was born in London in 1821, was educated as an architect, and frequently exhibited designs at the Royal Academy. He went out to Smyrna in 1857 as architect to the Smyrna and Aidin Railway, but after a year's service abandoned this employment and began excavations at Ephesus for the discovery of the Temple of Diana. Although he failed at the time in this enterprise, he succeeded in finding the theatre of the city and the Odeum. His funds being exhausted, he returned to England. Having met with adequate support, however, in 1868 he again went out to Ephesus, where, after long excavations, he came upon the Great Temple 22 ft. below the surface. By 1874 Mr. Wood had uncovered the whole site of the temple, demonstrating that three temples had successively stood upon the site, and that within the last structure a Christian church had been erected. Several sculptures which he secured are now in the British Museum. The results of Mr. Wood's explorations were published in his "Discoveries at Ephesus," issued in 1877. His health was permanently injured by his researches. Mr. Wood contributed to the "Sunday at Home" in 1877 two papers descriptive of his discoveries, with plan of the Temple of Diana restored and other valuable matter.

**Persian Mines and Mineral Wealth.**—The mineral wealth of Persia has long been known to those acquainted with the literature bearing on the subject, but the real extent of its vast resources in this direction has only of late years been made apparent. In 1865 Dr. Polak, a German, after several years of careful study and investigation in the country, stated that the wealth of that country in coal, iron, and copper was unbounded, and that hardly any portion of the earth could

vie with Persia in mineral richness. Many rich mines have been discovered since he wrote twenty-five years ago. Dr. Polak says: "The unbounded wealth of the country in coal, iron, and copper deposits only awaits exploration in order to set on foot a mighty industry for which the industrious character and aptitude of the labouring class seem to offer every inducement. Scarcely any country of the earth can vie with Persia as to riches in metals, especially copper. Nearly every district has its copper mine; on the northern slope of the Elburz, near Teheran, twenty such can be counted, and as many more in the environs of Kazvin. Lead is mined to such an extent that the demand for it in the country is amply supplied and also a surplus left for export. The greater portion of the lead ore is found near Kerman. . . . Coal, which generally lies exposed in vast seams, is not up to now mined, owing to want of roads and the absence of demand for industrial purposes. The seam upon the northern slope of the Elburz, near Teheran, appears already below Kazvin at the village of If, then shows itself in the Laar Valley, especially in a hollow of the latter called Divasia, and lastly makes itself visible near the small town of Ash on the river Heras. Altogether the coal formation is very abundantly represented." Colonel Schindler, formerly of the telegraph service in Persia, has also given favourable reports of the mineral wealth of the country.

**Foreigners in France.**—Some interesting statistics are contributed to the "Annales Économiques" by M. Turquan, an official in the Statistical Bureau of the Ministry of Commerce, with regard to the number of foreigners resident in France. The first census in which the foreigners were distinguished from the natives was that of 1851, when it was found that there were 380,831 of the former to 35,783,170 of the latter, or about 1 per cent. In 1866 there were 635,495 foreigners, or 1·67 per cent. of the total population; while in 1881 the foreigners resident in France exceeded a million. The census taken in 1886 gave the total number of foreigners as 1,126,531, or nearly treble what it was in 1851; and M. Turquan has prepared the following table to show how the foreign population of France was composed in 1851 and again in 1886:

| Country. | 1851. | 1886. |
|---|---|---|
| Belgium .. .. .. .. | 128,103 | 482,261 |
| Italy .. .. .. .. .. | 63,401 | 261,568 |
| Germany .. . .. .. | 57,061 | 110,014 |
| Spain and Portugal .. .. .. | 29,736 | 79,550 |
| England .. .. .. .. | 20,307 | 56,134 |
| Russia .. .. .. .. .. | 9,338 | 11,980 |
| United States .. .. .. .. | — | 10,253 |
| Other countries .. .. .. | 72,885 | 134,771 |
| Total .. .. | 380,831 | 1,126,531 |

**Beet Root Sugar.**—The question of home-grown sugar is still occupying a good deal of attention in Ireland. Last year Dr. Schack-Sommers, of Liverpool, made some extensive experiments on a farm near Wexford belonging to Mr. John Innis, and on another at Wavertree, near Liverpool, in the occupation of Mr. John Gibbons. The results showed that as good sugar beet could be grown in this country as in Germany, the Irish-grown beets being the richest in sugar.

**Nature and Revelation.**—In an address to the pupils of the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, the Bishop of London thus spoke of the Bible and its Divine teaching. "The revelation which was made in the works of Nature was a wonderful one, but it was as nothing compared to the revelation which was contained in the Bible. The more he read the Bible through from end to end, the more the things in it seemed to be master of him, so that if he differed from it he was driven to the conclusion that either he did not understand it or that he was in the wrong. The spirit of it was so supreme over all that he could think or imagine of the purest and holiest things that it was absolutely necessary that he should accept its authority. When, too, he studied the unique Figure in humanity which stood unapproachable by all philosophers or heroes, his conscience, which bowed before the Book, bowed still more before that majestic Royalty which spoke with authority—not as a learned man, not as a philosopher, not as a guide or a teacher, who, having gathered knowledge from various sources, communicated it—with a voice which bore eternal truth with no qualification, and which was plain for everyone to hear and to understand. The true foundation of all honour was always self-sacrifice, and there was no self-sacrifice which had ever been revealed as it was in the character of the Lord Jesus. It was impossible to help seeing that the Saviour was the primary evidence which convinced us of the truth of the message of the Gospel. There were those who asked for clearer and stronger evidence to convince the understanding. Men of science wished to make religion a branch of natural science, and to say that just as by hard study the laws of entomology or chemistry were discovered, so the laws of the spiritual nature and the spiritual world could be found out. It was not so, and it never would be so. It was not hard study which begat all these things. It was the humble mind, conscious of its own deficiencies and conscious of something above itself; it was a mind conscious of its own faults, and of the need of someone to redeem him from his faults and the consequences of those faults. Therefore it was that it had pleased God to make His revelation as He had. He had concealed it from some of the wisest heads, He had revealed it unto babes."

**Limpets.**—A correspondent of the "Standard," E. W. B., communicates a curious fact as to "the hold of the limpet." "At the base of the Grand Antelet, a great rock off the coast of the island of Sark, large black rats which inhabit the place have several times been found drowned, owing to their tongues having been fastened down to the rock by the limpet. The rats, which have very strong and horny tongues, endeavour to detach the limpet from the rock when the shell is partly raised, and the little animal is often too quick. I saw two which had thus been caught in 1866, and the Seigneur of the island has, or had, an interesting group preserved."

**Matthew Ondaatje.**—In August of last year a very worthy man, a native of Ceylon, long in the service of the Government there, latterly resident in England, found his last resting place in Kensal Green cemetery, where so many strangers far from their own lands are laid. He was a descendant of an old Dutch family, several of whom had held high official positions both in Holland and in Ceylon while it was yet a Dutch possession. Of one of these, Peter Quint Ondaatje, and of others of the family, a memoir appeared in the "Leisure Hour" for 1867. The article contains many curious historical details connected with the island, from its first capture from the Portuguese in 1658, to its becoming a British colony in 1796. The late Mr. Ondaatje also wrote for the "Asiatic Quarterly Review" a memoir of Dr. Philip de Melho, a cousin of Quint Ondaatje, the first native of Ceylon ordained as a clergyman, eminent as a divine, and a translator of the Bible. This memoir appeared in July, 1889, only a few weeks before the author's death, and he did not survive to know the praise given to his work by the Historical Society of Utrecht.

**Artists' Proofs.**—By a recent decision in a trial at the Westminster County Court, his honour Judge Bayley gave verdict, with costs, against a printseller of the Haymarket, for the defendant, who paid £8 8s. for a so-called "artist's proof" of Millais's picture "Bubbles." The defendant refused to pay this sum, after putting down his name as a purchaser, on the plea that a thousand unlettered prints had been sold as artist's proofs. Mr. Fagan, keeper of prints at the British Museum, said that in his opinion no copy of an engraving after nine or ten was properly an artist's proof, and to sell one or two hundred of such was "unfair trading." Another witness said 250 copies was the utmost stretch admissible; 1,000 was utterly wrong dealing. The plaintiff had paid 2,000 guineas for the picture and £500 for engraving, and must get the money back. The judge said this must not be done by misrepresentation.

**Saint Anne's Lane.**—An amusing anecdote is told in the "Spectator" of Addison, about a lad asking the way to St. Anne's Lane. He was called a popish cur for using the term "Saint" to a street. The next passer was asked where was Anne's Lane, and the lad got a rap with a cane as a low puritan knave.

# Household Queries.

**Domestic Waterproofing**.—In reference to a query two months ago on this subject, a correspondent sends us the following, which he has used on many occasions with advantage and comfort, having been exposed when volunteering to very heavy rain for many hours without getting the least wet, except in his feet, and a harbour-master having pronounced a cloak so prepared the best waterproof he ever had. To make any kind of cloth waterproof: Make a very weak solution of glue or gelatine, which, when cold, is tremulous, about the consistency of calves-foot jelly. This is put upon the fire in a brass or enamelled pan, to prevent colouration (of course with a dark material this does not matter). When it is pretty hot a lump of alum is added, and the whole kept stirred till the taste of the alum is distinctly perceived. The lump of alum is then taken out, a little soap added to take away the hard feel of the size, and the size is ready for use. It must be put on the cloth hot. A brush must be used, not a sponge, as the latter would be rendered useless if not washed out while hot; or the size would be best applied, where possible, by the cloth being dipped in it, then passed through rollers so as to leave the material damp, and then hung up to dry so as to complete the process of waterproofing. We hope other correspondents will similarly furnish practical hints, when possible, concerning questions which have been asked, and on which they can supply from experience better information.

**Used Postage Stamps.**—In further reply to a recent query about a million used stamps, a correspondent in Paris informs us that there are several institutions on the Continent, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, who gladly welcome gifts of old stamps, and make appreciable sums by them. The choicest are sold to collectors, and the others used for ornamenting fans and screens and other articles, in a style which is said to be very popular in France. An orphanage, carried on by Miss Christie, at 54, Rue Violet Grenelles, is helped in this way, also homes in Bordeaux and Marseilles; and our correspondent states that a home at Locles, in Switzerland, known as l'Asile des Billodes, under the superintendence of Mdlle. Elvina Hugenin, made 1,200 francs last year from the sale of about a "million" stamps, and urgently desires larger supplies. These particulars are very interesting. We must, however, point out that if the labour and time involved in collecting a "million" stamps be considered, 1,200 francs is a most beggarly return for it; and the only justification for such waste of activity that can be offered, is that it may perhaps get a little from some who otherwise would bestow nothing whatever. It is doubtful if, on the average, the stamps realise more than even the postage spent in sending them, and such wasteful methods can only be regarded as better than none at all.

**Deed of Gift.**—*Perhaps you would be so good as to inform me if there are copies to be had of what is called a Deed of Gift, the same as can be got of wills and bequests, or if the Deed of Gift must be drawn up by a lawyer and signed by two witnesses, the same as wills and bequests.*—There are no such copies to be obtained, and you must consult a solicitor, who will tell you what is necessary about attestation.

**Sheepskin Rug.**—*Will you inform me what to use to prevent a white sheepskin hearthrug from getting hard and inclined to crack after being washed in warm soft water and soap?*—It is a mistake to wash such things; they should be either sent to be cleaned or dyed when they become dirty. You cannot altogether remedy it now, but it will probably improve matters to rub some methylated spirit well into the back with a bit of firm sponge. The smell will soon go off again in the air.

**Rhubarb Leaves.**—*Can you inform me whether rhubarb leaves boiled and eaten like cabbage will leave permanent ill-effects upon the system?*—There is no reason why they should, and in some cases of anæmia it is possible they might be beneficial. In some Continental monasteries stewed sorrel is served twice a week as part of the regimen. But one probable result would be an irresistible repugnance to rhubarb itself. We have personally known this to follow in the case of inmates of a school where the tops and a portion of leaf were, from economy, used as well as the proper stems. The disgust so produced was never got over in after life.

**Marking Ink.**—*Can you kindly tell me anything that will remove marking ink from linen?*—Ordinary marking ink can often be removed by soaking the place in a strong solution of chloride of lime, and afterwards well rinsing it in solution of hyposulphite of soda, keeping it in the dark during the process. But inks differ somewhat, and some require treating in cyanide of potassium, which is very poisonous. Or a very good plan, which will meet most cases, is to paint the place with tincture of iodine, and after leaving it for an hour or two, dissolve out the iodide of silver in a basin of hyposulphite of soda.

**Tennis Racquet.—Tricycle.**—*Kindly inform me of the best method of preserving the strings of a tennis racquet. Is rubbing with oil a good thing? Also can you tell me the best lubricant for the chain of a tricycle?*—All catgut is nourished and preserved from damp by being now and then rubbed with a flannel greased with olive-oil and then rubbed dry with a clean flannel. But the chief thing is to take care of the racquet itself, not letting it get wet, and keeping it in a press in a cool dry place. Many people apply to the chains of cycles with a brush a mixture of blacklead and vaseline, or blacklead moistened with paraffin, which soon dries away. But it is now agreed by all the best authorities that the best treatment is to apply a little oil separately to every pivot in the chain, wiping off any surplus, and repeating every now and then. If the chain is stiff after the winter, the best treatment is to soak and work about in paraffin-oil till clean; when dry to soak in oil, and then wipe off all from the exterior. Always wipe off what dust is possible before applying fresh oil.

**Canary Eating his Feathers.**—*Will you kindly tell me what I can do to make my canary sing again? He was a splendid singer before he moulted last autumn; in fact, we thought we had never heard a finer; but gradually he left off, and now he never sings at all. He is very mischievous, and is either pulling his feathers out and eating them, or pecking at his claws and the wires of his cage. Do you know what I can do to prevent the feather-eating? I feed him on plain canary seed and usually a little green meat every day; and have also given him a lump of sugar to amuse him.*—You cannot actually prevent him; but there must be irritation of some kind, which you must try to discover the cause of. You say nothing about a bath. If you do not give him one, that twice a week will sometimes cure such cases. Also put in his cage a good bunch of groundsel and chickweed alternately, one or the other every day. Give a little millet in the ear as change in the seed; and throw on the floor of the cage, several times a week, some scraped cuttle-fish bone. Now and then you might put in the water a few drops of dandelion juice, or five grains potass bi-carbonate. This regimen will probably cool the blood and improve the health. If the bird still pecks at himself, you should examine very carefully whether there are any signs of small vermin, and if so dust in some Persian powder, and paint all cracks and corners of the cage and ends of the perches with a solution of corrosive sublimate. Do not forget this is poison.

**Painting.**—1. *Is it best to use rough or smooth paper for water-colour painting?* 2. *Does the paper require any preparation beyond being painted on, such as sizing or wetting in some way?* 3. *How can I mix my paints so as to give things a bright and live appearance instead of looking dead, flat, and blotchy?* 4. *What varnish is used after the painting is*

*finished to bring out the colours? and should it be used all over, or only on the dark spots?* 5. *Is it best to use a stiff or soft brush?* 6. *Although I have a fairly firm hand, I cannot get my strokes firm and even, the colour does not cling to the paper, and so leaves only an uncertain line or mark.* 7. *Should the colours be mixed with water?* 8. *Should china be painted with water or oil colours? Can you also give me the name of a cheap and simple book on Art that will help me?*—Art is a mistress only to be won by study and perseverance; how to paint cannot be taught in a few sentences. So far as your questions relate to definite points, however, we have numbered them for answer as clearly as possible. 1. Choice of paper will depend. For a large subject a grained paper is preferred for its breadth of effect; but for a small one, demanding minute detail, a smooth surface would be necessary. 2. Paper in blocks needs no preparing; but single sheets are thoroughly damped, and the edges pasted down to the board; the sheet then dries tight and smooth. 3. There is a preparation called, we think, "Brilliantine," sold at the shops for mixing with the water used, which brightens the colours. But the chief thing is (which cannot be attained till study and practice have given precision and decision in work) to make *single washes* suffice, or rather, not to pile different *colours* on to one another. Owing to simple optical principles, this always produces dull and muddy effect. 4. None is used after. See reply to third question. 5. All this depends on the treatment and the subject; and must be learnt. 6. Your paper must have a rather greasy surface. It may be remedied to a great extent by mixing some ox-gall in the water it is wetted with, or brushing over with some gall in water; but it is well to avoid buying any more of samples found decidedly greasy. 7. See reply to No. 3. Water alone is, however, amply sufficient. 8. Special pigments are sold for china painting, which they will tell you about at the shops. There are treatises on every branch of drawing and painting, titles of which you can procure, and very likely see many of them, at any first-class shop dealing in artists' materials; or a stamp would probably bring you a list from one of the best houses in London.

**Preserving Animal Food.**—*Please inform me how (whether liquid or dry), and in what proportion, should salicylic acid powder be used in the preservation of meat, poultry, milk, etc.*—Salicylic acid is not very satisfactory for this purpose, the taste being perceptible when used in sufficient quantity. For milk, the best average is probably about 20 grains of the powder or crystals per gallon. But a more satisfactory method is to add boracic acid powder instead, not exceeding 1 part by weight to 1,000 parts of milk for extreme cases. Generally it is enough to mix 2 drachms boracic acid and 3 drachms salt, and add 40 grains of the mixture per gallon. Or glacialine (of which boracic acid is the main constituent) may be used according to the directions. For meat, Herzen's process is as good as any, and consists in dissolving 3 ounces borax, 2 ounces boracic acid, 3 ounces saltpetre, 1 ounce salt, in 5 pints water, and steeping the meat therein for 20 hours. Milk and meat are not preserved indefinitely by any of these processes, the limit with milk being about three days.

**Worn Leather.**—*I have some very good leather chairs that are very shabby; can you give me a hint of the preparation that is used to restore the colour of the leather so that after painting they look like new?*—We do not think there is any such preparation as you suppose.

**Worm-eaten Furniture.**—*I shall be so glad if you can tell me through the medium of your columns what can be done with furniture that is worm-eaten. I have several things already spoilt, and do not know how to prevent its increase?*—No very satisfactory reply can be given to this, we fear. Strong solution of corrosive sublimate will poison all such creatures, but does not get to them. Strong-smelling essential oils such as cajeput are said to kill them, and perhaps if repeatedly rubbed into the wood the odour might penetrate. A practical cabinet-maker states to us that the best methods known to him are either to brush in carbolic acid or to make a thin paste of camphor and oil; and having cleaned out the powder from all holes as far as possible, to rub the paste into them thoroughly, so that air may be excluded, and the odour penetrate the wood. Could the articles be fumigated for many hours in a large closet or chamber in an atmosphere of benzine, or carbolic acid vapour, or sulphurous acid from burnt sulphur, or chlorine from chloride of lime and acid, it would probably be effectual; but it is difficult to do this.

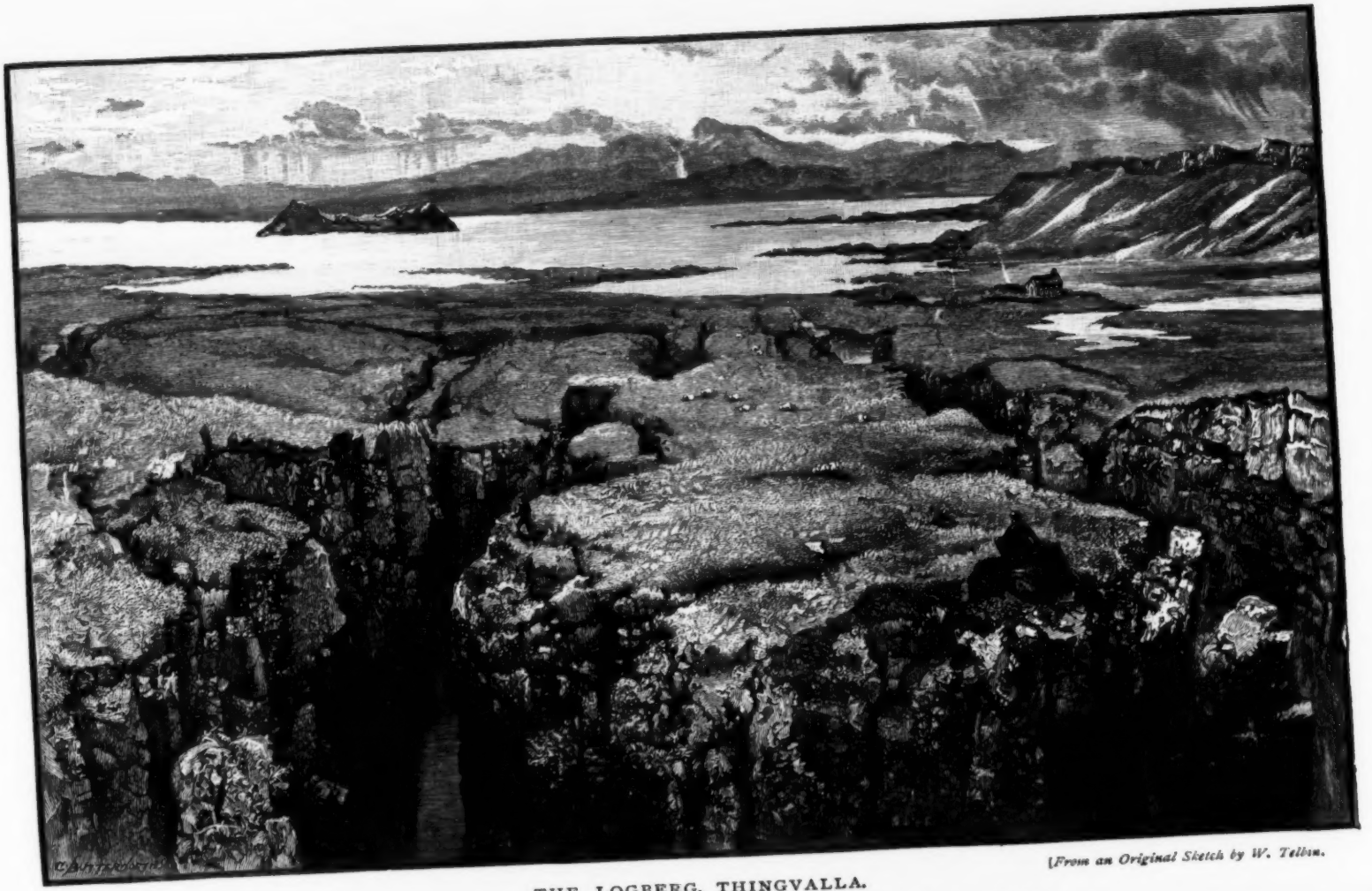
**Preserving Green Peas.**—*Would you kindly tell me how to preserve green peas for winter use? We do not like them dried. I have done French beans, cut and thoroughly covered with salt, which are very nice, but am afraid that would not answer for peas.*—The preserved peas sold in tins are boiled in the tin, in as little water as possible, and as little boiling as is found sufficient; then the tin is filled up with boiling water and the hole soldered down, as with meats. We fear the process is beyond domestic appliances and skill, and, as a rule, the English preserved peas are surpassed by the French; but it might be tried with wide-mouthed jars, the corks or covers being sealing-waxed over afterwards, to exclude the air. We fear the salt process would harden the skins too much, but never knew it tried; it would, of course, be a very easy experiment.

**Chilblains and Moist Hands.**—*Can you give me a cure for chilblains? I have tried all sorts of cures, but my fingers are as bad as ever. The least bit of cold brings them, and my hands are dreadfully disfigured with them. Another thing, my fingers perspire very much, and spoil all my gloves.*—Your two ailments are probably related, and together show a weakness of constitution which demands treatment, and very probably medical advice, as we cannot enter into any medical tonic treatment which may be necessary. You probably want much more of brisk exercise, especially in the colder weather; and there may be want of ventilation. Of course you carefully avoid warming your hands at the fire when cold? That is essential. Slight aperients occasionally, if needed, often do good; and sometimes very small doses of antimonial wine act on chilblains like a charm; but you must consult your own doctor about any medicinal means. You might apply, with benefit, to the chilblains (unbroken) a liniment of strong ammonia ½ ounce, camphor liniment 2 ounces, laudanum 1 ounce. At any time when free from them, apply with a sponge now and then one part ammonia solution diluted with five parts water; this will both tend to check the perspiration, and to some extent ward off the other trouble. Or you may apply belladonna liniment to the hands on going to bed, with probably some benefit. But it is your general health and tone and circulation which must be chiefly attended to, and for this you should seek advice. Both troubles generally lessen and disappear with age.

**Discoloured Tea-pot.**—*Can you inform me if anything can be done to clean the inside of an electro-plated tea-pot, which has been in use many years and has become discoloured with the tea?*—If it has been kept properly clean, and there is no substance collected, you had better leave it alone, as the black is simply due to oxide of silver; and while you can remove it, this would only be to expose fresh metal, which will gradually oxidize in turn. Any collected matter may be easily removed by putting some soda in the pot, pouring boiling water upon it, and, when dissolved, wiping the pot round. This repeated a few times will clean it thoroughly, and no more is advisable. If you are bent on removing the colour also, the safest way is to rub with diluted sulphuric acid, using a soft rag. This will dissolve the oxide, but the silver will practically be so much the thinner for it.

## Astronomical Almanack for June.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | TRINITY SUNDAY | 17 | T | New ☽ 9.58 A.M. |
| 2 | M | ☉ rises 3.50 A.M. | | | [Eclipse of ☽ 9.0 A.M. |
| 3 | T | Full ☽ 6.34 A.M. | 18 | W | Antares S. 10.35 P.M. |
| | | [Trin. Law Sttngs. begin | 19 | T | Libra S. 9.0 P.M. |
| 4 | W | ☉ sets 8.8 P.M. | 20 | F | Access. of Q. Victoria 1837 |
| 5 | T | Venus an evening star | 21 | S | Summer Quarter begins |
| 6 | F | Clock after ☉ 1m. 37s. | 22 | S | 3 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 7 | S | Venus sets 10.21 P.M. | 23 | M | Saturn sets 11.14 P.M. |
| 8 | S | 1 SUN. AFTER TRINITY | 24 | T | Camb. Easter Term ends |
| 9 | M | ☽ 3 Quarter 9.50 P.M. | | | [Midsummer Day |
| 10 | T | Jupiter a morning star | 25 | W | ☽ 1 Quarter 1.54 P.M. |
| 11 | W | Saturn sets midnight | 26 | T | Jupiter rises 10.6 P.M. |
| 12 | T | Mars sets 2.36 A.M. | 27 | F | Clock before ☉ 2m. 46s. |
| 13 | F | ☉ rises 3.44 A.M. | 28 | S | ☉ rises 3.47 A.M. |
| 14 | S | ☉ sets 8.16 P.M. | 29 | S | 4 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 15 | S | 2 SUN. AFTER TRINITY | 30 | M | ☉ sets 8.18 P.M. |
| 16 | M | Arcturus S. 8.30 P.M. | | | [Twilight all Night |



[From an Original Sketch by W. Telbin.

THE LOGBERG, THINGVALLA.

THE ANCIENT MEETING-PLACE OF THE ALTHING OR PARLIAMENT OF ICELAND

# SENIOR AND JUNIOR:

## A COUNTRY TOWN CHRONICLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH. AUTHOR OF "GREAT GRANDMAMMA SEVERN," "THE CHILCOTES" ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—IN THE CORRIDOR.



MRS. SMEE TRIES A FEW SEARCHING QUESTIONS.

ON the second Wednesday after Miss Kelynge's departure from the Red House, Andrew Hallett was taking his leisurely way on horseback towards Hallett Place on that business visit in connection with the property which he sometimes undertook for his father.

It pleased him, in obedience to some fancy of his own, to take the road that led past Chalk End. To go, well mounted, well dressed, well fed, past the house where poverty and black care and want were written for all men to read, gave him the sense of satisfaction that it gave him to ride up the avenue at Hallett Place, and picture himself as master there. He loved in all things to dominate, and had none of that finer fibre of chivalry which makes a man pity a woman, even if she has injured him, when the world turns its shoulder upon her. Lavinia Moss had not injured him at all; indeed, she had done him a very kind service by freeing him from an entanglement that might have become embarrassing to him. But for all that, his hatred of her was a vital enough quality. He would have punished her if he could in payment of that scorn with which she had lashed him, and which he still, at every remembrance of it, felt like a knife-edge drawn across his skin.

As he drew near the fields which Caleb Moss still called his own he looked about him rather eagerly. It would have given this high-minded young man a sincere thrill of satisfaction to have

[From an Original Sketch by W. Tatton.

THE LOGBERG, THINGVALLA.

THE ANCIENT MEETING-PLACE OF THE ALTHING OR PARLIAMENT OF ICELAND

met Lavinia that he might have had the pleasure of staring her in the eyes and riding by without a sign of recognition; but the only figure visible on the face of the bald winter-stricken landscape was that of the farmer himself, and for him Andrew had nothing but the contempt of a superior mind.

"What is the drivelling idiot after?" he wondered idly, for Caleb Moss started at the sound of the horse's hoofs, and turned hastily towards the house with the air of a hunted man who is down, and who knows it at last, and who knows that his neighbours know it too.

Caleb had been guilty of nothing more heinous than a melancholy survey of the empty yard where not so much as a single porker now grubbed among the straw. The pigs had all vanished, and were probably already done into pork to help other folks' Christmas cheer—not a grunter of them all was left to solace Caleb. Perhaps the clean-swept desolation of the yard where so lively a colony had lately been housed brought home to the man's slow mind, as nothing else could have done, the hopelessness of his broken fortunes.

Not the querulous complaints of the younger brood, not Lavy's short-lived, passionate outbursts, not the neglected house, the empty barns, the scanty meals, had the force of conviction that this unused corner of the farmyard had for him. Between the pigs and Caleb there had been an affinity such as there is between a man of larger mental grasp and his horse or his dog. As he leaned against the low wall, and looked with lack-lustre eyes upon the emptiness beneath him, he understood at last that there was no more money to be drawn, by any art or device or cajolement that his slow imagination could conceive, from the bank. John Mellish, with his foolish softness of heart and rash good-nature, could stand no longer between this unfortunate kinsman and ruin. That was the parable that the absent pigs preached.

Andrew went by with a stuck-out chin and uplifted brows. His quick eye missed no signs of the decay that was every day becoming more visible. The farm had been wretchedly mismanaged, but it was a tidy bit of land, better than the run of such small properties in Eastshire. In the days of Moss's father and grandfather it had been prosperous enough, and there was no reason why, with a judicious outlay of capital and a man who wasn't a born idiot to manage it, it should not pay still.

"The bank holds the mortgage, or, let us say, the bank's creditors," said Andrew to himself with a little private sneer. If it had not been for this hindering circumstance it is possible he might have looked on it with the eye of a proprietor himself. Nothing grows so fast in the human breast as the love of acquisition. Andrew already looked on Halletts as his own; and it would have been one of the dearest triumphs of his life to have bought Chalk End and turned Lavinia Moss into the highway to beg her bread.

As he went his way, occupied with these charitable and Christian thoughts, he chanced to glance back at the farm, and there to his surprise, leaning on the fence that divided the last field from the ragged kitchen-garden and the tumble-down barns, he saw Sir James Hemmingway.

There was nothing remarkable, surely, in the baronet's presence here, so near the confines of his own property. It was easily enough conceivable that he too, and with better justification than Andrew Hallett, had an eye upon the little homestead which was so soon to slip from Caleb Moss's feeble grasp. Sir James had the rather hesitating and almost furtive air a man possessed of any delicacy of feeling might show in obtruding himself upon a neighbour in trouble, but his presence there, and his attitude, had another meaning for Andrew. It was natural to this young gentleman to impute a low motive; and he instantly assured himself that the baronet was there for the sake of Lavinia Moss. On what other ground could one account for his guilty air, like that of a rustic waiting shamefacedly for his lass? Lavy was handsome enough to attract even so cold-blooded a wooer. His suspicion was entirely without foundation, and had no justification in fact; but it unfortunately received confirmation in Andrew's mind from the circumstance that he presently perceived Lavinia in the garden.

She was coming from the dairy. Even at some distance he easily recognised her strong straight figure, her round arms bared, her head erect, thrown back as if to defy misfortune. Lavinia, indeed, was quite as unconscious of the baronet's presence as she was of Andrew's, and would have passed him by, concerning herself chiefly with her milk-pails, had he not addressed her. He had come, as others had come, to look at the land, and perhaps to bid for it when the impending crash came. She paused to direct him to her father. If Andrew had been nearer he would have seen that the sombre shadow on her face never lifted it was sorrow and care, not love, that made Lavy's proud heart ache. But Andrew had seen enough; he sank down on his saddle and went his way with a smile on his face, choosing the soft grass on the edge of the road, so that the fall of his horse's hoofs might not betray him. For once he hoped that Mary Kelynge would keep her tryst with him. On the previous Wednesday he had glanced into the corridor, and not finding her there, had gone home in nowise displeased; but on this occasion it gave him a decided sense of satisfaction to know that she was waiting for him at the appointed spot. He saw her peeping timidly from the window as he rode up to the door, but he made no sign; and, indeed, half an hour or more elapsed while he did his business and took his ease before he joined her.

"Miss Kelynge is here, sir," said the housekeeper, when he was refreshing himself in her room. "She came an hour or more ago in Lady Hemmingway's night brougham; and a shabby way, I call it, to send a young lady driving over the country, with a broken-winded horse and a carriage as is ashamed to be seen in daylight."

"I daresay she won't mind," said Andrew tranquilly.

"Oh, dear no, sir," agreed the housekeeper, who had heard various rumours in her visits to Melchisford, and was not unwilling to propitiate a

possible master. "Miss Kelynge always was the mildest and timidest young lady as ever was; and what she stood from the old gentleman that's gone, sir, you'll never believe. She would do anything for anybody, she would. She came here today, sir, if you'll credit me, for nothing but to get my recipe for cowslip wine for her ladyship."

"And capital wine it is, too."

"Well, sir, people do say as they like it, and to be sure there isn't a drop of last year's brew left, though you was to shake the barrel upside down to find it."

"Ah, we mustn't let her ladyship suffer," said Andrew, whose quick mind was scheming and planning while he seemed to be listening to the housekeeper's discourse. "I'll wager, my mother has some in her store closet, and though she isn't so good at the manufacture as you, Mrs. Carter, I daresay Lady Hemmingway will never know the difference."

The housekeeper in Mrs. Carter was of course very well pleased with this compliment, and she pronounced Andrew a nice, pleasant-spoken gentleman when at last he went in search of Miss Kelynge.

"I think you'll find her in the library, sir," Mrs. Carter volunteered; but Andrew knew better.

She came shyly to meet him when he ran lightly upstairs. Her heart was all in a flutter, and she looked very timid and appealing. How the poor heart had sunk when she had seen him ride up to the door with never so much as a smile or a wave of the hand for the watcher by the window, and what a long time there had been for the knocking of assaulting fears since then! Was he displeased that she had come to meet him? Did he think her bold, unmaidenly? It had been such a great enterprise on her part; she had plotted, planned, schemed, lain awake at nights tormenting herself to find an excuse to slip away alone, and now that she had vanquished all her terrors and difficulties, was she to be punished by not seeing her lover at all?

Poor timid, frightened Mary, if he could but have known what a store of love was lavished on him, surely even he would have been ashamed and humbled. And now that he was come she was ready to forget everything but that he was here.

He came forward with a quick and resolute step, and he kissed her carelessly, as if he were saluting his grandmother or his aunt, but Mary was not experienced in lover's kisses; and here among the portraits of her ancestors, that masterful, handsome race that had so often seemed to jeer and flout at her, to mock at her loneliness, to laugh at her for her homeliness and plainness, it was such a great thing to have a lover at all.

"Are any of you cleverer, or handsomer, or braver, or stronger than he?" she almost challenged them as she went to meet him. There never was a hero among them all that could match him in her eyes.

"Well, Mary," cried Andrew, with the easy manner of one who is certain beforehand of his welcome—"well, Mary, so you managed to come?"

"Yes," said Mary, "and—and you are not displeased, are you, Andrew?"

She looked at him with some of the old fear and trouble in her eyes.

"Displeased, my dear girl?" cried Andrew with his most lordly air. "I expected you, of course; I looked for you last week."

"I tried—indeed I tried to come," said Mary, allowing a little happiness to creep into her heart once more at this unexpected mark of his kindness; "but I am not quick or clever, Andrew, and I could not think of any excuse to get away. Today I felt that I *must* come, and I said that there was something in my wardrobe that I wanted. I hope it wasn't a very wicked fib, for there really was a—a neckerchief I had missed."

"It was a shocking story," he said, with a good-humoured laugh, "and a most deep design, but I thought it was the recipe for cowslip wine."

"Yes," said Mary eagerly, "there was that too. Lady Hemmingway wanted it, and I offered to get it. But for that I think she scarcely would have allowed me to go alone—that is, without her."

"And she graciously allowed you to come in that rusty little pill-box that wasn't built in my lifetime or yours either! You ought to stand on your dignity, Mary, and not allow yourself to be sent about the country as if you were the lady's-maid or companion."

"Well, so I might have been but for you," said Mary with simplicity. "I'm afraid I have no dignity. Lady Hemmingway said something about the horses being overworked."

"Overworked with dragging her ladyship's twelve stone all over the county in search of bargains!"

"And I was glad even of the brougham and that old horse, because it was a little quicker than walking, and—and Sir James came with me."

Mary made the confession diffidently; but perhaps she would not have been wholly displeased if Andrew had displayed a spark of jealousy when he heard in what company she had arrived. Even the homeliest and humblest of women likes to think that she is first in her lover's heart, and that he can brook no rival there. To be jealous is sometimes a very fine compliment—who, indeed, would prize the affection that was willing to go shares with all the world? Mary, however, was denied this innocent satisfaction. Andrew only stared at her thoughtfully out of his big dark eyes. He was seeing not Mary indeed, but was occupied with a mental picture of a wintry landscape where two figures stood out with great clearness. Presently his thoughtfulness gave way to a laugh.

"So Hemmingway came with you?" he said, "and he has gone upon a little matter of business, I daresay, and is to come back to fetch you and escort you home in the rusty pill-box. Is that it?"

"I couldn't help it. I—I didn't want him."

She hung her head, but Andrew only laughed the more.

"Has Hemmingway been trying to take my place?" he asked. "Has the noble baronet been trying to poach on my manor? Has he been telling you what a very wicked fellow I was at Cambridge, and hinting at what an undesirable hus-

band I should make, and pointing out in his delightfully natural manner how much more profitable it would be to marry Halletts to Spens?"

"Do you think I would let him, Andrew?" said Mary. She was angry, but she was sad too, and the tears of vexation were in her eyes. If he cared for her, could he talk so lightly of another stealing the love that was wholly his?

"No, my dear, I don't think you would if you could help it," he said, still merry over the fancy; "but there is my lady to think of. She wouldn't object to you for a daughter-in-law, Mary. She treats you as if you were one already—to the old carriage and the second-best teapot, I daresay."

"She is very kind to me," said Mary truthfully. "She does all she can to amuse and interest me. She teaches me housekeeping."

"I hope you don't intend to practise her cheese-paring on me? I have not Sir James's excellently-curbed and trained appetite, nor his jaundiced liver, happily."

"I am glad to learn what I can. I know so little. And we may be poor after all, you know, Andrew."

But he refused to entertain that ugly possibility. In the darkening afternoon he had been looking about him at the portraits that lined the corridor. Already they were his ancestors, for was not he a Hallett too? Already he felt something in his blood that answered with a leap to this fine inheritance from the past. To claim as his own this long line of proud, high-spirited men, who had been soldiers and sailors, adventurers and wanderers here and there over the earth, was to enter into recognisances for himself, as it were, to give a bond over his own future. When he reigned here it would be his ambition to make the name of Hallett sound in men's ears once more. If he could not do doughty deeds abroad, he could at least shine at home as the best squire and the foremost man in his county. No doubts troubled this bright future or marred its satisfaction; but when he thought of it his heart softened a little towards the girl whose gift it was.

"We shall be rich," he said; "or you at least will be rich, Mary, and all that I have and am I shall owe to you. I hope you will never repent of your trust, my dear."

Of course she cried at that, and protested and cried a little more, but for happiness this time; and Andrew dried her tears and comforted her, and the interview that had threatened to be sad and unsatisfactory ended very brightly for her.

They talked more confidentially after that, and he questioned her with a great deal of interest about her life at Spens. How did Sir James pass his time? Was he much at home in the evenings—in the afternoons? He was a skilful cross-examiner, and it was not difficult to extract all the particulars he desired. These were not many, however; and from Mary's account the baronet's record was blameless enough. Breakfasts, lunches, dinners tête-à-tête with his mother and his guest, a solemn drive in the big carriage, a still more solemn game of bagatelle at night; mornings spent over business, she believed in his study, while Lady Hemmingway trotted round and counted the eggs and noticed how much of yesterday's mutton had been consumed at the servants' supper.

"He's a sly dog!" thought Andrew to himself; "I daresay he wouldn't always be found in that study of his if one were to look in. That wasn't the first stolen visit to the farm I surprised to-day, or I'm mistaken. A prig like our friend doesn't go ahead at that rate."

Mary confessed that it was very dull.

"But Lady Hemmingway won't hear of my going away, or even of my going to the Red House often. I went once to see your—our mother, Andrew, but you were in the office, and I couldn't stay long, and I didn't dare to go downstairs."

"The governor would have looked astonished if you had."

"And I thought I was never going to see you again."

"Poor little woman! Well, we must mend that. Suppose I were to ride over to Spens some day, would you refuse to see me? We can't let Lady Hemmingway be deprived of the cowslip wine, for depend on it it is the wine and not the recipe she has set her heart on. I could coax a few bottles out of my mother, I daresay, and be my own messenger. The door of Spens would fly open for anybody who came with a twopenny-halfpenny gift in his hand, wouldn't it?"

He did not tell her that he had another object in wishing to go to Spens besides the desire to see her. We all practise, consciously or unconsciously, a good deal of suppression when it comes to a statement of motive, and we never include that kind of hypocrisy when we pray to be delivered from bearing false witness.

Mary assured him superfluously that the gates of Spens should fly open for him, and the prospect of this visit reconciled her to the present need of parting, and even to the dreaded ordeal of Sir James's undiluted platitudes on the homeward way.

As they walked down the corridor together the red gleam of the wintry sky flashed in at a window and illuminated a portrait hanging opposite it.

"That is Avisia Hallett," said Mary. "Doesn't she look angry? She always looks like that at me."

"She doesn't look very amiable; I should say she had a tolerable share of temper. Well, if she were in the flesh, I daresay she would have a right to look angry over the ill-luck of her own vagabond——perhaps as she is somewhere else she has forgiven us."

"I hope he is dead. I'd rather think of him as dead long ago, than living now and shut out."

"I care little for him, living or dead, so long as he keeps away till after the 12th of March."

"And if he comes home after that?" said Mary wistfully.

"If he comes home after that you shall be as kind to him as you like, my dear, short of turning me out."

CHAPTER XXXII.—A SPOKE IN LAVY'S WHEEL.

EVEN if Andrew had been the most exacting of lovers he could scarcely have invented any ground of jealousy where Sir James was concerned. That blameless young man was indeed a great deal more interested in his health, which made periodical claims on his attention, than he was in his guest, and he showed himself much more than usually obtuse in acting upon his mother's scarcely veiled hints. If Lady Hemmingway had not understood that patience is the first and the second and the third requisite of a diplomatist, she would have parted with all she possessed of that virtue long before.

"But I am never cross with poor dear James when he is ill; I have too much sympathy with him," she said to Emily Smee, who happened to drive over on one of her dutiful visits to Spens when Miss Kelynge was staying there.

"Dyspeptic people have a great deal to be thankful for," said Mrs. Smee—"they are forgiven so much. I would set up a complaint myself if I could only get Henry to believe in it, but the worst of being a doctor's wife is that you can't even indulge in a poor little pretence of a headache without being found out."

"James doesn't pretend." His mother's tone had an offended edge. She kept the privilege of disparaging James jealously to herself.

"I was far from meaning to suggest it. I suppose it was what you would call a feminine *non sequitur*. I sham, therefore he shams. It sounds a little like a tense of a verb, doesn't it?"

"It doesn't sound well to use foreign words," said the hostess, still bent on rebuke; "it is never done in the best society."

"But I am not in the best society, you know," said Emily demurely; "I am only a poor country surgeon's wife, and, if you please, I don't know any better. But next time I want to disparage myself I will do it in honest English, so that I may not be snubbed by the best people."

Lady Hemmingway looked as if she did not like this speech any better than the last, but she could not afford to quarrel with Emily on a dull afternoon, when she was glad of a listener. The pony had been unharnessed by her orders, and the attendant boy was at that moment engaged upon a frugal meal of bread and cheese in the servants' hall.

Emily had been commanded to take off her hat and her furs, though no mention of bread and cheese was made in her case.

"You dine in the middle of the day, I know, so I won't offer you any lunch," her cousin said; "and I will let you go home in good time to give your husband his tea."

"Thank you," said Emily, with twinkling eyes. "Henry is allowed to have his dinner at seven when he is good, and I daresay if I ask him nicely he will let me share it."

When this little woman found the attractions of Melchisford growing a trifle monotonous, when the baby was asleep, the servants mutinous, her husband absent on a long day's ride, she would order the pony to be harnessed and trot off on a visit to Spens, where there was never any lack of humorous incident. She happened to come on the day when Mary had gone on that errand to Hallett Place of which we know, and as she sat with her chair drawn as near the temperate fire as politeness permitted, she looked such a cosy, cheerful, merry little woman that it would have taken a very ill-conditioned curmudgeon not to forgive her on the spot.

Lady Hemmingway sat in the opposite chair, planting her feet on a footstool, crossing her plump hands on her lap, and so evidently waiting to be questioned, that Emily, knowing her duty, immediately began.

"I hope you like Miss Kelynge and that you get on with her."

"I get on with everybody," said Fanny loftily. "As for Miss Kelynge, I find her a very modest, well-bred young woman."

"Ah, then the best people are all like her, I suppose?" said Emily innocently.

"Birth undoubtedly tells. Miss Kelynge comes of a good stock, as anyone can see at a glance—anyone but you, Emily; but really, you have so mixed yourself up with those Melchisford people that I daresay you scarcely know a real lady when you see her."

"I don't think I do," confessed Emily demurely. "I know it's a shocking want of perception on my part, but really, if I had first met Miss Kelynge serving, say, behind Culpepper's counter, I'm afraid I should not have discovered her ancient lineage at a glance. The best people ought to have some distinguishing mark by which one can recognise them at once. It is a sad mistake of Nature; blue blood might surely claim that small privilege. Now, won't it be hard," she hastened to say, seeing the cloud descending on Fanny's brow, "supposing Miss Kelynge presently slips back into the obscurity of a poor relation, that she hasn't some kind of outward testimonial to inform the world that she had at least a score of ancestors? So far as I can see she is very much like the rest of us. She hasn't even inherited a family eyebrow or chin, and her nose—I'm afraid her nose isn't a nose of character at all."

"She will always be a Hallett," said Fanny, meeting this flippancy with severity.

"There are Halletts at the Red House too, and I don't think they can go beyond a grandfather."

"Really, Emily, I have no patience with you," cried Fanny, boiling over at last. "As if these lawyer Halletts—mere nobodies—were to be named in the same breath with the family, the old family that has been rooted in the country since the Conquest, and before it, for all I know. Let me hear no more of your country attorneys."

"But I am afraid you must hear more of them if Miss Kelynge is going to marry Andrew Hallett, unless"—she brightened over the suggestion—"unless Sir James has succeeded in weaning her affections from that undesirable young man."

"Emily," said Fanny, "I don't think this is a subject to joke about. James has far too serious a sense of responsibility to make a jest of marriage."

"I never dreamt of Sir James making a jest of

matrimony or of anything else," said Emily in all sincerity. "I honestly and truly don't think Andrew Hallett would make her a good husband. He is not a young man to my taste."

"I really do not see what that has got to do with it."

"No," said Emily, laughing at this thrust; "it isn't I who have got to marry him. But if somebody else fancies him, what then? My dislike of him can do the young man no harm, but if there has been an exchange of hearts—or of a heart for so many money-bags, let us say—that little transaction might be fatal to Sir James's chances, might it not?"

"My son need fear no vulgar rivalry," said Fanny. Then she put on her pulpit manner and preached her cousin a little sermon wherein the obligations of birth were enlarged upon and the necessity that lies upon the distinguished of the earth to marry in their own set. There are worldly-minded folk even in the flat solitudes of Eastshire. To hear this mother talk, you would think that her son was a prince of the blood royal—a sultan who had but to throw his handkerchief for it to be humbly picked up by the lady he chose to honour. "If there has been any such foolishness as you hint at—I really wonder you can listen to Melchisford gossip, Emily—it must certainly have been a mere passing indiscretion. I questioned Mary, and could draw nothing from her; and the young man, if he has any such absurd pretensions, has at least had the decency to refrain from trying to see her here."

"Poor victim!" said Emily, under her breath. She could picture the scared, hunted look in Mary's light eyes when this inquisitorial lady began her investigations. "I wonder she had the wit to dissemble," she thought; "but I daresay he has terrified her into secrecy. Somebody ought to interfere. Even Sir James would be a better husband, though the ancestral ghosts at Halletts would have to resign themselves to seeing a race of idiots occupying their places." Aloud she said, "Then Sir James has not put his hopes to the test yet?"

"James knows my wishes," said his mother, as if that were all-sufficing. "He will take his own time to declare himself; he feels the importance and the seriousness of the step."

"How sensible he is to curb his impatience!" said little Mrs. Smee, with so simple an air that the sarcasm almost escaped detection; "most men would rush in eager to know their fate, forgetting the risk of a possible repulse."

"A repulse is impossible in my son's case," said the baronet's mother, with an air of firmness that Emily could not but admire.

Indeed, the lady's determination, resolution, and courage were admirable in their way. If she had only been a little earlier in the field she would certainly have won the day.

Emily was very much amused when she heard that the pair had been sent off in the little brougham to Halletts. There was a fine diplomacy in the selection of the small carriage which had once belonged to a doctor, and had been bought second-hand by her economical ladyship, for its narrow limits implied such very confidential relations. Even the most lukewarm and bashful of lovers might feel his courage rise on such an occasion.

"I thought Sir James was riding—for his health's sake?"

"Miss Kelynge does not ride, and I must say I quite approve of her scruples. Really, the way those Darbyshire girls ride across the country after the hounds is quite disgraceful."

"You mean you are glad that you will not be at the expense of keeping a horse for her," thought the quick-witted Emily, but she knew that all these schemes and dreams and plans would come to nothing. She had a good deal of insight and a quickness of perception, and she knew that though Mary was a goose she was a goose with a heart, and that it had already passed out of her possession.

When she went into the blue bedroom to put on her hat and her furs before going home to share her husband's dinner she noticed signs of occupation in it. The blue bedroom was not by any means the bedroom of state. It was a rather shabby apartment, to which the rare bachelor who chanced to share a night's hospitality at Spens was as a rule consigned, and yet here Mary's modest trunks had been carried.

"You treat her as if she were your daughter already," said Emily.

"I like to make young people feel at home, and the red room is really too big for one person. Besides," the speaker added, with a prompting to honesty, "I've just had the chintzes new cleaned, and you know what an expense that is. Really, those Melchisford tradespeople have no conscience!"

"Well, Fanny," said Emily, when she had tied on her veil and wrapped herself in her warm cloak, and was ready to step into the little carriage, "am I to wish your enterprise success? You will have a very obedient, amiable, dutiful daughter-in-law, even if she should not turn out to be a fortune as well."

"Emily," cried Lady Hemmingway sharply, from the top of the steps, "have you heard anything? Are you keeping anything back from me?"

"No," said the doctor's little wife, laughing and nodding her farewells, "we've been too busy lately to invent an heir; and even if we had conjured him up it would be only Melchisford gossip, you know!" and thereupon she touched up the fat pony and set off at a canter.

The lanes were almost dark when the pony jogged along them, and Emily was beginning, like a true housekeeper, to run over the items of the dinner then frizzling in her kitchen, and to hope that the sauces and the fish and the new pudding would not disgrace her. Her own appetite was keener set than usual, sharpened by the wintry air and the compulsory fast from that eminently womanly meal, afternoon tea, that a visit to Spens implied, and she was urging her little steed to do his best when, at the Four Want Ways, who should whisk round the corner but Andrew Hallett.

She knew him even in the dark, and he knew her, but she was a little surprised when he jumped off the chestnut and came forward to greet her. As it was evident he wanted to talk she could not but check the pony's paces and give him an ear, while he walked beside her leading his horse.

"You are late out, aren't you?" he said; "or is it only that the nights get dark so absurdly early?"

"I don't know the hour, but my appetite hopes it isn't far from seven. I've been to see my cousin at Spens, Mr. Andrew, where your guest and ward—is that what she is?—is staying."

"My father is Miss Kelynge's guardian pro tem.; I suppose that makes her his ward. Did you see her?" asked the young man, as if he did not know very well already that the ladies had not met.

"No, she was out driving with Sir James."

"I think not."

"Did *you* see her, then?" Mrs. Smee turned quickly upon him.

"I saw Sir James."

"Weren't they together? They set out together, and I can scarcely fancy that they quarrelled. Sir James would be sure to make himself very pleasant. Miss Kelynge and he are great friends, I hear, and she is the sort of young lady to be very grateful and pleased by his kindness. Don't you think so, Mr. Andrew?"

If she expected to sting him she was disappointed.

"Sir James was not with her," he said gravely, "he was with Miss Moss."

"With Lavy Moss?"

"Yes," said Andrew; "I knew it would surprise you. It did me to see them talking confidentially together, as if—as if—well, you know the kind of thing, Mrs. Smee."

"You do, you mean. Pray do not imagine that my experiences have been as wide and varied as yours."

But Andrew was not to be snubbed, even by her. When he had a point to gain he could summon an imperturbable humour that refused to recognise slights.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I only wanted to spare you a description of a very pretty little love scene."

"Are you quite sure you haven't evolved it out of your own inner consciousness?" she asked dryly; "I hear that you are a young gentleman of a lively imagination."

"Quite sure."

"Tom," said Mrs. Smee, suddenly turning to her little groom, "get down and lead Mr. Hallett's horse on ahead. Now," she said, when this arrangement had been effected, "what do you mean? I'm a plain person, and I like a plain statement of facts."

"And I have given it you. I have reason to think it wasn't the first stolen interview I surprised to-day; and as you're a relation, and that sort of thing, I thought it might be as well to give you a hint. I don't suppose Miss Moss is the sort of wife Lady Hemmingway would desire for her son."

"I don't suppose so either. Now what do you mean by telling me this?"

"Well, it's awkward for a man to interfere. Hemmingway and I were at Cambridge together, and though we didn't hit it off, I don't exactly care to round on him."

"So you wish me to interfere? Well, I'll think over what you have told me, Mr. Andrew, and I suppose I ought to thank you for your most disinterested conduct. My cousin, as I daresay you've heard, is anxious for a match between her son and Miss Hallett-Kelynge, and of course if there were any previous attachment on his part—but you have averted that danger. Things can't have gone very far, and I daresay Sir James will be amenable."

"It's no affair of mine, but I thought you ought to know."

"Thank you. And now, Mr. Andrew, don't let me keep you from your dinner. Your horse is fretting to be off and my boy can scarcely hold him."

"Here be complications," she said to herself when she had dismissed young Andrew. She had been scarcely civil to him, not finding it easy to pretend cordiality where she felt none; but she was puzzled, all the same, to find a clue to his motive.

"If he really wants to marry the girl, he ought to have encouraged Sir James in his absurd fancy, and thus disposed of a possible rival. Sir James in love! Oh, what a spectacle that must be! I daresay Miss Kelynge was all the time having *her* stolen interview with that detestable young man who has just left me. No doubt he feels too serenely sure of her to be afraid of anybody, and so he is able for once to profess a virtuous anxiety on the baronet's account."

Mrs. Smee of course knew nothing of that former passage between young Hallett and handsome Lavy, or of their bitter quarrel either. The secret of both had been very well preserved, so that she could not estimate the true motive of Andrew's sudden confidence—the passion to be revenged.

"I've put a spoke in Lavy's wheel," he thought as he rode home, "and after that need I care for that little woman's impertinence?"

### CHAPTER XXXIII.—ON HOSPITABLE INTENT.

MATTERS took a new departure at Princess Mansions—a departure in the wrong direction from the moment Mr. Spenceley reappeared there. It was not only that Owen had to devote himself to literature during a large part of the day, but that in those afternoon hours when the Muse refuses to be invoked, and when the veriest hack allows himself a little repose and refreshment, he was destined to take his in company he did not relish.

There was always somebody seated in his own particular corner of his own particular sofa now, who seemed to find that pleasant drawing-room as attractive as Owen himself did, and who shared his liking, too, to be near a young lady

who occupied a low chair, hanging diligently over her embroidery.

Owen could not know how much more diligently Hester stitched when Mr. Spenceley was her companion; how seldom she lifted the long-lashed eyes with wonder in them or interest in the traveller's tales. He only knew that Spenceley was always there with his air of cool possession and mastery of the situation. Spenceley had nothing to do; no publishers to goad his unwilling pen, no public quite ready to listen to his utterances, nothing to do but to give his days to Hester—to bring her flowers, to talk to her, to walk or drive or dine in her company when Margaret permitted.

He had a way of affecting surprise when Prideaux called that drove the young man to the verge of fury.

"What, you here?" he would say with his drawl. "We ought to feel honoured, oughtn't we, when the popular author tears himself away from his desk for our poor society?"

"Pray don't give me more credit than I deserve," said Owen savagely. "When I want your society, my dear fellow, I know where I can get it."

"Owen comes to see me," said Margaret, coming to the rescue, "as he has come any time these twenty years. He is a good boy, and never forgets his old friend. As for you, Henry Spenceley, I should be more delighted to see you if you had any kind of business from which you tore yourself away to come here."

"Shall I sit down and write a book? Perhaps our famous author here will tell us how it is done."

"I shouldn't have thought the trick was wholly unknown to you," said Prideaux with a sneer, of which he was ashamed the moment he had uttered it.

"I've made acquaintance with one side of an author's life," said Spenceley, with a kind of careless good-humour—"the seamy side; it's left for you, my boy, to tell of its glories and pleasures and rewards. I made my venture, too, Miss Hallett, but there wasn't any prize for me."

"Mr. Spenceley wrote a book of travels, Miss Hallett," said Owen, eager to be generous, "and because it didn't jump at once into two or three editions he was pleased to think it a failure."

"If it was a success I paid pretty stiffly for it, as my cheque-book could show. Never mind, old man, I daresay if the world won't listen to my wisdom I shall get my consolation out in some other way."

Owen's brow darkened again at that. Was there a hint or a warning conveyed in these words? and what did he mean by his consolation?

"It isn't a calling anybody need envy a man," he said gloomily.

"Oh, don't say that," said Hester, looking up shyly. "I think it is—it is the finest calling in the world."

"Not much money to be made out of it, is there?" asked Spenceley; "and an awful grind."

"No, sir," said Owen haughtily, "there is not, for the most of men, much money to be made out of literature. If that is a writer's chief desire, he had better wipe his pen and put his manuscripts in the fire; and it is a constant grind, as you say. It makes strenuous demands on those of us who can't afford to be amateurs and to pay for the luxury of appearing in print."

"I am sure the copying must be dreadful slavery," said Margaret, who saw that war was imminent between the two young men and was anxious to avert it; "and you write everything over more than once, don't you, Owen? How your poor hand must ache!"

"Yes," said Owen bitterly, "I polish my sentences and shape them and prune them as if posterity were likely to read them, and I do my own clerking too, and drive my quill and ink my fingers. I washed my hands before I came here, or you must have seen the stains on them. That is how I spend my mornings when Mr. Spenceley is enjoying your company."

"I say, Prideaux," cried Spenceley, with half-injured remonstrance, "I don't see why you need be so savage! If you've to slave and grind, you're rewarded pretty handsomely too. If you knew what it is to be slated by the reviewers you would be a little more grateful for their kindness, and to have half the women in London laughing and crying over your best passages is surely reward enough for any man."

But it was the praise and admiration and approval of one woman only in all great London that Owen wanted, and while he went without that he cared little for the adulation of all the rest. Already he had lost a great deal of the first freshness of delight in his profession. To sit down to his desk day by day, whether he felt inspired or no, to task himself with so many pages in which he had to be merry or sad, lively or pathetic, whatever his own private feelings might be, to put temptation resolutely away from him and chain his fancies and take his portion of drudgery when that fell to his lot—all this, which the serious adoption of literature as a profession involved, made it a very prosaic affair, not much more lively than the work of a lawyer, and not half as varied as that of a doctor.

Already he had learned to listen with a half-cynical smile to the oft-repeated remark, made by ladies chiefly—"How delightful it must be to write books! Oh, how delightful!"

"Delightful, yes, especially when you have a headache, and would rather be reading somebody else's book than writing your own, or when you want to go out and look at a face and listen to a voice that are both of them the sweetest you know," he might have added had he spoken the whole truth. He lived to do good and honourable work, and to bear his testimony to the pleasures as well as the penalties of an author's life; but for the moment he could not love the toil that kept him from the presence of the woman he loved.

Yes, loved. His hour had come, as it comes to most generous hearts; a new current had set into his life, and was bearing him he knew not where.

The Captain, like the foolish old fellow he was, encouraged Owen by a great many simple and

guileless devices in this infatuation, altogether forgetting his warning to Margaret. He was perpetually remembering something which Margaret wanted or ought to have, and which Owen alone could take her. When his imagination flagged he adopted bolder tactics, and Owen, when he emerged from his den, found the sailor wrapped in his big blue cloak and waiting for the young man's company.

The two often walked together, being fast friends and comrades; and though Owen had a host of acquaintances to whom he had given a generous share of his time before Hester came upon the scene, he always spared a bit of the day for the Captain.

"What is to be our quarter-deck to-day?" Owen would ask, and invariably in those latter weeks the Captain would answer firmly,

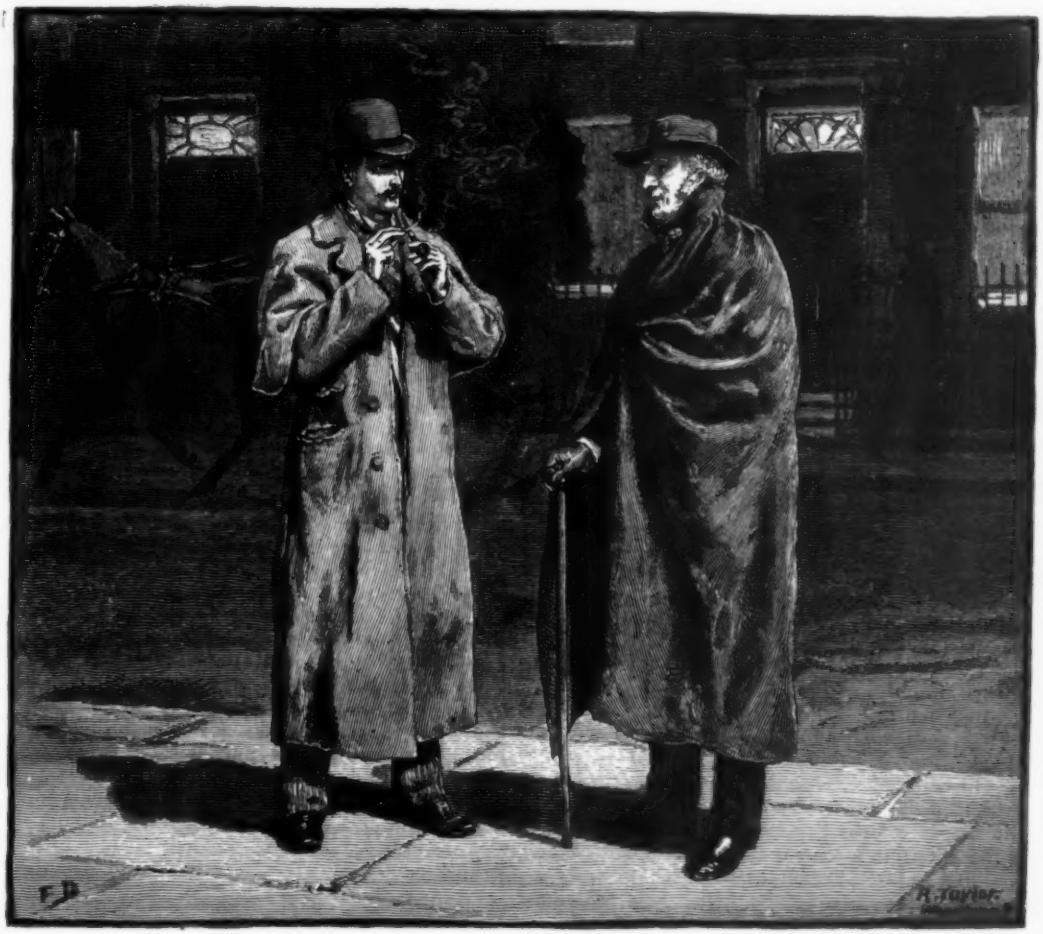
"I think we shall go and ask for Margaret."

Owen at last burst out laughing.

"Why don't you tell me to stick to my work?" he said. "Why don't you lock me in and pocket the key? Will the sight of Margaret help me to get my chapters written?"

"The sight of a good woman ought always to be an inspiration. As for your book, sir, it won't suffer by a little delay. *Festina lente.* A good book, I take it, is like a good vintage—the mellower for being kept."

"If it has any body to begin with. But if I keep my champagne too long, all the fizz will be gone when the cork is drawn. The jokes will be stale, the allusions forgotten, even the dresses of my puppets will be of last year's cut."




"WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME TO STICK TO MY WORK?" SAID OWEN.

"I think," said the Captain, on one of the occasions when they were marching side by side towards Princess Mansions—"I think we go to see Margaret pretty often."

"I also have come to that conclusion," said Owen, with a smile. "Upon a sober calculation, I've been every day for the last six weeks to see Margaret. What devotion! Spenceley, however, may have the consolation of knowing that he outrivals me, for, to parody Lamb, he makes up for coming late by staying early. He actually had the audacity to remain till midnight last night."

"How do you know that? Were you guilty of the same audacity?"

"I happened to be passing. My devotion to Margaret demanded that I should pass under her windows—it's such a convenient short cut from the club to Chelsea!"

"You don't treat your devotion very respectfully," said the Captain, with a smile. "Since we've been to see the ladies so often, suppose we do something to try and return their hospitality?"

"What can we do? If we make up a party to go somewhere — and January is scarcely a picnic month—Spenceley will be sure to thrust himself in, or that baronet fellow from the country, who spoilt an afternoon by sucking the top of his stick and talking like a manual of polite conversation."

"You can take your revenge by putting him in a book," said the Captain slyly, for it was the fixed belief of his family that all Owen's friends and acquaintances were made to sit for their portraits to him; "and I didn't suggest that you should ask him to dinner."

"A dinner?"

"Or a supper, if you will. What do you say to a supper of literary aspirants? Miss Hester, who has a fine taste in reading, would like that. I suppose even genius condescends to sup sometimes?"

"I don't think there's much genius going loose," said Owen with a laugh, "but the scribbling men I know can get outside of a very fair meal, as you would say if you could turn in to the Pen and Pencil any night."

"Perhaps we had better consult the ladies," said the Captain, "and be guided by their wishes."

The ladies pronounced themselves joyfully in favour of the supper in honour of literature, and declared that a dinner was a slow, stilted, stiff affair, where people never thawed sufficiently to talk naturally.

"You mustn't expect much brilliance," said Owen; "we can't afford to give away our good things."

"Oh, we shall expect to be addressed in blank verse," said Margaret, who was very much pleased with this little attention, "and we shall consider all the fine things you say as copyright and sacred. You had better have Williams to help George, and if my cook can be of any use you can command her."

Hester looked at the young man with beautiful bright eyes full of pleasure.

"It is what I should like best of all," she said to the Captain, but it was Owen whom her eyes thanked. They were gaily wondering if the Captain's old servants would sanction this unusual departure, and Owen was running over the list of guests he hoped to secure when at a ring of the door bell a guilty silence fell upon them all.

"It is Henry Spenceley," said Margaret; and the looks that they cast at each other said as plainly as possible,

"Let us keep all this a dead secret from him."

"Well," said Spenceley, shaking hands with the ladies and nodding to the men, "you look as if you had been hatching treason."

An uneasy conscience kept Margaret dumb. In another moment she would have invited Spenceley to the supper, and Owen, divining this, struck in hastily,

"We were discussing George's peculiarities. George, you know, is another Vatel—"

"Oh, don't bother," said Spenceley; "never heard of the beggar, so the point would be lost Miss Hallett, you said yesterday you had never seen a Eucharis lily. Will you allow me to present you with one or two that were sent me this morning?"

He went outside and fetched a basket, in which, folded in the daintiest of lace wrappings, a fragile bunch of lilies lay soft.

"Oh, how beautiful!" said Hester delightedly. "How strange that they should be sent to you today!"

"A fellow I know sent them," said Spenceley carelessly; and he did not smile as even Owen was constrained to do, though it was rather a melancholy smile.

"A fellow who hails from Bond Street or Covent Garden, and who has searched half the hothouses in England to get these early blooms. That basket cost the price of a magazine article, and this man who can't write two lines of decent grammar has only to put his hand in his pocket to give her pleasure."

It was some little consolation to know that though Spenceley was left behind in Princess Mansions when the Captain and his son departed, he had heard no whisper of the intended supper, and was not bidden to it.

"If you breathe a word to him I'll go off to Brighton and leave you to your remorse," Owen menaced Mrs. Chester.

"But it is your literary friends we are coming to see," said Margaret, laughing at him. "You are not the only lion, are you, Owen? though we love your growl better than any other. Go home, silly boy, and make ready for us, and don't ask anybody very, very odd or eccentric, my dear."

"I will draw the line at those who only tub once a month and employ a barber in a twelvemonth. And I will ask them as civilly as I can to put on clean shirts and to wash the ink stains from their hands before they come into your highness's presence."

### CHAPTER XXXIV.—A SAD INTERRUPTION.

THE Captain's household consisted of George, who was valet and butler and general factotum, and who ruled both his masters with a pretty firm hand, and of a middle-aged housekeeper, who condescended to order the Captain's simple meals, and to cook them too, and who in her turn had a little slave at her disposal and command.

This small marchioness, whose duty it was to run on errands and do the more menial offices in kitchen and scullery, was scarcely ever seen above stairs except at the hour when the Captain summoned his household to evening prayers, when,

with a scrubbed and shiny countenance, she took her place near the door at a well-defined distance from Mrs. Pepper, the housekeeper.

With so modest a staff as this, a party on the scale of magnificence which Owen contemplated could scarcely be provided for, and, indeed, before the feast could be given at all, both George and Mrs. Pepper had to be approached with much diplomacy.

"Hadn't you better mention to Mrs. Pepper that we expect a few friends on Thursday evening?" the Captain said mildly to Owen one morning at breakfast.

"A few friends!" groaned Owen; "why, every member of the Pen and Pencil is coming, and I can't tell you how many besides! It's going to be a regular symposium. Couldn't *you* just give Mrs. Pepper a hint?"

"It would be as much as my place is worth," said the Captain, with a great expression of melancholy, and then the old and the young man laughed with one impulse.

"What a pair of arrant cowards we are!" said Owen, when he had got his merriment out. "One or other of us must do it, or else we shall be left to entertain our guests with an array of empty tea-cups, like Master Harry in the story-book."

"Shall I ring and request Mrs. Pepper to favour us with an interview? Perhaps if we had George at the same time it might save a second explanation."

"No, no; I'll leave you to tackle George, and I'll manage old Mother Pepper myself. I used to be able to get at her weak side, and I daresay I haven't forgotten the art."

He ran downstairs while his resolution was still hot within him, stumbling down the dark gulf and penetrating into those nether regions where he had not set foot for years. The stern old lady was having a comfortable meal from the same dish of bacon she had cooked for the dining-room, and the little scullion, who would presently have the teapot replenished from the kettle, and be allowed to partake of what was left in the dish, was waiting on her assiduously.

The old lady looked very much surprised when Owen burst in on her with a radiant face. She was for getting up, but he would not allow this. He sat down on the edge of the table and begged her to go on with her meal, he praised Mrs. Pepper's scones and her cooking in general, and he paid her some very pleasant compliments on her youth and her comely looks; and could the housekeeper and the woman in her resist all these cunning blandishments?

When he got down from the table and stole an arm round her generous waist—the little maid staring round-eyed from the scullery—he knew that the day was won. Though she resisted with a show of anger, and cried out that it was a shocking example to set the girl, she received his sly insinuation of the contemplated party with quite a surprising good-humour.

"I knew it was something you wanted, Mr. Owen," she said. "You always from a boy 'ad sich a coaxing way as never was."

"And you always gave in to me, like a good kind soul. It's only a few literary ladies and gentlemen coming to supper—Shakespeare, Thackeray, and Dickens, you know. You've heard of them?"

"They be something in your line, ain't they, Mr. Owen?"

"Oh, quite in my line!"

"Are they coming?"

"Unfortunately they're dead, but their modern representatives are coming—quite as big men in their own eyes—and there will be a few ladies too. So you'll give them a welcome, won't you? Some of them have had experience of your skill already, and others have heard of your famous dishes," said the young man in flagrant compliment, getting his own way, as he knew he should.

After this he set about his preparations with an awful vigour. George, who had kindly consented at his master's request to allow the house to be turned upside down for a parcel of writing-folk, looked on aghast, until he too was swept along with the current. Never before had his old calves had to twinkle with such haste over the boards. Owen would permit no idler in the camp.

"Here, you—Betsy, Jane, Susan—what's your name?" he would call over the kitchen stairs, and the little maid would fly delighted to do his bidding. The house was metamorphosed "till if you was to come out of your grave a-purpose you wouldn't know it for the same respectable place," as George remarked with gloom. Even the Captain was not permitted to be idle, but was furnished with a duster and politely led to the library steps.

"What will those clever young men who have nothing left to learn—though they seem to have plenty to teach—care for my gentlemen of an older school?" he said to himself, with a wise smile. "Except to make a predatory excursion now and then to borrow a telling phrase or an apt quotation, they treat you with a sad neglect and contempt. You are old fogies, and your wisdom is trite and stale. And yet does he not, each man of them, aspire to be a classic for a future generation?"

But Owen knew what he was about when he presented the Captain with a duster, and the old sailor presently forgot his duty altogether and sat on the steps while he dipped between one cover and another, and took a draught here and there from inexhaustible wells of delight.

Meanwhile Owen had metamorphosed his own den, and had done what he could to banish its gloom. It was a back room, with a dismal outlook on a network of walls encircling melancholy yards, chiefly given over as a parade ground for cats. It was not a room to inspire very cheerful thoughts; but the author lives in a world of his own, and so may well be independent of his surroundings. Owen had set up a writing-table and an easy-chair, and there were some pictures on the walls and a few books on a shelf in one corner, and a rack with a handsome array of pipes.

He modestly hid away all the evidences of his toil—the pens, dirty scraps of blotting-paper, and the scribbled sheets. He had a very vivid recol-

lection of an early visit to another disciple of literature, of the sex that is rightly or wrongly supposed to be the vainer—where every bit of print on the table was either of her own production or a laudatory press notice of the same. She had been very gracious to Owen, and had given him much encouragement, chiefly in the form of personal anecdote, and had presented him with her autograph taken from a stock that she evidently kept handy for the use of admirers.

It was a wholesome lesson for the young aspirant, and he vowed that he would hold himself free from the author's besetting sin if it lay in him.

"We are no better than others," he said, "and sometimes a good deal worse, and there are other professions where far more brains and more patience and skill are needed. Why should we give ourselves airs because we have a knack of amusing the world? The comedian, whom only the other day the church held to be unworthy of Christian burial, and the clown and pantaloon do it far more successfully than we."

So it was not as an author who was thankful to have a modest little success of his own, but as a friend that he was to receive his friends. By a general consent "shop" was tabooed; it was to be kept for those dinners at the tavern and evenings at the club, and to be wholly banished from the Captain's old house at Chelsea and other drawing-rooms where the fraternity met.

The projected party caused quite a flutter of excitement in many bosoms; and it was not only the literary ladies (who are supposed, indeed, to be loftily superior to the claims of a toilet) who were preparing for it. Dot was to be present too, and the little governess trembled and thrilled with as much delight at the anticipation of her first party as if she had never taught French verbs and first finger exercises, and played duenna to a whole army of schoolgirls. Hester and she had laid their heads together to contrive a white frock that should be a surprise to Tom; for the traveller was expected home that night, and had been bidden to Chelsea. Even Will Somers had been included in the Captain's hospitable design, though perhaps it was a cruel kindness to the young man to ask him to look on while another won the prize he coveted.

Hester, therefore, had summoned all her special friends, and was not likely to feel lonely in that gathering where each of the guests was a celebrity, in his own eyes at least, if not in those of an indifferent public. Besides, loneliness was scarcely likely to be Hester's portion, though she had never so much (oh, rare distinction!) as contributed to a magazine or corrected a proof in her life. She was an inspiration, a living poem—and who knows how many other fine things to one person at least?—and were not all those rushlights of literature bidden to twinkle in her honour?

Margaret Chester and her girl friend had been specially requested to come early, an hour or two, indeed, before the other guests were expected.

"You won't get much of a dinner," Owen said when he went to beg this favour. "George has barricaded us out of the dining-room, and says he wants all the spoons and knives and forks for supper, but I daresay we can find some corner. I advise you to make sure by taking something before you come."

"Or shall we bring some provisions with us?" laughed Margaret. "Hester, my child, isn't that what your old ladies do when they go uninvited to tea-parties in the country?"

"Oh, don't talk about eating!" cried Hester. "Isn't it going to be a 'feast of reason and a flow of soul'?"

"My dear child," said Margaret, "pray don't suppose that I shall satisfy myself with such indigestible fare! I am forty, and my youthful enthusiasm for genius is forty too; it requires to be supported with soup and chicken and other good things."

"But you will come early?" urged Owen, chiefly anxious to gain his point; "and then you'll have time to get a little used to the company, and it won't be quite such a shock."

"Are you going to shock us?"

"Some of them are a little queer, I'm afraid."

"I thought you weren't going to ask the queer ones."

"I've left out all the queerest," he said, looking rather sly, as he ran off.

They came early, and they had a little impromptu dinner in a corner of the library, where George graciously allowed them to eat. An old table had been brought down from the top regions. Owen recognised it as a friend of his nursery days, and turned up the cloth to show Hester the place where he had carved his name in fine bold capitals in the mahogany.

"For which misdeed I was promised a spanking I should remember."

"I was always very strict with you, Owen. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' you know, Margaret."

Owen looked at the Captain with a face full of mirth and affection, and then he turned smilingly to Hester, who smiled too. The strictness had never got beyond theory; but if Owen was a little spoiled, he had a good heart, which was his best safeguard.

The dinner passed off quite gaily, the more gaily perhaps because the service was a little halting and the plates and knives and forks sometimes failed. Hester, at least, was beautiful enough to have graced the table of a queen. She was dressed very simply in white. Her bodice was open to show the full rounded throat and her round arms were bare from the elbow, but she did not wear any jewels. This extreme simplicity suited the rather grave cast of her beauty, and though Owen would have showered diamonds on her if he could, he liked her best as she was.

There was a new shy tenderness and serenity in her face to-night, a new depth of happiness in her beautiful grey eyes. She was content and at peace and happy, she hardly knew why. She scarcely even remembered the dear folks at home, and had no wish to be with them. She said to herself that she loved the Captain and felt as if he had been her friend all her life—was she con-

sciously a hypocrite, and was it somebody else whom she had seemed to know so well and so long?

When the meal was over Margaret sat with the Captain, and on some pretext or another Owen took Hester into his study.

Perhaps the excuse was not a very good one, but anything will serve on such an occasion. It gave him a sort of trembling and fearful joy to be alone with her. How he hated the thought of sharing her with all those others who would be looking at her and talking to her so soon!

Margaret and the Captain in the library looked at each other and smiled when the two young people went away together. They were two foolish people. Each of them had known the best sort of married happiness and each of them had had to relinquish their share in it, and now they had made a romance for the young people, and no doubt pictured a very pretty love scene taking place appropriately enough in the study where affairs of this kind were manufactured.

But though Owen felt profoundly, and in every fibre of him, that there was a supreme good which he coveted, the moment to speak had not yet come, if, indeed, it should ever arrive.

For with the knowledge of his love there came, too, a bitter sense of his unfitness that arrested his hopes and made of them nothing but a quivering fear. Who and what was he that he should claim her? A man without a name—with a past of which he knew nothing; a history he had, but it left him groping fruitlessly without a clue.

It might, for all he knew—he had a sickening prevision at times that it was so—be a history of shame. Could he offer an innocent girl such a record as that? It was morbid, no doubt, and a false view of the matter for him to take, but young people by accepting the tragic point often enough make a sorry drama of their lives. Owen could have seen clearly enough for another.

"Don't be a fool," he would have said, "it's not what your grandfather or your father may have happened to be that counts; it's what you are yourself that's the important point. Go in and win her if you can, and thank Heaven for such a stroke of fortune if you do."

But it is, as we all know, much easier to exercise common sense about our neighbours' affairs than about our own, where our pride and our sensitiveness and a thousand other fine virtues come in between.

Owen was thinking of these things and battling with his impulses when he led the way into his little study, so that he quite forgot all about the picture which had been his excuse for bringing her there. Very likely she forgot it too; but when the silence had lasted between them for several moments Hester said, in resistance to a little feeling of embarrassment that was creeping over her,

"What a pretty room this is!"

No doubt she thought in her innocence that the young man always wrote in a bower of flowers lit in his romantic way by the best rose-shaded wax candles.

"I'm not such a dandy as this every day," he said, with a little smile. "I'm afraid those vases of flowers would be a little in the way of your scribbler of plain prose, who doesn't go in for the worship of the lily and that sort of thing. Won't you sit down?—I—I should like to talk to you for a little."

She sat down and leaned an elbow on the table. Owen supported himself against the mantelpiece and looked at her; but he did not speak, and it was again she who broke the silence.

"You haven't many books. In my imaginary pictures of an author I have always buried him in books."

"Not his own, let us hope! I have some presentation copies, and a few—a very few prizes and a fine collection of railway novels upstairs; but not many tools are needed for our craft. With a dictionary, if your weakness asks it, and a Whitaker's Almanack, a quire or two of paper, a few pens, and a penny bottle of ink, you can set up your shop as an author. The reality is sadly prosaic, I fear—sadly unlike your visions of it."

"And the brains? Isn't that a little item you have forgotten?"

"They can be dispensed with, I'm told."

Hester smiled, but she shook her head faintly.

"I wish you wouldn't disparage your calling," she said; "it seems to me that it may be made a very high and noble one."

"I will think the more highly of it in future because it has your good opinion."

"Oh, I don't know," said Hester blushing; "I am only a reader of books, and very likely I may judge quite wrongly, but it sometimes seems to me that an author has such great opportunities—such chances of siding with what is good and noble and right, and sometimes I have been sorry because—because he has seemed to miss them. The world is sad enough—oh, there are sad things and wicked things in it to trouble our peace. Why cannot you who have the gift lift us into a clearer, purer world and strengthen our belief in nobleness and goodness?"

"I suppose," said Owen, hanging his head, "we all reflect ourselves more or less, and we cannot give out what is not in us, to begin with. We cannot write about virtues for which we have no admiration—you would detect the sham at once. If we are vile, our heroes and our heroines must be tainted too; if we have a shadow on our lives, it will be reflected in the world we make for others."

"But you," said Hester wonderingly—"you have had such a beautiful life—"

"May I tell you about my life?" said he impulsively. "Will you let me speak a little of myself? If there has been anything in my writing that has pained you, it may—I do not say excuse it, but help you perhaps to understand it a little better."

"Please tell me," she said very simply. She sat looking up at him with a curious wonder and anxiety in her glance. His life in this old house with the Captain and his books, and his kind circle of admiring friends, had seemed to her, as she had said, a beautiful one, and her imagina-

tion refused to darken the picture. What had he to tell?

"There is not much to tell," said Owen at last, as if in answer to her unspoken question, "and I daresay Margaret has been silent over the little there is to know."

"She has told me nothing."

"Ah, she is a good woman. She thought perhaps that it would pain me, and so she kept silence; she let you think that I was my dear Captain's son."

Hester, whose eyes had fallen, looked up wonderingly at this.

"Then you are not—"

"Not his son; though no one ever had a kinder or nobler father. He found me when I was a helpless baby, friendless and forsaken, and he has given me all I have—he has made me what I am; but the name I bear is only mine because he chose to think in his love that I was worthy of it."

"And so you are," she said bravely; "and to be chosen by him, to be the son of his adoption, is perhaps to be nearer him than if you had been born to his name. But perhaps," she faltered, noticing the deep shadow on his face, "perhaps your own—the father and mother who—"

"I know nothing of them, and sometimes it is my prayer that I never may. I shrink before the possibilities of that revelation. I have had glimpses, hints; sometimes I have thought that I knew. Ah, you can know nothing, thank Heaven, of the torture it may be to a man to live in fear of some horrible surprise bursting on him, to be claimed perhaps by one whom he would naturally loathe and shudder away from. That may be my lot, to step down, to share degradation, and when one has known the best— Why need I tell you all this, and trouble you with my morbid fears? It is because you have given me the boon of your friendship, the greatest and best I have ever known, and I would not have you think of me as other or better than I am. I have been bitter and morbid, I have sometimes hurt the kindest heart in the world by my gloomy fancies. I have missed the best of his love, the full satisfaction of it, by the dread that I should one day stand before the world as a confessed impostor, not the Owen Prideaux whom it knows, but the son of—of— Oh, what should such as you know of the depths to which a woman may fall?"

"You shall not accuse yourself so," said Hester, getting up. She was very pale, but her eyes were full of kindness and trouble and tenderness too.

"You have been a good son to him. I know it, for he has told me so a hundred times, and I have seen it myself. He loves you, and such love as his is worth bearing something for, even if it were shame and sorrow. Nothing that can happen in your life can lessen or change it." She put out a timid hand while she spoke these faltering words, but though she quickly withdrew it, Owen as quickly captured it and held it in his own.

"Let me keep this kind hand a moment in token of your generous friendship," he said; "I am a coward, and unworthy of it. The dread of what I might have been, of what I may be called on to be, was never so great as to-night, when—"

What was Owen about to say? and why is it that Fate always interferes at such inopportune moments?

There was a great double knock at the door. At the sound Owen paused and Hester gently withdrew her hand.

"We will go back to your dear father," she said, "and I thank you for telling me your story, because it is a friend's privilege to be sorry."

"Hester!" he cried huskily, "Hester!" but she was already at the door. She looked back at him one moment. What was it that he read in her face? Reproach that said, "Could you not trust me? Is my love so poor a thing that it cannot stand so slight a shock as this? Why did you doubt me?" Was that what the beautiful tender face said to him?

He made a great spring after her, but already the sound of confused hushed voices was penetrating into the room, and someone called Hester by her name.

Owen went out into the brightly-lit hall, trying to pull himself together to greet the first of his guests, but he started back when Henry Spenceley faced him.

"You here?" he said in accents that were by no means cordial.

"Don't make a row," said Spenceley, dragging him back into the study. "I didn't know you had a party"—his voice was rather aggrieved—"you might have told me, Prideaux, even if it was only to tell me I wasn't wanted. I'm not the man to stand in another fellow's way."

"What do you want?"

"I came with this"—he held out a telegram. "I called at the Mansions and found the lady's-maid in a flutter about it. Women are always in a funk over a telegram; and while we were talking her brother turned up."

"Whose brother?"

"Miss Hallett's. Look here, you needn't be in such a confounded hurry, he's here. I brought him along. There's some kind of row at home, and her mother's ill."

But Owen broke away and rushed to the library. The Captain was at that moment coming out of the dining-room with a young man on whom he was urging refreshment.

"Thanks; but we must be off if we're to catch the last train," said the stranger, who was sufficiently like Hester to be recognised as her brother.

Hester stood under the chandelier as if she were turned into a white statue of fear. Margaret was busy, with trembling fingers, wrapping her up warmly. At the sight of Owen she seemed to wake with a shiver.

"Mother is ill," she said, in a dull, dead voice; "she has been in trouble while I have been so happy. Where is Andrew? Oh, let me go to her."

# THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

## GEORGE I, KING OF THE HELLENES.



THE KING OF THE HELLENES.

*[From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*

OCTOBER 30, 1888, was a day greeted with rejoicing throughout the length and breadth of the little kingdom of Greece, for on that day George I celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the Hellenic throne. Curiously enough this occurrence took place exactly a fortnight before his father, the King of Denmark, completed the same number of years of reign, this being probably the first time in history that a son is an older sovereign than his father. But King George did not inherit his throne, as is the usual custom—he obtained it by election; and his success in retaining it for a quarter of a century is doubtless due to the fact that he inherits much of his mother's cleverness and adaptability to circumstances, and also that he has realised that the rôle of a modern monarch is only to be the occupant of a throne *ad interim*. Only as he regards his mission and duties in that light can the ruler of any civilised country in this late nineteenth century hope to keep possession of his crown and his influence over his subjects.

When Prince George of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg played with his brothers and sisters in the Park of Jugenheim, and shared the frugal home of his royal parents, he no doubt little imagined that a throne would ever be his. But the family of Christian, King of Denmark, have been most lucky from a worldly point of view. It was in 1862 that the Greeks, after deposing their Bavarian King Otto, who had grown hateful to them because of his extravagances and follies, looked all round Europe in search of a prince able and willing to sit on their throne. This throne, it must be admitted, offered few temptations. The newly-founded kingdom of Greece, whose liberation from Turkish bondage had roused such lyric enthusiasm throughout all Europe, failed to fulfil at first the ardent hopes of its poets and lovers, hopes mainly influenced, there is little doubt, by the traditions of old Greek glory and classic fame. But the modern Greeks were no longer the lofty-minded Athenians, the rigid Spartans—they had become a mongrel race, dead to their best instincts; and when once the land was freed from the Ottoman yoke, its admirers had to note with pain that the chiefs who had liberated the country by their arms were little

better than pirates and bandits; that Greece was a prey to factions—republican, monarchic, aristocratic—of conflicting interests, and was beset with adventurers. The Bavarian Prince, who had come a minor into the land, could make no headway against all these disorders. Nor was he himself particularly capable. It was, therefore, not astonishing that his people, always more or less in a state of revolt, should have deposed him.

But whom to select instead? That was the question; for Otto was childless. Besides, the Greeks had had enough of the romantic Bavarian royal family; excellent kings to figure in opéra bouffe, or to satisfy the merely spectacular demands formerly made on sovereigns, but incapable of guiding the reins of modern perplexities. England was naturally looked to as one of the guarantee states, and the second son of Queen Victoria (Prince Alfred) was chosen by popular consent. But Queen Victoria declined with thanks the doubtful position for her sailor prince. Whom next to select? It was a puzzle, truly, for the post refused almost with scorn by the English prince appeared but a sorry gift to offer another of equal rank. It was needful rather to look among those who might be willing to risk the doubtful position upon the principle that there was all to gain and nothing to lose. This was how the choice came to fall upon the second son of the "Protocol Prince," the heir-apparent of the crown of Denmark; and he not only accepted the offer, but has had the skill to keep his place for five-and-twenty years.

In June, 1863, a deputation of Greeks waited upon the King of Denmark, asking to be allowed to offer the crown of their land to his great-nephew. The old King notified his official acceptance of the offer by telling Prince George to mount the steps of the throne whereon he was seated, saluting him as his peer, and as King of the Hellenes.

Prince George was not yet eighteen when he was thus chosen to rule the land of which he did not even know the language. Notwithstanding these two grave drawbacks, the National Assembly, remembering the disastrous regency during the reign of Otto, who also ascended the throne a minor, declared that he should be regarded as major from the day of his arrival in Greece. On the 30th of October, 1863, the newly-made King landed in the Piræus. "My strength lies in the love of my people," was the device he chose for himself. In his first proclamation he promised to concentrate all his efforts towards making Greece "a model for the eastern European kingdoms." And he has been true to his word; efforts have not been lacking, and the progress made towards civilisation in this quarter of a century is immense.

The task was no easy one. The people showed their turbulent temperament from the first. Thus King George's arrival was celebrated by his subjects in the chief cities of his kingdom by street fights between his opponents and adherents, which neither the police nor the military could stop. The country was entirely disorganised, the treasury drained. Fortunately for King George he did not arrive quite empty-handed. England, at the instigation of Mr. Gladstone, had presented him with the Ionic Isles, an annexation long desired by the Greeks, and in which they beheld not only the accomplishment of a cherished wish, but a pledge for the future. And in this they have not been deceived. After a quarter of a century's reign, the dominions of George I have almost doubled in extent, and Greece no longer occupies the last place among the states of Europe. It is now larger than Holland and Belgium combined.

It is curious here to note the contrast between the reigns of the father and the son, called to be kings within a few days of one another. Christian's jubilee of twenty-five years' reign found him in possession of a third less territory than when he came into power; George's found him with almost as much again. Fickle fortune has all through this space of years been favourable to the son and unfavourable to the father. The former has succeeded in consolidating his dominion, the latter has been involved in ceaseless Parliamentary conflicts that have paralysed the development of the country and harmed his popularity. While the father's predilections were always with the Conservatives, King George on ascending the throne sought aid from the Radicals to help him make order amid the confusion left by Otto of Bavaria.

He soon showed of what stuff he was made. Arrived in the land a stranger and a mere stripling, he had brought with him no friends nor attendants save one, a certain Count Sponeck, who was his intimate adviser. Of this man the Greeks were at once jealous. What could he know, they said, of the customs and the needs of Greece? And they thought to see in his counsels a tendency inimical to their aspirations. Hardly had the King noticed this than he gave way to it. Young, friendless, inexperienced, alone, he nevertheless sent back to Denmark his one old home friend.

The act gained for him the gratitude and respect of his people.

And it was but an indication of the course the King has since rigidly followed. He has kept scrupulously within the limits of the fundamental pact made with the nation, of which the Greeks are supremely jealous. King George possesses and practises all the virtues of a constitutional sovereign, strictly subordinating his actions to the will of the National Assembly. This Assembly, it is worth noting, did not really exist when the King ascended the throne. The Greeks were at that moment busy manufacturing a constitution. Young and ardent deputies were charged with the task. France and the Parliamentary monarchy of July were studied as models; historical sequence was more thought of than the momentary needs of Greece. The discussion dragged and dragged, and no end seemed in view. At last the young King took matters into his own hands. He sent a royal mandate begging the commissioners to bring their deliberations to an end. This act of energy produced a good effect both upon the embryo Parliament and the Greeks. And in very deed the constitution was voted within a month after—a constitution based upon the most liberal models

to be found on either side of the Atlantic. Indeed, it has surpassed them all in Radicalism, having no second chamber.

To this brand-new Constitution the King as well as his subjects had to serve an apprenticeship. It was no easy task, especially to the sovereign; and many difficult moments had to be overcome, when both throne and constitution seemed in danger.

The revolt of Crete, anxious to escape from Ottoman rule and to be reunited to its Hellenic brethren, added to the royal difficulties, King George espousing with ardour the national cause. European diplomacy intervened with its tenderness for Turkish susceptibilities, and hindered the success of the Cretan cause; but the incident had made the Greeks feel themselves again a nation, had given them renewed self-confidence, and also a yet greater regard for their monarch.

A happy incident turned their thoughts for a while from their Cretan disappointment. In November, 1867, King George brought home as his bride the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine. That their Protestant King should have espoused a daughter of the true Church, and moreover by his marriage have allied himself to the powerful Russians, the enemy of the Greek hereditary foe, the Turk, was a source of universal satisfaction. And this joy was enhanced when, the following July, salvos of artillery announced the birth of a prince, thus securing the dynastic succession. Here, for the first time, after centuries of trials and disorders, was a prince born to the Greeks who would one day be their king, and who was a Greek by birth, religion, and education. Six brothers and sisters have followed in the train of Prince Constantine; there seems no fear, therefore, of the Greek throne being bereft of heirs. And the marriage of this eldest prince is a further subject of satisfaction to the Greeks, for by allying himself to the sister of the Emperor of Germany, he has drawn Greece within the orbit of the Triple Alliance, which it trusts will prove a moral and material guarantee for its future.

An evil moment for the young Greek kingdom, and its position in the eyes of civilised Europe, arose in 1869, when the brigandage it had till then failed to suppress came into flagrant view. A band of thieves had captured on the plains of Marathon two English tourists and a member of the English and Italian legation. Profiting by the high social standing of their prisoners, the brigands asked not only a heavy ransom, but amnesty for their offence. When this was very properly refused, to the horror of Europe, and almost within sight of the Greek gendarmes, the brigands murdered their captives. A cry of indignation rang through the whole continent. It was a thunderbolt also for the Greeks—it was their honour that was at stake. What, after thirty years of liberty, were they still unable to guarantee safety to any tourists who happened to visit their classic land? The country was thoroughly aroused at last to this national disgrace of brigandage, and really energetic measures were taken in consequence, with the result that the era of these robber chieftains is now ended, and people can travel as safely in Greece as in other parts of Southern Europe; for this general indignation enabled the Chamber to vote not only Draconian measures against brigands, but to obtain extended concessions for the construction of telegraphs, roads, and other needful adjuncts to civilisation. Indirectly, too, this murder induced Europe to permit Greece to make at last those territorial acquisitions which make it less easy than formerly for malefactors to reach the Turkish frontier, and thus find themselves outside the reign of Greek law.

In this matter of finally suppressing brigandage, which under the Turkish dominion had been organised as a protest against tyranny, King George showed himself most active.

Activity, in very fact, is the keynote to the King's character. He is a great worker. Even in winter he is to be found in his study at early hours. Indeed, early rising would seem to be a royal virtue. These persons, perhaps, best grasp the value of those undisturbed morning hours. In summer, twice a week, independently of his ministers, the King receives all the persons who, passing through Athens, have asked for the favour of an audience. These visitors generally find him standing beside a little table piled with papers and documents, in a room which is the last of the three ground-floor rooms of the palace set aside for his private cabinets. These rooms are richly decorated with pictures, bronzes, marbles, and costly objects of art. But besides these there are also hung on the walls portraits of all the great Hellenes who have helped to make modern Greece. This is a delicate compliment on the part of the King to his native visitors, and one they never fail to appreciate; for the King himself is essentially a modern man, though he possesses all due love and respect for his nation's great and glorious past. But modern literature, modern art, the marvellous scientific discoveries of our century, have a rare attraction for him, as also has modern history. He has a most extensive knowledge of international politics.

Those who come in contact with King George testify to his frank, amiable manners. He puts his visitors at their ease, and permits them to talk unrestrainedly. He loves discussion and straightforward speech. He does not forbid contradiction. Hence it is possible for his visitors to hold true converse with him, a thing not common in interviews with royal persons, who like their dicta to be accepted as infallible. In this wise the King learns much, and knows what is occurring, what is thought in the large world outside the narrow little circle in which royalty moves.

He also likes to inspect Government works with his own eyes, going to visit harbours, barracks, roads, and buildings unexpectedly and on foot, accompanied by but one or two gentlemen.

His programme for his reign is, for the interior, progress; for the exterior, liberation of the Greek peoples still under a strange yoke. The latter part of his task has of course to be carried out with tact and delicacy, so as not to wound international susceptibilities and jealousies. But the King has been as astute and skilful as he has been

patriotic. At the Congress of Berlin he understood so well how to make the claims of the Hellenes respected that much of Epirus and Thessaly was restored to its true owners; and at the end of twenty-five years he can proudly point out to his subjects how he has augmented their land by a third, without shedding their blood to obtain this result.

The popularity he justly enjoys is shared by his queen, who has the added merit, in the people's eyes, that she is of their own faith. An intelligent and superior-minded woman, she has been a true helper to her husband. Under her patronage are most of the charitable institutions, many of these being of her own foundation, notable among them a model hospital. During the Russo-Turkish War she established a course of ambulance lessons for women, and attended them herself, in order that she too might learn how to tend the wounded. Indeed, she was among the most assiduous of the learners. Her open-handedness is almost proverbial. In this also she is supported by the King. Both are ever ready to give to charities, and solemnise every public occasion with gifts to the poor.

And yet they are not rich. The King's civil list is but 550,000fr. a year. But he understands so well how to manipulate it that he manages on this narrow sum to fulfil with becoming dignity the requirements of his station. His house is well-appointed, he has good horses, his table is sumptuous, and does not suggest the Spartan black broth.

Like his father, he is fond of outdoor exercise and of sport. He is a good shot and whip, an indefatigable swimmer, and a lover of angling. On the Gulf of Chalcis he has a little palace, whither he often retires to fish. His hunting-seat is Satoi, an hour's distance from Athens. But it is at Corfu, where he has his summer residence, that he is able to live entirely according to his tastes—a lovely domain in an enchanting spot. Here he and the Queen are able to carry on that free existence devoid of etiquette which pleases them both. The King turns farmer, and the Queen becomes a musician and a painter. Flower-painting is her forte, and she may be met in the gardens at Corfu copying from Nature many of the lovely plants which bloom in that enchanted isle. She arranges her floral pictures with much skill, and these graceful bouquets, signed "Olga," would easily find a market were their author obliged to work for her daily bread.

Happy hours of relaxation are those for the King and Queen. Their official life at Athens is a very busy one, and of necessity very varied. In winter the palace doors are constantly thrown open for receptions, dinners, balls, and skating festivals—for the King has caused a skating-rink to be erected in a long gallery, where the inhabitants of a land in which snow never falls can enjoy in mock fashion the pleasures that ice affords. The theatre plays no part in fashionable Athenian life, for Greece, strange to say, produces no actors. New Year's Day and March 25th—the date commemorative of the proclamation of Hellenic independence—are high festivals at Court and among the people. Easter and Christmas, too, are great occasions. The King and Queen have each their own private chapels in the palace, but at Christmas they make an exception, and go together with their children to the cathedral to attend the service. During Passion week, too, the King goes to the Greek church, and, surrounded with great pomp by all his Court in full gala costume, listens to the sermon on the Passion. Also the night preceding Easter Day it is customary for the sovereign to pass long hours in the cathedral. As soon as day dawns the cannons boom to celebrate the Resurrection, and the archbishop presents a symbolic red egg to the monarch, who duly crosses himself Greek fashion, and reverently kisses the hand of the prelate.

King George goes through all these ceremonies, as of necessity, with an amiable grace, but is still a Lutheran at heart as well as by profession.

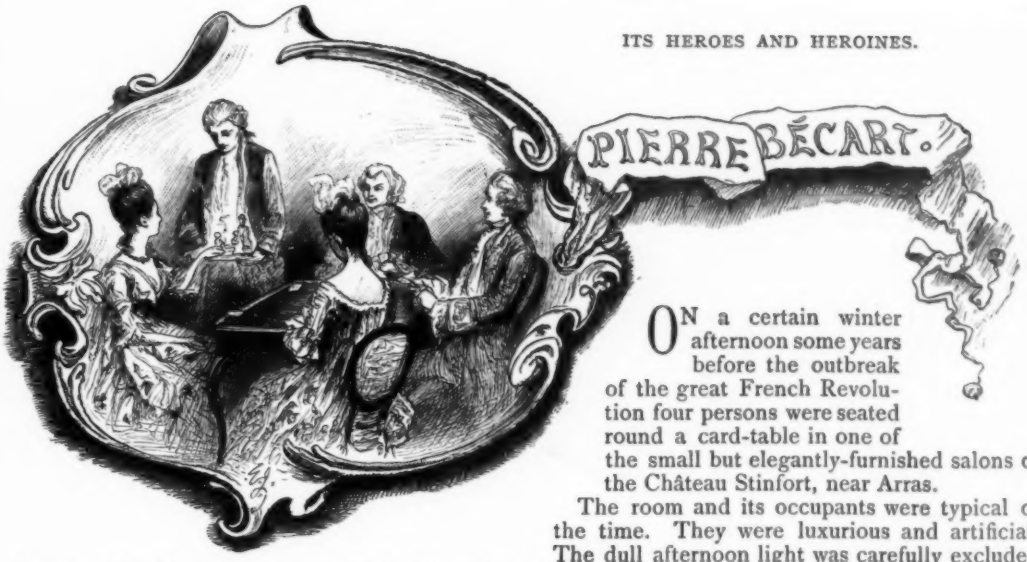
Certainly King George of Greece, notwithstanding the circumscribed sphere in which he reigns, is far from the least among European sovereigns, thanks to his efficient personal qualities. Modest though it may be, yet among the galaxy of crowned heads he has a certain influence on account of his alliances and the bearing he has known how to give to the Greeks, whose importance grows steadily day by day. Notwithstanding the difficulties of many kinds which the young kingdom has encountered, and which it still must traverse before its internal organisation attains to the height of modern requirements, notwithstanding the disorders and difficulties of which the East is the theatre, the country may with good reason be satisfied with the results achieved at the close of the first period of King George's reign. Europe sees Greece aggrandised and its throne established.

And what has been accomplished up to the present is of good augury for the future. With extended commerce, an increasing national industry, much waste land reclaimed, a canal cut through the Isthmus of Corinth which opens new modes of internal communication, with railways, roads, and telegraphs intersecting lands till recently cut off from all intercourse, Greece is now one of the first among the secondary Powers of Europe.

And the credit of this is in chief part due to its Danish prince, King George.

# THE MONTYON PRIZE.

## ITS HEROES AND HEROINES.




ON a certain winter afternoon some years before the outbreak of the great French Revolution four persons were seated round a card-table in one of the small but elegantly-furnished salons of the Château Stinfort, near Arras.

The room and its occupants were typical of the time. They were luxurious and artificial. The dull afternoon light was carefully excluded by shutters of looking-glass, over which rich satin curtains were draped; and countless wax-candles, in sconces on the walls, in heavy silver candlesticks on tables and cabinets, and in tiny crystal-dropped chandeliers hanging from the painted ceiling, shed a mellow light upon the scene. Rich satin covered the walls in panels; rich rugs were laid upon the polished floor; cabinets and tables, inlaid or gilded, were set round the room, flanked by big armchairs covered with Gobelin tapestry; while a faint perfume of faded rose-leaves and lavender pervaded the atmosphere, and clung about the brocade-clad and powdered card-players.

The Marquis de Stinfort of that time might be taken as a fairly good representative of the old French nobility which was so soon to become practically extinct. In his youth he had been a dandy and a man of fashion; in his maturer years he had won some laurels as a soldier. He had fought several duels, he had been mixed up in more than one scandal; but on the whole he had managed to hold his head high, and to frown defiance at anyone who should dare to assert that there were certain passages in his life which would not bear the light of day. Now past middle age, he was known generally as a *bon viveur*, a hospitable neighbour, a charming acquaintance, and also as a bad landlord and a hard master, even for those times. No one could surpass him in elegance of speech or grace of manner as he sat at the head of his table. No one, on the other hand, was more severe in exacting his rights of "corvée" from his tenants, even during harvesting and vintage, when the loss of a day's labour on their lands might mean ruin; no one was stricter in enforcing the sanguinary game-laws, which made any infringement of feudal rights punishable by death.

At this moment, however, monsieur le marquis was in one of his most genial moods. Elegantly dressed, powdered, and ruffled, he was doing his best to revive the traditions of his faded youth, and to prove himself all that was fascinating. It was, moreover, a trait of the better side of his nature that he was so exerting himself for the sake of a young creature of sixteen, the child-bride of one of his friends and boon companions, whom he was welcoming to his house for the first time with some state and ceremony. Little Madame de Chevilhac took her honours with naïveté and enjoyment. It was not many weeks since she had left the convent school, where, if she crossed her feet or inked her fingers, she was given dry bread for supper. She had looked upon her marriage with a man old enough to be her father as a welcome escape from bondage, and each social success, no matter on how limited a scale, was a new surprise and delight to her.

Possibly to a young lady of larger experience, a long afternoon spent over a whist-table, in the company of two middle-aged gentlemen and an elderly lady, would not have seemed a very exciting entertainment, but to Madame de Chevilhac the dissipation was charming. To her as yet the promised week at Paris and the presentation at Versailles were only dreams of a future which seemed too intoxicating to be ever realised. As yet she had but exchanged the bare seclusion of the schoolroom for the more luxurious but yet duller seclusion of her husband's country house; and she was quite ready to enjoy to the full any little distractions which might offer themselves. To be handsomely dressed and bejewelled, to find herself flattered and fêted as the honoured guest of the day, to have her

lively little sallies applauded instead of repressed —all this made her very happy.

She was not in the least afraid of monsieur le marquis. She thought him delightful, as he alternately rallied and complimented her, not getting out of temper even when she trumped his best card. The fresh girlish face flushed a lovely pink through all the powder and rouge with which it was smeared; and the beautiful dimples which came with her smiles seemed to set at defiance the ugly little black patches with which her cheeks were dotted.

Monsieur le marquis thought her as charming as she thought him. It was long since he had come across anything so fresh, so piquant, so happy; and the little innocent flirtation which he had begun, out of pure kindness, with his old comrade's pretty bride, he, the blasé man of the world, found it agreeable to carry on for his own pleasure and distraction.

To our thinking, the badinage of those days seems a little ponderous, the compliments somewhat overstrained; but to these high-born lords and ladies it did not appear at all unnatural or singular that a respectable middle-aged gentleman should profess himself the devoted admirer of his friend's wife, even before her husband's face, and should make many allusions to Corydon and Phyllis, to hearts and smarts, and all the other stock in trade of pastoral romance. Monsieur de Chevilhac, instead of being disconcerted, was delighted at the impression his young wife was making; and even endeavoured on his own account to turn a few compliments with the dignified lady who was his partner in the game—Madame de Gramont, the widowed aunt of the marquis.

When the second game of the rubber was ended, the marquis touched a silver bell which lay near his hand, and almost immediately a servant entered, bearing on a tray chocolate, liqueurs, and bonbons. Madame de Gramont took up a pair of gold glasses, adjusted them on her nose, and deliberately inspected the servant in attendance.

"In the name of all that is wonderful, where, my nephew, did you get this raw recruit?" she asked. "Where is your Joseph? And if you have a new fellow, why don't you have his livery made to fit?"

"Bah! why trouble yourself, *ma tante?*" returned the master of the house; "my Joseph took it into his head to have a fit this morning, and this scarecrow is his second in command, promoted *vice* Joseph, gone up higher."

The youth—he was only a youth—appeared a good deal disturbed by this open criticism. His face flushed, and the hands which held the silver tray trembled visibly, so much so as to draw forth a sharp rebuke from his master, and this at the very moment when he was bending down to offer the salver to Madame de Chevilhac. Perhaps she might have been a little awkward in helping herself, perhaps the fault was on the side of the novice, Pierre Bécart. Who can say where the blame lay? The result was, in any case, disaster. In another moment a cup of thick chocolate stained the fair purity of Madame de Chevilhac's brocade; and the unhappy young servant was on his knees upon the rug, vainly trying to collect the shattered remains of delicate porcelain and glass, together with various commingled and sticky fragments of cakes and bonbons.

At once all the gracious *bonhomie* of the marquis's face departed, and, with an oath, he gave the unfortunate lackey a kick which sent him sprawling among the fragments of the glass and crockery.

"Be off, scoundrel, out of the house, and never let me see your ugly face again," he said; and then turning to little Madame de Chevilhac, he began a profuse apology for the absurd and yet unfortunate accident which had spoiled the harmony of their game. "And I fear the beauty of your robe"—he added; for up to this moment he had been so filled with anger on account of his broken Sèvres and Venetian glass that he had not observed the damage which Madame de Chevilhac's dress had suffered. That young person was in truth rather put out. It was the handsomest and prettiest dress she had ever had, and she was not yet enough of a grand lady to see her fine clothes ruined without a sigh. The tears were ready to spring to her eyes as she looked at the ugly stains and splashes where once had been broidered roses and shining satin. Madame de Gramont was holding up her hands in dismay. "*Ah! quel horreur!* The stupid idiot!" she cried; "it is absolutely ruined. It is a perfect fright. You will never be fit to be seen in it again, and it must have cost—*ciel!* it must have cost two golden louis a yard."

Pierre Bécart was still kneeling among the fragments, gazing in consternation at the havoc he had wrought.

The marquis stirred him with his foot.

"Begone, hound, and never let me see or hear of you again, unless you expect a whipping," he said impetuously.

Then suddenly the youth seemed to wake up to the full horror of the position as it affected himself.

"Monsieur le marquis, have pity upon me!" he cried, clasping his hands. "Do not turn me away, or my mother and my little sister, who depend upon me, will starve."

"Be off, *canaille*," thundered the marquis. "Let your mother and sister starve for having such a fool in their family. What have I to do with them?"

"Monsieur!"

"Go, impudent one."

Then Madame de Chevilhac spoke. Something in the despairing look and gesture of the youth had touched her, perhaps a certain sympathy of youth and inexperience, with youth and inexperience in another.

"Monsieur le marquis," she said, blushing up to the roots of her powdered hair, "if you will permit me, let me ask you to grant me a favour—pardon this poor fellow for my sake. The accident was, perhaps, not altogether his fault. I—"

"Madame," cried the marquis, "you are too good; but your dress—"

"Your lovely brocade," put in Madame de Gramont.

"I will forgive that, if you, monsieur le marquis, will on your side forgive the destruction of your beautiful Sèvres cups."

"Madame, you are an angel," cried the marquis.

"You interest yourself too much in the fate of this lackey, my dear," put in the husband, who had up to this moment been a silent and apparently an uninterested spectator of the little scene.

"You are an angel, madame," repeated the marquis, "and for your sweet sake I would grant, ah! I know not what. Away, then, worthless fellow, to your work," he said, turning to the offender; "but remember, your next offence will not be so easily pardoned."

The young servant, as he stooped to pick up some remaining morsels of the shattered china, lifted the hem of the little bride's brocade to his lips, as though she had been his patron saint.

Between the time of Madame de Chevilhac's reception as a bride at the Château Stinfort and the year 1793 the great Revolution, the long-provoked and terrible, had swept like a tornado over the country, altering its very face, carrying away not only throne and crowned heads, but all honoured and sacred traditions and beliefs. Society had been upheaved from its very foundations; that which was lowest, most ignorant, most brutal, rising in the turmoil like a scum to the surface, there, like a scum, to remain until, in its turn, it should be swept away. Meanwhile all that was dignified, cultured, or graceful was fast disappearing from the land—mown down by the relentless guillotine, driven into exile, or only to be found behind the closed doors and barred windows of the overcrowded prisons.

Never were the prisons so teeming as in this new reign of liberty. Twenty-two thousand suspects in Paris alone were hard to house, however expeditiously the guillotine might do its work; and various new or old buildings had to be turned into gaols, amongst them the old disused palace of the Luxembourg. Here in 1793 was to be found the most aristocratic society of France; captive indeed, and with its life hanging hourly in the balance, and yet, in spite of insult and spoliation, in spite of mortal terror and daily privation, retaining some portion of its old dignity and even of its old gaiety. The French of all ranks are blessed with a light-heartedness which is almost indestructible; and in spite of misfortune, past, present, and looming in the near future, it was impossible for these imprisoned children of pleasure to be altogether miserable. Though the Convention was ceaseless at its cruel work of wholesale condemnation, though Robespierre was master of France, and though the tumbril, with its load of victims, rattled away morning after morning from the old palace gate, still it was impossible for those left behind not to amuse themselves as best they could. So we hear of elegant toilettes elaborately prepared, of receptions and coteries, of theatrical entertainments and games of chance or skill—of a hundred pitiful little devices by which Misery put on a merry face.

Thus evening after evening in the autumn of the eventful year of 1793 might have been seen gathered round a card-table in one of the most select corners of the old palace-prison, the very same quartet of whist-players whom we have seen in happier days. The marquis, now citoyen Stinfort, is there, as correct as to costume, as dignified as to manner, and as blasé as ever. There, too, is a white-haired, wrinkle-faced old woman, once known as Madame de Gramont, and whose tongue can never be got to frame the fantastic appellations which the new order of things renders necessary, nor indeed to recognise herself under her novel and strange title of citoyenne. There, too, are citoyen and citoyenne Chevilhac, the bridegroom and bride of ten years since. Monsieur de Chevilhac is little changed from the silent, self-contained man of former times; but little Madame de Chevilhac has developed and grown, as it seems, from a blooming child into a woman upon whom grief has already laid his hard hand, spoiling the round outlines of her beauty and withering prematurely the bloom of her youth. There is another figure we should know, constantly hovering about the group, although, under his new name of citizen and bereft of his lackey-costume, it may be hard to recoghise him. It is Bécart—citizen Bécart, of course, now, but for all that as much his master's servant—as faithful and as submissive as in the days when the marquis was a marquis and the old fashions held sway. He hovers about the players now as of old, and hands to them whipped chocolate, which he has himself prepared, whispering, "Monsieur le marquis," in an undertone whenever he has the chance, for the sake of bringing up a certain look of pleasure, which he has learned to know, in his master's face.

But one fine morning the tumbril calls at the palace gate, and carries away, among others, poor old Madame the Citoyenne Gramont, to lay her white head under the cruel knife of the guillotine; and the little whist party in the aristocratic corner is broken up. The two men—citizens Chevilhac and Stinfort—amuse themselves rather drearily over games of trictrac or piquet, while Madame de Chevilhac sits beside them, knitting in hand, but more often than not with idle fingers that only make a pretence of twisting the silk that is wound about them; while the revels and the games and the dances go on all round them rather more wildly and vigorously now than ever, as the awful terror and excitement of the times grow in intensity. It is not long before the faithful Bécart is found busy in making a grand toilette for the *ci devant* marquis, shaving and crimping, powdering and perfuming—citizen Stinfort smiling grimly all the time.

"You are, believe me, my good Pierre, taking unnecessary trouble," he says. "The lady whom I am going to visit, Madame la Guillotine—citoyenne Guillotine, I beg her pardon—will not be so over particular as to my appearance."

"Monsieur has a brave heart," says Bécart, his own voice broken by a sob.

Monsieur shrugs his shoulders. "After all we can die, we aristocrats, if we are good for nothing else. Hem! It is a mercy that we can, or these good citizens would have nothing to amuse themselves with!"

And so, with a proud head and a jest on his

lips, the marquis steps into the tumbril which is waiting at the door.

With him also disappears Pierre Bécart from the dreary society of the Luxembourg, where he has remained only from love and duty, and through the special favour of a relative in the high position of a turnkey.

Not very long after the marquis's death comes the wildest and most bloodthirsty spasm of the terrible reign of "Liberty," when human beings are hurried like sheep to the shambles indiscriminately, and without cessation. In this last wild orgie poor quiet Monsieur de Chevilhac is swept away, while his young wife is left wailing and almost demented, in speedy anticipation of a similar fate. By some curious chance, however, she finds herself, at the death of Robespierre, with her head still on her shoulders.

She is set free; but under what circumstances!

Widowed, ruined alike in health and fortune, bereft of family and friends, and all that made life worth the living, she is thrown back, homeless and hopeless, into a world peopled, as it seems to her, by beings as helpless as herself. In truth, it is difficult to say whether such poor stranded wrecks —jetsam and flotsam from the tempest of Liberty, left to linger out a maimed and miserable existence—were not more to be commiserated than those who had been engulfed in sudden destruction beneath its rough waves.

Thirty years later.

France, poor France, has passed through a series of convulsions and changes. Revolution, anarchy, republicanism, despotism, Cæsarism; blood fever, war fever—and now at last, a sullen acquiescence in defeat, and a return to a new version of the old order.

Paris, as it presents itself in the twenties of this century, is not happily any longer the stronghold of a raging horde of bloodthirsty maniacs, riding roughshod over all law and decency, as in the last years of the wicked old eighteenth century.

Yet the Paris of those days was a very different city from the Paris which we know to-day. The streets were for the most part narrow, irregular, ill-paved, and filthy; there was neither drainage nor water supply; an open sewer ran down the middle of each street, into which contributions were constantly being flung from upper windows; there was no gas, but by night dim oil-lamps swung on ropes stretched across the street at long intervals; there were no foot-pavements, but blocks of stone, the backs of which served the purpose of domestic dustheaps, were set up here and there to make a kind of boundary line between the horse and foot traffic, and also, it would seem, for the special annoyance of all wheeled vehicles, which were constantly being upset by them, to the general confusion and danger.

The narrow streets, crowded with heavy rope-harnessed waggons and many foot passengers, were still further encumbered by numerous workmen, who plied their trade upon the roadway or under the deep arches—*portes cochères*—which formed the entrance to the houses. Here might have been seen blacksmiths beating out their iron, carpenters planing planks, dyers flourishing long pieces of blue or red cloth from upper windows and flapping them in the faces of pedestrians. Here were cobblers, tinkers, and menders of crockery; water-carriers, poising two pails on a yoke, and hawkers of all sorts and kinds crying their wares—fish, oysters, potatoes, eggs, oranges, and a dozen other articles of food or dress, each with a different call, sometimes assisted by a bell or a trumpet. These, in addition to mountebanks, conjurors, organ-grinders, dancers, and singers, made the thoroughfares of Paris sufficiently lively.

Among the hawkers of that period is an elderly and somewhat feeble man, who adds his small contribution to the general clamour as he perambulates the streets with a tray swung from his neck, piled with a small stock-in-trade of coloured pocket-handkerchiefs and steel watch chains. His dress is very threadbare, his hat of the shabbiest, his boots well patched; yet there is something in his general appearance, in his scrupulous cleanliness, and, above all, in his speech and manner, which seems to indicate that he is superior to the position which he at present occupies. In truth, Pierre Bécart, like his betters, has fallen on bad times.

The Revolution, though it bestowed on him the blessing of a turnkey relative, brought him little other advantage. On the death of the Marquis de Stinfort, Bécart found his occupation gone, and therefore attempted to set up in a small business; but the unsettled state of the country made all enterprise very hazardous, and after a few years Bécart was obliged to give up shopkeeping, and to confine himself to the sale of such small articles as he could conveniently carry about with him. As a hawker, he travelled over the country, making a fairly decent living; but as he grew older and less able for strong exertion, he established himself in Paris, where he became a well-known figure in the old aristocratic quarter of St. Germain, still haunted by the ghost of its former greatness. Here his good manners and obliging nature made him a favourite among the few attendants and tradespeople who were still attached to the crumbling mansions; and the custom with which they favoured him was at least sufficient to supply his very modest wants.

Very often he chose as a quiet and inexpensive dining place the step of a drinking fountain in the Rue Grenelle. Here he would eat his lump of dry bread, take a draught of water, exchange a good-day with one or two passing acquaintances, and then would once more set out on his rounds with the little sing-song cry which always announced the approach of *père* Bécart.

One day, seated by this fountain, he was just about to rise and resume his wanderings when his attention was arrested by the figure of a woman creeping along close by the houses, her eyes fixed on the ground and her hands clenched together in an attitude of despair. Her clothes, which were black, and had once been good, fell about her as though her limbs were devoid of flesh; her face was deadly white even to the lips; and her head hung as if she had not the strength

to lift it. She dragged herself painfully to the spot where Bécart was sitting, but evidently without observing him.

He stared, he shut his eyes and opened them again; started, gave himself a little shake; and then, rising, removed his hat. "Madame de Chevilhac," he said, bowing low.

The person so addressed stared and started in her turn. "Who are you, and how do you know my name?" she asked.

"Madame, I am Pierre Bécart," said the pedlar.

The poor lady shook her head. "I do not remember," she murmured in a low, feeble voice.

"But I remember madame perfectly," said Pierre, "though it must be—yes, thirty good years since I last had the honour of seeing her. Has madame forgotten the Luxembourg, and the valet of monsieur le marquis. Has she forgotten the awkward boy for whom she pleaded so graciously in the old days at Château Stinfort?"

"The Luxembourg! Ah! can I ever forget that dreadful time? And a valet—now I come to think of it, there was some young man in attendance on the marquis. Could that be you?"

Bécart bowed.

"But you are so old!"

"It is not with everyone that Time deals so lightly as with madame," replied Bécart, with the air of a courtier.

The compliment, though broad, was not without its reason, for in spite of poverty and evident sickness, Madame de Chevilhac's face had not lost all pretensions to the beauty which had so distinguished it. Then she burst into tears.

"It is so long since anybody has said anything kind to me," she murmured.

"Pardon me, madame," said Bécart, distressed at having evoked such unexpected emotion, "may I ask, without impertinence, what you are doing in Paris?"

"Doing!" returned the lady with more energy than she had yet shown. "Doing? I am starving, that is what I am doing. I have not tasted food to-day."

She sat on the stone by the fountain, Bécart standing bareheaded beside her, while he fumbled in his pockets for the remains of a loaf that had been his dinner.

He presented it timidly, but without a word Madame de Chevilhac took it. While she ate with relish, she gave some particulars of her life since the days of the Luxembourg.

For some years after the death of her husband Madame de Chevilhac had managed to live on a small farm, the only remnant left of her husband's property. But this had subsequently been ravaged by the English troops on their march to Paris after the battle of Waterloo. With such few effects as she had saved from the wreck, she came to Paris to solicit a pension from King Louis XVIII as the widow of a general officer, and to claim from the Government certain sums which were, as she believed, due to her husband. She received at first many kind promises and much sympathy, but very little substantial help. As time went on her importunities became troublesome, and she was pushed aside. One or two old friends gave her occasional presents of small sums, and as long as clothes or jewels remained to be sold she held on. But now patience, hope, and resources were alike exhausted, and as she told Bécart, there literally seemed nothing but starvation before her, since feeble health and failing eyesight shut her out from all chance of earning her own living.

Pierre Bécart was much shocked by the recital, and at once set his wits to work to consider what could be done. The result of his cogitations was as follows:

"I do not work very hard, and I make enough to keep one. If I were to work a little harder and lived a little more sparingly, I might easily make enough to keep two."

Then in a quiet matter-of-fact way he made this proposal to Madame de Chevilhac:

"Since, madame, your own relatives and friends are unable to provide for you, I trust that you will allow me to take charge of you. The half of all that I earn I shall bring to you."

"My good fellow, you are very kind; but after all, what can you make? What a poor living that will be for both of us!" says madame.

"That is true, madame," returns poor Bécart, "but we can but do our best."

Bécart never once faltered from the resolution thus so nobly taken; nor did he ever from that time to the day of Madame de Chevilhac's death, four years later, weary of the heavy responsibility which his charity then imposed upon him.

The half of all his earnings, as well as his small savings which had been so carefully hoarded up, penny by penny, went to furnish the poor lady with food and firing, and to pay for the rent of the little garret which she occupied. But in spite of his best exertions, Bécart found, when the little fund of his savings was exhausted, that he was not able unassisted to maintain Madame de Chevilhac in anything like comfort. Upon this he made every effort to rouse the sympathies of her more important friends, but without effect. Then unwillingly, and very gently, he suggested that it would be better to apply to the *Bureau de Bienfaisance* of the district for relief. The poor lady answered that she would think the matter over, but a few hours later, when Bécart went to see her, he was horrified to find that she had just made an attempt to commit suicide by hanging herself.

When she had recovered consciousness under Bécart's care, she cried passionately, "Why did you not let me die? It would be much easier to me than to become an object of public charity."

Poor Bécart was heartbroken at the thought that his want of consideration had driven her to such an act and to such feelings of utter despair; but as at this time his funds were very low—too low to admit of his procuring anything except fuel and dry bread, and not much of that—he petitioned in his own name for charitable relief, and was granted a coarse brown loaf every day, which he reserved for himself, so as to be able to devote all the money he could make to buy better food for Madame de Chevilhac. At one time he even took to begging in the streets and on the steps of churches, religiously spending every penny thus gained upon his *protégée;* but

this way of obtaining money was so absolutely distasteful to him that, even for her sake, he could not continue it. He finally adopted the calling of old-clothes man, since by this means he was able to make a more certain profit than by the sale of small fancy articles.

In the meantime Madame de Chevilhac's health became worse and worse, and three years after her adoption by Bécart failed her altogether. She had never been a woman of any great energy, and the troubles of her life had completely prostrated her. She was now altogether incapable of helping herself; but she rejected with indignation the idea of seeking admission into a hospital. From this time, therefore, Bécart was forced, in addition to his other occupations, to undertake the duties of nurse. During the day he was obliged necessarily to be absent a good deal, a circumstance of which Madame de Chevilhac complained bitterly, and which she resented as an unkindness to herself. But no sooner was his day's work over than he was found with untiring zeal, ready to take charge of his somewhat fractious patient. Night after night for a period of nearly six months Bécart, with unvarying devotion, sat by the bedside of the sick woman, ready at any moment to attend to her slightest wants. When some of the neighbours, touched by the old man's worn appearance, begged him to take a little rest—at least, to lie down on a mattress—he steadily refused. "No, no, that would never do," he said. "She might call, and I should be asleep, and sh uld not hear her."

During this time Bécart himself became very ill with a serious affection of the heart; but, like a brave soldier resolved to die at his post, he never gave in. He might be better, or he might be worse. That should make no difference —Madame de Chevilhac must in no case be neglected.

When Madame de Chevilhac died, however, it seemed as though the energies of her faithful attendant had been stretched almost beyond the limit of human endurance.

For awhile he struggled on with his old life; such a feeble old scarecrow of a man that the boys of Paris would run after him, and jeer at him as he shambled along the streets, with his long bag and load of greasy hats; but before very long he found it impossible to continue even these feeble perambulations. And in the last years of his life he was cheered and made rich by a grant of the French Academy, from the Montyon Fund, of forty pounds—a sum which, to his modest ideas, seemed a perfect fortune, and as to which he had but one regret:

"If it had only come sooner I might have made her more comfortable," he would sometimes say.

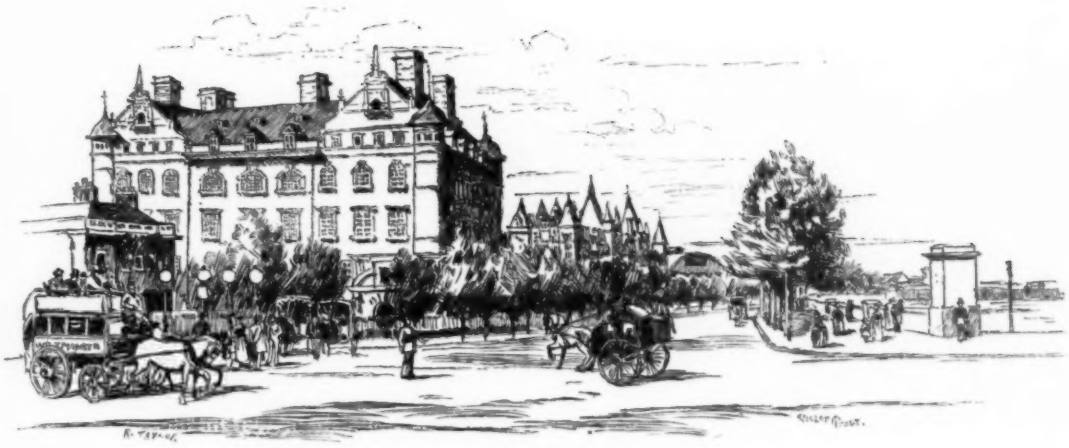
Bécart died at the age of sixty-seven in a hospital, where it is recorded by one of the sisters who attended upon him that his last moments showed the ruling passion of self-forgetfulness still strong upon him. "Do not trouble about me," he murmured with his dying parched lips, "attend upon Madame de Chevilhac!"

L. G. SÉGUIN.

## Inconsistent.

A PROUD man, I adore the lowly,
Sinful, kneel before the holy,
Unclean, fall prone before the pure;
Rebel, salute Who did endure
Unmurmuring; give blow for blow,
Yet Him who, burdened with world's woe,
Unmindful of His own, fell low
Glory to avow I serve;
And though men jeer, I will not swerve!
Lord, take my heart, and open it;
Judge Thou if that be hypocrite!
Gold, pomp, revenge, the sword, the drum,
Scorn flaunted full by Christendom,
In face of Him we feign to follow,
And worship with lip-service hollow!
Yet why take this mean Man for God,
Unless for His poor, dark abode,
Where gloweth Love's eternal fire,
We felt some hidden deep desire?
We are captive, who would fain be free!
Soul of my soul, O Lord, deliver me!

RODEN NOEL.



## THE EVERYDAY LIFE OF A POLICEMAN.

A STRIKING building is the new headquarters of the Metropolitan Police. Massive, bold, and unmistakable, whatever opinion there may be as to the design, there can be no gainsaying that, from its granite blocks to its bricks and obelisks, the house of the seven storeys makes the most of its site of 70,000 square feet at the Westminster end of the Embankment. Such a centre has long been wanted.

For the first time the various police departments are to be gathered under one roof. The Chief Commissioner's office and all the central departments, the offices of the receiver, the surgeon, and the surveyor, the police department proper, and the departments dealing with habitual criminals, common lodging-houses, smoke nuisances, public carriages, drivers and conductors, lost property, and even the Black Museum—have all their places in the new building; and that curious collection of converted private houses known as Scotland Yard will be cleared away in the course of a much-needed improvement.

Scotland Yard is haunted by many memories which it would be idle to pretend are otherwise than unpleasant amongst a certain class. It has never been its fate to be "popular" in the vulgar sense of the term. Probably no men were more evilly spoken of by the Londoners than the Kings of Scotland, who gave it its name; and although John Milton, Inigo Jones, and Christopher Wren are now in good repute—being dead—yet they were held to be but miserable incapables by the majority of the mob when they were alive as residents of Scotland Yard. But the fine old saying, "De mortuis nil nisi," etc., is applicable to both the famed and the forgotten, and, letting bygones be bygones, we may content ourselves with the reflection that the verdict of the majority often meets with reversal on post-obit appeal.

No matter how good a police force may be, it is of necessity as unpopular as the law. The policeman to the lawless is the law personified. He is what the schoolmaster is to so many schoolboys. His personal failings and peculiarities are made the most of, and it even pays to treat him as a butt by way of safety-valve for the crowd's ill-humour.

Yet the policeman is ever with us. Under every form of government—patriarchal, monarchical, republican, democratic, even anarchic, in all their possible permutations and combinations—the man that says "Thou shalt not" must exist, although his task be an arduous and thankless one. The Vigilance Committee of the Hundred in the far past were hated by those who were fined by them; the stalwart constables of the Plantagenets were only praised by those they helped; the old Charlies, as improved by the Second Charles, from whom they took their name, had never a good word said of them by those they restrained.

But let ever the police be reconstituted and increased in efficiency, what a difference! There never was a reform that had not its opponents and its praisings of the past. "Gentlemen," said the orator in 1752, when the calendar was reformed in this country, "the tyrannical Government has robbed you of eleven days! What have they done with them? They have sent them to Hanover, gentlemen; yes, to Hanover; and the miserable Germans are now guzzling in the days that were stolen from you!" And orators as foolish are not yet extinct.

When the old Charlies were threatened by Sir Robert Peel's Police Bill, introduced in the Catholic Emancipation session, they were asserted to be almost perfection. The "new police" was a "political device," intended, among other surprising things, "to put the Duke of Wellington on the throne!" Called "Bobbies," after Sir

Robert, and "Peelers" by a pun, after Holinshed's vagabonds, whose name came in handy in connection with Peel, the new policemen succeeded the Charlies in pantomimes as a topical allusion, which has continued even to these days for the delectation of the gallery.

Strange old anachronisms must the Charlies have been, wandering about with lanterns in a gas-lighted city, and snoring in watch-boxes in the full glare of the gas, with a candle alight behind them, not on account of the inferiority of the gas, but because Act something, cap. something, of somebody centuries defunct, enjoined that the candle should be kept burning. Loud was the cry of the vestries: "Every parish should control its own police;" and consequently, "No thief should be pursued by a watchman beyond the parish," a remarkable arrangement, which allowed of a pickpocket crossing a street and deriding his pursuer, who dare not advance beyond the parish boundary. "What is the use of beating the bounds?" it is asked. Surely here is a case in which a knowledge of parochial topography was of much use!

The Police Act of 1829 changed all that, and much more. It took the peace force to Scotland Yard. A new nomenclature was brought in. For the first time we had "division" and "section" and "station," and other words to us familiar. And Sir Richard Mayne, who, with Colonel Rowan, was entrusted with the organisation of the new departure, had the opportunity of proclaiming the sound doctrine, so often forgotten, that "the object to be obtained is the PREVENTION OF CRIME. To this great end every effort of the police is to be directed. The security of person and property, the preservation of public tranquillity, and all the other objects of a police establishment, will thus be better effected than by the detection and punishment of an offender after he has succeeded in committing a crime." And that is still the lesson taught to the young recruit or "candidate" for the Metropolitan Police.

Of such candidates there are about eight hundred on the list, and about nine hundred are admitted a year. They come from all parts of the country, men of every trade being eligible providing they are not over twenty-seven years of age or under sixty-nine inches in height. Unlike the soldiers, their trade becomes of little use to them. In the army, work is found for every man besides mere drill and practice-at-arms; the policeman is a peace officer, and nothing more, and his whole time is occupied in the work for which he engages.

With his application addressed to the Chief Commissioner, and his testimonials as to character, he sends a certificate of examination by some local medical man, the requirement of which saves many a useless journey to London. Even as it is, there are men who have been passed by the country practitioner and found themselves rejected by the more exigent surgeon on the London staff. The men are of no particular class; a good many of them are sons of agricultural labourers, some—limited in number to five hundred out of fourteen thousand—have served in the army. Nearly all the mounted police are old cavalrymen.

When his turn comes to be "called," the candidate presents himself at headquarters, and has to pass a simple examination as a proof that he has not wasted his time at school—for the policeman must be able to read and write easily, and possess a fair share of information and a capacity for acquiring more. At every step of his career an examination has to be passed, as in all other "forces" and "services;" but, while military and naval authorities conduct their own promotion examinations, the London policeman takes his rises in the world under the charge of the Civil Service Commissioners. The policeman's training is very different to that of our combatant defenders. Their main work is drill; the policeman's drill is of the simple kind as taught in schools, and to call it "military" is enough to move a sergeant of the line to laughter. Even in its highest development it is merely the squad work necessary to teach the men to hold themselves upright, to march in file, and form up quickly when required; and the amount of this may be judged from the fact that each policeman on the average spends just half an hour a month in these alarmingly "military" duties! The war with crime will only be waged by highly-drilled battalions when the criminal takes to drill.

When a candidate passes his preliminary examination he is sent to undergo a certain amount of training, which lasts three weeks. In Kennington Lane, opposite the fire brigade station, there was opened in 1886 a "Section-house" for these police neophytes. This is their home, though their instruction is for the most part done at headquarters. No matter what position a man may have occupied in the world, even in other police forces, he has to begin in the Candidates Class and satisfy his instructors. There is, of course, a great difference in the men. Some fail, and are weeded out; some barely scrape through; others at once show intelligence, and are soon fit for the uniform.

The man's pay begins from the day he takes up his abode at Kennington. His wages are fifteen shillings a week, out of which there is deducted a shilling a week for his quarters and about a shilling a day for his board, so that he is left with a shilling a day to himself. The variation in the cost of the board is due to the fact that sometimes there may be as many as eighty candidates in the house, while at others there may be only a dozen. The more there are, the less per man is the cost, for the sergeant in charge acts as caterer of the mess, and does his best with the subscriptions. Breakfast is served at eight o'clock and dinner at half-past twelve, the bill of fare being much the same but rather better than that in the army. Every man has a twopenny loaf a day and three-quarters of a pound of butter a week. The dinner consists of three-quarters of a pound of boiled or roast meat, with two vegetables, and an occasional pudding. The tea is of plain bread and butter and sundries like the breakfast, and the supper is of bread and cheese. On Sundays the men can dine out if they choose, and from half-past six to

half-past ten every night they can go forth on leave. The house has its kitchen and mess-room; its recreation-room, with materials for the ordinary games; its reading-room, with the usual periodicals; its dormitories—four in number—one of them with twenty-seven beds. Every man has a large locker, "large enough to hold an umbrella," like those in the Sailors' Homes, but fitted with three shelves; and in this locker all his personal belongings have to be kept, so that cleanliness and tidiness may reign untroubled. The period of probation is made as pleasant as possible; the instruction is not very difficult to acquire. It consists chiefly of setting-up drill to make the man presentable, and in teaching him how to behave in the most ordinary duties in which his services will be required. If all goes well, the aspiring constable is told on a Friday night that he is approved, and on the Monday he dons his uniform and is off to the section-house of the division to which he has been drafted. No man can choose his division; after a time he may, with permission, exchange on various grounds, but at first—and in fact throughout his career—he has to go where he is sent and do what he is told.

If a single man, he sleeps at the station or section-house in the neighbourhood, where he has his own private cabin, with locker and desk, and use of meeting-rooms and a library. The custom of unmarried constables living in lodgings is now discouraged, and accommodation under discipline is found wherever possible. Life in lodgings has many inconveniences and temptations; and, as Mr. Superintendent Dunlop very truthfully says, "anything that tends to elevate and enlighten the police constable is a decided gain to the public."

That useful volume "Police!" compiled by Messrs. Clarkson and Richardson, states the pay and pension question so clearly that we cannot do better than quote a page from it: Pay of Metropolitan policemen is subject to deductions for pension, and the constable contributes on the average about twopence a week to gratuity funds for widows and orphans of comrades deceased. A constable entering the force as a duly qualified recruit starts on 24*s.* per week, with clothing; and as he rises in the ranks, after about eight years' service, he receives £78 per annum. About five thousand policemen earn 30*s.* a week. Promoted to a sergeant, which should be in less than ten years, the officer, who starts at 34*s.* a week for the first two years, has 36*s.* for the next three years, and then 38*s.*; and at the top of the list there is one sergeant who is paid £166 per annum. He next passes into the class of the inspectors, of which there are three grades, at £187. Attaining to the position of divisional superintendent, the pay commences at £300, and rises £10 annually to £475. In addition to this scale reserve men receive extra pay at the rate of 1*s.* 6*d.* per week for constables, 3*s.* a week for sergeants, and 4*s.* a week for inspectors; and allowances for special duty range from 2*s.* to 19*s.* 2*d.* per week.

If a constable is killed on duty his widow receives a pension of £15, and each child an allowance of £2 10*s.* yearly until the age of fifteen. In the case of officers above the rank of sergeant the widow's allowance is £25, and the child's £5 per annum There are 3,905 police pensioners, to whom upwards of £185,000 is disbursed annually, and 58 constables in one year were awarded gratuities amounting to over £3,000. The money was obtained chiefly from the Metropolitan Police Fund. No policeman may retire on a pension under sixty years of age, unless on the certificate of the chief surgeon that he is unfit for duty.

The rates of pensions are three-tenths of pay for fifteen years' service, increasing with every additional year until, on completion of twenty-eight years, the constable becomes entitled to a retiring allowance of two-thirds of his pay. For five years' service gratuities are paid at the rate of one month for every year.

The total yearly expenditure of the Metropolitan Police is over a million and a half sterling, of which £572,000 is paid by the Government towards the cost of pay and clothing. A local rate of just under 5*d.* in the pound produced £700,000. Per man, a constable costs £106 per annum, of which £78 15*s.* is disbursed in pay, £10 in superannuation charge, and £5 in clothing and equipment. On joining the force the policeman is supplied with two great-coats, two tunics, a cape, two pairs of trousers, two pairs of boots, two helmets, a truncheon, armlets, whistle, lantern-guard, belt, etc., which articles are renewed periodically or when worn out. If a policeman's clothes are damaged in the course of duty the damage is made good at the public expense; if they are damaged carelessly or wear out too quickly the constable has to pay.

In the City Police, which have a reputation for efficiency extending long previous to the Peel days, the pay is somewhat higher, but no member of that force has a legal right to a pension, the pensions being granted at the discretion of the Corporation on the recommendation of the Commissioner. The City constable has an allowance for boot money in addition to his pay. The City men are, as a rule, a finer set than the Metropolitans, but the difference will soon cease, as the standard for both forces is now the same. There are differences in uniform easily noticeable; the helmets differ; the City man has no letter, he has yellow buttons, and his armlet is red and white instead of blue and white. The City force is in charge of the Corporation, but like all the police of the kingdom, municipal or county, it is really under the final control of the Home Secretary. It numbers about nine hundred all told. The Metropolitan Police are more directly under the control of the Home Secretary, and numbered in 1888, 14,261. About sixteen hundred of these are employed on special duty in various Government departments, including special protection posts at public offices and buildings, dockyards, and military stations. It certainly seems an anomaly that the London police should be charged with the safety of such places as Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, and Pembroke Dockyards, and Weedon, Chattenden, and Dover Gun Wharf, to say nothing of the more reasonable minor detachments at Osborne, Windsor Castle, Claremont, and Sandringham.

Taking no account of these outposts, the field of work extends for fifteen miles round Charing Cross, exclusive of the City of London, and embraces a mileage of streets and roads of over 8,300 miles, and an area of over 688 square miles, extending from Colney Heath in the north to Todworth Heath in the south, and from Lark Hall in the east to Staines Moor in the west. To keep the peace in this territory about 12,500 men are available, from which a fourteenth have to be deducted owing to each man having a holiday of a day in every fortnight. And from this balance the men off duty must be taken to discover the small number by which the work is done. From six in the morning to ten at night there are really not five thousand men at work, being rather more than seven men to every square mile. No wonder it is not easy to find a policeman! But the remedy is obvious—either the mileage should be diminished or the men increased. Mr. Monro says that about 60 per cent. of the force is on duty from ten at night to six o'clock next morning; but during the day the ordinary beat duty of the whole of the metropolis devolves upon some 1,561 men. In addition to these numbers, however, 522 constables on 'fixed points' and 88 at hackney carriage standings are on duty in the streets from 9 a.m. to 1 a.m.

The young constable's duty begins with attending a police-court and watching the evidence under the instruction of an older comrade, who directs his attention to the points worth notice. After a schooling in this way in police-court practice, he goes on beat-duty, also with a companion. Then he is trusted alone, probably on easy night-duty, and as he gains experience he is moved to busier beats.

When on day-duty, between 6 a.m. and 10 p.m., he has alternations of four hours on duty and four hours off. Of this he has a month, followed by two months of night-duty. When on night-duty, he has to work without relief from 10 to 6. Another month of day-duty begins another round.

Such are the normal working hours of a London policeman, but, undermanned as the force now is, it is open to anyone to disorganise the whole police system of the metropolis by collecting a crowd, which, however laudable be its object and able its management, must of necessity offer temptation and provoke crime.

The force is divided into twenty-two "divisions," lettered alphabetically with the exception of the river men. The letters at present missing are I, O, Q, U, and Z. When the start was made, in 1829, the divisions were only five in number, hence the typical Policeman X, then non-existent, though now represented by nearly six hundred examples in the Kilburn district. The districts of the divisions are—A at Whitehall, B at Westminster, C at St. James's, D at Marylebone, E at Holborn, F at Paddington, G at Finsbury, H at Whitechapel, J at Bethnal Green, K at Bow, L at Lambeth, M at Southwark, N at Islington, P at Camberwell, R at Greenwich, S at Hampstead, T at Hammersmith, V at Wandsworth, W at Clapham, X at Kilburn, and Y at Highgate. The outlying divisions have each a few horsemen to act as patrols, and these being mustered together on high days and holidays form the mounted police, which are erroneously supposed to form a division of themselves.

If the new-comer be as the many are, he will spend his life in the division to which he was first appointed. If he be one of the few, he may possibly be moved into the A division, which is the crack corps of the force; or perhaps, if well-educated, he may be chosen for CO, and find his work at headquarters in one of the departments.

The yearly report of the Chief Commissioner shows how varied are the present duties of the police. There is the supervision of some 36,000 habitual criminals, "licence-holders or supervisees," who have to report themselves from time to time, and whose photographs find their place in the police albums, which over a thousand police, constabulary, prison-warders, and railway officials go to headquarters to search in the course of the year. There is the control of nearly a thousand common lodging-houses. There is the working of the Smoke Nuisance Abatement Acts, which were to annihilate London fogs, and have had a microscopic effect in that direction. There is the licensing of public carriages—fifty miles of cabs alone to look after! There is the licensing of their drivers and conductors, including the examination of the candidates in topography—2,316 examinees in a year; number of failures 855, "who are not sufficiently acquainted with the map of London," regarding which it may be asked that, if each driver can understand a map, would it not be convenient if a map of London were fixed down on the roof of each hansom, so as to be before the driver's eyes? And as connected with this carriage-licensing, there is the Lost Property Office, to which the drivers and conductors are expected to take all findings within twenty-four hours, which they do to the extent of some 24,000 articles a year, about half of which are reclaimed, and half restored to the finder after a sufficient interval. And as a branch of the ordinary service, there is the detective department, with its museum of curiosities, of which so much has been written and imagined that it will be refreshing to leave it alone.

The everyday life of a policeman can hardly be called monotonous. From the outset he is supposed to be a walking cyclopædia, and he never knows what is coming next. He must always be on the alert. He may have to make an arrest—75,000 arrests by the London police in a year; or attend a fire—1,000 fires attended by the police in a year; or carry a ballot-box at a vestry election; or serve a summons—134,000 summonses served in a year; or take a man to the hospital—6,300 people taken to the London hospitals by policemen in the year! And should he make a mistake in any of these matters, the Chief Commissioner will hear that his men are all hopelessly useless and corrupt. But virulent public censure, however unreasonable, seems to have its uses, and it may be in some degree owing to it that London can boast of the best-conducted police in the best-conducted capital in the world.

W. J. GORDON.

# A VISIT TO ICELAND.

TRADITION has long pointed out the spot where the old Icelandic Parliament, the "Althing," used to assemble. This interesting place it had long been my wish to visit. Opportunity at last occurring, one fine afternoon towards the end of July found me on the Craigforth steaming out of Granton Harbour on our journey northward. About a week later we left the capital of Iceland on a visit to Thingvalla, the Geyser, Gullfoss, and Hekla. In this wheelless country the ubiquitous pony was to carry us on our journey over the rough lava-fields, through the rivers, and down the almost precipitous paths on some of the mountains.

For a few miles out of Reykjavik there is a fairly well-laid road, rising gradually to about three hundred feet above the sea. Arriving at the highest portion, we reined in and looked back towards the capital. I might comment upon the appearance of this first Icelandic town, but knowing how proud the Reykjavikians are of it, I will refrain from doing so. The view from here is very impressive, not exactly beautiful; the barren desert-like foreground and the absence of trees prevent it from being that. The mountains enclosing the bay on the right-hand, gradually diminishing in elevation, are succeeded by a long stretch of low-lying land, reaching far out to the foot of the magnificent volcanic mountain, the Snaefell, from whose snow-covered summit glaciers descend on the northern side almost to the sea level. This mountain forms the north-western termination to the bay. On the right-hand, between Reykjavik and Reykjanes, a series of small craters and centre cones reminds one very much of an illustration in Nasmyth and Carpenter's work on the Moon, representing "overlapping craters." Here, from an elevated position, we can see the intersecting circles most clearly defined. Being entirely unclothed with vegetation, after a slight shower the shining surface of the lava walls positively glistened in the intense blue of the distance. This landscape struck me as being far more remarkable than any I saw during my short stay in Iceland.

Well, we must not dawdle here; we have three hours' hard riding before we shall arrive at our first resting-place. The road has now come to an end, we are travelling within certain limits at the will of our bearers; the spare ponies constantly wandering away sadly try the temper of our guide. The path gets very much rougher, and in many places much narrower. Our tempers are also severely taxed, and our shins sometimes as severely scraped, by a very rude and disagreeable habit the pack-ponies have of forcing their way past us with the two heavy boxes on either side of them containing our baggage. My pony appears to be as much annoyed at their behaviour as myself; and, running after and bumping them in return, adds very considerably to my discomfiture. I forced him at last to understand that the quarrel was mine, not his; and, as my legs had to bear the brunt of the onslaught, I had no wish to continue hostilities.

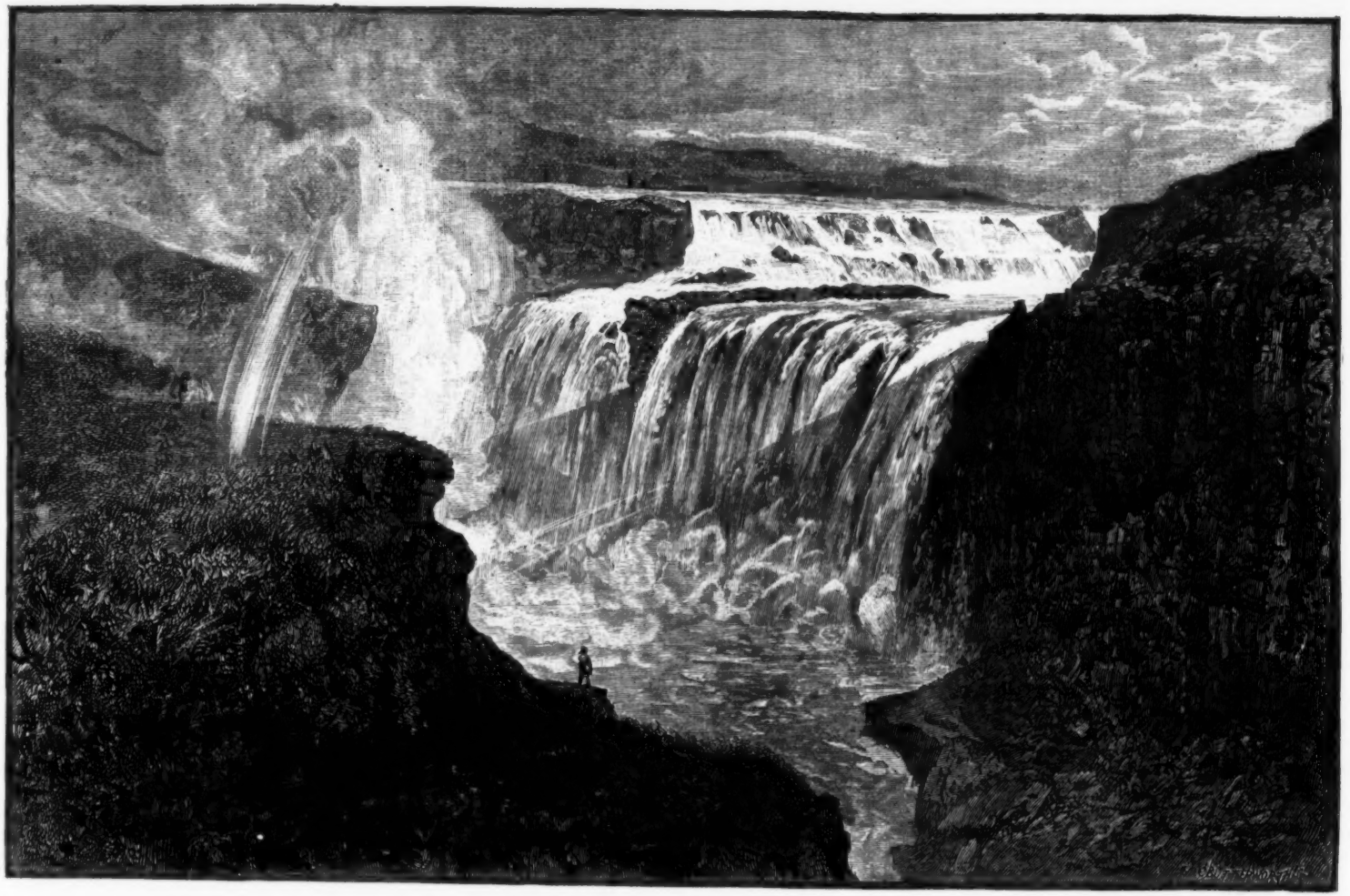
After three hours of travelling along the roughest course that it was our displeasure to experience, we came to a very pleasant grass-covered slope. Here we dismounted; and, after relieving the ponies of their burdens, we all commenced to relieve the thirst and hunger that the long and sometimes dusty ride had encouraged. The grass here was very close, and delightfully green—beautiful refreshment for our fellow-travellers. Reinvigorated, we renewed our journey, having released the former bearers of ourselves and baggage, and enslaving the ponies that so far had accompanied us apparently more for pleasure than business.

After four hours more hard work we arrived at the entrance to the great fissure of Almannagja. Here we descend into the valley of Thingvallavatu, and reach the homestead and parsonage of Thingvalla. Huge blocks of lava are piled on either side in most "admired disorder;" others fallen lie scattered over the grass-covered bottom of this nature-cut road, whose two sides even at this remote period bear evidence to their previous union. Could the two sides be brought again together they would apparently dovetail.

Some distance along the fissure the wall on the right has fallen away in the great subsidence of the land between the Almannagja and the Hrafnagja, forming the plain of Thingvalla. Through this opening we descend, following the Oxara, which has leapt from the summit of the northern wall of the fissure in a beautiful fall. Coming to a shallow turn of the river, our cavalcade ford it; and soon we arrive at our first night's resting-place, having asked for and received the hospitality of the parsonage.

The beauty of the prospect before us is of a very sad order, and the perfect silence on this quiet evening struck me as a most impressive feature. The one sound—that of the distant fall—only emphasised the deathlike repose of this strange scene. No trees drooping from the banks repeated their forms in the mirror of the far-stretching lake. Even the mountains, round-topped and easy in line, are suggestive of repose and rest, unlike the aspiring and jagged and torn outlines of the Alps, indicative almost of movement; and also as unlike the Scotch mountains, which may more reasonably be compared with the elevation of the surrounding hills.

Being now rather weary with our first day's work, we turned in, and proceeded to the "guest chamber." Our hostess, the parson's wife, provided us with a frugal meal, consisting of coffee of first-rate quality—as it always is in Iceland—and a species of salmon-trout not unlike that caught in the Königsee in the Bavarian Tyrol.



THE GULLFOSS, ICELAND. [*From an Original Sketch by W. Telbin.*

If we were struck with the silence outside, our hostess evidently intended that inside we should have a new experience; every time she entered or departed she banged the door so violently that the little house shook to its foundation as if one of the long-slumbering volcanoes about us was waking up to a new life.

In the morning we picked our way to the famous Lögberg, the subject of the frontispiece. The ground was scored with rents and cracks of more or less depth, the narrower the more to be dreaded, as they were often hidden by the ferns and mosses and the long grass. The only approach to the Althing, as it is called, is by a path which passes between the little graveyard and the church. On all other sides it is surrounded by a natural moat, at the widest perhaps sixty feet, and in depth about forty feet to the water-line; at the narrowest, the opposite bank approaches to within about twenty feet. The water in some places appeared of very great depth, and of a deep green-blue colour, and so clear that twenty feet down you could distinctly see the formation of the wall of the crevice. At the end furthest from the lake the ground of this natural stronghold rises sufficiently to enable you to see the entire length of it.

Here it was, then, that the Althing, or Parliament, of Iceland was held. Here it was that the question of the introduction of Christianity was laid before the assembled chiefs in the year 1000. In that year a great eruption took place in the Ölfusá, south of the lake. As soon as the heathens, who were opposed to it, heard and saw the mighty convulsion, they cried out, "What wonder if the gods are angry?" Whereupon Snorri Godi rose up and said, "With whom were the gods angry when the Hraun (lava flood) on which we now stand was flowing, for the country was uninhabited then?" This question was considered to be decisive; the meeting was adjourned for one day, and when they met again the introduction of Christianity was decided upon.

This story (quoted from a most interesting work, "A Summer in Iceland," translated by the Rev. W. R. Barnard, B.A.) would prove, then, this vast *lava* stream to be of prehistoric origin. I do not know whether the geologist has ventured to give a date to the period of its formation.

In the far distance there is always to be seen on a clear day a cloud of steam rising at the base of a mountain on the further side of the lake. Looking around, with all these witnesses to past activity and to latent forces, one cannot help contemplating the possibility of a renewal of volcanic energy, and perhaps an entire reconstruction of this most interesting locality.

A slight shower (the first and only rain we saw while in Iceland) on the morning of the day we left Thingvalla for the Geyser, only helped to freshen and intensify the green of the grass, at all times remarkable in contrast with the cinder-like aspect of the rocks.

A hard climb up the eastern wall of the valley (the Hrafnagja) brought us to the top, from which there is a most extensive view of the lake and surrounding hills. Then we descended into a valley deliciously green, and level as a lawn-tennis court, over which we had a delightful gallop, making our way round the foot of a mountain much like a tremendous heap of loose cinders from some Cyclopean gasworks. Here, resting a short time in a forest of birch of from eighteen inches to two feet in height, we saw for the first time Hekla, slightly lined with snow. Remounting, after four hours' tolerably easy riding we arrived, about six in the evening, at the Geyser, which gratified us before we retired to rest in our tent with a magnificent exhibition of its power. Fortunate, indeed we were, for travellers have frequently waited for days, and then had to depart without seeing an eruption.

The morning following we continued our journey to the Gullfoss. It is singular that so few travellers to Iceland have ever visited this magnificent waterfall. But one book that I have read even mentions it, and that only on hearsay. It is quite a "Niagara." Roughly estimating its proportions, it is 300 yards wide and 120 feet deep, falling, as most Icelandic falls do, into a V-shaped fissure, the walls of which were of basaltic formation.

The base of the gulf was for some distance beyond the fall completely veiled by the spray and clouds of mist. Here again were we happy in the time of our visit, for a south-east wind was blowing, and the snows rapidly melting on the distant jokul (Amarfells) added immensely to the volume of the fall rolling from the river bed down into the chasm. A deep blue-green sheet at first, it soon, unsupported, broke up in disorder, and rushed down helter-skelter in huge masses of foam and spray with a terrific roar. It was as though, panic-stricken, each mass hastened to reach the bottom, jostling and springing upon that in front of it, breaking, and being broken up, into fine spray and foam—a wild episode in the progress of the river to its eternity in the ocean.

W. TELBIN.

# BARON VOM STEIN.



VOM STEIN.

THE far-seeing sagacity and high aims of the Prussian statesman and German patriot, Henrich Friedrich Karl vom Stein, have been in a remarkable way justified and realised since his death in 1831, first, by the establishment of constitutional government in Prussia, and afterwards, by such more recent events as the rise of that Power to unwonted pre-eminence—the displacement of France as arbiter in Europe and the creation of a united and powerful Germany under the late Emperor William I. These great events as they occurred lent a new glory to the name of Stein, and gave a fresh interest to the character of the man and to the labours of his life. Men now acknowledge how much Germany was indebted to him who, in the time of her adversity, strove to resuscitate the Prussian State by internal reforms, and to create a national spirit, with the object of breaking down the ascendency of Napoleon I, and, as an ulterior end, setting up a great and united Germany between France and Russia.

Thus, whether as respects free government, social progress, or national power, it is not too much to say that every advance Germany has made since the beginning of the century has brought it nearer to the ideals of Stein. German unity, the object of his aspirations and of his strenuous efforts at the Congress of Vienna in 1815—then resisted as a chimera—was realised at a later day under the guidance of the clear head and firm hand of Prince Bismarck. Parliamentary representation, which he had advocated in 1809, was the outcome of the political commotions of 1848. Administrative reform, of which he was the originator, has proceeded on the lines he indicated; and now, in our own day, we witness in new circumstances a further development of his policy of economic and social amelioration. The late Emperor Frederick in 1888 announced, as if Stein had spoken, that the aim of his rule would be to promote the moral elevation and the economic well-being of all classes of his subjects; and his

son and successor, the present Emperor William II, in whom the spirit of Stein seems to breathe, seeks by means of international co-operation to mitigate the acknowledged evils of industrial organisation, and to satisfy by legislation the needs and wants of the working classes so far as they are just and compatible with social order. The time, therefore, is opportune to advert to the life and labours of the Baron vom Stein; and, looking at that powerful Germany which to-day stands as the best guarantee of European peace, to recall the figure of the sagacious and patriotic statesman who in trying times helped to lay surely the stable foundations on which it rests.

The Baron vom Stein belonged to the Order of the Imperial Knighthood, an order to which there is nothing analogous in England. The Imperial Knights occupied a peculiar position in the old German Confederation. They exercised sovereignty within their petty territories, and owned no superior save the Emperor; but they had no right of vote or representation in the Imperial Diet. Their place was thus intermediate between the sovereign princes and the great mass of the subject people.

On the side of a mountain towering over the town of Nassau, and looking down on the River Lahn, which runs into the Rhine just above Coblentz, stands a ruined castle known as the Burg Stein. It stands on a projection of the mountain, and its name is derived from the exposed and perpendicular rock of a neighbouring escarpment. This ruined fortress was the abode of the ancestors of the Baron vom Stein. The full title, we may say, is Freiherr vom und zum Stein (of and at the rock); abbreviated, it becomes Freiherr (or Baron) vom Stein, not von Stein, as it is sometimes inaccurately written. The Steins were an old family, and held their territories at Nassau for at least seven hundred years. They fought against the French under Edward III and Charles the Bold, and they can be traced through the period of the Reformation and of the Thirty Years' War as consistent Protestants. In the seventeenth century the family descended from their schloss on the mountain side to occupy a large and handsome mansion in the town of Nassau. Here the statesman whose career we design to sketch was born—the youngest of four sons and the ninth of ten children—on the 26th October, 1759, two years after the battle of Rosbach had been won by Frederick the Great, and when Germany was convulsed by the Seven Years' War. What Stein tells us of his birth and upbringing throws light on his character and on the work of his life.

"I was born," he says, "of very honourable parents, and educated in the country under the influence of their religious and truly German and knightly example; the ideas of piety, patriotism, the honour of my family and of my order, the duty of devoting my life to public ends, and of acquiring by industry and exertion the qualifications necessary for that purpose, were deeply impressed on my young mind by example and precept. My view of the world and of public affairs I gathered, as a boy and youth in the solitude of a country life, from ancient and modern history, and in particular I was attracted by the incidents of the eventful English history."

Stein's father was a type of the old German barons—brave, honourable, mediocre in intellect, and whose chief occupation was the chase. His mother was conscientious, firm, clear in judgment, and religious.

The consciousness of his knightly rank, the habit of looking to no one but the Emperor as superior, acting on a mind like Stein's, had an educating influence, and goes far to account for the freedom and independence of his character, the comprehensiveness of his views, and for his devotion to the idea of a united Germany.

In 1773 the youthful Stein repaired to Göttingen—the University of Hanover, founded by George II—where he studied jurisprudence, and in particular made himself acquainted with English history, statistics, political economy, and politics. At Göttingen, he says, "by confidential intercourse with like-minded young men my predilection for the English nation was confirmed." It was the age of Goethe and Schiller, but the young student, it appears, left the University but little influenced by the intellectual and literary ferment of the time. History was his favourite study, and from history he instinctively sought to gain what guidance was to be had in the practical conduct of public affairs.

From 1777 to 1780 he travelled in Germany, visiting its various Courts. A keen observer, it was during this period that he became impressed with the rottenness of the system of German administration.

Belonging to the Imperial Knighthood, it was natural that he should seek to qualify himself for employment in the Imperial Courts; but the idea was abandoned with the consent of his parents, and he entered the Prussian service in 1780. Just then Frederick the Great, by rescuing Bavaria, had won himself the gratitude of the whole Fatherland, and had, as Stein expresses it, "kindled in me the desire to serve him and to form myself under him."

It was a happy choice, as opening out a wider field for his talents than any appointment in the Imperial Courts. To enter the Civil Service in England is to shut oneself out from a great career. Not so in Prussia, for at that time it was the only way to the highest offices of the State. Stein first served in the Mining Department, afterwards in that of War and Domains. He then became successively Commissioner, Director, President, and Supreme President of the Westphalian Chambers of Wesel, Hamm, and Minden; and when occupying these posts he originated and executed numerous improvements in agriculture, roads, and general economy. During the twenty-six years of varied official and administrative activities Stein gained an insight into the entire working of the government of Prussia, and acquired clear and definite notions on the subject of administrative reform, which were turned to full advantage when he became first Minister.

On the death of Frederick in 1786, the young official made a visit to England. It does not appear that he had intercourse with any English-

man of consequence, but he gave much of his time and attention to inquiring into the social and political condition of the country. The enjoyment of the rights and liberties which made England prosperous was based, he saw, upon custom and tradition, rather than on written laws; and Stein's sterling sense at once perceived that mere elaborate formulas and schemes of government projected for a people were useless in comparison with the simple regulations that leave room for self-development and self-government. The all important questions for Prussia at that time were industrial and administrative—how was she, as a poor State, to support herself as one of the Great Powers of Europe? how carry out a uniform administration for provinces, some of them loosely united and recently acquired? and further, how were the interests of the State itself to be guarded against the risks of a Government purely despotic? These were the problems that confronted public men in Prussia; and Stein, when in England, sought what light the condition, government, and constitution of that country could throw upon them. The peculiarity of Prussia was that it owed its rise to the system created by the sagacity of Frederick William I, and which, wielded by the military genius of his son, brought the country abreast of the great European Powers. It was, however, a system which for its success required in the sovereign the high qualities of the general. But when the ablest of the Hohenzollern rulers gave place to the weakest, and the destinies of Prussia were no longer directed by Frederick the Great, but by his nephew Frederick William II, a period of marked decadence ensued in the national fortunes. The profligate example of the King was but too readily imitated. Corruption set in among public men, discipline was relaxed, while the want of direct purpose on the part of the King and the weakness of his foreign policy prepared the way for disaster, which ultimately culminated in the catastrophe of Jena.

Three years after his accession Frederick William II witnessed the opening of the French Revolution, an event which so powerfully affected the destinies of Prussia. He was unsuccessful in his intervention in France; but it was by his violation of the treaty of the Hague, and his abandonment of Germany by the treaty of Basel, concluded with France in 1795, that he discredited Prussia in the eyes of Europe, and by his selfish neutrality laid the foundation of the calamities which befell his son and successor.

During the reign of this pusillanimous monarch Stein was engaged in his administrative duties, a sorrowful spectator of the misgovernment of the country, and of the undue influence exercised over the King by his favourite minister and his courtiers male and female.

Frederick William III succeeded his father in 1797. He inherited the policy of the treaty of Basel, and adhered to it so long as the rapacity and maltreatment of Prussia by Napoleon allowed.

In 1804 Stein had become Minister of Finance. Bent on the internal reconstruction of Prussia, he speedily abolished the system of internal customs and reformed the salt administration; but his work was interrupted by the misunderstanding between the French Emperor and Frederick William III consequent on the violation of neutrality by Napoleon. The Prussian King decided to take up arms, but at too late a period, for the battle of Austerlitz vanquished the coalition which he designed to assist, and confirmed the ascendency of France in Europe. Stein's opinion on this crisis in the affairs of Prussia is expressed in a letter to Vincke, dated January, 1806: "Had a great force, moral and intellectual, guided our State, it would have led the coalition, before it suffered the blow of Austerlitz, to the great goal of the emancipation of Europe. This force was wanting. I can as little blame him to whom Nature has denied it as you can reproach me with not being Newton. I acknowledge the will of Providence, and nothing is left but faith and resignation."

The battle of Jena, fought in October, 1806, and the treaty of Tilsit, concluded in the following year, reduced Prussia to a mere province, with her strongholds garrisoned and territory occupied by French soldiers, and saddled with a war indemnity beyond her power to discharge.

The minister Hardenberg having become obnoxious to Napoleon, the Baron vom Stein, in the extreme need of the Prussian monarchy, was called to the head of affairs. A successful administrator and able official, he had not hitherto distinguished himself by any great achievements; but he had impressed all as a man of power, energy, and resolution. His characteristics were, besides a fearless frankness, a certain angularity and combativeness in his mode of maintaining his opinions, qualities which did not recommend him to the King; but Stein, though not a courtier, was necessary to the State, and became Prime Minister.

The internal reforms with which the name of Stein is associated, and which were either carried into effect during the brief period of his ministry, or left to be worked out by his successor, Hardenberg, were in the main threefold—social, municipal, and administrative. What is known as the Emancipating Edict was signed by the new minister on the 9th of October, 1807. It affected the entire structure of society. Freeing the serf from his master and breaking down the feudal barriers which had hitherto divided class from class, it gave to every man free choice of occupation and full freedom of attaining that position and prosperity of which his powers were capable. As it destroyed caste in person, so it also destroyed caste in land, permitting estates called noble to be held not by nobles only as they had hitherto been, but by citizens and peasants. This great measure was framed by several of the most intelligent and highly educated of Prussian officials, colleagues of Stein, appointed under the name of the Immediate Commission to consider what was necessary for the national welfare. Like many other large reforms, it was the result of the pressure of extreme necessity. For if Prussia was to maintain her existence, or to cherish the hope of retrieving her lost position, it was to be done only by such a radical social reform as would develop

the national resources and give a new life to the State.

To understand fully the scope and value of Stein's edict which led to further reforms in 1811 and 1850, we must bear in mind that before 1807 land, like society, in Prussia was divided into three castes: peasant, burgher, and noble—that is to say, land known as noble could not be owned by a burgher, nor could burgher land be acquired by a peasant; and also that three-fourths of the whole population were held in the relation of serfs to the great landed proprietors. On the whole, the position of this class was similar to that of the English peasant at the beginning of the sixteenth century. They lived on, tilled, and were attached to the soil, and rendered certain dues and personal services for the use of it, but had no proprietary rights in it, and could not rise from the condition of serfdom. Neither burgher nor peasant could follow other occupations than those which belonged to their respective social castes; nor could the noble engage in trade without derogation of his rank. The great effect of the agrarian reforms, while giving freedom from servitude and removing all restrictions as to occupations, and the acquisition and ownership of land, was the creation of a free peasant proprietary. There was, however, nothing of a socialistic character in this result. The landlords were not deprived of their land in order to create peasant holdings. They received absolute ownership in a portion of the land occupied by the peasant, while the peasant retained as freehold a diminished portion, and held it without dues or services. A compromise was, in fact, effected by an exchange of interests, and with beneficial results so far as concerned the increased productiveness of the soil, the consciousness of free right of property, and the creation of a new and active power in the State. Prussia remains to this day an example of that union of small, middle-sized, and large properties which is economically and socially the most advantageous organisation. No change of such a character could, however, be effected without opposition; and Stein, in reference to his edict, which he terms the "Habeas Corpus Act of our State," says that while "the friends of slavery intrigued and murmured, the King stood firm, and God maintained the right."

But if the name of Stein will for ever be associated with the abolition of serfdom in Prussia, and with free trade in land, the second great reform of the minister is scarcely less important. Parliamentary institutions were at that time unknown in Prussia, yet the self-government which he conferred on the towns was in some degree an equivalent for them. For this self-government the towns made no demand. There were no popular meetings, or other pressure exercised. It was simply conferred by the minister that, as free municipalities, the towns might take their share in the duties and responsibilities of the State.

The third measure—that of administrative reform—was left in an incomplete state when Stein was forced from power in 1809. He had passed the greater portion of his active life as an administrator, and was entirely familiar with the subject in all its bearings. In this reform, which applied to the entire government of the country, the minister successfully worked out his own original ideas. The ministerial departments then originated have been retained to the present day.

The peace of Tilsit, which brought Stein to power, placed also Scharnhorst at the head of the military administration. The military reforms worked out by the latter were especially important. Scharnhorst's name, indeed, stands second only to that of Stein's in the task of the regeneration of the Prussian State.

These vital reforms were rendered necessary by the insuitability of the feudal system to Prussia as a first Power in modern Europe; and especially were they necessary in the condition of the country—humbled in war, shorn of provinces, burdened with an indemnity, and held in the relentless grasp of Napoleon. Intended in the first instance, by the Prime Minister to work out a cure for the internal weakness which had brought the nation to so low a plight, they were in strict accordance with the principle which he laid down of making up for the State's loss in *extensive* greatness by *intensive* strength.

High as the name of Baron vom Stein stands as an internal reformer, it occupies a position not less elevated as a leader in the great anti-Napoleonic movement in Germany which was successful in the campaign of 1813-14, which triumphed at Waterloo, but which, in a later generation, finally culminated at Sedan. As an honest German minister, he sought to satisfy the pecuniary exactions of Napoleon I agreed to at Tilsit, and so to rid the country of French soldiers; but he found no corresponding honesty on the part of the conqueror. He soon discovered that the treaty of Tilsit was no treaty at all so far as Prussia was concerned. Stein was thus forced into a foreign policy in direct opposition to the usurper. Had he carried the King with him, he would not have fallen as he did in 1809, but would have maintained his natural position, which afterwards fell to Hardenberg, as the Prime Minister of Prussia during the War of Liberation. His retirement was hastened by a letter intercepted by Napoleon, which made clear that Stein aimed at a rising of Germany in a war against the French. Then followed his proscription by Napoleon, and the confiscation of his property. Stein escaped to Prague, where, in the society of other German and French emigrants, he kept alive the fire of patriotism and hatred of Napoleon.

On resigning office and leaving Prussia, Stein left behind him a document, since known as his Political Testament, embodying the principles of his policy and his views on the requirements of the country.

Referring to the reforms already accomplished, he indicates others not less necessary. Among these last he mentions the need of national representation as the only means of awakening the spirit of the people. Parliamentary institutions were not, however, realised until after his death. He urged also ecclesiastical and educational reforms. As to the education of youth, he says: "Could we by a method grounded on the internal

nature of man develop from within every spiritual gift, revere and nourish every noble principle of life, carefully avoiding one-sided culture; could we diligently nurse these instincts, hitherto so often with shallow indifference disregarded, on which rest the force and dignity of man—love to God, King, and Fatherland—then might we hope to see a generation grow up vigorous both in body and soul, and a better prospect for the future unfold itself."

From Prague, Stein, on the invitation of the Czar Alexander, now at war with Napoleon, went to Russia. This was prior to the invasion of that country in 1812. His function in Russia was that of adviser to the Czar on all matters concerning Germany. At St. Petersburg he was joined by the poet Ernst Moritz Arndt, the author of "What is the German Fatherland?" who acted as his secretary. Here also Stein had friendly intercourse with Madame de Staël, who had, with him, a common detestation of the rule of Napoleon. We are indebted to Arndt, who also did memorable service by his writings in the great cause of German liberty, for the following description of the subject of our notice: "The Baron Karl vom Stein is of middle height, rather short and squat than tall and slender, the body strong, with broad German shoulders, legs and thighs well rounded, feet with clear instep, all at once strong and fine, marking the man of old family; bearing and gait alike firm and measured. On this body sits a stately head, with broad receding forehead, the nose strongly aquiline; below, a fine tight mouth and chin, which, it must be confessed, is a little too long and too pointed." Arndt also speaks of the vehemence and impatience of his temper. Referring to this failing, Stein said to Arndt: "Believe me, a man should never boast of his nature. We are all poor sinners, as Dr. Luther says. There was the stuff for a villain in me had not my boyhood and youth been curbed by a pious mother, and yet more pious elder sister."

The Baron vom Stein stood a trusted counsellor and support at the right hand of the Czar Alexander in his pursuit of the French into Germany after the disastrous retreat from Moscow. He was present at the battles of Bautzen and Lutzen, and reached Leipzig the day after it had been entered by the conquerors. At Leipzig, in a letter to his wife, he thus refers to the collapse of Napoleon's colossal power. "There it lies, then, the monstrous fabric cemented with the blood and tears of so many millions, and reared by an insane and an accursed tyranny. From one end of Germany to the other we may venture to say aloud that Napoleon is a villain and the enemy of the human race; that the fetters with which he bound our country are broken, and the shame with which he covered us is washed out in streams of French blood."

In the War of Liberation the services he rendered to Europe were invaluable, first in drawing Prussia from the standard of France to active warfare on the side of the Allies, and secondly in his administration of the German provinces recovered from Napoleon. He was in this capacity, for the time being, a kind of emperor of Germany; and in the year 1814 he had also authority over a great part of France. His ardent desire in the reconstruction of Germany, after the war, was to make two powerful empires—one not being possible—by mediatising all the lesser kingdoms and duchies. He accompanied the allied sovereigns to Paris in 1814, and went to Vienna at the time of the Congress. The Settlement of Vienna he termed "a farce," so little did it accord with his far-seeing sagacity and comprehensive plans of a powerful Germany, free institutions, and popular elections.

The last years of this great statesman were spent in comparative privacy. He witnessed a reaction in German political life and the non-realisation of his great projects.

In 1824, Böhmer thus writes of him: "Stein is nearly seventy years old, but full of fire and force, like a youth; a genuine German nobleman, the last of his race. No storm either in the physical or moral world can shake him. In his mansion at Nassau he has built a lofty old German tower, with the inscription, 'Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.' What strikes me most is his reliance upon Providence, although there are perhaps few men of his powers whose plans and hopes have been so much frustrated."

The tower referred to stands on the left side of his Nassau mansion, where he spent much of his life, and was built by him to commemorate the War of Liberation.

On the hill-side, not far from the ruined Burg Stein, a statue has since been erected of the Baron. It was inaugurated by the late Emperor William I in person, when an eulogium was pronounced on the great statesman-patriot by the historian Henrich von Sybel.

Unlike many of his great German contemporaries, Stein, though reticent in expressing his inner thoughts and feelings, was a believer in Christianity. To him death was always the entrance to a better state of existence. When the bright valley of the Lahn stretched before him and pleased his aged eye, he would say, "How much more beautiful will it be yonder!" To his sister Marianne he thus writes: "I believe we have a revelation which is quite different from a recognition of the truths of the reason that Christ is true God and true Man; that His death has reconciled us to God; that virtue and happiness, unattainable without Him, are the fruits of the Redemption."

The Baron vom Stein, who takes first rank among Germans both for his achievements and his force and height of character, rests by his parents and his wife at Frücht, his own village, which, not far from Ems, looks down on the valley of the Rhine.

His tomb bears these words: "Henrich Friedrich Karl, Imperial Baron vom und zum Stein, lies here, the last of his knightly family, which flourished on the Lahn for seven hundred years. Humble before God, haughty before men, an enemy of falsehood and of injustice, highly gifted in duty and honour, invincibly firm in proscription and banishment, he stood erect when Germany bowed the knee, and in battle and victory was among those who freed her." J. H.

# A DAY IN ANCIENT ATHENS, B.C. 470.



SALAMIS.

## CHAPTER I.

[AN attempt is made in these papers to give the reader a glimpse at Ancient Athens such as she was in her noblest prime. The period selected is that when she had but recently turned once more to the enjoyment of the arts of peace after having taken the foremost part in a struggle for national existence, such as always calls forth in an eminent degree the latent energies of a people. The war was that in which the small but heroic armies of Greece drove back the Persian king Xerxes (the Ahasuerus of the book of Esther), together with his vast host gathered from all the 127 provinces of his wide empire: an invading force of probably more than a million and a half of men had the Greeks hurled back from their shores, overwhelmed with disaster and ignominy. At this period, moreover, many of the most renowned men who ever claimed Athens as their native city were living, and shedding lustre on the land of their birth by their valour, their virtues, and their genius.

As to the "machinery" of the papers, it will certainly seem somewhat audacious thus to have annihilated not only space but time, and to have turned back the hour-hand of the ages not a little, but a great way, and that, too, to persons themselves unchanged. And yet, when we give free play to fancy and allow her to tell us of nineteenth-century persons carried back by some strange magic, themselves unchanged, into the midst of persons and things that existed more than two thousand years ago, is not this precisely what we are doing in the strange magic of thought every day of our lives, and what we cannot possibly help doing? Whenever in our reading or listening or thought we seek "to meditate on the past, the distant, or the future, and thus to rise in the scale of thinking beings"—the words are nearly or exactly Dr. Johnson's—it is ourselves that we transport into those distant scenes, and, taking with us the experience, the knowledge, and the conscience, too, that we actually possess, we make these the standards by which we estimate, and approve or disapprove, and enjoy or suffer, the ideal circumstances in which we have placed ourselves. We are English men or women, or boys or girls of this year of grace 1890, and yet, while we are reading in Exodus, we find ourselves standing by young Miriam's side, while the Egyptian princess gazes into the ark of bulrushes and sees the babe, and we instinctively compare the ark and its inhabitant with another fairer infant that we often rock in its wicker cradle; or, with the Elizabethan tale fresh in mind, we find ourselves —our very selves—pacing the deck with Drake and his lieutenants, and watching the huge galleons of the Armada in the distance, all the while comparing these officers with those whom we saw yesterday entering the Navy Office in Whitehall, and these ships with the immense turret-ships we saw steaming up Channel when we were at the seaside.

It would be easy to enlarge; but briefly, dear reader, old or young, allow my characters now the same liberty as you without the slightest scruple constantly assume for yourself, and as they go to Athens—to Ancient Athens—do not be shy, but at once, without waiting for more formal invitation, accompany them on their day's excursion.]

"WHY, here we are already. What a marvellous change! Let us stop and admire," exclaimed the paterfamilias of the party. And for a few moments all stood amazed and breathless, till the elder of the two young ladies broke the silence.

"But did you not tell us, Mr. Smith—"

"Excuse me once more, Eudora; I am Mr. Smith no longer. The wave of my magic wand has abolished twenty-three centuries for us, and instead of being in modern England we are near the top of the Acropolis in Ancient Athens, and I am not Mr. Smith, but Thaumaturgus."

"A thousand pardons. I really will recollect. Yes, my new name is Eudora, and my cousin who is so obliging as to be my handmaid—and a very pretty slave she is—has a pretty name too, Ianthe. But, papa, I have forgotten what you are called."

"Careless girl, my name is Arignotus, and your young brother here is Philocles. With only five in our 'personally conducted' party, you surely can remember the names."

"Well, I will. And now, Thaumaturgus, forgive my feminine question, but did you not tell us we should see the people all dressed in colours almost as sombre as those we see in Cheapside or the Strand? We see very few people on this hill, but many of them are brilliantly apparelled."

"Then I was intending to bring you here on some ordinary occasion; but I thought you would be more interested in seeing the city at a time of festival, with the people in holiday attire. Were this not a gala day, the mass of the population would appear in garments of undyed wool, relieved with a little brighter colour here and there, worn by some persons of more showy tastes. But to-day, as you see, white, often with a purple border, is very prevalent, while a good many prefer green or blue or orange, or some shade of red, and almost all wear garlands of violets or roses or myrtle, as you do."

"Our own dress," remarks Ianthe, "is elegant and graceful, but it would take a little time to become accustomed to it."

"Isn't it very saucy," asks Philocles, "in a slave-girl to have any opinion on the subject? Mind the parasol that you are carrying over my sister's head, Miss Ianthe, or else—"

"No 'Miss' or 'Mr.' here, Philocles."

"I beg pardon, Thaumaturgus. But I must exhort my pretty cousin, slave as she is, not to knock Eudora's head with the long handle of the parasol, seeing the said head with all its violets is unprotected by any bonnet since your magic power so metamorphosed all our garb."

"True, I have given the ladies no headdress but the wreath. Such a thing as a bonnet is unknown for women in this age and country. And you gentlemen, except on such a day as this, would have had to go bareheaded; or perhaps I might have allowed Arignotus a close-fitting felt hat without a brim. The men whom you see in the streets below wear these wideawakes because they are on their way to the theatre, where for hours they will be exposed to the burning sun. Otherwise they would be mostly bareheaded, except such as were setting out on a journey."

"It is likely indeed to be a hot day," says Arignotus, "when the sun which has scarcely yet risen is already so powerful. And we feel it while climbing this steep hill on whose slope we have alighted. I almost envy this boy of mine to whom you have allotted—what I see those men yonder are wearing—nothing but a short and sleeveless woollen shirt."

"Oh, papa, how shocking!" exclaims the horrified Eudora.

"Well, but look at those men. That is not so very shocking. And what does experience say? How do you like it, Philocles?"

"Oh, it is delightfully comfortable, better than a cricketing-suit; but, as Eudora hints, it exhibits the limbs more freely than English eyes are accustomed to. It actually does not reach my knee. What do you call this dress, Thaumaturgus?"

"It is the Dorian tunic, such as used to be worn as an undergarment by all the Greeks; but for many years now men at Athens have adopted the long linen tunic, reaching to the feet, which their colonists, the Ionians of Asia Minor, have made fashionable, having themselves borrowed the fashion from their Carian neighbours. Men and women alike wear the Ionian tunic now, such as you have on, though there are symptoms that the men are getting tired of it, and will before long return to the Dorian garb. Even now the Ionian tunic often has no sleeves, simply the corners are fastened with a brooch over each shoulder, like Eudora's."

"And what do you call these outer robes," inquires Ianthe, "if the lordly Philocles will allow the poor slave-girl to ask a question?"

"The large square blue shawl that you are wearing, and the saffron one that Eudora has, are large enough, as you perceive, to enwrap the whole person, and to cover the head if desired. Such a garment is called a *peplos*. The cloak of crimson linen which your father has on, or my own white one, is similar in shape to your *peplos*, though smaller, and bears the name of *himation*. It is often worn alone by Athenian gentlemen even in public, without any undergarment whatever, and they are considered quite properly dressed. But to our northern notions it would have been too severe a shock if, in arranging costume, I had not provided two garments apiece for us all, except our lively young friend Philocles here. For him a tunic is enough, together with a walking-cane, which is indispensable for a gentleman in this city."

"And a broad-brim and a pair of sandals, and a belt round my waist, and all these rings," says Philocles. "With these my equipment is quite complete. And I like my sandals better than the half-shoes you have given the girls, though they do look so gay with crimson straps and silver buckles as compared with my black straps and bronze buckles."

"But," interposed Eudora, "while we have been talking we have been climbing the hill, and here we are on the top. This is beautiful indeed! Let us forget dress. Where are we now?"

"This is one of the sights I have wanted you to see, and here we must pause awhile. This is the famed Acropolis, on whose sunny top we are standing. Of the city itself we obtain a grand view here. You remember how our great epic poet describes the spot—

> 'Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
> Built nobly; pure the air and light the soil;
> Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
> And eloquence.'

Now gaze on the glorious scene. Overhead the deep blue sky of Attica; around no envious murky mist, but an atmosphere pure as poet or painter could desire or imagine. How clear and beautiful those mountains stand out! There is Cithæron, far in the north-west, and Parnes less distant due north, so richly clad in its forests of cypress and pine and oak, and illumined sideways by the orient sun, which shows us only the shady side of the marble-mount Pentelicus. And in the nearer landscape how distinctly through this clear air we

can see at scattered points in the wide plain some bright spots of villages, and some slowly-moving objects that seem to be flocks of sheep or goats going forth to pasture, and many a silvery-grey patch of olive-yard here and there, and elsewhere vineyards or orchards of orange and lemon and pomegranate trees. Between this point and Parnes the fair town of Acharnæ is distinctly visible, but in the direction of Cithæron the low range of Ægaleos conceals the mysterious Eleusis from us. Ægaleos is the mountain on a prominent spur of which the Persian invader, the tyrant Xerxes, sat on his throne only ten years ago—for more than twenty-three centuries the spot where his throne was pitched will be easily distinguishable—and watched the battle in the Bay of Salamis at his feet and saw his enormous fleet perishing before his eyes. And such, you remember, was the impression of Grecian valour then produced upon his mind, that he immediately arranged for his own retreat, leaving Mardonius to conquer Greece—if he could. Then see in the south-west, just over that clump of myrtles, the rocky coast of Ægina and the hills of Argos beyond, and to the south the 'loud-roaring dusky sea.' Many a stout galley with white sail and flashing oar will be crossing it soon, though spring has hardly yet begun, and the Greeks in winter do not venture on navigation, but haul up their vessels on shore."

"Aye," exclaims Arignotus; "but even now, do you see, close in shore, just rounding that point, a very large galley, with a scarlet pennon, a single sail close reefed, and quite a mass of oars tossing up the spray on either side? And are not her bows painted red? Perhaps that is one of the men-of-war of the Athenian fleet—a trireme."

"She is evidently a trireme, launched earlier than the rest of the fleet on some special duty. At this distance however—nearly or quite three miles—we cannot distinguish the three banks of oars. And it is common to paint the bows of galleys red or some other bright colour. Were we near her, we should no doubt hear the measured chant of the rowers keeping time with the stroke of the oars."

"How many of those triremes, Thaumaturgus," asks Philocles, with a twinkle in his eye, "would be a match for a modern ironclad? They do not seem to carry very heavy metal. She would bowl them over like ninepins."

"There is really no comparison between an ancient and a modern man-of-war. Indeed as to metal, the trireme is not even coppered. Hence when one ship in a naval engagement rams another, which is their mode of warfare, the one that is struck may be capsized, but she will not sink. Built not of oak but of fir, she is so light that bottom upwards she will still float, and her crew have a good chance of escape by climbing on the upturned keel, unless a storm comes on, as happened at Arginusæ. No doubt Philocles remembers how the nine generals—admirals, we should call them—were condemned to death for not doing an impossibility in saving the crews from the floating wrecks."

"No, we have not read about that at school."

"Or you have forgotten it. I shall recommend your father to leave you behind at some Athenian school when we return home. Unfortunately they do not make so much use of what the Romans call the *ferula*, or even, as in the Roman schools, of the eel-skin, to be smartly applied to the puerile skin; but they do find the stick of some service for helping boys to remember Homer's poetry and the history that Xenophon wrote."

"What would it cost to keep him here?" inquired Arignotus, joining in the joke.

"Not a great sum. You need hardly spend any money upon his education. You might get cheap board for him somewhere—not at an inn, for the innkeepers are great rogues—and let him attend school without paying fees, mixing the ink and sweeping the schoolroom, and wiping the forms with a wet sponge, and running occasional errands—by these and like services paying both for his tuition and his fair share of the stick."

"Delightful! You quite make my mouth water," said Philocles. "Only I am not like Hudibras, of whom you recollect—

> "'tis known he could talk Greek
> As naturally as pigs squeak.'"

"There may be some little practical difficulties in the way, so I postpone my suggestion for the present. But let us now move forward on this noble platform, and look a little longer at the landscape. Here to the east and south-east, overtopping these masses of oleander, is the honey-famed Hymettus, rising high above the plain, nearly hiding from view the silver-producing Laurium and the Sunian promontory."

"And where is the plain of Marathon?" asks Eudora.

"That is entirely hidden from the point where we are standing. It lies behind the right shoulder of Pentelicus, as seen from here."

"That field of battle is one I should immensely like to visit," says Philocles. "But, Thaumaturgus, do you really believe that about 10,000 Athenians and Platæans defeated more than twenty times their number of Persians there, as Nepos tells us? For we read that lately at my school."

"Well, Plato gives the traditional number as half a million! The 210,000 of your friend Nepos is moderate compared with that. And if the Athenians, as is not improbable, saw the Persian fleet from the high ridge of Pentelicus, or the lofty hills that branch off from Pentelicus towards the north, and if they deliberately judged the number of ships to be 600, as Herodotus states it, and if we further accept the estimate given by Herodotus elsewhere that every ship contained 230 men, this will make a total of 138,000—a total that is hardly likely to have been much exceeded. But if even there were 200,000 of the Persians and their allies, it is quite conceivable that 10,000 Greeks may have defeated them, if we consider what a combination there was in the Athenian army, of courage and bodily strength in the men with skilful tactics on the

part of Miltiades their able and experienced leader, and patriotism and ardent love of liberty in them all. But what is Ianthe looking for?"

"I was expecting to see the Parthenon here."

"And I," added Eudora, "the Propylæa."

"Why, we are some thirty years too early for both. The Propylæa in their marble magnificence will crown the steep road at the very place where we ascended, and the Parthenon will be just where those men are digging round the foundations of a building that ten years ago was destroyed by fire on that spot—so Hesychius tells us."

"Burnt by fire? How so?" inquires Ianthe.

"First, let me ask—excuse the interruption—" says Arignotus, "why most of these men, and of those who are building that wall along the north side of the hill, have the right shoulder uncovered. It is the short Dorian tunic, I notice, but it seems to have a large corner cut off, as if it is not even intended to cover the right shoulder."

"Those are slaves, and that is a usual dress with slaves and working men. It is not really a tunic, though at this distance it looks like one. That is to say, it is, at least most commonly, wrapped round the body, not drawn over the head. But two or three of those persons *are* wearing tunics—nothing but tunics, so that they are what the Greeks call 'naked,'—and those are free men, officers in charge of the work, no doubt the owners of the slaves. As to that other garment (the *exŏmis*, as it is called), because it denotes a slave or working man, an Athenian gentleman is always careful not to let his tunic or cloak slip down so that his right shoulder shall be uncovered; so you two gentlemen must be on your guard. But let us return to the slope by which we climbed the hill. Now standing here and once more looking westward, do you see a lofty hill in the far distance, nearly fifty miles away, and yet distinctly visible in the clear air? That is the Acrocorinthus, the citadel of Corinth, analogous to this Acropolis of Athens. And a little further to the right you see what is apparently a lake, or lagoon, on this nearer coast. That is the Bay of Salamis."

"Ah!" exclaimed Arignotus, who had been mostly observing in silence the grandeur and beauty of the scene, "is that indeed 'The gulf, the rock of Salamis'? How one would have liked to have stood by the side of Xerxes on Mount Ægaleos, which you mentioned just now, and seen the Greeks fighting there for their native land! I recollected when you were speaking of that battle how Byron's soul was so fired by the thought of Thermopylæ and Salamis, that the whole passage beginning 'Clime of the unforgotten brave' is written (we are told) in the MS. in a hurried and almost illegible hand, as if these splendid lines were poured forth in one continuous burst of poetic feeling, which would hardly allow time for the hand to follow the rapid flow of the imagination."

"I remember to have seen that stated, and it is a passage of no less than thirty-nine lines, including that glorious triplet—

> 'For freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won.'

But did not Ianthe just now ask me a question?"

"Yes, about some building here having been destroyed by fire."

"Well, on this spot it can be more clearly described. This hill at our feet, which scarcely seems a hill as we look down upon it from this height, is the Areopagus, or Mars' Hill, on which in about five hundred years' time the great Apostle of the Gentiles will discourse to an Athenian audience concerning the two new gods (as they will suppose), Jesus and Anastasis, or Resurrection. Now ten years ago, when Xerxes invaded Greece, the Delphic oracle advised the Athenians to trust to wooden walls. Themistocles wisely understood the 'wooden walls' to mean the fleet, but others interpreted the oracle more literally, and fortified the Acropolis with palisades and other wooden constructions. The Persians, however, having already got possession of the city, discharged flaming missiles from the nearest points of the Areopagus, set those wooden defences on fire, took the Acropolis by storm, and plundered and burnt the temples."

"But," said Philocles, "shall we not now make our way down into the city? I want to see the fun."

"Yes, it is time to move on, but let us take some refreshment first."

R. F. WEYMOUTH, D.LIT.





# TIFFEN JUNIOR

"YOUR name, please;" and the superintendent glanced curiously at the tall woman who stood before him.

"Ruth Tiffen, sir," she answered in a low, almost inaudible, voice, as though ashamed of allowing her name to be uttered aloud in such a place.

"Married?" he asked, without raising his eyes from the ledger into which he was writing.

"I am a widow, sir."

He glanced up quickly, surprised at her tone. She was looking fixedly at him, her face suffused with a light pink colour, intensified by her sober grey gown, black shawl, and straw bonnet.

"Yes, I remember," he muttered somewhat ashamedly, as he noted down several other facts about her which had recurred to him. "I remember now; I need not trouble you for anything else." He hesitated. "You are going home?" he added.

"Yes, sir."

"You have friends in London? If not, I know a lady who might help you."

"You are very kind, but I am in no need of help. May I go now?"

"Certainly."

She turned and went silently out into the courtyard of the "House" which had sheltered her for six weeks. The gate was unlocked, the keeper threw her a gruff "Good evening," and she passed through into the street, as desolate a human being as any wandering about London that night.

Turning to the left, she walked slowly down one street after another, sometimes stopping to rest—for she was still weak—then going on again, the shilling which had been given her tightly clasped in her hand. Being country bred, she had a certain fear of town folks, and dared not ask her way. At last she summoned up courage, and addressed an elderly man:

"Can you tell me, sir, where I am?"

"You're in Chelsea, ma'am;" and he passed on quickly.

It was getting dark, the street lamps were already lighted. She shivered, and drew her shawl yet closer round her. The passers-by paid little or no attention to the quiet, decent-looking woman walking slowly in their midst, though one or two men peered rudely under her bonnet, but none addressed her.

On she wandered. It was Saturday night; the streets were full of people; the whole population seemed out marketing. The shops, brilliantly lit up and full of Christmas cheer on one side of the broad pavement, while full barrows, with their flaring lights, were on the other, made a lively background for the women who flitted in and out of the big garish public-houses which seemed to Ruth to occupy every other building. She looked up. Above all the din and glare shone the quiet stars, but they seemed very far off to the lonely country woman, gazing so longingly at them this cold December night.

Suddenly she stopped walking, so suddenly, indeed, that several turned round and looked at her astonished. She stopped. Below the loud cries and roar of busy life all around her she had heard the cry of a little child, the strange moaning coon of a very young baby when sleepy. Then she turned and walked quickly down an alley, the sound still seeming to pursue her with its plaintive, reproachful touch of meaning. "Poor lamb!" she whispered, drawing a long sobbing breath—"poor lamb!" The narrow alley was nearly deserted; its inhabitants had all poured out into the brilliantly-lighted streets. She looked round, uncertain what to do. Behind, lay the noisy street; before, as far as she could see, peace and darkness. She walked on—on till she came to an open space, bounded by houses on the one side, on the other by nothing. The wind was blowing; a pure, fresh country wind, at least it seemed so to Ruth.

Again she stopped and asked a passer-by where she was. "On the Embankment," said the man,

astonished. "There is the river," he obligingly added; "and if you want a bridge, go straight on till you find one."

She thanked him, and crossed the broad road. Yes, there flowed the river, swift and still below her. Eerie cries ascended from it; bright red and green lights were dimly reflected in the dark water.

She walked towards the City, not knowing where she was going to or what she meant to do, a feeling of desolation filling every cranny of her heart.

She thought of those she had just left. They had been kind to her—very kind; but as she looked back to her associates during those sad six weeks, she did not feel that there was one among them to whom she could now appeal. She remembered one who had told her where she lived, a woman who sometimes stayed two days in the "House," sometimes disappeared for weeks. This woman had been very kind, very good to her; had refrained from making use of certain expressions which she had divined would trouble and inexpressibly shock the reserved simple woman, suddenly set down amongst herself and her companions. Ruth thought of an evening when Louisa Hurst—she was known as "Black Loo" amongst her own associates—had come in with a little parcel concealed in the bosom of her gown, which she had thrust into Ruth's hand, saying, "I thought you might like this, as it ain't none of their things." Ruth remembered how she had hesitated—it was so entirely against the rules, and Ruth always obeyed rules—but she had accepted the gift as it was meant, supposing it a bunch of grapes or some other dainty. Then, when alone at night, she had undone the parcel and found therein a little pair of snow-white woollen shoes all ready for the wee feet of the stranger so anxiously awaited.

"Black Loo" was somewhat of a favourite, and she had been allowed to come in from the casual ward one day soon after the birth of Ruth's little one. How well she recollected her sweet beaming look of congratulation—for Louisa Hurst had a very sweet bright face, or at least Ruth Tiffen had seldom seen it otherwise—when she had proudly drawn down the bedclothes and shown the little baby lying on his mother's heart, and clothed in *the* shoes which the friendly matron had allowed her to keep.

As Ruth now looked over the river she thought of all this, felt the slight weight of her child, saw the other woman's face as she asked, "May I touch it?" Then she remembered that after—after all was over, "Black Loo" had come and cried softly by her bedside, murmuring, "Oh, my poor dear; oh, my poor dear!" with heartfelt sympathy, feeling, as none of the others had done, how dreadful it was to lose the only link which had bound her to life for so many weary months.

On she walked. Her past rose before her: the quiet childhood passed in a lonely Sussex village close to the sea, the two years spent in service at Southsea, the meeting with her sailor husband, her marriage, the two happy months spent together before he had to start in a small merchant vessel bound for Java—a long way, but it was to be his last voyage—his letters and remittances, then nothing. How good people had been to her, advising her to do this, advising her to do that. She had been unable to find out anything about the ship or its fate, and a neighbour opined that she had better go to London about it—there they would be sure to know. She thought of her weary tramps about London, the money slowly melting away, no one able to tell her anything about the vessel her husband had sailed in, till one day a young clerk had remarked giddily, "The Maid of Perth? Why, she went down long ago!"

How she had wandered about that day, feeling but one desire—to get home to the village! And it was in trying to leave the town on foot that she had been found and taken to the workhouse by some good-natured though officious soul.

Thinking of all this, she unconsciously stopped walking. "Come, move on, missus; you can't stop here all night;" and she struggled obediently on. And ever behind her came another, who seemed a shadow of herself, but she was unaware of it, though every now and again the faint cry which had so distressed her before seemed to echo through the still night air.

A bridge loomed large and dark before her. It suddenly flashed across her that the country, the sea, lay the other side of the river. She turned and walked quickly on to the bridge, the shadow following her the other side.

A policeman stopped pacing up and down, and asked her where she was going. "To the country? Nay, nay, not to-night, miss; you just take the first turning to the left, and you'll find Lambeth Workhouse."

Making no reply, she crossed over to the other side, still remaining on the bridge! She was thus, though unconsciously, close to the shadow.

As Ruth stood there, trying to make up her mind what to do, and gazing into the dark river, evil thoughts came into her mind. There was the water, flowing quickly towards the sea—the sea where Aaron, her husband, lay. She saw herself floating, floating, till her dead body met his in the depths of the water—for to her the sea meant one large ocean bounded by the earth, where all things must surely meet. Then she thought of Aaron's condemning eyes. Might he not refuse to recognise her? Aaron was a righteous man; would he approve of her throwing away the life given to her by an all-seeing God?

She shivered; the water must be very calm, she felt drawn to it by a strange fascination, against which she was too weak in body and mind to struggle. Making a great effort over herself, she lifted her head. Suddenly, before she had time to utter more than a stifled expression of horror, she saw the figure of a woman stand for a moment swaying against the grey background of the sky, and then leap into the darkness below. Ruth began to doubt whether she had really seen anything at all. Was it not rather a warning sent to show her what might happen should she cherish her evil thought?

Her heart stood still, the seconds seemed hours,

as she stood waiting for the splash in the dark swirling flood below. At last it came, but so faint and far away that it might have been but the dashing of a wave against the buttress of the bridge. Faint though it was, it broke the spell, and Ruth ran towards the place from which the poor suicide had taken her last despairing look of this world, and soon was straining her eyes to see if through the gloom she could discern some glimpse of the form that had so suddenly been revealed against the sky and then had disappeared for ever. It was in vain. The swollen and turbid stream eddied its way to the distant sea, but there was nothing to show that Ruth was looking down into a living grave.

She shuddered. Through the night air came again the plaintive cry which had so moved her in the busy street.

Putting her hands up to her ears she prayed that this phantom of her dead child should not pursue her. Yet the sound grew clearer, seemed to come from the ground near her feet, then from behind. She turned, thoroughly aroused. Yes! there was again the crooning of a baby ascending from her very feet. She stooped down, and falling on her knees groped about.

Her hand encountered something soft and warm —a round bundle from whence proceeded the sound. Seizing it in her arms, she almost ran off the bridge and made her way into the lighted street and examined her find.

It was a tiny dark-eyed baby, curiously wrapped in several large rags clumsily pinned together, but so that the child would not be hurt. In a torn handkerchief fastened round its neck Ruth found between eight and nine shillings in coppers, and a paper on which these words had been written in pencil: "Kind stranger, take Care of this Child, and God will bless You."

"God will bless me?" she repeated softly.

Uttering as many terms of south-country endearments as she could think of, she opened the shawl and cuddled the baby to her, feeling that now life was worth a struggle; and from that moment this strange dark little child replaced to her what she had lost, and absorbed all her love and care.

Ruth went on to the bridge again, meaning to get a lodging for the night somewhere on the other side.

"Still here?" said the policeman; "didn't I tell you to go along?"

"Can you tell me, mister, where I can get a night's lodging?" she asked timidly. "Not in the workhouse, I don't mean."

He turned his bull's-eye full upon her. "Is that your child?" he said, astonished at not having noticed it before.

She hesitated, then uttered faintly, "Yes."

He made no remark. "Well, go up Battle Street; you know where that is, I suppose?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, ask any decent-looking woman you meet for Mrs. Clarges's lodging-house," he said, after a moment's pause. "It's in Battle Street, and a nice place, if you don't object to model establishments."

The horror of what she had just witnessed was still upon her, yet she was curiously absorbed in the child. Not yet could she reason, and a new and strange timidity lest she should lose this newly-found treasure made her reserved.

She did not understand what he meant, but supposed it was all right. "And would you tell me," she added before turning away, encouraged by his friendliness—"and would you tell me where I can get some—some baby-clothes?"

"Are you from the country?" he asked abruptly. Then she told him everything, excepting the truth about the child—all about her coming to London to find out about Aaron's ship.

"And now, what do you mean to do?" he asked.

Her heart sank a little. "I must get some work. I was maid two years in a gentleman's family; but—but I don't want to be parted from my baby," and she pressed the child closely to her breast.

"You go and just tell Mrs. Clarges to-morrow morning all you've told me about yourself," he said, after a moment's consideration. "I daresay that she'll be able to do something for you."

Thanking him earnestly, she turned and found her way to Battle Street, passing through much that made her shrink with disgust and horror on her way. But once out of the street, once in the warm common room of the lodging-house, how kind everyone was to her. The matron instantly divined that this was a woman very different from those it was her habitual lot to interview every night in the poor riverside district. Instead of the gaudy gowns and rusty bonnets framing the debased insincere faces, she saw a simple, respectable country woman, whose pure, dignified countenance was a sure index of the life without and mind within. She felt the truth of the story told her, noted the struggle between truth and shame, when Ruth described having had to go to the "House."

The baby attracted considerable attention among the women. "How old is it?" asked one. "Not many weeks old," answered Ruth in a low voice. "Your husband must be a dark man," observed another, looking curiously from the fair woman before her to the black-eyed sallow baby.

Ruth grew suddenly pale.

"You're hungry, my dear," said a third quickly, and food was brought her.

She stayed there a week, rarely going out, helping in the housework, winning golden opinions from all round her; but reserved and shy, sitting apart with her baby, whose name she had announced to be William.

"There is one thing I don't understand," observed Mrs. Clarges to the matron; "if her story is true, where did she get all those pence she has with her?"

"It certainly is strange," said the matron, looking troubled; "yet she doesn't look the sort of woman who would gain a livelihood by begging, and I am sure she comes from the country, she seems to know so very little about London. But

surely you might ask her, Mrs. Clarges, about those coppers."

"Yes, I think that I might."

"What seems odder to me," said the matron reluctantly, "is the child. He was literally wrapped in rags the first night she came, and that does look as though she had been trading on people's pity."

"Yes, it does." And the two women sighed, looked at one another, and then smiled. "One does get discouraged sometimes, my dear."

"You never do," said the younger of the two affectionately; "but whatever Ruth's failings may be, she seems determined to do right now."

"Then you think we may trust her?"

"I should try her, certainly."

Mrs. Clarges opened the door which led out of the matron's little room into the passage. "Ruth! Ruth! Mrs. Tiffen!"

Ruth appeared, pink and smiling, her sleeves rolled up, a pail in one hand, a mop in the other.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I want you to come in here a moment."

She put down her pail and mop, and followed Mrs. Clarges silently. Then, as neither lady spoke to her, she exclaimed suddenly, "Don't send me away, ma'am. I'll do anything; anything if you'll keep me here. I don't eat much, and my baby costs little as yet."

Then Mrs. Clarges explained to her that, having found a lodging-house supplied so evident a need in this part of the town, she was thinking of starting another in a yet poorer district. The only difficulty was to find someone to take the matron's place in Battle Street, as she would be needed for the new work, and Mrs. Clarges herself intended living between the two places as much as she was able. Did Ruth feel she could do the work, receive the money, examine somewhat carefully the applicants, and enforce order?

"Yes, I can do it," she said simply; and they believed her.

"By-the-bye," asked Mrs. Clarges awkwardly, "did you—er—ever beg—have to beg in the streets?"

"Never!" said Ruth, astonished at the question being asked her. Her denial carried with it an impression of truth.

And so Ruth Tiffen became matron of Mrs. Clarges's lodging-house for women in Battle Street.

She introduced a beautiful spirit of order and quiet into all she did; yet perhaps for that very reason the women did not like her as they had liked Miss Austin, although the latter had been a lady, and had often put down her failure in certain cases to her not being of the women's own rank in life. But in her they felt that they had a friend who took the warmest personal interest in their troubles, sins, and reformation, whilst Ruth seemed mentally away from them, the whole strength of her nature being spent on the child.

She had finished by convincing herself that he was really hers, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, by every law human and divine. She suffered when obliged to leave him even for a few moments in the arms of another woman, yet they were all kind to the baby, taking it in turns to nurse it, for Willie was a sweet, lovable little fellow, never crying, willing to jump into any kind arms held out to him. Unfortunately he was anything but a pretty child—small, dark, and puny-looking, forming a marked contrast to his fair young "mother," who, even in London air and work, retained her pink and white complexion and look of delicate country cleanliness.

As the women came in and out, and she learnt something of their life, the thought of Louisa Hurst would flash across her. She wondered that she never came to Battle Street. Sometimes she felt an intuition that Louisa would come; then, as the evenings wore away and the dark bright face did not appear, she felt a strange feeling of pain and relief, for how should she explain Willie's presence to the woman who knew all about her sad sojourn in the workhouse, and who had seen the beautiful fair baby lying on her breast? Therefore as she looked at Willie she felt "Black Loo's" absence a relief. It would be terrible to have the saddest page in her life reopened; and the dark-eyed baby already made inarticulate attempts to call her "mammie."

Long months wore themselves away quietly and uneventfully. Ruth had obtained permission to take a room in the next house for herself and the child, though she still slept in the lodging-house. It was a comfort to her to feel she had her own home away from her work.

Summer was gone, winter was coming on. And slowly but surely it was borne in upon her that she ought to try and find Louisa Hurst. She fought against it with all her might, but every time she knelt to pray, the face of the woman who had been good to her in her great trouble appeared. Ought she to selfishly rejoice in her peaceful way of life, whilst this fellow-woman was probably sinking lower and lower every day? She remembered some of the stories "Black Loo" had told her, and trembled lest she might even now be too late to do any good.

So one November afternoon she set out on her mission, entrusting the precious baby to Mrs. Clarges's own care.

"If you'll put him in his crib towards five o'clock, ma'am, he'll lie quiet," she said, wistfully looking at the child, who lay in Mrs. Clarges's arms, crowing with delight at being, Ruth thought, in a stranger's care.

She went out with a strange feeling of bitter loneliness in her heart, and for the first time a great despondency swept over her. What would be the end of it all? How should she bring up the child? How get him apprenticed to a trade?

Louisa Hurst lived in a narrow street close to the docks. Ruth took a penny boat, and walked the rest of the way. She soon found the place. Her heart ached as she compared the squalid, dirty lodging-house to the one she had just quitted. Going into the passage, she asked a man, whom she supposed rightly to be the proprietor, where she could find Miss Hurst's room.

"No such person here, ma'am," he returned,

looking at her unpleasantly, and cogitating as to whether she was a Bible-woman, or sister to the girl she asked for. "Never such a name on my books," he added.

She turned away her head, ready to cry with disappointment.

"Oh, but I know she sometimes lodged here in the early part of last year," she said eagerly.

"Maybe she didn't care to leave her real name," remarked the man more civilly. "What is she like?" he asked.

She described Louisa Hurst minutely.

"I know the one you mean," he exclaimed. Then, seeing her face light up, "But she ain't here now," he added. "You see, she ain't regular. This summer she was in Kent hop-picking, I believe, was Laura Jones, for that's the name I knows her by."

"Then when did you see her last?"

"About a fortnight ago. Would you like to leave a line for her?" he asked good-naturedly, showing her into his own little den; and there Ruth wrote this letter and her address on a dirty piece of paper torn out of a large ledger.

"My dear Louisa Hurst,—I am in a good situation. Come and see me. You will be welcome. God bless you. "RUTH TIFFIN."

"You will give it her?" she said earnestly.

"Yes, yes."

"Are rents high in this part of London?" she asked hesitatingly.

"What, you ain't thinking of setting up 'ouse-keeping here?" And he laughed loudly at his own joke. Then, seeing her quietly waiting for an answer, "They're not 'igh, no, that they ain't; but I'd willingly pay twice the money for this 'ouse, and have the custom I used to five-and-twenty years ago." He sighed and looked at her gloomily, little suspecting to whom he was confiding his griefs. "You wouldn't believe, ma'am, if I was to tell you the 'arm those model 'stablishments do us down here. Not that my customers like them; no, indeed; but they accustoms them to a grand state o' things which I can't and won't pervide. And then the locomotion. I can remember the time when folks bided in the same neighbourhood, like. The docks were a long way from St. Paul's, ma'am; as for the West End, Westminster, and such like, no one dreamt of going there. Now they fly about all over the place. It's disgustin', that's what it is, in my opinion. Why, I knows a certain party who's often met your friend, ma'am, right away the other end o' London. No, trade's very bad—very bad. I can mind when a journey to some parts o' the town was as thought of as going abroad, and more so, for don't the docks land you in every part of the world, civilised and uncivilised?" he inquired triumphantly.

"Then this is a general part for sailors?"

"Of course it is."

She turned away with a gentle "Good afternoon," and made her way wearily through the streets that led to the boat station. It was five o'clock. Thinking of the child, she hurried on through the fast-increasing twilight, and found that she must have taken a wrong turning. She stopped a moment, then began retracing her steps, going blindly on, hoping that she would find herself soon in some frequented thoroughfare, and not in lonely streets and alleys.

On she went, never stopping. After what seemed to her hours of walking, she found with terror that she had got into an absolutely lonely road—waste land on one side, the railway on the other. She began running. In front, but it seemed a long way off, she could see the lights that probably indicated a street. There was someone on her track. "Save me, save me!" she cried, adding, half unconsciously, "Aaron! Aaron!" And the answer came out of the darkness, "Ruth! wife Ruth! be not afraid," in her husband's strong, steady voice, and two arms enclosed her tightly, while she screamed with terror and struggled to get free. There have been many such sudden and strange encounters in the great whirl of London.

"Have ye forgotten me?" said a reproachful voice.

"But you are drowned," she cried fearfully, at last venturing to look up. "They told me that the Maid of Perth had gone down."

"Nay, nay; she's right enough," the man answered, softly adding, "Poor lass! poor lass!"

"But they told me so," she said piteously; "they did, indeed, Aaron; and you never came; I waited so long."

"Ay, ay, I was ill, weeks I expect, and couldn't write to ye. But the Lord" (in a strange awe-struck voice)—"but the Lord heard my cry, and did not forsake His servant."

Then he told her how he had been struck by the sight of one so like his long-lost wife, and had followed her till the sound of her voice told him that he had indeed found her. The two walked on together, the long distance being unnoticed in the joy of this sudden reunion.

Ruth remained silent nearly all the way, listening whilst he told her of his voyage, his return, his tracing her to London, to various shipping agencies where she had been to inquire for him, and then losing sight of her altogether.

Without knowing it, they had been living for months close to each other.

"A year out o' my life," he said sadly. "And what o' you, my puir lass?" the strong Scotch accent coming out very clearly in moments of great feeling.

She would not go into the past: only told him that she occupied a responsible position with a very good Christian lady. "But what have you been doing, Aaron?" she asked anxiously.

"I," he laughed with pleasure, "I'm doing very fairly. Ye'll have a fine house—a very fine house to come to, Ruth."

"Carpentering?" she asked, for Aaron had sailed several times as ship's carpenter in his earlier voyages.

"Yes. Ye see, lass, there's a deal o' work on ships that arrive from abroad to the docks, and I have got a yard and house close by, and I can earn forty-five shillings a week easy."

He looked round at her triumphantly. She had nardly heard him, she was trying to summon up courage to speak to him of the child.

The door of the lodging-house was open. Mrs. Clarges ran out; and, oblivious of Aaron's presence, exclaimed,

"Oh, Ruth, I am so glad to see you back again! I have been in such trouble. You know Annie Bates? Well, she is here, and I can't make her go out again. I don't know what to do."

It was impossible for Ruth to explain at that moment anything about the great light that had shone into her own life.

"Go into No. 9 and ask for Mrs. Tiffen's room," she whispered hurriedly to her husband; "I will come to you as soon as I can."

Mrs. Clarges, quite possessed by her own troubles, drew her quickly within the door.

"Oh, Ruth, what a blessing it is that you have come back! I can't think why I let her in; but she begged so hard, and promised to be quiet; yet the moment she got into the common room she began. Do you hear her?" as a song, loudly sung, and greeted with shrieks of laughter, echoed through the passage.

"How many are there in with her?" asked Ruth, quietly shutting the street door, and with difficulty repressing by a strong effort the flood of unbearable emotion sweeping over her.

"Ten or twelve. Mrs. Roberts tried to help me, but it was no good; they were not rude to me, but simply went on as though I were not present."

"I will go in and see what I can do," said Ruth simply, but with compressed lips, struggling successfully with her own feelings, and converting them at last into an unsuspected source of strength. She walked down the long passage, and opened the door of the common room. The long benches had been placed against the wall, the two tables moved out of the way, the fire burning at one end of the room was crackling brightly, and the jug of milk provided for those who cared for it was broken and lying on the floor.

Annie Bates stood in the middle of the room. In one hand she held a saucepan, in the other a ladle. Striking the one against the other, she screamed, "Attention, ladies!" and was just beginning another song when she saw Ruth. "Thought you was out for a 'oliday, my dear," she cried out with tipsy cordiality.

Ruth made no answer, but stood aside, looking at the proceedings with a seeming calmness, which was in curious contrast to the storm of emotion which raged within. Then she said gently, just as a second verse was being begun, "Pray sing more quietly, both for your own sake and that of the house."

Vouchsafing no reply, Annie Bates shrieked out, "Dance!" and the women, wild with excitement, began turning round and round like Indian dervishes, whilst their leader banged her kettle and yelled out one tune after another.

Ruth felt that the whole thing had gone on long enough; she took off her bonnet, and, stepping up on one of the benches, stood upon the table.

From very astonishment the women ceased dancing, several thinking that the whole world must have gone mad this evening.

"I wish," said Ruth quietly—"I wish to say a few words to you to-night. Will you listen?" As she spoke the last murmur died away. They all stood and stared at her in dumb amazement. "I will put what I mean to say in the form of a story, a tale. It will be pleasanter for all of us." She hesitated, then continued slowly:

"There was once a woman so good, so unselfish, that she left her home, her beautiful home, where all she wanted—think of that—all that she wanted she could have—"

"Don't believe it," hiccupped Annie Baker.

Ruth went on, unheeding the interruption—"for she had much money, to come and make things more comfortable for other women—those without a home. Among those who came to her, sick at heart and weary, was one whose troubles had made her near crazy, and Mrs. Clarges took her in and her child, believed her story, and put her in a good post, trusting her with money, treating her with real Christian charity. You all know who the woman was," said Ruth, changing her tone as she saw the eyes of her listeners light up with interest. "And now I will tell you the truth. Before I became matron here, Mrs. Clarges asked me whether I felt enough interest in my fellow-women to undertake the work. She warned me that it was not entirely a question of work, but that I must really care for those who came here. I had believed myself to be a Christian, and I thought that that was sufficient to insure my having right feelings, for are we not commanded to love one another? Listen!" She bent forward. Every woman there present felt that Ruth was looking at her in an individual and special manner. Even tipsy Annie was hushed by the strenuous earnestness of the speaker.

"Listen! I soon found out that I was mistaken. Though I ought to have cared for all those who came to this house, I hated them. It made me miserable to see my little child in their arms. He," her voice lowered slightly, "went to all, being better than I am. But often I felt as though I must snatch him out of some woman's arms, who, poor soul! was pleased to hold a baby again Yet I saw that another, wiser and better in every way than I can pretend to be, gave up her life to those I so despised; yes, and *she* never gave up hope. She helped all to the best of her power. As you know, she visits those that are in prison, and comforts them, and the sick she nurses. Last year, as some of you remember, a woman died here, but you may not know that she never paid a penny after the first two nights. All the time she was ill she had one great trouble—she feared that she would be taken to the hospital or workhouse to die, and be buried by the parish"—she paused, the women looked up evidently moved. "Mrs. Clarges promised her that she should never be moved from this house till dead or well. She nursed her devotedly, sparing neither time nor money, and when the woman was dead she paid

the fees, and attended her funeral, although it was a rainy, cold day. What lodging-house keeper would have done this thing? I should not have done it," said Ruth, with a brutal candour that impressed them by its very sincerity; "and I can tell you that there are few who would. Every feeling of common gratitude ought to have restrained you from behaving in this disgraceful way the one day she herself took charge. A while ago I spoke to her about you, Annie Bates," said she, turning to the now silent and subdued toper, "and told her that you ought never to be admitted again into this house, but she thought that your coming here at all was a sign of goodness—goodness to come to this warm room, and a nice clean bed! She was looking forward to seeing you all to-night, and this is how you have treated her, she who keeps no man in the house to preserve order, preferring to trust to your good sense and honour."

She stopped speaking, and quietly stepped down. The women said nothing; they could not get over their astonishment; and, quite subdued, they trooped off to bed, Annie Bates, an Irish woman, crying loudly, partly from grief at the home truths told her that evening, partly from the effects of drink. The story of the non-pauper funeral had touched them all to the quick, far more than the kindnesses they all had experienced, far more than the patient nursing and care Mrs. Clarges had bestowed on the woman before her death. We may be sure that many inarticulate prayers went up that night to Heaven that they might all meet a Mrs. Clarges on their death-bed.

Mrs. Clarges was sitting in her little room. She had heard that Ruth was speaking, but had paid no attention. The women passed up the passage with a quiet "Good night, ma'am."

"Ruth," she cried, as the last disappeared, "I fear that all this has been too much for you, you look so pale."

"Where is my baby?" Ruth asked suddenly.

"Well, when the women began coming in I took him into No. 9. Of course I told Mrs. Dobson to look to him," she hastened to add, troubled at the other's expression of fear. "Perhaps I ought to have kept him here, but he seemed so sleepy, and I thought that he would be quieter in your own nice room."

"Mrs. Clarges," she said simply, "my husband has come back." She thought that she would trust this good woman about the child.

Mrs. Clarges rose and kissed her warmly.

"Oh, my dear, dear Ruth, how glad I am! Of course he has never seen his child. God has rewarded you for your brave struggle."

"I think that I ought to go, Mrs. Clarges. Will you kindly preside at prayers to-night? I think that you will find them all quite quiet."

"Of course I will," said Mrs. Clarges heartily, though somewhat damped by the other's want of warmth; for of course she had no conception of the haunting dread about the child which from the first moment of meeting her husband had made Ruth sick and cold at heart.

Submitting to another embrace, Ruth passed out into the quiet street and stood a moment before putting her latch-key into the lock of the next house, thinking of what she should do, should say about the child. Then she went in The lamp in the passage had been put out, the door of her room was opposite, close to her hand She listened, but heard no sound.

Slowly, slowly she turned the handle of the door; it swung back, and the interior of the room lay before her. At first she saw nothing, then the darkness formed itself into distinct masses against the fire-light. Aaron was standing in front of the fender; the child lay in his arms fast asleep.

As she advanced towards him he laid his finger on his lips and raised his face, all thrilling with strong feeling. She came forward and stood silently by him. With a gesture of great tenderness he placed his free arm round her. "The Lord has been very good to me," he whispered exultingly; then, "But you, my poor dear, you must have had a bitter time."

"Yes," she murmured faintly.

Poor Ruth, she was trying to frame the sentence that should enlighten Aaron as to the child he held so tenderly pressed upon his heart.

"Do you know, wife, his face recalls my mother to me; she was a dark woman," he said, softly caressing the little cheek with the hand he had withdrawn from his wife's shoulder. Twice Ruth opened her lips, but no sound issued from them.

"Aaron," she cried hoarsely.

"Yes; don't 'ee speak so loud, Ruth," in a tone of rebuke.

"There is something that I must tell you." Her voice shook.

"Thee will wake the child," he said severely, as the baby moaned slightly.

Ruth moved forward. "Give him to me, Aaron; he is my child," she exclaimed almost fiercely; but as she took him the baby woke and began crying.

"Ye should not ha' disturbed the lad," said her husband quickly; "he were well where he were."

Then Ruth laid the child in its little cot, and the husband and wife stood looking at it silently, Ruth filled with a great fear.

"Ought we not to give thanks?" asked Aaron; and without waiting for an answer he knelt down, Ruth instinctively following his example. Clasping both her hands within his own, he uttered an ardent thanksgiving for having thus been allowed to come to the end of his search.

Ruth tried to withdraw her hands from his; but clasping them yet tighter, "Above all, Lord," he said, his voice trembling with feeling, "above all, we thank Thee for this child."

"Amen," said Ruth solemnly. And thus she allowed her husband to believe a lie.

A proud and happy man was Aaron when he brought his wife and child up to the yard, where stood a neat little house, of which only two rooms had been furnished by the thrifty Scotchman. Now Ruth arranged everything to her liking. A fine new crib was bought for the baby. Aaron had more work to do than he could get through,

and a period of rest and prosperity set in for the little household.

But Ruth grew thin and pale; the consciousness of having deceived her husband weighed on her day and night. They both loved the child with an almost painful intensity. Ruth could not bear to leave him for a moment, and Aaron preferred to get in work, and in fact refused to go out for long jobs, because he would have to go some hours without seeing "the lad." Thus, even if her own conscience had allowed her to forget her sin, Aaron's constant presence brought it ever before her. A sickening fear often came over her that he might some day wish to visit the workhouse where their child had been born, and go into the matter thoroughly—see the register, etc.

She could hardly bear to look him in the face; her life seemed to be one long, long lie. Her only comfort was being alone with little Willy, for she had persuaded herself that he at least had benefited by her deceit. One Sunday evening they were sitting together at supper, the boy on Aaron's knee, when a sudden ring came to the yard gate.

"I will go out and see who it is," said Ruth, springing up. She was always fearing that some vague misfortune might be coming to her.

"Ruth, Ruth Tiffen, d'ye know me?"

She recognised Louisa Hurst's half merry, half sad voice. Her heart almost stopped beating. Could it be her duty to admit into her house this woman, who knew—none better—of her real child's birth and death?

An evil voice answered, "Nay; let her go; you have helped many. Why destroy Aaron's happiness and Willy's future for this woman's sake?"

"Ruth, Ruth Tiffen, have you forgotten me?" came again the voice from the other side of the gate; and still Ruth said nothing. Then she heard the sound of steps moving slowly away. Starting as from a dream, she lifted the wooden latch of the gate. It was locked. She ran into the house.

"Aaron! Aaron! the key!" she cried sobbingly; and snatching it up she went out again into the darkness, turned the key, and ran after the fast-retreating figure in the street. "Louisa! Louisa Hurst!" Then as the figure did not turn round, Ruth almost flew along and fell upon the woman's neck. "Come in, come in, Louisa; how could you think I'd forget you?" And she brought her bravely up to her husband and the child, perhaps hoping, poor soul, that Providence would take the matter into its own hands and settle it for her.

But "Black Loo" was far too delicate in feeling to betray surprise or ask indiscreet questions, and she felt much afraid of the big fair man, who had welcomed her with such stately gravity, thanking her for her kindness to "my wife."

Then the two women went into one of the other rooms, and Louisa Hurst poured out a long story, Ruth listening in silence, till she said, rather suddenly, "Then if I could get you something to do, you'd do it?"

"I'd try," replied the other in a low voice. And Ruth slowly and cautiously hinted that Mrs. Clarges certainly did want someone, but that that someone must be really steady.

"Only try me, Ruth. I've never yet had a chance." And Ruth knew that the pitiful statement was true.

They rose and went into the parlour again. Aaron and Willy were talking together in some infantile language known to them alone. Aaron turned towards their visitor.

"Fine child!" he remarked, holding Willy up. "Ever see it before, miss?"

"Black Loo" hesitated, sorely perplexed. Ruth was standing by with downcast eyes.

"Can't say as I did," she answered at length.

"Ah, well, he's a Scotch laddie, every inch o' him," continued Aaron slowly, viewing his son's manifold perfections. "Now, you may think that there are only yellow-haired Scots. That's a common idea, I know; but I say that there be fair and black Scots—why, look at this little master!" All this said slowly and dogmatically, the child meanwhile looking at him with a fascinated stare. "Ay, born in London o' course, yet a real Scot. What d'ye suppose, miss, is his favourite food?"

"Milk, I should say," responded Louisa timidly.

"Nay, nay; porridge, porridge! D'ye see?" as Willy made ineffectual attempts to leap from his father's arms on to the table, where that delicious concoction might be supposed to abide.

"Yes, he's a dear little boy," said Louisa, bending down and kissing the child. "Good night Mr. Tiffen, I must be going now."

"Good night," he responded heartily.

Ruth followed her out.

"You'll come again, Louisa?" she said wistfully.

"Certainly; and thank you very much, Mrs Tiffen." And in her voice Ruth thought she noted a certain change. She hesitated a moment, and then held out her hand. "God bless you, Louisa."

"I hope that He will, Mrs. Tiffen." And she passed through the gate, bitterly hurt that Ruth had not trusted her about the black-eyed baby, whom Aaron so evidently believed was his child.

And so life went on; easily for Aaron, wearily for Ruth. Willy was beginning to talk and toddle about, to Aaron's and his own great delight. The laddie had soon discovered that, though admirable as a *pis-aller*, his mother's arms were not so agreeable a resting-place as "Fathey's" knees; so Ruth was somewhat left out of it all.

A new misery was added to her life. Her husband discovered that something was on her mind, and he frequently admonished her to "out with it," generally choosing Sunday evening as the right moment to persuade her to tell him her trouble, suggesting every possible and impossible thing, though never approaching the truth, she always replying, "Nay, it's not that; but I can't tell you, Aaron; indeed I can't." Then he would sigh and let the matter drop till the next Sunday evening, when he would again ask her to trust him.

A great fear came into his heart—could she have become attached during his absence to some

other man? Yet he never breathed a word of his suspicion to her, only asking once, in a casual sort of way, whether she had got to know many people well whilst she was alone in London.

"Only Mrs. Clarges," she had answered, wondering at the question. Then divining suddenly what was in his mind, she had become crimson, and he had taken it as a sign of conscious guilt.

As time passed Ruth began to think that nothing would alter the present state of things. Aaron was gradually getting totally estranged from her. He had even left off questioning her about "her trouble." She made up her mind that she must bear the great burden of her secret till death released her. Yet often she wondered that no suspicion crossed Aaron's mind. The child, who alone throve and was happy in their home, was so entirely unlike them; he was small, dark, with sharp features, and had a strange high little voice, which could be heard constantly calling "Fathey." But one cold March day Willy was too tired to get up, and coughed plaintively in a strange way that greatly frightened Ruth. Towards twelve o'clock she made Aaron go for the parish doctor, who came almost immediately, to find the husband and wife wild with fear, for little Willy lay panting in Ruth's arms.

"Oh, sir, what is it?" cried Ruth piteously.

"Croup; child-crowing," he answered briefly.

The attack lasted about fifteen hours. Twice they thought him gone. The doctor was very kind, giving up his night's rest to staying with them till danger of a fresh attack was practically over. All through these terrible hours Ruth behaved with great courage and seeming calmness, fulfilling the doctor's orders with careful, unshaking hands; whilst Aaron, completely unstrung, sat in the next room, staring into the fire and waiting, waiting for some change. Yet an awful voice seemed ever to whisper into Ruth's ear, "It is your sin that has killed your Willy." Again and again she heard these words ringing through her brain.

They spent the next day in fear and joy, gazing hungrily at the child who had been given back to them from death itself; and a feeling of boundless gratitude filled Ruth's heart. But she felt that now she must tell Aaron. She could no longer go on tacitly deceiving him, for she regarded what had happened as an awful warning; besides, had she not cried out in her heart, "Only save him this time, Lord, and I will confess to Aaron"? And her appeal had been heard.

She fixed nine o'clock as the time to tell him, and then tried to forget all about it. Never had Aaron known her so bright and unreserved since his return. They played gently with the little boy. Ruth and her husband went all over the yard; she had always seemed indifferent to his work before. But towards evening she grew very restless; red, then pale. Once or twice Aaron fancied that she was looking at him with an expression of dread and trouble in her face, but he thought that she was fearing a recurrence of the last night's terror. Little Willy was safely tucked up for the night, a sleeping draught having been given to him; and leaving the door open, they sat down to supper.

It was a quarter-past eight. Ruth watched the long hand of their big eight-day clock as it moved down towards the half-hour.

Neither felt much inclined for supper. She rose and put the things away, then brought her husband the old illustrated Bible, out of which he always read aloud a chapter every night.

"Ruth, come," he said, as she busied herself about the room.

She came and sat down by him; it was a quarter to nine. The first page of the Bible was open, they both looked at it silently; there were inscribed the names of Aaron's grandfather, his father and mother, the date of his birth, his marriage, her maiden name ("Ruth Hurrion"), and "William Tiffen, their child."

The horror of what she had done, and of what she was now going to do, came upon her as she sat staring at the four words so carefully written out in her husband's large clear hand. He, poor man, was thinking that instead of hearing the child's regular, soft breathing echoing from the next room, he might, had things gone differently, have been now writing, "Who died March the 10th, 1887. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." His heart contracted with pain at the image thus evoked. None knew—he hardly knew himself—how proud and fond he had become of his boy. He turned over page after page, as if uncertain what to read this evening.

Suddenly Aaron began reading, "And the Lord sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him, and said unto him, There were two men in one city, the one rich and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds. But the poor man had nothing save one little ewe lamb, which—"

"Aaron! Aaron!" she cried.

He waited silently.

Twice she opened her lips and tried to speak.

"Come, come, what is it?" he said kindly but coldly, for he believed that now he should hear the mysterious trouble, which he dimly guessed concerned some other man, met during the time Ruth believed him dead. "What is it, Ruth, woman? Only don't 'ee speak too loud, or ye'll wake the lad. Why could she not let bygones be bygones?" he thought uneasily.

"Willy is not your child, Aaron," she whispered at length. Then, as he stared at her, wondering whether the great fright she had just gone through had made her crazy, she repeated, "Willy is not your child, Aaron; indeed, I'm speaking the truth."

He got up, his hand still on the open page, and looked at her with such an expression of despair and contempt that she shrank back, believing that he was going to strike her.

"Nay, I'll not hurt ye," he said quickly, noting her gesture of fear, and he turned away.

"You're not going to wake the child?" she cried with unreasoning terror.

"D'ye think I'd touch your child?" he said fiercely.

"Poor lamb! No more my child than yours, Aaron," she said sadly. "I thought he was sent

to me, but I ought to have told you; I ought to have told you at first maybe, then you'd not a' cared so much about it."

"What do you mean?" he said, suddenly turning round upon her; "can't ye speak plain and true?" But his voice shook, and Ruth felt somewhat reassured. Slowly, and often contradicting and correcting herself, she told him everything—their child's birth, death, her leaving the "House," and finding the baby on the bridge.

He listened silently till she had finished. "Then you allowed Mrs. Clarges and all your kind friends to believe in a lie?" he said bitterly. "And you deceived me—me, who had never deceived you."

He rose, and taking his hat off the peg, went out without looking at her again.

Ruth never went to bed that night, but sat waiting, hoping against hope that Aaron would come back; but as the hours passed slowly away, she grew very sick at heart. What could he be thinking of or meaning to do? She got up and paced restlessly about the room, then went in to the child. He was lying on his back, somewhat flushed, an expression of pain still lingering on his little face. As she bent over him he muttered "mammy" in his sleep.

Then Ruth's mind was made up. She got out all her clothes and small personal possessions from the drawers and off the table, and made them into a bundle, moving about softly for fear the child should hear and be awakened; then she again sat down and waited for the dawn, which seemed long in coming this cold March morning.

Wearied with all the fatigue and emotion she had gone through during the last forty-eight hours, she laid her head down on the table and fell asleep. When she awoke the daylight was streaming into the room, the lamp still burning; instinctively she turned it out, and fell asleep again.

In a large comfortable study sat a grey-haired man, writing busily, and seemingly unconscious of the cup of coffee standing close to his elbow.

A knock came at the door, followed by the appearance of a pretty housemaid. "Please, sir, there's a man wants to see you."

"What is he like? I hate being disturbed at this time of the day."

"He wants to see you, sir, very particular."

"All right, show him in; don't waste your time talking." And she escaped into the hall, resolved never to intrude on "master" again.

"Well, my man, what can I do for you?"

"I believe, sir, that you are a magistrate?"

"Yes, yes; but you ought not to have come here, you know." And he looked attentively at the man standing before him. "Still, never mind, tell me what you want."

"I want to know how I can legalise my child's position." He said it slowly and clearly.

"Legalise? What do you mean?" Then, seeing the man's evident distress, he added more kindly, "Perhaps you've married your deceased wife's sister, eh?"

"Nay, nay, sir, I don't hold with that," quickly though respectfully.

"You're Scotch, eh?" And the gentleman bent down to hide a smile.

"Yes, sir."

"From Aberdeen, eh?"

"Yes, sir." And Aaron came a step nearer.

"Well, you want to legalise your child's position. Now what d'ye mean by that?"

"I want to—to—take it as my child?" he said in a low voice.

"Oh! adopt it? Then it isn't your child?"

Aaron did not answer for some time; then, carefully, "I do not say it is my child, and I do not say that it is not my child," with a triumphant look at the magistrate.

"But you must say. You don't make yourself clear, my good man. Is anyone claiming your child as theirs?"

"No, sir."

"Then I don't see the difficulty. If it is your child, why it is; if it is not, nothing can make it so. See?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is the child a boy or a girl?"

"Boy, sir."

"Oh! Is it coming into any money?"

"Not as I know of, sir."

"Of course it has been registered?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, if you can't tell me the facts of the case, I'm afraid that I can't help you." And he looked annoyed.

Aaron hesitated for a minute. "I don't feel as if I can tell ye," he said at length. "Only tell me one thing, sir. There's naught against the law in his being known by my name, is there?"

"N—o, I don't see that there is. Have you other children?"

"He is our only one, sir." And Aaron sighed.

"Call him what you like, I don't see who can object; but mind you, I can't pretend to give an opinion, not knowing the truth of the thing."

"Thank you sir." And he turned to go away.

"Stop a bit; have you come from far off?"

"Near the docks, sir."

"You must be tired, my man. You must have started early; it's only eight now."

"I left home last night."

"Why did you do that? Where did you sleep?"

"I didn't feel inclined for rest, sir. I went to one of the postal offices and found your address, for I had heard of you, sir, as a God-fearing magistrate."

"Humph!"

"And so I came."

"Won't you have some breakfast before starting again?"

"No thank ye, sir." And the door closed on him.

"Canny Scot!" muttered the good magistrate; "knows how to keep his own counsel"

Two hours later Aaron opened the door of his house. Ruth was standing by the table; on it lay a large bundle, the child, dressed for going out, in her arms:

"Aaron," she said quickly, "I know that you



RUSTIC BARBERING.

won't keep Willy; I don't ask you to, but—but I must go with him. I am sorry I behaved so to you, I am indeed; but I can't part with the child. Mrs. Clarges will find me something to do, and I hope that you will be happier without me."

"What do you mean, woman?" he said severely.

Ruth began to tremble. "I can't give up Willy; I can't, Aaron, I can't."

"Whoever asked ye to?" he said roughly. "Come out a bit; ye need a breath of clean air."

Unresisting, she followed him into the yard. "Walk out into the road," he said suddenly.

She turned and looked at the house. "But my things, Aaron?"

"Go into the road," he repeated. Then, as the child made it clear that he wished himself out of his mother's arms, "Set him down, Ruth; he don't like your holding him up like that."

She put the boy down, and they all three went out of the gate together. "Stand still," he commanded. She stopped obediently. "D'ye see nothing?" he asked after a few moments. Her eyes were blinded by tears, for Willy had toddled to his father's side and clasped one of his fingers, and Aaron had not repulsed him. "No," she said faintly.

"Then look up," he said with an odd break in his voice; and Ruth, looking up, saw inscribed over the gate, and in beautiful freshly-painted white letters—

"AARON TIFFEN AND TIFFEN JUNIOR."

"Oh, Aaron!" she cried.

"Ay," he said with a certain grim humour, "I've long wanted a sleepin' partner in this firm." And he bent over the child.

MARIE ADELAIDE BELLOC.

## THE STORY OF THE THIRD REGIMENT—THE BUFFS.



COLOURS OF THE THIRD BUFFS.

TO one regiment alone belongs the privilege of marching through the City of London with drums beating, colours flying, and bayonets fixed, and that regiment is "The old Holland Regiment"—the Buffs—or, as it is now called, "The East Kent Regiment."

How this regiment came to be so intimately connected with the mayor and magnates of the City of London is but a link in the chain of wondrous events which begun in the reign of good Queen Bess, and led, forty years after her death, to the consolidation and independence of the Dutch Republic.

In the early days of the year 1572 rumour reached England of the ruthless cruelties inflicted on the people of the Netherlands by the "Inquisition of Bishops" which Philip of Spain had established in their midst for the purpose of stamping out the reformed faith.

The heart of the English nation was stirred by these atrocities; and when to the ecclesiastical persecutors was added the bloodthirsty Duke of Alva as Captain-General of the States, the military advisers of the Queen perceived that the planting of the power of Spain so near the shores of England constituted a serious national danger.

Hence it was that the citizens of London made every effort to equip companies of men-at-arms,

that they might not be surprised by sudden invasion; and thus it came about that when the bright May Day of the same year arrived, Queen Elizabeth went in state to Greenwich to review these troops in which she was so deeply interested. The parade was a success; and Captain John Morgan, a Welshman, who had undertaken their training, received the highest praise for the efficiency and discipline of his men.

At the conclusion of the review he obtained permission at once to form a company of three hundred volunteers and take them across to Flushing, where the magistrates and burghers of the town had been forced into open revolt by the tyrannical treatment of the Duke of Alva.

None could have supposed when, a few days later, this insignificant group of adventurers embarked upon the little vessels which were to ferry them across, that around this nucleus would collect bands of warrior martyrs who, by the obstinate resistance of three-quarters of a century, should lay the foundation of freedom of thought and freedom of worship in Europe.

Soon after the arrival of Captain Morgan, the people of Flushing desired to make him governor of their town, but he preferred to serve them in the field, and moved with his men to the vicinity of Middleburgh, where a strange adventure now befell him. Don Rufello, the Spanish commandant, knowing of the approach of the English, and feeling confident of their overthrow, sallied out to take them by surprise, having first provided his men with ropes to hang all that they should take captive; but the result being the reverse of what the Don anticipated, the English soldiers, on learning the object of the ropes, put them to a like purpose, only substituting Spanish necks for English.

By the arrival from England of others who had followed his example, Captain Morgan's command, before long, increased to a full regiment, and with this he hastened to make an attempt to relieve the brave garrison of Haarlem, where three thousand troops, with a company of three hundred women under Margaret Kenault, held out against an immense army under the Duke of Alva; but the effort was in vain, and at the end of seven months the defenders were forced by famine to capitulate, and to witness the execution of two thousand of the inhabitants in revenge for the loss occasioned to the Spaniards.

However, their determined opposition, together with many brilliant successes achieved by the Hollanders and Zealanders with the aid of their British allies, in the end so defeated the intentions of the Duke of Alva that he ultimately applied to be recalled, and left the Netherlands boasting that he had executed 18,600 of the people whom he had been sent to govern.

The important town of Middleburgh remained still in the hands of the Spaniards, notwithstanding that the Zealanders, together with Captain Morgan's regiment and other British levies, were making strenuous efforts to capture the place; at the same time a powerful Spanish fleet arrived and disembarked large reinforcements. A fierce contest at once took place between this relieving force and the besiegers. In this the Spaniards were at first victorious, but finally gave way before the dogged resistance of the British, and retreated in disorder to their ships. Thereupon the English and Scotch troops begged to be allowed to embark on board the Holland and Zealand fleet and fight their adversaries at sea, to which the Flemish Admiral consented, with the result that thirty Spanish ships were destroyed, and the Admiral's, Vice-Admiral's, and several other ships were brought back in triumph by the victors.

This concluded Captain Morgan's service in this period of the Flemish struggle, so he was withdrawn by order of Qeeen Elizabeth, to proceed to Ireland for the purpose of aiding in suppressing the rebellion there.

So varying had been the fortune of war, and so little advantage remained with the Spaniards, that within four years from the time that Captain Morgan with his pioneer company had landed in the Netherlands, Philip was glad, owing to the mutinous clamour of his troops for arrears of pay, to end the fighting for the present by the treaty called the "Pacification of Ghent." This, however, held good only until it suited the new Governor, Don John of Austria, to break it; and when he applied for the recall of the Spanish troops from Italy, the States sought for the return of their former allies from England.

The English companies promptly reappeared, and were now under the command of the distinguished Colonel Norris. Many and brilliant were the services rendered by this commander to the cause which he embraced, but none, perhaps, of greater importance than when, during the falling back of the Flemish army, under the Duke of Anjou and the Prince of Orange, before the superior forces of the Prince of Parma, to the protection of the fortifications of Ghent, he covered this dangerous movement with his own regiment (a thousand strong and seven cornets of horse), and fought the Spanish army from sunrise to sunset, thereby enabling the retreat to be carried out without disaster.

Again, at a later period, when the Duke of Anjou, relying on the support of his French followers, sought to advance himself to the position of a military dictator in the Netherlands, it was General Norris who, with his British lions, compelled his surrender at Dendermond, and sent him back to France.

But now the treacherous assassination of the Prince of Orange in his own palace struck a serious blow at the organisation of the League, which had so bravely maintained the unequal fight against the power of Spain. Defeats and reverses followed, and it seemed as though all that had been achieved must now be rendered void.

This aroused the English Queen to the near approach of the danger she had so long apprehended, and Elizabeth accordingly decided not to trust, as hitherto, to the action of independent companies of free lances, but to send a recognised force to the scene of action.

Thus a call was made upon the English counties to furnish each a proportion of troops, and the livery companies of London were also directed to provide a given number. These latter were

obtained in a way not exactly in keeping with the views of the present day on recruiting, inasmuch as, the order having been received on a Sunday, the aldermen of the City, taking their constables with them, proceeded at the time of service to the several churches; these they locked and guarded, and thereupon selected from the congregations such stalwart young men as would grace the ranks of her Majesty's army.

These drafts from the City, following in the footsteps of the original companies raised by



UNIFORM OF THE THIRD BUFFS.

Captain Morgan, managed to preserve their individuality, and to have their vacancies always filled from London, so that when, many years afterwards, the survivors were embodied into the Holland Regiment, the mayor and aldermen of the City still acknowledged the connection, and continued to supply recruits to its ranks, at the same time according to the corps the privilege, which remains to the present day, of marching through that part of London with drums beating and colours flying.

Notwithstanding their compulsory enlistment, these companies, under the leadership of Sir John Norris, did much to maintain the honour of England, in spite of the utter incapability of the Court favourites, who commanded the English force.

There was a pause in the struggle of the Netherlands while Europe looked on at the Spanish Armada, but after its dispersion the contest was resumed with renewed vigour, and at Bergen-op-Zoom the English helped to win an important victory.

In the year 1596 the London companies, which had now become Vere's regiment, were sent under the High Admiral, Lord Charles Howard, on an expedition to the coast of Spain, and were engaged in the famous assault of Cadiz, during which, while the ramparts were being hotly contested, Captain Ussher, with a few of Vere's veterans, passing unobserved along the ditch towards the bay, found a part of the fortifications weakly guarded, and effected a lodgment. This gave rise to such a panic that the main body were enabled to force an entrance, and thus to capture a stronghold which had been hitherto looked on as impregnable.

While the English were thus employed at a distance, the Spanish troops were being more successful in Holland, and the States consequently applied for the recall of Vere's veterans.

At a later period they took part in the glorious defence of Ostend, which, after a siege of three years and one month, and when 122,000 lives had been sacrificed between besiegers and besieged, capitulated only on the condition that the defenders should march out with all the honours of war.

At length a time came when the States, being crushed by debt, and the Spaniards exhausted by war, both found a ground for negotiation in the terms of the treaty of Munster; thus in 1648, after a struggle of more than seventy years, the independence of the United Provinces of the Netherlands was acknowledged, and this gallant people took their station among the nations of Europe as a free State.

After the lapse of seven years the States embodied such of the English levies as still remained in the country into one corps, and called it the "Holland Regiment," giving the command to the veteran Colonel John Cromwell, a near kinsman of the Protector, but who was so staunch a loyalist that he got permission to change his name to Williams.

Ten years more passed away, during which the rest from war caused an immense revival of trade, and this led to so keen a rivalry between the English and Dutch that the latter, forgetful of past obligations, were led to commit depredations on English commerce.

The English retaliated by capturing the North American settlement of Nova Belgia, which henceforth became New York. Soon afterwards Charles II declared war against the Dutch, and, as a matter of course, demanded the return of the Holland Regiment, which then, for the first time, obtained, in the year 1665, rank in the English army.

In the strange repetition of events which con-

stitutes history, the Holland Regiment found itself within a quarter of a century again fighting under the command of a Prince of Orange in defence of the Protestant cause against the Roman Catholic League, and aided in the expulsion of James II and the reconquest of Ireland. King William at this time changed the name of the regiment to that of "Prince George of Denmark's Regiment." When, on the accession of Queen Anne, war was declared against France and Spain, the regiment was for the second time sent to aid in taking Cadiz by assault, but the town was now too strongly fortified, there were no weak places to be found by traversing the ditch, and the expedition accordingly failed.

Under Marlborough, however, the regiment shared in all the great victories of his campaigns, and in 1707 was for gallant conduct permitted to display a dragon as the regimental badge. This dragon was one of the supporters of the royal arms in Queen Elizabeth's time, and indicated thus the origin of the corps.

On the death of Prince George of Denmark the former title of the regiment became obsolete, and it was for some time styled either the Holland Regiment, as of old, or called by the name of its commanding officer, till finally, from the colour of the uniform waistcoat, breeches, and stockings, it was permanently nicknamed "The Buffs." Not till the year 1751 was the numerical distinction, the Third, added, and not till thirty years later did it receive the territorial designation of the "East Kent," which it still retains.

As an example of the hard service exacted from our troops in days gone by, and from which the use of steam and telegraphs exempts our present soldiers, it may be mentioned that in the year 1794 the Buffs were for seven months driving about the Channel in ill-found, overcrowded transports, receiving at every port they entered orders and counter-orders for an intended descent upon the French coast, till at length sickness among the men increased to such an alarming extent that disembarkation became necessary, and the expedition was abandoned.

The twenty years of unrest and strife which followed the outburst of the French Revolution brought the regiment, at the temporary peace in 1814, to the port of Bordeaux. From thence it was ordered to embark for Quebec; but it arrived at this station only in time to witness the conclusion of a desultory war which had dragged on for two years.

The thunderclap of the escape of Napoleon from Elba echoed across the Atlantic in the recall of the English troops; but as the Buffs did not leave Quebec till the 4th June they were in mid-ocean when the fate of Europe was decided on the field of Waterloo.

When again, after forty years of peace, the armies of Europe met upon its Eastern boundary, to decide a fictitious quibble about Christian rights by a deadly struggle for empire, the Buffs were absent in still more distant India, and were thus debarred from sharing the hardships and the honours of the Crimean War.

In several of the lesser wars of England which have been so frequent during the past quarter of a century the Buffs have maintained the character for valour won by the good old City companies; and as these upheld the reformed faith against the bigotry of Rome, so have their representatives of to-day stood, in our latest struggle on the banks of the Nile, a part of the British bulwark placed to arrest the flood of Mohammedan fanaticism which threatened to overwhelm the civilisation of the East.

N. A.

## Evening.

Now night begins to fall;
The swift fern-owl is gliding
Around the oak-tree tall;
Forth flutter, one and all,
The bats, from dusty hiding
In barn and crannied wall.

Within the ivy brakes,
The solemn wood-owl sitting,
From his day-sleep awakes,
And drowsy hooting makes;
Great dusky moths are flitting,
Like soft, breeze-tossed snow-flakes.

Through rushes tall and lank
Sadly the wind is sighing,
O'er bending osier bank,
And reed-bed green and dank;
A soft grey mist is lying
Where grass grows thick and rank.

C. J. L.




A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

So in the halls of Asgard, all night long,
The Asi feasted: loud the revelry
Went rolling to the vaulting of the roof,
And sounds of laughter; while the loving cup,
A massive golden goblet, set with gems
Glinting like crimson fruit beneath the leaves,
Foaming with red wine, passed from hand to hand.
So the gods feasted: one there sat apart
And would not eat; but silent he remained,
And frowning anger lay upon his brow.
For Thor the Thunderer had lost his strength,
The stay whereon he trusted: it was gone.
Miölnir had been stolen while he slept.
For Thrym the Giant King had taken it,
And carried it afar to Jötunheim.[1]
But Freyia rose, and went to where Thor sat,
There in his misery, and spoke to him.

"My Lord, take courage; come and eat with us.
Thy place is empty, and thy favourite hound
Looks for his master's coming all in vain.
Now by the grave of Mimir do I swear
That if it come within my power to help thee,
Yea, I would do it, were it half my realm
To give in ransom." Thus she spake, but Thor
Made answer sadly: "Queen, I cannot eat;
For, while the hammer, weapon of my strength,
Lies in the hands of strangers—" Thus he spake,
But could not answer further for his grief;
And sadly rising, left the mighty hall.
But Loki went to Freyia, as she stood,
Her long hair flowing downwards to the ground;
Just as when, falling from the hills above,
A mountain stream comes dashing on the rocks,
Bright with the last beams of the setting sun,
Lit with a golden radiance of the west.
So on her shoulders, down her splendid form,

1 See "Leisure Hour," 1889, p. 491, "A Walk through Jötunheim."

Sparkling with gems her long hair swept the ground.
And Loki spake: "O Queen of gods and men,
Grant my request: Give me a winged robe,
Such as thou hast within thy brazen chests,
To bear me swiftly to the Jötun king,
That I may ask the hammer, Miölnir."
And Freyia gladly brought the robe he asked
Forth from her brazen chests—a shining robe,
With wings that flashed and sparkled in the light.
And Loki donned the robe. And forth he leapt,
With mellow clashing of the silver wings.
Then, as a shooting star on some clear night
Sweeps down the sky, so Loki flashed across
The glittering heavens, beyond the mountain peaks.
And so two days he flew, and on the third
Beheld the jagged peaks of Jötunheim.
There where the stately icebergs of the north
Pinnacled turrets, as if carved in stone,
Rearing their forms fantastic to the sky,
Came floating silently across the sea.
And there sat Thrym, the Ice-King; round him watched
His hounds, who raised their heads and snuffed the air,
Growling uneasily, as down the wind
Came Loki, flying on his silver wings.
And Loki lighted by the King. And Thrym
Spake to him scornfully: "What dost thou here,
Loki, the wingéd herald of the gods?"
And Loki answered: "Thor the Thunderer
Has sent me hither, as thou knowest well,
To claim his hammer, stolen as he slept.
Yield it, then, lest the gods, provoked to wrath,
Come down and slay thee." Slow and scornfully
Replied the King: "Go, tell thy master this:
The hammer lies beneath the snow and ice
Ten fathoms deep; therefore, unless the Queen
Freyia, the wife of Odin, hither comes
To wed me in the land of Jötunheim,
I shall refuse to yield the hammer up."
And Loki, wonder-stricken at his words
That dared to think of Freyia, queen of heaven,
Leaving the halls of Asgard as his wife,
Paused and spake not. Then cried the King: "Begone!
Tell them the message that thou hadst from me."
And Loki spread his wings and dashed away.
And still the Asi held high revelry;
But with the flush of dawning on the hills
Loki returned to Asgard, and the gods
Crowded to hear him speak. "The Jötun King
Refused to yield the hammer up to me;
But for the sake of Freyia, Odin's wife,
If she will leave the palace of the gods,
To wed him in the land of Jötunheim,
Then he will give the hammer to the gods."
But Freyia rose, and going to her Lord,
Fell at his feet: "King Odin, pardon me,
If I have sworn an oath—" But hurrying steps
Came through the hall, as Thor stepped to the Queen,
And touched her on the shoulder, while the gods
Waited in silence round to hear the end.

But in the halls of Jötunheim, the King
Sat, glad at heart; and round, the serving-men
Busied themselves with doings of the feast.
Tankards of foaming ale, and jewelled bowls
Rich with the glowing wines of other lands,
Perfumed with spices. Piled upon the board
Dishes of venison from the northern hills,
And salmon, gorgeous in their silver sheen.
And from the fire upcurled the wreathing smoke
Up in the rafters of the ancient hall,
Dimming the brightness of the burnished arms
That hung upon the wall; trophies they were
Of Vikings who had fought in days of old.
But suddenly the watchman from the gate
Cried to the King: "O King, beyond the hills
I hear the sound of coming chariot wheels."
And from his throne the King stepped down in haste,
And saw, beyond the distant line of hills,
Bright in the blackness of the starless night,
A speck of flame, still growing as it came,
And heard the thunder of the chariot wheels.
And the King shouted in his joy: "All hail!
Welcome to Freyia! Welcome to my Queen!
Up, up, ye Thursi! greet her royally!"
And a great voice arose throughout the hall,
"Hail to the wife of Odin! Hail, O Queen!
That cometh to be Queen in Jötunheim."
And, as it seemed, the icebergs clashed for joy,
Shouting a welcome to the Queen of Heaven.
And all the arms that hung upon the wall
Crashed and re-echoed with the noise of war.
But, nearer in the heavens, still the car
Seemed to grow larger, as a mighty ship
Looms through the darkness with its signal-lights,
And on the ripple plashes heavily.
So onward came the chariot. Two he-goats,
Spurning the air with eager hoofs of jet,
Bore it along; while from the wheels flashed fire,
As if in anger that the Queen of gods
Should come as Queen among a race of men.
And ever in the vaulted arch of heaven
Huge sullen clouds were gathering, masses deep;
While from behind fast squadrons from the north,
Streaked with the lurid lightning, seemed to pass
And join their comrades in the war of heaven.
Out of the blackness murmurs seemed to come,
As from a dreaming hound that in his sleep
Leaps on the boar and slays him once again.
And thus the growling thunder had begun;
And on the car, outlined against the light
That glanced and played around it, stood erect
A form gigantic, black against the sky;
While crouching in the chariot, with the reins
Held in his cunning fingers, Loki sat.
But now the car had lighted on the ground,
And with a few quick steps the goats had come
Up to the arch, and halted by the King.
And the King spake: "Hail, Freyia, Queen of gods,
That comest at my bidding." And the Queen
Stepped from the brazen car. From head to foot
A shimmering veil of gauze bedecked with gems
Covered her figure; in her long black robe
Quivered like points of fire, jewels and gold,
Just as on some keen frosty night the stars
Glitter resplendent in the vault of heaven.
And all the serving-men that saw her come
Paused wonderstricken in their toil, and gazed.
For though they were the giants among men,
Still she o'ertopped them all: and from her hung
Jewels and gold in glittering array,
And on her forehead one resplendent gem
Gleamed through the gauzy covering on her face,
And seemed to flash a thousand points of fire,

So skilfully the smith had fashioned it.
Then the King stepped to her, and raised her veil;
Then started back affrighted, for her eyes
Shone like two furnaces of living light,
Just as a wolf who, with his head upraised,
Suddenly meets the light, and both his eyes
Seem to become circles of sapphire flame.
And Loki spake: "For ten long nights and days
Has the Queen watched, so eager has she been
To see her lover. Weary are her eyes
From lack of sleep. Therefore take courage, King!"
And the King, flattered by his faithless words,
Was glad, and would have led her in with him
Up to the table where the feast was set.
But Loki spake again: "No hand but mine
Must touch the Queen till she has taken food."
And so he led her up the mighty hall,
Up to beneath the canopy of state,
And set her on the throne. The torches flared
And crackled with the resin of the pine,
Casting a fitful glare of ruddy light,
And sparkled on the goblets rich with gems,
And on the jewels of the Queen. The King
Strode up and sat beside her, and the feast
Began forthwith with noise and revelry.
But when the feast was ended, Loki rose
And bade them bring the chariot forth again;
For that he must return from Jötunheim
Back to the halls of Asgard. And the King
Spake to a lad who, standing by his throne,
Held himself ready for his Lord's commands:
"Go! bring the hammer from its hiding-place!
Give it to Loki, that he may return
And tell the gods that Thrym hath kept his faith."
And the lad left the hall; and silence fell
On all the guests, who longed to see and touch
Thor's hammer. Soon the lad returned in haste,
Saying he could not stir it where it lay.
So the King sent with him four other men.
At last they moved the hammer from its place,
And dragged it to the hall, and laid it there
Before the Queen. Massive and huge it lay,
Made from an oak that grew on Hela's plains,
That never had been touched by hand of man.
The dwarfs of Elfland fashioned haft and head,
Joining them cunningly with all their skill.
And at the sight of it the guests drew round,
Longing to touch it.
Suddenly the Queen
Rose from her seat and cast her veil away,
Then stripped the cloak that shrouded her. The King
Leapt up affrighted. Standing there, he saw,
With all the symmetry of perfect strength,
Clad in a tunic, with one mighty arm
Upraised above his head, prepared to strike,
A god of Asgard. And he sent his voice,
Ringing like thunder, to the vaulted roof,
And shouted, "*I am Thor!*" The King leapt back
And tried to seize the hammer, but too late.
Thor raised Miölnir high above his head,
Then brought it down upon the cowering King,
And Thrym fell dead upon the oaken floor.
Then with slow steps Thor strode down through the hall,
And stepping to the chariot, seized the reins,
And Loki crept behind him: and the goats
Started for Asgard. As they went, the hills
Burst into verdure, and the sullen clouds
Broke like the mists of morning in the sun.

So, till the day of Ragnaröck shall Thor
Keep safe the hammer. When three winters come
Without a summer; when the gold-combed cock
Crows in Valhalla; and the dead come forth
From out the halls of Hela; when the gods
Go to the plains of Vigrid; and the Wolf
Fenris shall be unloosed—the gods shall die.
But in the new life of another world,
When Surtur purifies the earth with fire,
And Vali, the avenger, perishes,
The gods shall reign in Gimli royally.

R. H. BENSON.

## THE LATE JAMES NASMYTH.

IN the "Leisure Hour" for 1883, on the publication of the autobiography of James Nasmyth, edited by Samuel Smiles, we gave an account of the life and works of this distinguished man, lately deceased. Twenty years before this, Mr. Smiles, author of "Lives of the Engineers," asked Mr. Nasmyth for information about his principal inventions for use in a projected work of "Industrial Biography; or, Iron-workers and Tool-makers." While giving some facts, Mr. Nasmyth added, "My life presents no striking or remarkable incidents, and would, I fear, prove but a tame narrative. The sphere to which my endeavours have been confined has been of a comparatively quiet order; but, vanity apart, I hope I have been able to leave a few marks of my existence behind me in the shape of useful contrivances which are in many ways helping on great works of industry."

It was a reply instinct with the modesty of true genius. The invention of the steam-hammer would alone have made his name famous for all time. The simplicity and the efficiency of the contrivance led to its speedy introduction into all countries. The inventor did not profit by it adequately, as he took out no patent; but he secured one for the important application of the hammer to the driving of piles, for which it was first used in extending the docks at Devonport. The process was viewed with immense curiosity, and not a little incredulity. A challenge was made by the workers on the old system of manual labour, and the driving of two piles was watched by a vast multitude. Nasmyth's steam-hammer

drove his pile to the required depth in less than five minutes. It took the men who were working at the ordinary machine twelve hours to complete the driving of their pile. The ringing cheers when the steam-hammer finished its task gave speedy announcement of triumph.

So much for his contrivances for the helping and the economising of labour!

As to what he called a quiet and uneventful life, the book edited by Mr. Smiles is full of the most romantic interest. A more delightful as well as instructive volume of autobiography has seldom been written. He was the architect of his own fortune, and in following his recorded career from obscurity to renown, and from poverty to wealth and honour, we hardly know which most to admire, the fertility and power of his inventive genius, or the sterling excellence of his character. The story of his gradual advancement from a working apprentice, receiving for years only ten shillings a week, to being the founder of the grand engineering works at Patricroft, is one of the most remarkable chapters in the whole records of industry. We have referred to the steam-hammer as the best known, but numerous other inventions and contrivances are due to the genius and skill of James Nasmyth.

His professional success was so great that he was able to retire from active work when only forty-eight years old, having made enough in twenty-two years of business life to spend the remainder of his years in the "active leisure" which he enjoyed. This was in 1856. Many years before he had seen and admired a charming picture by his artist brother Patrick, of "A Cottage in Kent." The scene took such hold of his imagination that he from that time never ceased to cherish the desire and ambition to possess such a cottage as his own retreat in the evening of life. The very place that met his ideas he found near Penshurst, and there he passed the last thirty-five years of his life. It was there that he wrote his autobiography, published in 1883, and in the seven years since he has continued to enjoy health and happy days, till quite recently the infirmity of age induced him to come to London to be near medical and other comfort. He peacefully passed to his rest early in May, 1890. To the last year of his life he took a lively interest in passing affairs, especially in the progress of scientific discovery and practical invention.

Astronomy had from early years been his favourite recreation, and during his busiest time of professional work as engineer he had made drawings of the moon's surface, the exhibition of which at meetings of the British Association used to astonish and delight all who saw them. His first display of what is known as the "willow-leaf" structure of the sun's photosphere was declared by Sir John Herschel to be "a most wonderful discovery." "What can they be?" said Sir John to the assembled men of science; "they are certainly the most marvellous phenomena that have yet turned up—I had almost said in all Nature; certainly in all astronomy!" The discovery was new then, and additional knowledge has been slowly acquired as to the sun and solar physics, all of which Nasmyth followed in his old age with keen interest.

Amongst the practical lessons to be treasured from Nasmyth's life is one which we commend to all interested in education. He often insisted on the importance of skill in drawing as one of the chief elements of the training of the young. "The language of the pencil," he says, "is truly a universal one, especially in communicating ideas which have reference to material forms. And yet it is in great measure neglected in our modern system of so-called education." Much has since been done to remedy this defect.

One word in conclusion as to the charm of Nasmyth's personal presence, as witnessed by those well qualified to appreciate his worth. In 1851 the Queen and Prince Albert visited Patricroft when returning to Windsor from Balmoral. The journey from Liverpool to Patricroft was made by rail, and thence by the Bridgewater Canal to Worsley Hall, where the royal party and many distinguished guests were received by Lord Ellesmere. We are told that "the evening was enlivened by the presence of Mr. Nasmyth," of whom the biographer of the Prince Consort says, referring to the Queen's Diary, "The charm of his manner, in which the simplicity, modesty, and enthusiasm of genius are all strikingly combined, is warmly dwelt upon." The truth of this impression will be felt by all who ever had the privilege of knowing or meeting James Nasmyth.

## BRIEF COUNSELS CONCERNING BUSINESS.

BY AN OLD MAN OF BUSINESS.

IV.

THERE are few things which keep back young men so much as the notion—to which I have already referred—that certain habits valuable in business cannot be cultivated. Thus you will find a young fellow forgetting every day things he ought to have remembered, and saying quite easily and naturally, as if it were a valid excuse, that he has not a good memory. Good habits such as that of remembering can be cultivated, say what many will to the contrary.

I can scarcely conceive of one who *knows* that he has a "bad memory," as the common phrase

has it, not regretting it; in many cases men know also that they have bitter reason to regret that they have not a good one. Many a man who has suffered bewails—and quite sincerely and honestly—his wretched lack of memory, his faculty "to remember to forget," as Peter Pindar put the point. But, unfortunately for himself, he gets no further than bewailing, and unfortunately for others also, inasmuch as forgetfulness affects more than the one who forgets. There are, indeed, men of whom it would scarcely be wrong to say that it would be better—at all events for those they had to deal with—if they were set down as having no memory at all, for then they would not be entrusted with anything. Yet such men are quite contented with things as they are; they pass through life in a happy-go-lucky style—blundering along; and somehow, after the fashion of such folks, getting other people to save them from the worst effects of their blunders.

* * *

Such purposeless people, men "with no backbone," conclude that it is needless to attempt to do anything in the way of improving their memory, for the simple reason that nothing can be done. It is natural, they say; while others have the gift of a good memory, they have that of a bad one, and that is all; there is, therefore, no more to be done. And this fallacy, this totally erroneous notion, is in too many cases confirmed by foolish friends, who are as ready—in some cases far too eager—to frame excuses for the lapses of memory in those they are connected with or interested in. It may be said that some are naturally gifted with stronger and better developed memories than others. But while this may be readily enough granted, it should not be taken as an excuse for not trying to improve a bad memory. For it may be taken as true that as other mental faculties are strengthened, nay, in some instances wholly developed by judicious and proper culture and training, so also the memory may be. Why should it be treated as an exception? Knowledge in one branch or another may be acquired, may be "crammed" into one's mind; but without memory — and that well trained—knowledge cannot be retained, cannot in the true sense of the term be *known*. And if memory can be made to act in matters of scholastic training, why should it be allowed to fail when applied to the ordinary details of common and business life? The answer to this will not be easy to give, save by simply asserting that there is no reason whatever why it should fail. It will certainly fail if failure be courted by being presumed to be inevitable; but there is often nothing inevitable about it. Determine that there *shall* be no failure in the matter with yourself, and you may almost surely expect improvement. Not without effort, however.

* * *

And here the secret lies. All discipline is more or less painful, its restraints are more or less irksome. And to carry out some method of dealing in detail with the habit of forgetfulness requires, demands more or less imperiously, an effort. And there is this always, however, to be said in favour of a method systematically followed up and out. Each effort as it is made gives strength to help one over the difficulty of the next and succeeding effort; just as the blacksmith's arm, scarcely fit to wield his hammer when first he begins to learn his trade, becomes through continued exercise as hard and strong as if the sinews were cords of steel, so that he wields the once all too heavy implement as if it were a feather in lightness.

* * *

Many paragraphs might be filled with a bare enumeration of the plans or methods by which the fault of a bad memory may be amended, and the sickly habit of foolish forgetfulness changed into the healthier one of wise remembrance. For myself, I have no faith in what I may call the fancy tricks of some systems or methods of cultivating memory. I have smiled, for example, at the old trick of tying a knot in one's handkerchief to put one in mind of something very particular. But I never expected to find anything else but the one thing which followed the experiment—namely, that the trick itself shared the same fate which other things shared which had to be, or rather which should have been, remembered, but were not—the knot itself was forgotten. Nay, I have sometimes been greatly amused by seeing the knot which had been used by a profound believer in its efficiency as a remembrancer, while he was sitting dreamily by the fire, as dreamily undone, without his having the slightest recollection of how it got there, or for what it was made.

"Put it in your memorandum-book, and you won't forget it," was one man's advice to another noted for his splendid faculty of "remembering to forget." "Oh, indeed!" was the reply, "but who is to remind me that I have a memorandum-book? or if I do recollect that I have one, who is to tell me that I must look at it before a certain hour?" Absurd as this way of looking at a very popular "aid to memory" was, the answer nevertheless conveyed a truth which memory doctors often overlook. The truth is that forgetfulness can only be overcome by an intelligent and self-denying system of mental and personal *discipline*.

* * *

One who was greatly envied during his business career for his splendid memory, for the punctuality to the minute with which he kept his engagements, for the ease and accuracy with which he could detail the various items of business which had been, or were to be, attended to, told me that when he went to his apprenticeship he had a most wretched memory. So bad was this that if his father told him, say, at the dinner-table, to do a certain thing, or go on some particular errand, he would, before he had scarcely closed the door, have forgotten what it was he was to do, what the particulars of his errand were. Being a thoughtful, observant lad, he was not many weeks at his apprentice work before he had become painfully

convinced that his wretched habit of forgetfulness would never in any way do; that with it there was no hope of his "getting on in the world," which he was determined to do. With the full sympathy and the kindly help of his mother—"a mother amongst mothers for goodness"—he set himself, "with a face like a flint," to conquer the habit of forgetfulness. Amongst the other helps he drew to himself one he found very potent for good. And that was when he forgot to do something which he ought to have done. No matter what the personal trouble was, no matter how disagreeable it was, he forced himself there and then to go and do it. And if by reason of his engagements he could not at the time do it, the very first opportunity he had when he was free he took advantage of to fulfil his purpose. He thus made the matter one not only of mental, but, as I have said it must be, of personal, discipline.

Many and many a time, when snugly seated for a good read or for quiet study, he remembered that he ought to have done so-and-so. At once he forced himself—*and at first force was necessary*—to rise, all snugly settled though he was, and to go and *do* what he had forgotten. And it was not that less force was necessary to enable him to carry out this self-denial, but that, as he was delighted to note, the mere fact of making himself *do the work then and there*, carrying with it so frequently much labour to himself, his memory was excited, as it appeared to him, for the very purpose of saving himself the trouble of having to do the work at another time. At all events, as he told me, this system very quickly taught him to "make his head save his heels." Afterwards, when more experienced and more observant, it appeared to him in a somewhat amusing light as an example of how the body acted on the mind. Just as if *it* had said, "Now, old fellow, you see that you remember to do your work at the right time. I don't half like the trouble you give me when you forget something, for, no sooner am I settled but you remember something you ought to have done before; and, behold! up you jump to carry out your system of remembering to remember, as I call it, and I have, whether I like it or no—and I don't like it—to be hurried off by you. Can't you, Mr. Mind, can't you contrive to remember at the right time? You must, for if you don't, I'll strike, and won't budge, however you urge me."

The plan succeeded admirably, however it operated; and it was not many months before my friend had the gratification of finding his power of remembering wonderfully strengthened. And with this plan, supplemented by other methods—some of which may recur to the minds of some of my readers—he got at last to that point at which his memory was something remarkable even to himself, and to others who had to do business with him. He kept no memorandum-book, but although he had engagements much more numerous than fall to the lot of many even very busy men, and extending in point of locality all over the kingdom and to several parts of the continent, and ranging in point of time from engagements daily, from those of a few hours up to many weeks, he was never known to forget an engagement which he had made, and was never more than a few minutes behind the hour appointed. And he carried throughout his business career this one part of his system—the only part I have had the space to describe. For example, being frequently called from home, and requiring generally to take many papers, etc., with him, he had a drawer in his office and an open portmanteau at his house. And into these, as he remembered them, he put what was necessary that he should take on his journey. No matter how he was engaged, however physically disinclined to move, the moment he remembered anything which he ought to take with him, up he got, sought it out, and placed it with the other things in drawer or portmanteau. At first this plan was somewhat irksome to him, but, as I have already mentioned, the very discipline so educated his memory that at last he was seldom troubled; and he got so into the habit of arranging things in due order, so to say, in his mind, that they naturally, as it were, came up to be dealt with not only in the right place, but at the right time.

It may encourage some of my young readers who may be beginning to see the imperative necessity of overcoming a bad memory, to be informed, as my friend informed me, that through a long course of years he could only blame himself once for having forgotten a really important thing. I need scarcely say that he was enabled to be orderly in his memory of duties to be done by being orderly in the arrangement of things and objects connected with the work. The youthful reader may be assured that he had a "place for everything," and was equally sure to attend to the other point of the proverb, often forgotten even by those who remember the first, so that "everything was in its place." His practical mind would have revolted at a plan which provided a place for something useful and often required, and yet had that place unoccupied by its rightful tenant.

* * *

Such is part of the history of a memory, an actual, not an imaginary case; a memory which, when taken first in hand, scarcely deserved the name, but which with discipline was converted into one so good that it could not have been much better. I have dwelt so long on this subject as I know of none which carries with it more important issues. Other actual cases, not perhaps quite so remarkable, but still thoroughly satisfactory in the results to all concerned, could easily, if space permitted, be given here. In one and all this feature, I venture to say, would be clearly and distinctly noticeable,—a strong determined will was bent to the carrying out of a system—some having one system, some another—of *discipline*. No interference with its principle was permitted. Each man was honest with himself, and resolute in carrying out the system he had adopted.

# NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

## FIELD-CLUBS AND THEIR WORK: THE BIRDS OF ESSEX.

THE value of field-clubs for the open-air study of the natural history of a single district has often been dwelt upon in these pages.[1] From the days of Gilbert White downwards the impulse given by that classic observer of the ways of birds, beasts, and insects has been fruitful in interesting observations and records, more especially in the issue of county lists of flora and fauna. The teaching of the father of English natural history, as he has been called, has given rise in the present century to an extension of his method and an increase of the data upon which his favourite studies can be pursued. Such admirable books as Stevenson's "Birds of Norfolk," Knox's "Ornithological Rambles in Sussex," Sterland's "Birds of Sherwood Forest," Harting's "Birds of Middlesex" and "Ornithology of the Thames Valley," Professor Fowler's "A Year with the Birds" (around Oxford), and others which might be mentioned, will occur to the reader, not only as works of charming literary interest, but as excellent examples of the methodic investigation of the avi-fauna of particular areas. White's memorable maxim was that "every kingdom, every province should have its own monographer," and that "men who undertake only one district are much more likely to advance natural knowledge than those who grasp at more than they can possibly be acquainted with." Professor Thomas Bell, the author of "British Quadrupeds," gives still wider extension to the same view. "It may be doubted," he says, "whether the study of animals of particular tracts of country has not contributed more than any other means to the advancement of zoological knowledge, especially as regards those important branches of it, the geographical distribution of animals and the influence of climate, of soil, and of other local circumstances, in determining the range of species, the changes of 'varieties,' and the extent and periods of migration."

A successful realisation of this idea is to be found in the Special Memoir issued by the Essex Field Club, entitled, "The Birds of Essex." It is from the pen of Mr. Miller Christy, F.L.S., one of the members of the club. Apart from the author's share in the work, the publication of a volume of three hundred pages, with one hundred and sixty admirable woodcuts and several plates, is another encouraging example of the contributions to zoological literature of which our field-clubs are capable. As to the intrinsic merit of the book, it is a good example of the best scientific method, with commensurate results, contributed to British zoology by amateur enthusiasm.

To the uninitiated, it might appear that the task of the author was simply that of compiling a list of wild birds seen in Essex, with the necessary authentications by the observers. Happily, both in county floras as well as county faunas the days of mere lists are past. Mr. Christy begins his task in the approved manner of recent ornithologists and botanists. He gives a careful sketch of the physical conditions of his county. "The physical features of every district," he says, "have such a direct and powerful influence in determining the kinds of birds frequenting them, that a detailed attempt to describe them should be an essential part of all avi-faunas." He accordingly divides the area in question into six sub-districts, each having its own characteristics. These are—(1) The chalky uplands, where the birds of the open downs are met with. Here the stone plover, which nests nowhere else in Essex, breeds in some numbers, and the dotterel halts awhile on its spring and autumn migrations. (2) The lowlands, which form seven-tenths of the entire county. These are under a high state of cultivation, and not more thickly cultivated than agricultural regions generally are. The numerous old hedgerows, quiet lanes, and small copses and woods afford a home for innumerable small warblers and finches. (3) Forests and moorlands. Of these, Epping Forest and other plateaus and heights, capped with pebble gravel, are examples. In these the purely woodland species abound. The jay is abundant. In Epping Forest the hawfinch is perhaps commoner than anywhere else in England. (4) Marshes and saltings. This region is naturally confined to the coast—around the mouths and estuaries of the larger rivers, such as the Crouch, Blackwater, and Colne. "During August and September, and again in May, when the thousands of wading birds which breed further to the north are on migration, the marshes and saltings, and the extensive mud-flats outside them, literally swarm with many different species, as the receding tide leaves uncovered their favourite feeding-grounds. Here many rare waders have from time to time been met with." (5) The open sea around the Essex coast. During the summer, owing to the absence of rocky and precipitous eminences, there are no suitable breeding-places for gulls, guillemots, razor-bills, cormorants, and other cliff-birds; but from autumn to early spring these birds are usually to be found. Sometimes wild swans appear in great numbers, especially during severe weather.

Lighthouses and light-vessels are naturally included within the scope of the ornithologist of a maritime county. From the position occupied by the Essex coast-line, right in the stream of migration, very valuable results might be expected from a systematic record of occurrences. The work has been partially done by the British Association

[1] See "Leisure Hour" volume, 1872.

Migration Committee, but Mr. Christy's remarks will doubtless inspire some fellow-member of the Essex Club who lives on the coast to carry on the observations which have been already commenced.

A differentiation of the physical features of a county, and their adoption to different species, is seen to be as necessary for a scientific manual on the birds of a county as it is for the plants; and those who are familiar with the admirable introduction to Trimen and Dyer's "Flora of Middlesex," and Mr. John Hopkins's to the "Flora of Hertfordshire," will fully appreciate the similarly scientific preface of the "Birds of Essex." It is no part of the plan of the latter work to show the correlations of plant life and bird life; but in the body of the work, in which the *habitat* of each bird is incidentally dealt with, many relevant and interesting and instructive facts are recorded. Needless to say, the entomologist could tell of a similar correlation between the insects and birds of a district.

The fascinating subject of the migration of birds, and the almost incredibly long distances which the migrants will travel with the change of season, is still in course of investigation; but the volume before us reminds us again and again in its notices of particular species that we already know some astonishing facts in this connection. In a former issue of the "Leisure Hour" we wrote as follows: "To-day, in the heat of an English summer, we note the busy, bustling white-throat showing himself on the branch of a tree. Where may this returning wanderer have come from? Mr. Harting says he is found in winter in Asia Minor and north-east Africa. In spring and autumn he is one of the commonest birds in Malta, a sort of half-way house to his northern birthplace. He is essentially a hedge-bird. And what, again, of the familiar black-cap's winter tour? This bird passes through Spain and Portugal in the spring, and in autumn is found in the olive-groves of northern Italy, in North Africa, and as far south as Senegal. Well may we look with interest on the little traveller, and wonder how much he has seen of the Mediterranean and rivers of Africa since he left our shores last autumn!" The more romantic and wonderful page in the story of bird migration is the persistence of habit, under greatly changed physical conditions, as regards the line of route. It is not doubted by zoologists that the habit and instinct in question dates at least from the Pleistocene time of the migration of land animals into England from the same southern and eastern lands—of the lion from Africa, the hippopotamus from the Nile, and the Indian and African elephants from equally distant regions. The physical continuity as regards the land connection of England with Africa has ceased, and our quadrupedal zoology has thus been impoverished for centuries, but the bird-route remains; and these annual visitors tell us how comparatively little the climate has changed.

The birds of Essex have not hitherto found a chronicler. The only bird lists relating to Essex which preceded those of Mr. Christy are Edward Doubleday's list of Epping birds, W. D. King's list of Sudbury birds, and Mr. George Day's newspaper articles on the birds of Essex. Mr. Christy's volume, with its valuable original contributions from local ornithologists, added to his own personal labours of the last fifteen years, will be a permanent addition to British zoology, and a stimulus to the field-clubs throughout England.

### THE DOVER COAL BORING: THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE AS A "DIVINING ROD."

The discovery of coal at Dover has been the subject of two interesting papers by officers of the Geological Survey of England and Wales—Mr. W. Whitaker and Mr. W. Topley. It has also led Professor Rücker to give his opinion on the bearing of his own researches with the magnetic needle upon the nature of rocks beneath us which are far removed from view and at a depth which will for ever be inaccessible to the miner or the boring tool.

At a meeting of the Society of Arts, Mr. Whitaker took a sanguine view of the results of the boring for coal at Dover, but at the same time pointed out the nature of the problem which is not yet fully solved. The first experiment in a locality specially favoured by geologists had been so far successful; but it must not be expected that such successes would be uniformly continuous. It is plain that the coal basins which exist along the ridge of old rocks which passes from Dover under London to the Bristol coal-fields are separated from one another by uprises of old unprofitable rocks. We already more than suspect that one of these separating cross-uprises has been met with under London, as the deep wells at Kentish Town and Tottenham Court Road seem to have conclusively shown. Moreover, the boring-tool may be expected sometimes to strike older rocks north and south of the axis of the coal-basins. In all future search for coal along this line the neighbourhood of the deep well borings in and near London which have struck upon these old rocks should be avoided. The results of these borings are either directly opposed to the likelihood of getting coal, or leave the prospects very doubtful.

Mr. Topley's address "On Coal in Kent" was read to the Federated Institution of Mining Engineers. Its chief novelty consisted, in his view, of the particular side of the axis of old rocks —the prolongation of the axis of Ardennes— on which further experimental boring should be made. It will be remembered that in Professor Prestwich's map of the probable sites of the south of England coal measures (see page 495 *ante*) preference was given to the northern flank of the axis, and the supposed position of four of the coal-basins was indicated. But subsequent information—including the results of the Dover boring—seems to have led both Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Topley to view the southern flank of the ridge with equal favour. The word "ridge," Mr. Whitaker considers, is misapplied; the surface of the underground uprise of palæozoic rocks being fairly flat, and coal is as likely to be found on the one side as on the other. Mr. Topley goes so far as to indicate certain localities south of London—

near the North Downs, or under the southern part of the Wealden area—which should be selected for boring operations. These are the Peasmarsh, near Guildford; Maidstone, Penshurst, and Goudhurst. Here it should be mentioned at Mr. Whitaker's request that the credit of selecting Dover as the site for a boring is due to Mr. Boyd-Dawkins, F.R.S.

Professor Rücker's use of the compass-needle as a means of ascertaining the nature and course of certain lines of underground rock has been humorously compared to the "divining-rod"—the single-forked twig which in Cornwall is said to enable the "dowser" to find metalliferous minerals, whilst, curiously enough, in other districts the same operator discovers underground water in exactly the same way. At the meeting of the Society of Arts already mentioned, Professor Rücker gave his own account of his scientific divining-rod in relation to "underground mountains," and also to the present search for coal in South-east England. His researches with Professor Thorpe have undoubtedly shown the existence of hitherto unsuspected relations between the magnetic needle and the geological character of a district. He finds that the needle is attracted downwards much more powerfully in some districts than in others. There is a strong pull on the needle in a line which runs along the valley of the Thames to Reading, passing thence to South Wales, and possibly even to the South of Ireland. The most powerful effect was observed between Reading and Windsor, and from this neighbourhood secondary lines of disturbance radiate through Hertfordshire towards Cambridge, through Oxfordshire towards Kenilworth, and southward to Chichester. The Reading and Windsor district is on what may be called the geologic line which connects Dortmund, through Dover, with South Wales. The Chichester tract is along another suggested geologic line, leading from Mayence to North Devon. The action of the needle is attributed to the presence of a mass of basaltic or other highly ferruginous rock below the surface of the ground, the effect being considered due in some instances to rocks as far down as 6,000 feet or 7,000 feet. These rocks are of course very far below the coal measures. Where the underlying magnetic rocks came near the surface, they would expect the downward pull on the needle to be very great; and, on the other hand, where they were far from the surface, the vertical force would be comparatively small. Now, both at Tunbridge Wells and at St. Leonards, where there is a great thickness of the upper strata, the vertical force is small, but at Dover, where apparently the lower strata came nearer the surface, the vertical force is greater; and in a magnetic map, which had been communicated to the Royal Society, Tunbridge Wells and St. Leonards are seen to be lying in a region of low vertical force, whilst Dover is in a region comparatively high. It appears, therefore, that there is a general agreement between geological and magnetic phenomena which is well worth following out.

### AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY'S CONVERSAZIONE.

The Royal Society's annual conversazione was again remarkable for examples of the new and extremely ingenious apparatus employed in the latest developments of physical, and especially electrical, science. The analysis of the vibratory nature of an electric spark, the flash of which seems to the eye to occupy an inappreciable fraction of a second, but yet is capable of as many as a million oscillations within that brief period, has lately assumed considerable interest in the scientific world owing to the remarkably ingenious demonstrations of Dr. Oliver Lodge with the Leyden jar, and still more to the electrical radiation theory of light which Dr. Lodge has so ably worked out from the premises laid down by the late Clerk Maxwell and others. The point to be proved was the identity of light and electricity as regards "wave motion" or oscillation. For the purposes of public experiment, the task was to bring down the oscillations of the spark from their extraordinary frequency of a million or a hundred thousand a second to a rate within the limits of visual perception; and this can be done by adding inertia to the electric circuit—as, for instance, by adding great coils of wire, and so reducing the vibration to five hundred per second. Having thus got the frequency of oscillation down to a manageable value, the optical analysis presents no difficulty. For this purpose, in his earlier experiments, Dr. Lodge used an ordinary four-square rotating mirror, driven electro-magnetically at the rate of some two or three revolutions per second. The band of light thus thrown upon the screen was easily seen to be quite coarsely serrated, and with four revolutions per second fine serrations could be seen in the shrill whistling sparks produced at the higher rate of vibration. But at the meeting of the Royal Society a great advance on this apparatus was shown by Mr. C. Vernon Boys, F.R.S. In this case six lenses are mounted on the rotating disc. Each forms upon the screen an image of the spark, which is drawn out by the movement of the lens into a broken band of light. The lenses are not all exactly the same distance from the axis, so that the band formed by one is not overlapped by the band formed by the next. With suitable gearing, the disc can be revolved three hundred times a second. By this apparatus a single discharge can be examined, whereas with Dr. Lodge's it is desirable to have a fairly rapid succession of sparks. Photographs of an oscillatory discharge taken with the apparatus were exhibited to the admiring visitors. It may be remembered that Mr. Boys distinguished himself at former conversazioni by exhibiting a portable apparatus for showing the weight of the earth by the Cavendish experiment, and his almost invisibly minute torsion-threads spun from quartz.

The nature and composition of the "brass" (bronze) so often mentioned in the Old Testament Scriptures was illustrated by some exhibits contributed by Dr. Gladstone, F.R.S. These consisted of ancient copper and bronze from Egypt and Assyria—boring from tools found by

Mr. Flinders Petrie, at Kahun, in Egypt, belonging to the twelfth Dynasty (about B.C. 2,500); also from other tools found at Gorub, which belong to the eighteenth Dynasty (about B.C. 1450). There are also fragments of Egyptian bronze figures from Bubastis, and of Assyrian bronze from the gates of the Palace of Shalmanezer II, at Balawat (about B.C. 840); as well as two pieces of slag from the old copper mines of the Sinaitic Peninsula, which were worked by the Egyptians in very early times, and discontinued after the XVIII Dynasty. The principal point illustrated was the fact that the earliest metal implements were of copper, containing a very little arsenic or tin—probably as accidental impurities—and that afterwards tin was added to the copper in increasing proportions with the object of producing a hard alloy.

# Varieties.

### The Great Bustard.

The Zoological Garden in Regent's Park has at present four fine specimens of the Great Bustard. They are from Hungary, where they are common, as well as in other countries of southern Europe.

In former times they were plentiful in the south and east of England. The bustard is strictly a migratory bird, but appears to have become a permanent resident in this country up to very recent times. In the "Ornithological Dictionary" of Montagu, published in 1813, we read, "The Great Bustard has decreased so rapidly within these twenty years that before long not a vestige of it will remain in these realms. The shepherds declare that they have not seen one for the last two or three years upon the extensive downs of Wiltshire, their most favourite haunt." Stray specimens, however, were seen on Salisbury Plain some years after Montagu wrote. In Norfolk also it seems to have lingered for a considerable period later. Mr. Stevenson, in his book on the "Birds of Norfolk," gives so late a date as 1838 as that of the last appearance. Reports exist of birds at various times since then being seen or shot at in Cambridgeshire, in Devonshire, and in Somersetshire. But it is probable that these were not resident, but migratory specimens. A solitary bird was shot at not far from Cambridge in 1856, after being seen in the neighbourhood for several weeks. Professor Newton, of Cambridge, did not hear of the circumstance till afterwards, but he went to the place, and was rewarded by finding a good many feathers where the bird had been fired at, and probably received its death wound, though able to make flight to some unknown place.

At the close of the year 1870 renewed interest was excited by the appearance in several parts of the south of England of large birds unknown to the localities. It turned out that the strange visitants were bustards. A flock of eight remained at Braunton, near Barnstaple, for several days. Three of them were shot, and one of them was exhibited by Mr. Cecil Smith at Taunton, before the Somerset Natural History Society, and reported in "Land and Water" in the beginning of 1871. This specimen was a young hen-bird. The report brought from correspondents notices of other specimens seen in various places at the close of the previous year. The severity of the winter in the south of Europe had probably forced these migrations in search of food. Stress of weather and scarcity of food are known to develop and strengthen migratory propensities.

Although in England the Great Bustard, as a native and resident, is now as extinct as the Dodo, or as the Moa of New Zealand, it thus appears to be an occasional visitant to our shores, and specimens may again be found, as that one at Cambridge in 1856, and a previous one near Clovelly in 1851, recorded by Mr. Gatcombe in the "Naturalist." Mr. Gatcombe went to Barnstaple on hearing of the specimens seen there. He met with a gamekeeper who had seen them and who described them as "turkey-buzzards." A railway porter had some of the feathers in his hat, which he said belonged to "wild turkeys" shot in the neighbourhood. The specimens now in the Zoological Garden are magnificent birds, beautifully marked like grouse, but of the size of the largest turkeys. The opportunity should not be lost of seeing birds with so much historical interest, besides being fine ornithological specimens.

In Spain, Italy, southern Russia, as well as on the vast plains of Hungary they are found in great numbers, and during the Crimean campaign they were seen on the heights above Balaclava. We may add that in the work on the "Birds of Norfolk," by Mr. Stevenson, many curious details are given of the gradual thinning and final disappearance in that county of the Great Bustard. A bird so large and so conspicuous could scarcely be expected to survive in a country of high-farming and enclosures, and with increasing population.

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**Gordon's Telegrams from Khartoum.**—There are few objects in the African Exhibition of more thrilling interest than the originals of three telegrams which Gordon sent from Khartoum (to the nearest station) in February and March of 1884, and which are displayed in a glass case under lock and key, and will attract much attention. The genuineness of the telegrams is vouched for by their exhibitor, Major Claude MacDonald, who was attached to the Agency at Cairo from 1882 to 1887, and who acted as Consul-General at Zanzibar for some time in 1887-8. Major MacDonald's evidence is endorsed by that of others, old friends of Gordon familiar with his handwriting. The first telegram is dated 18-2-84, and is addressed to General Stephenson, Cairo: "We have arrived safely, and, so far as I can judge, things up here need give no uneasiness.—GORDON." The second is dated about a week later, 26-2-84, and is addressed to Sir Samuel Baker, Cairo: "By your letter 26 January you are Cairo. Hope all well. Sorry Suakin business. Tell brother heads or tails up here, but will trust.—GORDON." The third, dated 9-3-84, is a sad one, addressed to the British Minister, Cairo. "Pardon me if I impress on you that the just-a-little-too-late policy applied to your action will, if continued in, cost you infinitely more in long-run than a decided policy, which should be, at any rate, to extract the garrisons, &c., and then evacuate the country after installing Sebehr.—GORDON."

**The late Junius S. Morgan.**—The honour acquired by Mr. Peabody as a philanthropist was more than sustained by his successor at the head of the great American commercial and financial house in Old Broad Street. Mr. Peabody was generous as well as wealthy, but his beneficence found its largest scope in posthumous bequests, of which his buildings for the working classes and the poor in London are the best known. Mr. Morgan preferred doing all the good he could in his lifetime. To him the National Pension Fund for nurses owes its successful establishment. He started it with a gift of £5,000; gave a second of £5,000; and expressed his readiness to make the £10,000 into £20,000 if the fund was not adequately self-supporting. When an appeal was made on behalf of Guy's Hospital, he sent the munificent donation of £10,000. The "Gordon Boys' Home" and

many other charitable institutions had in him a liberal benefactor. He was never weary in well-doing, and ever shrank from public notice of his good deeds. When it was proposed that the Prince of Wales should go to his house at Roehampton to inaugurate the foundation of the Nurses' Fund, Mr. Morgan said he felt it to be a great honour, but firmly declined the ceremony, remarking that he was willing to give, but not to be praised for giving. Of his private charities many can tell, and he was kind and prudent in the methods, as well as generous in the amounts, of his gifts. It is worthy of remembrance that it was by slow and gradual steps he attained to wealth and influence. He began life in a humble position; and it was after he had become the head of his own business house that his character became known to Mr. Peabody, who offered him a partnership in his London firm. No man was more honoured in the City and loved by friends in private life, and by colleagues in the religious and philanthropic institutions in which he took interest. His death by accident, when in Italy, was a sad event. He had, indeed, reached his seventy-seventh year, but usually enjoyed unbroken health, and retained till the last his clearness of mind and warmth of heart. The body was taken to his native place for interment, and many distinguished Americans attended to pay respect to his memory.

**H. M. Stanley's Marriage.**—It is not surprising that the marriage of Mr. Stanley attracts so much public notice. He is not above middle age, but has achieved more than the fame of many veteran travellers. Was it Dr. Wordsworth (of Lincoln) who presented all his gold-medals and prizes to his affianced bride? Stanley can give many honours and decorations to Dorothy Tennant, who yet is also distinguished by her own merit as an accomplished artist. The wedding presents to such a gifted pair will be wonderful in number and variety. Mr. Sala says that of all Stanley's achievements not one will stand out in history like that great incident of the finding of Livingstone; and he suggests that no place would be so suitable for the marriage as Westminster Abbey, when wreaths should be laid on the memorial-stone of Dr. Livingstone. Many tributes of literary effort will be current, one of which we give, from the pen of Canon Fleming, on account of the good feeling and good wishes which the lines express:

Back from the awesome darkness of the woods,
Back from the silence of the wilderness,
Back from the shadowy realms of sable death,
The God of Life has brought thee once again.
Proving—by endurance—to do is great,
But greater still to suffer. Nursing still
The flame of Hope in all thy Wanderings.
A thousand deaths
Seemed day by day thy destiny, bold heart;
But thy soul heard that inner voice which said
"Thou art immortal till thy work is done."
We thought, at home, thou would'st return no more,
Forgetting that the watchful eye of God
Was over thee with ever-circling care,
To bring thee back to honourable rest,
To friends and home: to win a deathless name
'Mongst England's bravest sons.
Bind orange wreaths:
Bring myrtle blossom. Thy lone life is o'er.
Another life is joined to-day to thine.
Henceforth thy heart is bound in chains of love.
Thy choicest blessings on them both bestow,
O Thou, who gavest first the love of man
To woman, and the love of woman to man.

CANON FLEMING.

**Sydney.**—In New South Wales nothing is more remarkable than the elevation—social, political, and religious—of the people within little more than a single generation. In 1845 Dr. Darwin published his last edition of "The Voyage of the Beagle." In the course of his voyage he landed at Sydney, and writes: "On the whole, from what I have heard, more than from what I saw, I was disappointed with the state of society. The whole community is rancorously divided into parties on almost every subject. Among those who, from their station in life, ought to be the best, many live in such open profligacy that respectable people cannot live with them. There is much jealousy between the children of the rich emancipist and the free settlers, the former being pleased to consider honest men as interlopers." Darwin also refers to the mischief done to the children by the degraded class of servants by whom they are surrounded. In the New South Wales of to-day, not only do you see nothing of this, but quite the reverse.—*From "An Australian Ramble," by J. E. Ritchie.* (Fisher Unwin.)

**Milk for London.**—At the instance of the Lambeth Vestry, under the Food and Drugs Adulteration Act, a gentleman-farmer was charged before the magistrate, Mr. Biron, with selling milk deprived of its natural cream to a large extent, as proved by the public analyst of the parish. The defendant was a man of high character and good position, and the defence was that a deficiency in his own supply had on some occasions been supplemented by milk from other farmers. The court condemned the defendant to pay a penalty of £10, and £3 costs, saying that there was carelessness in not having tested the milk from other farmers sold by him. We are glad to hear that some London vestries are of use for matters besides imposing rates.

**Process-Blocks.**—The illustration of books, as well as newspapers and magazines, will be greatly increased by the cheap and rapid production of process-blocks. In the "Stationery Trades Journal" it is stated that so large is the demand that several large workshops in the City are open day and night for this art. The electric light being constantly used, photographing can be done at any time, and sometimes a block is finished, ready for working with type in ordinary printing, in less than an hour; and of quality that would require a week to engrave with manual labour. We are sorry for the engravers, and only hope that, as with other improvements in art, there will be on the whole no diminution of employment for the craft, while veteran wood-engravers will still be required for fine work.

**Seats in the Parks.**—The attention of "George, Ranger" is invited to a complaint of the removal of fixed free seats from those parts of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens where chairs are let by those who farm this source of income. The removal is not by chance, or from wear of the wood, for the fixed seats remain wherever chairs are not on hire. The poor wayfarers in the parks should have seats for rest. Perhaps it is the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, or of Public Works, that has control in this matter.

**Rabbit Plague in Australasia.**—The commissioners appointed to investigate proposals for diminishing the devastating effects of the rabbit pest report that poisons, ferrets, traps, and all efforts, including M. Pasteur's system, have failed. They recommend to the Governments of the Australian Colonies and New Zealand the use of wire fences on an immense scale, the fences to be supplied to occupiers, and the advances, with interest, to be repaid by instalments.

**Science and Literature.**—These pursuits will not do for a man's business, and they must be used in subordination to a clearly-perceived Christian end, and looked upon as of most subordinate value, or else they become at last as fatal as absolute idleness. In fact, the house is spiritually empty as long as the pearl of great price is not there, although it may be hung with all the decorations of earthly knowledge.—*Dr. Arnold, of Rugby.*

**Lifeboat Services.**—During the last year the R.N.L.I. lifeboats, of which there are now 295 on the coast, were launched on service 239 times, and were instrumental in saving 420 lives and 17 vessels, in addition to which the committee granted rewards for the saving of 207 lives by shore boats and other means, thus bringing up the grand total of lives saved, for which the institution has granted rewards since its foundation in 1824, to 34,670. Notwithstanding the 239 times the lifeboats were launched on service last year and the 910 other occasions on which they went out for inspection

and exercise, only three lifeboat men lost their lives; provision was promptly made by the institution and the locality for their bereaved families. The rewards granted in 1889 for the saving of life from shipwreck, or in recognition of valuable services and efforts to save life, comprised three silver medals, three second-service clasps, ten binocular glasses, one aneroid barometer, twenty-five votes of thanks on vellum and framed, eight framed certificates of service, and £5,103, including £600 to the relatives of the three lifeboat men who perished in the discharge of their duty. A further sum of £5,907 was also paid to the coxswains, signalmen, and crews for exercising the boats. The annual report from which these statistics are taken gives proof that this institution is in the highest state of efficiency, and its committee are ever on the alert to make improvement in the service. The use of steam for the boats, electric communication between lifeboats and coastguard stations, removal of wrecks (for facilitating which an Act was passed last year), are among the topics touched on in the report. The total expenditure in 1889 was nearly £57,500, the receipts from subscriptions, donations, and dividends amounting to £42,500. The greatest economy of management is aimed at, and the extension of the usefulness of the institution can only be secured by larger public support, as no funds are supplied by the Government.

**Why for Influenza only?**—A kind and sensible method of helping the poor and the industrious classes is suggested by a recent experience in Paris. During the prevalence of influenza the hospitals and dispensaries were so crowded that many had to be refused admission or relief. The *Union des Femmes de France*, a charitable guild so named, opened six public consulting rooms, where medical advice could be had at certain hours. The lady members of the union took regular turns of attendance daily at the stations, while others volunteered to visit the sick poor, and to distribute good clothing, fuel, and medicine. If the Charity Organisation Society of London would organise such subsidiary help to hospitals they would extend really practical and useful charity.

**Pensions for Old Age.**—The Rev. Canon Blackley affirms that the experience of the "Odd Fellows" and other large associations of working men demonstrates the failure of voluntary attempts to make provision for old age, and strengthens his advocacy of compulsory insurance by law. It is found that a very trifling percentage of people belonging to such societies avail themselves of the opportunity when young of making provision for old age, by purchase of deferred annuities, and Mr. Blackley thinks they should be compelled to do this when young and capable of earning wages. At present not one in 150,000 of the "Odd Fellows" (four out of 600,000 members) does so.

**New Caledonia Convicts.**—In some recent articles the "Leisure Hour" has referred to the escape of numerous French convicts to the Australian colonies. One of these *récidivistes*, who must have been a *gamin* of Paris, is a clever scoundrel in his way. He made his appearance on a somewhat remote part of the Queensland coast. After knocking about the strange country for a day or two he came upon a squatter's station, and politely introduced himself as General Boulanger making a tour of the colonies. He was hospitably entertained, and he successfully repeated the imposture at several other squatters' stations. At last he reached Rockhampton, the metropolis of Central Queensland, and there, in a town with three daily papers in constant cable communication with Europe, he was rash enough to persist in his impersonation of the hero of the black charger. If it is any satisfaction to our lively neighbours across the Channel, they can be confidently assured that "General Boulanger" is now safely housed in Brisbane gaol.

**French Liberality in Regard to Antiquarian Researches.**—In France the Government not only pays for such excavations, but sends out with the expedition a scholar and archæologist, an able architect conversant with such matters, an assistant architect, and a figure draughtsman, and pays for the production of a complete work with magnificent illustrations. The "Expédition Scientifique de Morée," by Abel Blouet, 1831-38, and "Le Voyage en Perse," by Flandrin and Coste, 1851, are good examples of what the French Government has done, not to speak of the magnificent work on Egypt in 23 folio volumes, 1809-22. This enlightened liberality has been shown by all Governments in France. Napoleon had a scientific and literary corps during his expedition in Egypt, and great works were published by his Government as the result of their researches. The old jest will be remembered of Napoleon's order on being suddenly attacked by a cloud of Arab horsemen, "Form square, the asses and the savans being protected in the centre." Mr. Aitchison, professor of architecture at the Royal Academy of Arts, recalls the liberality of the French Government, as a contrast to the conduct of the British Government, which leave all such enterprises (for example, Mr. Wood's explorations at Ephesus) to private efforts and cost. "I think I am correct in saying that every work on classical antiquity that does honour to England and prevents her from sinking below the standard of other European and transatlantic countries is due to the enthusiasm of the discoverers, of cultivated and wealthy men, or to that foster-mother of architectural archæology, the Dilettanti Society."

**Hebrew Melodies.**—The "Jewish Chronicle" states that at the private performances of *tableaux vivants* at Osborne, in which her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice took part, two scenes represented were taken from the Book of Esther. Princess Beatrice requested the bandmaster of the Royal Marines, Mr. George Miller, to arrange some genuine Hebrew melodies for the occasion, and with the assistance of Mr. Henry Lazarus, the *Yigdal*, or metrical creed, as sung on the Day of Atonement, a composition written in the tenderly plaintive scale which is regarded as the specially Jewish one, was arranged. The Praise-giving for the New Moon, as set by the late Mr. Mombach, was also produced, and the Queen was so impressed with this that the music has, by her Majesty's command, been arranged as a Kyrie for the Royal Chapel.

**The World Improving.**—Mr. Jay, of Bath, said, near the close of his life, "I do not believe that in this earth misery predominates over good. I have a better opinion of mankind than I had when I began my public life. God has not been throwing away duration upon the human race. The state of the world has been improved and is improving."

**Paving with Wood or Asphalte.**—Mr. Colville, chairman of the "Horse Accident Prevention Society," sent out to the drivers of the Omnibus and Road-car Companies, and also to the drivers of Carter, Paterson, and other companies, a circular, inquiring as to their opinion of the comparative safety of wood or asphalte on roadways. The result was, for wood paving 750, against 122; for asphalte 51, against 1,046. Those who reported against both probably vote for old Macadam roads or granite paving. The decision is clear against asphalte, but the companies supplying it seem too strong to count against the owners and friends of horses.

**Russian Wolves.**—An official estimate sets down the number of wolves in Russia at 170,000; it is further stated that the loss caused by the destruction of sheep and swine by wolves is so great that it cannot be even approximately estimated. The reward paid for each wolf that is killed is ten roubles. The number killed in 1889 in the single government of Wologda was 49,000 and in the government of Kasan 31,000. The number of human beings killed by wolves during the year was 203.

**Socialistic Problems.**—Lord Salisbury, in his speech on a resolution in the House of Lords by the Earl of Wemyss, uttered some sensible and generous words as to dealing with questions of social welfare. "The truth is," said Lord Salisbury, "that those Socialistic proposals are connected with great evils, and no one who is not absolutely blind will deny the existence of those great evils. There are evils to which the German Emperor testified in summoning the Conference. How far we can grapple with them we do not know as yet. We are bound to give them the best of our attention, and I think we are bound not to be frightened from the clear and upright performance of our duty by the fear that we may be misrepresented as dealing with the sophistries and fallacies

which my noble friend has exposed. Undoubtedly we have come on an age of the world when the action of industrial causes, the great accumulation of population, and many other social and economic causes have produced great miseries and added to the evils of which flesh is heir. It is our duty to do all we can to find remedies for those evils, and even if we are called Socialists for doing so, we shall be reconciled to it, knowing that we are undertaking no new principle, we are striking out no new route, but are pursuing the long and healthy tradition of English legislation."

**Bismarck's Retirement.**—The simplest and most satisfactory account of an event which has exercised many minds and busied many pens appears in the correspondence of a Russian journal. On being asked the real causes of his resignation, the Prince replied:—"There are none. His Majesty, who is very active, has superfluity of strength, and wishes to be his own Chancellor, but he will soon discover by experience that it is a very difficult and thankless position, even though he devote his whole time to it. It is not true that the Empress Frederick played any part in my retirement; on the contrary, she feared the consequences of it, and I am on the best of terms with her Majesty. Last year the head of one of the first States of Europe" (no doubt the Czar) "said to me, 'Prince, I believe you, but are you yourself confident of the security and durability of your position?' I replied, 'Sire, I am absolutely sure of the unlimited confidence of my master, and persuaded that I shall remain at my post until the end of my days, at least as long as I can be of any use and the weight of years does not destroy my health and strength.' And suddenly, in a few months, my confident assurance turned out a delusion. This fact has greatly embittered my feelings in the matter."

**Biscuit Beneficence.**—Mr. George Palmer, head of the famous firm of Huntley and Palmer, has given to the town of Reading a park of nearly fifty acres, including plantations, flower gardens, and recreation grounds for cricket, football, and other games. He had previously given twenty acres in another part of the town for a public recreation ground. The high character of the members of this great firm deserves all success, for they have always been generous in the treatment of their workpeople of every grade. A singular testimony to the confidence in the integrity of the managers of this business is the fact that the weights of goods sent for carriage by the Great Western are always accepted as marked, and as not needing verification. This is a confidence seldom extended to private firms, and scarcely ever to "companies," limited or otherwise.

**Harvest of the Sea.**—In 1889 the value of fish (exclusive of shell-fish) landed on the coasts of England was £3,862,000. Of shell-fish the value was £307,000; in all, £4,169,000. On the Scottish coasts the value landed, including shell-fish, was £1,494,000. Stated in weight, the English fish amounted to 6,465,000 cwt., and the Scotch, 5,416,000 cwt.; in all, 11,881,000 cwt. Taking the fish landed privately, without register, there may have been 12,000,000 cwt. The disproportion in the weights and values of the two nations may be due to the fact that the fish fetching highest prices were brought to England more than to Scotland. The quantities and values above given include much that ought to belong to Ireland, whose fishing industries are sadly behind those of Great Britain. Scotch and English and Manx fishermen go largely to the Irish seas.

**Trial of Muir.**—On the 30th of August, 1793, Henry Cockburn was present as a spectator at the trial of Thomas Muir, advocate, charged with sedition. He was in court for fourteen hours. Sir Samuel Romilly also saw that trial. Neither of them ever forgot it, and Lord Cockburn never mentioned it without horror."

**Quaritch.**—This prince of modern bibliopoles has communicated to an interviewer for the "Publishers' Circular" many curious facts concerning his career. The dearest purchase ever made by him was the Psalter, printed by Faust and Schœffer in 1409, for which he gave £4,950; and this he still possesses. He has had five copies of the famous Mazarine Bible, printed in 1455, the cheapest purchase being at £59, and the dearest, £3,980. At the Sunderland sale he spent £33,000, and at the Hamilton sale nearly £40,000. Books on early American history which formerly were bought for a few shillings are now in demand at hundreds of pounds sterling. Books with woodcuts by old Italian masters still fetch high prices. Mr. Quaritch began his London life in a very humble way. We have heard him tell of his earliest venture as a bookseller. He had some educational books with which he travelled from east to west of London with no success, till his first order was given by Mr. Smith, now of North Street, Brighton, a circumstance never forgotten by Mr. Quaritch, who retains a warm friendship for Mr. Smith, as he well merits, both as a worthy man and the most accomplished of all provincial old book dealers.

**Dr. Archibald Colquhoun.**—One of the last survivors of the first Cabul campaign, Dr. Archibald Colquhoun, of the family of Colquhoun of Luss, passed away lately. He was always in the thick of the fray while attending to his professional duties as an army surgeon. He had previously distinguished himself as a traveller and explorer in the border lands of India and China. He was one of the last of the pupils of Dr. Barclay of Edinburgh, the founder of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of that city, who died in 1825, and was succeeded as lecturer on anatomy by Dr. Robert Knox.

**Shepherd's Bush Green.**—An old historical relic has recently disappeared, the thatched cottage on Shepherd's Bush Green, an ancient inn where all travellers stopped on their way to London from the West of England. It was built about two centuries and a half ago. It was notorious as the place where the conspirators lurked when preparing for the assassination of Cromwell in 1657, on his journey from Hampton Court to London.

**William Blades.**—The death of Mr. Blades will be regretted by all lovers of typography, as well as by his numerous personal friends. He was one of the most learned printers of modern times. His earliest literary effort was a reprint of Caxton's "Governayle of Helthe," with introduction and notes. Many works connected with Caxton were prepared by him, including the catalogue of books from the Caxton Press. His services at the time of the Caxton Exhibition will be remembered by many. His principal work was "The Life and Typography of W. Caxton," in two quarto volumes; 1861-1863.

**Large Planets Visible this Month.**—As nearly all the principal planets are visible in the early part of the night this month, a few words may be acceptable to our readers on their respective positions in the sky. Venus has for some time past been such a conspicuous object in the west, as soon as it is sufficiently dark to see her, that it is unnecessary to say more than that this will continue to be the case throughout the summer and part of the autumn. Somewhat higher in the heavens, and setting not long after her, is Saturn, which was supposed, until the year 1781, to be the most distant planet from the sun. Near him is Regulus, the brightest star in the constellation Leo. Further to the south, and low in the heavens, is the planet Mars, remarkable for its ruddy colour; and not far from him is the red star Antares, the brightest in the constellation Scorpio. Finally, in the south-east is to be seen rising the planet Jupiter, by far the largest in actual size, but yielding to Venus in apparent brilliancy, on account partly of his greater distance from the sun and partly of his great distance from ourselves.—W. T. L.

**The Bicêtre at Paris.**—One of the largest and best managed asylums for the insane is that of the Bicêtre, near Paris. It is a large establishment, consisting of many buildings, and, in fact, villages, where all occupations are carried on, as well as the medical treatment of the patients. There is one department called the *sûreté*, where the dangerously insane are confined. Recently a serious *émeute* took place, one of the inmates having broken the bars of his cell and opened the cells of fourteen other dangerous madmen. The warders were knocked down, and the lunatics yelled with frantic delight at their freedom. Breaking windows and doors, they got possession of hammers, razors, and other weapons. Alarm being by this time made, a large force of warders

soon assembled. The revolters threatened to kill any who came near them, and several warders were injured. Fortunately there was time to secure the doors by which egress could be made from the *sûreté* to other parts of the establishment. In vain they attempted to scale the high walls, climbing on each other's shoulders. The soldiers of the guard were by this time on the scene, and messengers were sent to the fort of Bicêtre for reinforcements. A company of infantry stood with fixed bayonets and rifles loaded to protect the warders, but the Director did not take the responsibility of firing. He ordered out the fire-engines, and played on the madmen such streams of water that they were soon huddled up drenched in the corner of the yard. Their rage was speedily cooled, and most of them were taken back to the cells without making further resistance. It is a singular fact that it was at the Bicêtre, fifty years ago, the cold douche was first introduced successfully in the reduction of acute attacks of mania.

**Silence and Song.**—A correspondent asks if there is never any vocal praise in the assemblies of Friends, or Quakers. Song as expression of praise is against rule and usage, though it is difficult to see why prayer should be permitted to be vocal any more than praise. At the Yearly Meeting of 1889, the assembled Friends at St. Martin's Lane, Westminster, were startled by hearing an outburst, in clear notes and perfect vocalisation, of the fine passage, "The Lord is my Shepherd," by Mendelssohn. It was the grand contralto voice of Madame Antoinette Sterling which thus broke the silence of the meeting. The devout singer was not expelled as "a brawler in church," and we suspect that the ears of most of the worshippers were charmed, although the tongues of a few ruling members may have afterwards felt it a duty to express disapproval.

The writer of this note once was present at the oldest and largest meeting-house in Philadelphia in 1870. It was a warm lovely summer Sabbath. The windows were all open, and the songs of cheerful birds floated in from the trees surrounding the quiet temple. For more than thirty minutes there was absolute silence in the meeting, although the vast place was crowded, and most of the people were young. The impulse of a stranger was to say, "Let us praise God by singing the Hundredth Psalm," but this feeling was repressed on beholding the long row of parchment-faced Friends on the platform, some of whom were old enough to be grandchildren of William Penn.

**Peter's Pence.**—Although the revenues of the Vatican are reduced from what they used to be, the Pope has still a large income for supporting his dignity and his retinue. In the first four months of the year 1890, besides the sums guaranteed by the Italian Government, the Pope got above £40,000 from the Pilgrims. The French took about £8,000 to Leo XIII, it is said; the Italians £10,000, the Austrian and German pilgrims above £9,000, and the English and Americans above £13,000, the largest proportion of this from wealthy devotees from the United States.

**Geographical Society of Paris.**—A M. Fournier has bequeathed to the society £2,000, the interest of which is to be spent annually in awarding a prize to the best geographical work, whether map or book, which has appeared in the course of the year. This prize is to be named after its founder, the Pierre Félix Fournier prize.

# Household Queries.

**To Various Correspondents.**—A considerable number of queries are again unanswered, as not coming within the intended scope of this department. Will correspondents kindly notice that we cannot undertake to answer all sorts of queries of a purely *personal* kind; but only such as may be generally useful, or bear in some way upon "household" comfort, or economy, or interest? In particular, we cannot give medical or legal advice, or opinions as to the value of books or other property, or replies to queries about charitable institutions, or points of etiquette. These headings cover most of the queries not inserted; but the senders of any others not replied to will kindly understand that they were considered too purely private to come within our intended field. It may also be well to state that, owing to the early date at which the "Leisure Hour" must go to press, this column should be closed on the 1st of each month for the month following.

**Keeping Steel Bright.**—In reference to recent queries and answers about keeping bright metal from oxidation, an Edinburgh correspondent writes that he learnt from his father, an old sailor, to apply mercurial ointment to bright steel instruments; and that personally, applying it to his sword when in the Volunteers, this has kept as clean and bright as from the maker's hands, though exposed to a great deal of wet. It is to be rubbed on as thinly as possible, so that there is no appearance of anything being on the steel. It may be well if we add that this method should never be used to protect brass, copper, silver, or gold, or the mercury would form an amalgam and spoil the metal surface.

**Fret-work.**—*Can you let me know where I can obtain the cheapest fret-work tools, together with the price?*—You had better write for a list to Melhuish and Co., Fetter Lane, E.C.

**Weak Eyes—Stammering.**—*Will you be so kind as to tell me* (1) *best cure for weak eyes:* (2) *best cure for stammering?*—(1) The other questions in your letter are inadmissible. So, indeed, is the first we have quoted, and we only notice it for the purpose of pointing out the folly and danger of attempting to treat such matters in this way. What you call "weak eyes" may be due to any one of a dozen different causes, demanding utterly different treatment. All but a few stock complaints must be treated *personally*. Consult an oculist or go to an eye hospital, if you value your sight. (2) There is nothing which can be described as a "cure." In very many cases much can be done by moderate daily practice—better three times a day of five or ten minutes each than one hour at a time—of quiet and steady reading from easy passages. For some time this should be *alone*, when nervousness will be less felt, perhaps not at all, and a habit to some extent acquired. To be of use the reading must be slow and deliberate; and only after a while, and gradually, the effect of another person in the room tried. If this fails, aided possibly by a course of bromides, should your doctor sanction it (not otherwise, and if he approves he will appoint times and doses; it is simply a medicine which in some cases diminishes spasmodic action), our advice is to go for a course of treatment under a good professor of elocution, who has studied this subject. We believe you can do so at King's College, and if not, you would there obtain the necessary information. This often works wonders.

**Light Occupations.—Stamp Snakes.**—*In consequence of a severe operation, a lady has been prohibited (by the surgeon) the free use of her right arm. Having amused herself with knitting and crochet for many months, she is weary of both. Can you kindly suggest any light occupation that would not require any strain on the arm? I see also that in a recent number you propose that your correspondent could make "snakes" for children with her old postage stamps. Could you give directions for making them? I have often heard of their being used for the purpose, but cannot learn how it is done.*—To take the last first, sufficient stamps must be col-

lected to make a pile about three feet high, or the length the snake is wanted. Then they are all trimmed exactly to the edge so as to be one size, and the corners just rounded off with scissors. This last is not absolutely needful, but is better done. Then they are all threaded one by one through the middle on a strong thread held in a stout needle. They are pushed tight enough on the thread to have as much flexibility or stiffness when held by one end as you think proper. To projecting ends of the thread are fastened a rough head and tail made of rag, or in any other way. You will be surprised to find how even in figure the threaded stamps are, without any care as to how they are placed. It is more difficult to suggest occupations for your first question; but probably by the use of both hands some kinds of embroidery of rather small size would be possible in a frame. Perforated card-work of various kinds might perhaps be suitable. And some little occupation might be found in making soft woollen balls for children, winding the wool as closely as possible round a ring cut out of a stiff cardboard, at first loosely, but as the ring fills up in the centre, taking a needle, till it will go through the centre of the ring no more. Then you cut with scissors through all the loops, to the edge of the card, snip the latter into two or three pieces and take it out, wind wool round two or three times tightly where the card was, and tie it, to hold the whole together, and then arrange the ends evenly and trim a little outside, till you have a round and even ball. Possibly this may suggest other small articles.

**Lacquering.**—*I should feel very greatly obliged if you could tell me how to re-lacquer fender-tops, gasaliers, and other brass household fixings. Also what is the best way to re-enamel the sheet-iron bottoms of fenders, as Brunswick black turns rusty so soon.*—You can obtain lacquer at any really good oil and colour shop; but amateur work of this kind is generally a sticky mess. In the preliminary cleaning even, things have to be treated in different ways, some being brightened by emery-paper, some by snakestone, some by scraping and burnishing, according to the size and nature of the surface. Then some articles are first warmed and then lacquered; others first lacquered and then stoved. The top of a fender ought not to be lacquered at all. If you are bent on trying, the only advice we can give is to clean and brighten in the best way you can, judging from the above, and then apply two or three coats of lacquer as thin as you possibly can—the thinness is where novices fail most. We have known fourteen coats of lacquer placed on the brass of an optical lantern, and then almost imperceptible. There is nothing really better than Brunswick black for the bottom of a fender, and we cannot understand the rust you speak of with any ordinary care; but you may possibly find satisfaction in what is known as the Silico special hard-drying black enamel, sold at most cycling shops, and which is the hardest enamel yet known without stoving.

**Chromic Acid.**—*A short time ago I read in a weekly paper that the medical department of the German army had recommended painting the skin of soldiers' feet with a five or ten per cent. solution of chromic acid. Will you kindly explain what chromic acid is, and how much water should I add to have it the stated strength, as I do not know what is meant by a five or ten per cent.?*—Chromic acid is a solid crystal substance, poisonous internally, and powerfully astringent. It is used to check sweating of the feet, being painted on every three weeks or so. Ten per cent. means one ounce in ten fluid ounces of solution; but such a powerful drug should not be applied to the skin of any lady without medical sanction; and the solution is better purchased of a druggist, if used at all.

**Soldering.**—*I endeavoured the other day to solder two pieces of brass together, but I could not get them to stick. Can you kindly tell me the right way to solder the various metals?*—The surfaces must be clean and free from oxide, and to preserve them in this state various substances or solutions are used. For most tin-work a little powdered resin suffices; for brass-work, powdered sal ammoniac, or a strong solution of it, answers very well. For delicate brass-work, a method often used by opticians is to cover both surfaces of the brass after cleaning with a strong sal ammoniac solution, lay a piece of clean tinfoil between them, and heat with a blowpipe till the foil melts, soldering them together. A very good general solution for making solder flow and adhere is made by dissolving some zinc in slightly diluted hydrochloric acid, to which some sal ammoniac may or may not be added. Clean surfaces and a close fit are most important.

**Washing Serge.**—*Can you tell me how to wash a white serge bodice so that it will not shrink?*—The chief thing about all wool fabrics to keep them from shrinking is to be quick about it, and dry at once, best of all in a wind; leaving them long in the wash, or in the wet after, does most of the mischief. Of course wool must not be boiled; yet water as hot as the hand can bear does no harm properly managed. This is as good a way as any. Make some strong soap jelly without any soda, and have two basins full of water as hot as you can bear, with a cupful of jelly in each to make a strong lather. Shake out all dust, then dip in and out of the first basin, squeezing and pressing the lather in and out of the bodice, but not twisting or wringing or rubbing it in any way. Squeeze all out, and then repeat the process in the second basin, which will make it clean. Rinse in a third water, and dry off at once, out of doors.

**Various.**—(1) *Could you kindly inform me the best stain for a bookcase (pinewood), and whether it is to be sized?*—(2) *Why are oil-paintings exposed to the dirt? Why are they not covered up with glass? Is it because the older they look the more valuable they become?*—(3) *Would ordinary cardboard (smooth) do for painting on in oil, or must it be prepared? Would the oil run?*—(1) At any good oil-colour shop you can get stains to imitate any wood, with full directions, and must choose according to your own fancy. Stains are usually applied without size. Most people prefer pine unstained. (2) Occasionally they are glazed. The reason they seldom are is that the glaze of the paint itself and the glare from polished glass are found incompatible together. When you avoid one, you seem to get the other. (3) Oil runs on nearly all ordinary cards. You can buy prepared cards at any shop selling artists' sundries.

**Smell of Paint.**—*I shall be much obliged if you would kindly inform me what is the best thing to do to remove the smell of new paint in rooms?*—Different people have different recipes for this. We have known a lady slice onions and leave them about; but some would prefer the original evil, though she averred that the smell of the onions soon disappeared, taking that of the paint with it. It has much effect to leave a few pails or shallow pans of water in each room; and old housekeepers say that the effect is still better if a handful of hay be placed in each pail. Others bring a pan of lighted charcoal into the room, fling on some juniper-berries, and shut up everything for twenty-four hours or so. If the weather is fine, a free draught of air through the rooms, from leaving all doors and windows wide open, takes off the smell very quickly.

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## Astronomical Almanack for July.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | T | ☉ rises 3.49 A.M. |
| 2 | W | Full ☽ 2.23 P.M. |
| 3 | T | ☉ sets 8.17 P.M. |
| 4 | F | Clock before ☉ 4m. 6s. |
| 5 | S | Oxford Trin. Term ends |
| 6 | ☩ | 5 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 7 | M | Venus sets 10.0 P.M. |
| 8 | T | Mars an evening star |
| 9 | W | Fire Insurance expires |
| | | [D 3 Quarter 4 43 A.M. |
| 10 | T | Jupiter rises 9.9 P.M. |
| 11 | F | Saturn sets 10.10 P.M. |
| 12 | S | Hercules S. 9.48 P.M. |
| 13 | ☩ | 6 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 14 | M | ☉ rises 4.1 A.M. |
| 15 | T | ☉ sets 8.9 P.M. |
| 16 | W | Antares S. 8 44 P.M. |
| 17 | T | New ☽ 0.50 A.M. |
| 18 | F | Aquila S. at midnight |
| 19 | S | Sagittarius S. 10.0 P.M. |
| 20 | ☩ | 7 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 21 | M | Cygnus S. 0.40 A.M. |
| 22 | T | Mars S. 7.47 P.M. |
| 23 | W | Draco in zenith 10.0 P.M. |
| 24 | T | Jupiter S. 0.36 A.M. |
| 25 | F | ☽ 1 Quarter 2.44 A.M. |
| 26 | S | Daybreak 0.59 A.M. |
| 27 | ☩ | 8 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 28 | M | Clock before ☉ 6m. 14s. |
| 29 | T | Length of Day 15h. 31m. |
| | | [Twilight ends 11.0 P.M. |
| 30 | W | ☉ rises 4.22 A.M. |
| 31 | T | ☉ sets 7.48 P.M. |
| | | [Full ☽ 9.24 P.M. |



*After Jules Breton, by permission.*]

ACROSS THE FIELDS.

[*Paris Salon*, 1888.

# SENIOR AND JUNIOR:

## A COUNTRY TOWN CHRONICLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "GREAT GRANDMAMMA SEVERN," "THE CHILCOTES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXV.—THE SWORD DESCENDS.



HESTER TRIES TO CONSOLE HER UNCLE.

THE thing which had been dreaded and feared so long had happened at last—Mellish's bank had stopped payment. There had for months been rumours and vague hints chiefly connected with John Mellish's evidently failing health, but the crash when it came fell upon the town with a shock of surprise. There were some few, indeed, more keen-sighted or suspicious than the rest, who had withdrawn their deposits, but the bulk of the customers would as soon have thought of disaster befalling the Bank of England as of evil days happening to their own bank—the bank where their fathers and mothers, and their grandfathers too, had given their savings into safe keeping. Was not John Mellish one of themselves—known to them all? Had he not eaten and drunk with them, gone in and out of their houses, helped them like a man and a brother in their need? Done many a little kind service which his good-nature rendered easy to him?

It is just this certainty of being taken on trust and accepted without question that makes the peculiar temptation of a private banker. He lives upon the general belief in his soundness, and if he would continue to live must needs conceal any losses he may suffer. A prosperous air is part of his stock-in-trade. John Mellish had not kept up the style and semi-state which the older Mellish had adopted, and for which his son had now to pay so cruelly; he put down the lumbering carriage in which his mother drove about the country lanes; he had let on lease the smart villa outside the town which his father had built, though he did not live to inhabit it, and preferred himself to occupy the large rambling rooms above the bank. He had taken little pains to cultivate

the county society into which a private banker has an undoubted right of entrance, but if his hospitality had been of a rougher order, it had been more open-handed and lavish than his father's. There was no good cause in the town that had not the benefit of his purse; he was a warm-blooded, warm-hearted fellow, ready with his jest and his joke, and he was the greater favourite with many of his fellow-townsmen because he had none of the stuck-up airs of the Halletts, who had a way of looking at you as if you were too small to be seen without a microscope.

It was this good-natured fibre in him that was John Mellish's ruin. He had married—as such a man was sure to do—a little beneath him, and, having accepted his wife's relations as his own with that heartiness that characterised him, he could not harshly refuse to help them in their extremity. The losses at the bank had begun, indeed, long before his marriage, but his placid temper had made it quite possible for him to ignore them. It is easy to shape our belief about ourselves from the beliefs of our neighbours about us. He had so long been used to hear himself described as a man of substance that it became naturally enough his habit to think of himself as placed quite beyond the risk of disaster.

When the years brought accumulating losses, and this happy confidence was no longer possible, his self-deception only took another form, and spent itself in planning expedients that were quite certain to avert intolerable consequences.

The story has been repeated so often in the history of the world, that if it were not for that fatal inability of the human mind to accept the teachings of another person's experience, one might think that it had been told for the last time. While this old globe lasts, however, and while each of us comforts himself with the assurance that what has befallen a fellow-mortal can never befall him, the moral will continue to be enforced on unheeding ears.

It took no new development in John Mellish's case, and all the feverish expedients of the last months—the speculations, the wild ventures which are the clutches of a desperate man at straws—ended in a bankruptcy that left him ruined and disgraced, and that brought loss and trouble on half a county.

Hester stood at the window of her mother's bedroom as the late grey dawn of a winter's morning broke silently over the little town. She had travelled by the midnight train from London, not waiting even to change her white dress. Of that hurried journey she could remember almost nothing; all her desires and sickening longings had flown homewards before her to her mother's bedside, and the swift-rushing train had seemed to crawl.

She remembered being smothered in shawls and cloaks, and hurried away from the brightly-lit old house by the river, into which the guests were beginning to throng. There is a good deal of tragedy of the humbler, unactable sort going on all around us of which we have no public evidence. Hester, slipping out of the house where the guests were trooping—the guests who had been called there to do her honour—was going towards her first trouble, her first share in the great inheritance of sorrow.

She had sat all night by her mother's bed, holding the dear hand in her own, and now that the new day was breaking she remembered for the first time that she still wore her evening dress. Between the hour when she had put it on, with so many happy girlish anticipations and modest unspoken hopes, and now, what an immeasurable gulf there lay! As she looked out upon the grey chill dawn breaking reluctantly, as it seemed to her, over a sleeping world which had for a while forgotten its troubles, it was little wonder she should dream that it was never more to begin for her unclouded by care.

She went out of the room very softly—for her mother was sleeping now—and going upstairs to her own room put on an old morning-gown she took out of her wardrobe. The act had a sort of significance for her. She smiled faintly as she folded away the gala robe in the cedar trunk. Was it her joys—her hopes—she was hiding away from sight among the lavender sprigs?

But Hester had the nature that gathers fresh strength in the face of trouble. She gave but one look of pity and grief at the closed blinds of the bank-house, behind which Care sat as a bailiff in possession, and then she ran downstairs to see that her father's coffee was properly made, and to prepare some dish that should tempt her mother to eat.

A woman has always the immeasurable consolation of being able to disperse her anxieties over a thousand little offices for those she loves. While she is warming her husband's slippers and filling his cup, while she is ministering to the demands of big sons or brothers, or meeting the needs of the little ones, she can bid anxiety defiance; but a man has no such defence, and can only stand with his hands in his pockets while trouble assaults him.

Mr. Hallett sat with his back to the fire, and looked on with a glooming brow while Hester attended to his wants. He would not have tolerated that his coffee should be cold or his toast less delicately browned because Mellish's bank had failed; but for all that he entertained a half scornful wonder that Hester should be able to fix her attention on such trifles. There was a dreadful streak of bitterness tainting all his thoughts. He had known better than others of the precarious state of the bank, and had thought himself prepared for the worst that might befall, but the exposure when it came was a wound from which his pride could not recover. John Mellish had not only failed, but he had failed disgracefully; there would be nothing left for the creditors, and the assets so far as had already been ascertained would do little more than pay the costs of the liquidation.

John Mellish had brought this blemish on the family honour. It was little to the lawyer that the banker had fallen with the general crash, and would never again lift his head among his fellows;

as yet he had no room in his imagination for any sufferings but his own. The scandal in which he was forced to share was wholly unmerited by him; he had not spared his warnings; and to be mixed up in an odious transaction against which you have used your most stringent arguments is certainly hard.

Mr. Hallett had lost no money in the bank, but the most impoverished annuitant could not have cherished a more vital sense of bitterness against the defaulting banker. He was conscious, too, of a sense of hardness towards his wife against which he struggled faintly. It was unjust, illogical to blame her, and yet in his heart he could not quite forgive her for being a Mellish. "If I had married someone else," he thought; and a man has come to a dangerous pass when he can admit such a thought to his mind.

When Hester had got ready a cup of tea and some thin toast on a little tray she paused a moment wistfully at the table.

Mr. Hallett looked up.

"Are you taking that to your mother?" he asked.

"Yes, papa, unless you would like to take it?"

"No, I should only disturb her."

"I'm afraid she must be awake, she has only slept for a few minutes at a time."

"Then I should certainly disturb her."

Hester said no more; indeed, since her father kissed her and asked her some trifling questions about her journey these were the only words that had passed between them.

He would not go to his wife—not yet. He remembered vividly her reception of the tidings, her pallor and trembling, her tears and entreaties to be allowed to go to her brother. It was her brother she had thought of, and not her husband; in his disgrace and shame her heart had leapt out to him, and she had longed only to comfort him. And it was this that her husband could not forgive. He could not understand the tenderness and clinging compassion that swept away everything from her mind but her brother's bitter pain and humiliation, or the loyalty that made her cling to him the more because others were execrating him.

Hester came down again without delay.

"Mother is asleep still," she said; "I hope she will rest a little, she had such a broken night."

"You had better lie down too, you have had no sleep either."

"Oh, I couldn't sleep! I am not tired," said Hester, though she looked very pale, and there were dark rings under her eyes. "Shall I come down to the office for you, papa, when Doctor Smee comes?"

"I am not going to the office to-day," said Mr. Hallett shortly, making up his mind on the spot. He shrank from the looks of anger and scorn that he should encounter there from irate visitors. "Hallett has saved himself," he heard many voices saying in tones of bitterness. "He drew out his money in time—he took care to get back that loan from Mellish while there was money enough left in the till to pay him. If he had not been so keen to save himself from possible loss the crisis might have been tided over, and we should not have been ruined to-day." Since he had quite justified his proceedings in his own eyes, how was it that these imagined reproaches jarred on his susceptible nerves and stung him like an uneasy conscience?

"Don't stand there, child," he said irritably. "Tell one of the maids to light a fire in the study, and see that I am not disturbed."

"And the doctor, papa?"

"Why should I see the doctor? You are unreasonable, Hester. Your mother's illness is not dangerous; she is naturally upset, and requires rest. I see no need for the doctor's attendance at all, but these doctors once they get a foot within your door are ready enough to keep it there."

Hester flushed indignantly. For almost the first time in her life she was conscious of a movement of anger against her father. It was a sick mind rather than a sick body that the poor lady upstairs was suffering from, but what better cure could there have been than his love and sympathy?

She went away silently to execute her father's orders, with a strange sick sense that the world had stopped and begun again on a new course, where there was nothing but sorrow and humiliation for one's portion.

Everything seemed out of tune, out of gear. The servants were whispering and gossiping together downstairs, the office-bell never ceased to be rung by anxious inquirers come to extract the last particle of news. Andrew junior saw them all, and met them with a patience and forbearance his father would not have displayed. The older man, as he sat in his little dark room, with Mr. Pitt and the dingy law books for his sole companions, heard the feet coming and going, and every footfall seemed to give him a fresh stab.

Hester crept into her mother's room once more and sat by the bed where the poor patient slept.

Presently Mrs. Hallett stirred and opened her eyes. Hester bent down and kissed her.

"Hester—Hetty—oh, my child, you have come back to me!" said the poor mother, putting her arm feebly round the girl's neck and drawing her closer.

"Dearest mother, I was with you all last night."

"I have had a bad dream; I think something terrible has happened. Your father—"

"Papa is quite well," said Hester, anxious to ward off the moment of perfect memory. "I've just been down making his coffee; you know he likes it best when you or I make it for him."

"But you have been away, Hetty, a long, long time—"

"Yes, dear, but I have come home again to stay with you always. When you are quite strong and well, mother, you shall hear all about my gay doings in London."

In London? In another life? And the gaiety and the happiness, where had they vanished?

"Have I been ill? Lift me up, my child, against the pillow."

"Drink this tea, and you will feel better."

"You do me good like a medicine, my darling. But there is something, Hetty, something dreadful which I have to tell you, and I cannot remember what it is."

"Never mind it now; rest, and you shall tell me by-and-by. Let me bathe your hands and face; and see, mother, if you will go to sleep again I will take off my shoes and lie down on the bed beside you."

Mrs. Hallett, too weak to resist, obeyed; but Hester only feigned the sleep that in her mother's case soon became a reality.

What sad visions came to her as she lay in that enforced silence! The storms which had descended on her home effectually swept from her mind all thought of self. She would have held it sinful if she could have kept up an inward plaint of her own, even supposing she had buried her best happiness. Had she not a place here, and a task which demanded all her energies, all her love?

As she thought of the tragedy that had enacted itself in the darkened house over the way, of the shame and terror and bitter blight of disgrace that had fallen on it, of the pair who in a day or two at the most would creep out of it and hide their bowed heads in some hidden corner, she cried out with shame upon herself that she could have wasted a heart-beat on her own fancied woes.

It was her hope and longing that her mother would mercifully be spared the remembrance of this new sorrow, at least till she had gained bodily strength to bear it; but the sleep that brought refreshing had rolled away the cloud from her brain.

"Hester," she said, waking suddenly, sitting up and beginning to tremble, "I remember it all now—it is your Uncle John. He is in dreadful distress, and they will not let me go to him."

"When you are strong you shall go," said Hester, soothing her.

"Oh, my darling," the poor lady broke out, sobbing, "he has failed; he has lost everything, and many people will be ruined, and that will break his kind heart. I know he never meant it. He was too generous; he trusted others who did not keep faith with him."

"Dear mother, the people will believe that. They know that if he was rash and foolish, as they say he was, it was because he wanted to help everybody."

"But they will never forgive him, never. To lose money is a thing that people never forgive. And your father, he is angry too—" Her voice broke off in sobs. "He forbade me to go to him; he thinks I ought to take my husband's part; but though I love my husband, I love my brother too. John and I were always friends since we were little together, and he will think I have forsaken him."

"Papa can't forbid you to go to your own brother," said Hester again with a sense of resistance. "He only wants you to be strong first. And it might distress Uncle John to see you so agitated."

"Hetty," said poor Mary, "you loved your uncle?"

"Always, dear mother! Surely you do not think that I have ceased to love him now?"

"Your father would let you go if you were to ask him. He would not refuse. I must do as he wishes, Hetty; he is my husband, and I love him; but if you were to go, my darling, I think I could sleep better if I could hear how he is."

"I will go," said Hester. She slipped off the bed and began groping for her shoes.

"But—you will ask your father first?"

"Yes, mother."

"And come close to me, my dearest. Bend down, and let me whisper. I want to give you a message for your Uncle John."

### CHAPTER XXXVI.—"AND NOW IT IS NIGHT.

HESTER put on her shoes, and picking up a shawl went downstairs at once to her father. She was not afraid of him even in his grimmest moods.

"He cannot forbid me to go," she thought; "and even if he forbids I must go to give dear mother ease and peace." She loved her father, and she knew that he was proud of her, and fond of her too, but perhaps she loved her mother more. They clung together, and had had no unshared secrets. When the head of the house had been gloomy or cross, they had comforted each other and helped each other to weather the storm; they had been companions, equals, dear friends; but now it seemed as if their relations were altered. It was Hester who became the defender, the caretaker, the protector of her mother.

She found her father seated in a gloomy reverie, the morning paper, which he was not reading, spread on the table before him. He was in a very savage humour with the world, and inclined to task himself because he had not gone downstairs as usual and faced it. It was unlike him to shirk disagreeable consequences, but we all surprise ourselves at times by failing to act up to our preconceived conceptions of our character.

He had a mind to go down still and confront those meddling folk. What if the accusing voices he had seemed to hear were busy with his name? He had done no wrong; he had robbed no man; he had but taken his own. If they had not been idiots they would have done the same.

"You had private opportunities of knowing the state of matters, which they had not," said Conscience.

"And what if I had? The money was mine, had I not a right to it? I should have been a Quixotic fool if I had let it go, because, forsooth, the banker was my near relation; because, forsooth, others might some day suffer for trusting him too well."

This was how the argument was proceeding when Hester opened the door of the little study, where Mr. Pitt was sneering superciliously at the perplexed gentleman seated beneath him.

Mr. Hallett looked up with a frown.

"I told you I wished to be undisturbed, Hester."

"I am sorry to interrupt you, papa, but I have come to ask your permission to go over to the bank-house."

"The bank-house? What do you want to go there for?" he asked sharply.

"I want to see for myself; to know how Uncle John is."

Mr. Hallett looked at her with a face that grew momentarily in wrath and redness. The veins in his forehead swelled visibly, but he controlled himself with an effort.

"I think your request most extraordinary," he said, "and I emphatically refuse to grant it."

"But you must not refuse, please, papa," said Hester gently.

"What! are you going to defy me, Hester? Your uncle is a swindler and a villain of the lowest type"—here his passion broke loose, and he burst into dreadful invective against the unfortunate banker. "There is scarcely a man in Melchisford who is not cursing him at this moment. He has brought disgrace and shame on our name, and you propose to go and condole with him and pity him, and sympathise with him, I daresay, and tell him how much we all feel his misfortune! Go if you will, if you choose to be disobedient and rebellious, but remember, you go against my express command."

"Dear papa, I am very sorry to disobey you," she said. She would have gone nearer him, but he was in no mood for any exhibition of tenderness. "My uncle may have sinned, perhaps, and been weak, but he is mother's brother. If it had been you, papa, we should not have stopped loving you because trouble had come to you."

"So it is your mother who has put you up to this?"

"It is my own wish too. Uncle John was always good to me"—there was a tremor in her voice; "but it is for mother's sake chiefly. She is ill and sadly shaken, and if I can bring her news she may be able to take a little rest. I would not go without telling you, because I don't want to do anything underhand."

"You do not seem to find it so very difficult to defy me." She hung her head.

"It is for mother's sake. Dr. Smee said last night that unless she were kept from mental anxiety he could not answer for the consequences. I think I hear his ring, shall I bring him to tell you so himself?"

But this threat of producing the doctor's authority was unwise. Was he to have Smee meddling and prattling and prying into his affairs—taking a diagnosis of his mental condition, very likely, for the benefit of the Melchisford world?

He looked at his daughter very sternly.

"You choose to take your own way," he said; "I have nothing more to say. Be good enough to leave me."

Hester went away with a heart that was heavy as lead. Trouble was already bearing its bitterest fruit in disunion and discord in the house that it shadowed. Calamity, which ought to draw hearts closer together, has often only the effect of estranging and embittering them.

Hester waited till the doctor had paid his visit. She did not go upstairs with him, but she intercepted him in the dining-room, to ask if he had any new instructions for her guidance.

His practised eye was quick to read the signs of her own agitation and pain.

"Come, come, Miss Hester, this won't do," he said. "You must look after yourself a little better, or I shall be having you on my hands next, and I've no time for a new patient. Mrs. Smee shall come this afternoon and sit with your mother, while you lie down and sleep till you get back some of your roses."

"I am quite well," said Hester almost impatiently; "and please don't let Mrs. Smee trouble to come. Mother is used to me, and I like best to nurse her myself."

She was glad when he had finished his instructions and hurried away.

There were a great many claimants for the doctor's advice that day, and he gave it with the willingness and generosity that characterise the profession, though there was very little likelihood of fees to follow. He was one of the few who had not suffered by the crash, and he paid his debt of gratitude for that escape by the thoughtful care he yielded to the shattered nerves and distracted brains of his more unfortunate townsmen.

Hester gave no more time to delay. She went out by the hall door, scorning to choose a more private way, and in the face of all the world she crossed the busy street, caring little who saw her go. It was less busy and bustling that day than usual; the first ferment of excitement was over, and a gloom had fallen on the town. People talked idly together, and one or two who saw the young girl go up the steps of the bank-house looked at her with angry disfavour. She was a relation, but she had not suffered; and there she was, going in as bold as brass, as if nothing had happened.

Hester's palpitating heart could have told a different tale. It was a stranger who opened the door at her timid summons. John Mellish had surrendered his books and his keys, and was known to be hiding himself in some back room of the big house till he could find humbler quarters in which to await his examination.

Hester was civilly enough admitted and directed to go upstairs, and she did so with throbbing pulses that made the ascent difficult. An awful silence reigned in the upper regions, as if death had stalked in before her and taken possession. She opened the door of the drawing-room and looked in. The blinds were all drawn, and in the gloom she could scarcely tell at first whether it were empty or not. She groped her way into it, and when her eyes became accustomed to the faint light she saw that it was empty. It seemed to have been abandoned for days; the chairs stood prim and stiff against the walls; the dust of many hours lay on the marble console tables and on the glass shades that covered the waxwork flowers and other old-fashioned ornaments. The neglect of the room told its own story.

Hester climbed higher still. Her mind was so intent on the meeting with her uncle that she had almost forgotten the existence of her Aunt Hannah, and it was with something of a shock that she came upon her suddenly when she emerged upon the upper landing.

The little woman stood before a large old-fashioned trunk covered with cowhide and studded with brass nails. She held the lid open with one hand, while she looked over it at the visitor. Her little meagre figure was more rigid than ever; she looked, but for the burning eyes, like a statue of stone, so upright and motionless was she. Some little possessions were gathered about her—a pile of coarse homespun linen, two or three silhouettes in black paper of ladies and gentlemen with curling eyelashes and very slim waists, a well-worn sable tippet and capacious muff, and one or two other personal trifles.

Hester looked from her aunt to those memorials of her early home, and her heart swelled with pity. She did not for a moment notice another figure seated on the floor, her knees drawn up and her hands supporting her chin. She stepped carefully over the encumbering litter, and took the small figure very gently in her arms.

Mrs. Mellish suffered the mute caress, but she did not return it. She seemed to be turned to stone, and to have no feeling left except in the direction of the past.

"It's some things she brought with her from Chalk End," said Lavy Moss in explanation. "They belonged to her grandmother. She's leaving everything else, everything she got from him. Do you think they will let her take these?"

"Oh, surely, surely!" said Hester, with shocked eagerness. "I don't see my uncle; he has not gone away?"

"He's in there," said Lavy, pointing backwards to a closed door at the end of the passage. She got up from her crouching position, and Hester saw that she had been crying; her face was all tear-stained and swollen.

"He hasn't spoken or looked up or touched food for hours; perhaps the sight of you will rouse him. He is a good man," she said, with a sudden fierceness; "he was good to us and to her, and I'll never believe that he meant any wrong, never."

"Thank you, Lavy," said Hester brokenly. She lifted her head, and the two girls kissed tremblingly.

But when she entered her uncle's presence her hard-won fortitude forsook her. At the sight of that sad bowed figure her sobs broke out. She went and knelt by him where he sat with bent head by the table. At the sound of her weeping he lifted a dazed and haggard face. His eyes were bloodshot, his florid colour gone, and the skin of his cheeks hung loose as if he were an old, old man.

She put her arms about him and held him close. The reviving warmth of her love seemed to creep into his poor numb heart and to light a little spark there. He had been perishing in unfriended misery; the wife whom he had cherished, for whose sake he had sinned by recklessly propping up her falling house, had failed him in his need. She had not reproached him, she scarcely, indeed, seemed to understand what had befallen her; but she had left him alone. Since the blow had descended she had hardly seen him, and Lavy's vehement cares had failed to rouse him.

"Eh, my lass," he said hoarsely, "you were always fond of your uncle, but do you know what they are saying out there?" He pointed to the window. "They are cursing me, they are wishing they could get at me to kill me; it is my life they want—it's my blood they're crying for, my blood for the wrong I've done them—for the women that must work when they're past work, and for the little ones that hunger—"

His voice dropped suddenly, he looked before him with a dreadful despair on his haggard face, as if he saw in reality that crowd of angry revengeful faces he had conjured up in his poor brain.

Hester clung to him closer. She was frightened and alarmed by his wild looks and his wild words.

"You are ill, uncle," she said; "you have not eaten, and you are spent and worn with want of sleep. There is no one there, the street is quiet; I crossed it just now when I came from the Red House."

"Ah," he said, "but they are hiding—they are waiting till I come out, Hetty." He looked down on her suddenly, speaking rationally once more, but with an infinite sadness in his voice. "I never meant to take the bread from the little ones' mouths. I would have died sooner if I had known it was to come to this!"

"No, no, no!" she said, weeping; "you would have saved them from this if you could!"

"I began with my own," he said; "it was them I thought of first. I was very fond of her, Hetty," he said simply, "and I wanted to help her folks. I never meant to injure anybody, but things went wrong, and when I tried to mend them they only grew worse. And here's the end—the end of it all!" His head sank once more on his breast.

"No, not the end," said Hester, her voice vibrating with strong feeling; "you will go away and make a new beginning. There is a new chance for all of us. Oh, surely, surely one mistake is not to condemn us for ever! You will live to retrieve this day, uncle; you will live to pay everybody back."

He shook his head with infinite mournfulness.

"There is no new chance for me—in this life," he said. "I've had my day, and it's night now—it's night now," he repeated, "when no man can work. Maybe in another world—if there's another for such as me—but not here, not here!"

"Uncle," said Hester, commanding herself with an effort, "I came to you from mother. I must go back to her now; she is ill, or she would have come to you herself. She bade me carry her love and her blessing—her unchanging love. For her sake you will be brave?"

"Mary was always a good sister to me," he said, much moved. "I've brought shame and disgrace on her and you. Eh, my lass, you will never know what it means to have had a fine chance in life, and to have lost it—lost it! Go home to your

mother, go home to poor Mary, and tell her that to my last breath I'll remember her message, and that when they were all cursing me she could send me her love and her blessing."

Hester ran home half blinded with her tears; the load of her sorrow and oppression was almost more than she could bear. With what a sudden darkness her serene fair life had been clouded! The banker's wild, strange looks haunted her; she had shared her alarm with Lavy, for whom she sought on her way downstairs from that interview with her uncle, and had impressed on her the need of watchfulness.

Lavy had promised to keep near him, and to try to persuade him to rest and eat, and Hester went home, resolved to find a messenger to send to Dr. Smee.

She was about to turn into the drawing-room to write a note to the doctor explaining her fears, when the door of that room opened and she was taken into a sudden embrace.

"It's me!" cried Mary Kelynge, too agitated to be grammatical. "I've only just heard the dreadful news, and I came straight. I wouldn't wait a minute, though Lady Hemmingway was dreadfully angry, and I walked all the way. Oh, Hetty, Hetty!" She was dribbling tears over Hester's shoulder.

Hester returned the kiss; she had forgotten this poor friend, and she scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry to see her again.

"It's a dull house for you to come back to," she said.

"Then it's the more reason why I should be here!" cried the simple creature. "You took me in when you were happy, why shouldn't I come when you are sad? And, Hetty, I—I have a right to be here." She blushed between her tears.

But Hester had come through too many strong emotions to have anything but a languid surprise left for Mary's enigmatical words. The time that Mary had spoken of as happy seemed so remote that it might have belonged to another world.

"I came to write a note, and I must go back to mother, she is not well."

"Let me write the note," implored Mary; "I'll take great pains with it; I'll try not to make any mistakes."

Hester smiled in spite of her sadness.

"It's only a message to Dr. Smee," she said. "Never mind the mistakes, but make it very urgent, Mary. Ask him to go without delay to see my uncle, I am sure he is very ill."

The task was one which absorbed all Mary's powers. She did her best to be urgent, possibly with results that might have been bewildering to the doctor had the note fallen into his hands, but before it was written and despatched in the care of the groom the busy practitioner had been summoned to a patient who lay dying on the other side of the county, and was not expected home that night.

The day dragged its weary length away with little to mark its progress. Andrew was too busy downstairs to come up to lunch, to Mary's secret disappointment; and Mr. Hallett chose to have his meal served to him in that penitential study where he had banished himself for the day.

The girls made a pretence of eating; but Hester was so weary that she was at last persuaded to lie down and let Mary keep watch by her mother's side, after a solemn engagement on Mary's part that she would not encourage any attempts to talk.

So the day crawled away in a gloom with which Nature was for once in tune; a sullen rain had fallen at noon and continued to fall steadily, sweeping the street of passengers, and stretching a black pall of cloud above the tall old houses. Hester was glad, when she woke from her sleep, to find that night had fallen and shut out from her aching sight the sad blank aspect of the bank-house.

As she was preparing to go downstairs she heard voices and footsteps below, and leaning over the railing she saw her father hastily seize his hat and coat, and the next moment she heard the front door close behind him. She felt a moment's surprise; but it did not take the form of any new dread. She supposed he had been summoned on business which he could not delay, as he often was, and even when the dinner-hour came and passed without his return she was not alarmed. Andrew did not appear either. It seemed only a part of the general chaos that punctuality should be abandoned.

At that same hour Mrs. Smee was beguiling her solitude by a readjustment of some ornaments on her drawing-room wall. She was perched on the top of a flight of steps, hammer in hand, when the door opened and Dr. Rose presented himself.

She was accustomed to frequent visits from this cynical friend, and knowing that he disliked effusion she simply gave him a little nod and went on with her task.

"I am hanging my Romney beyond the reach of impertinent criticism," she said gaily; "my lovely Romney whom that pert young sprig of a London art critic dared to impugn, and I am doing it in Henry's absence because if he were here he would want to do it himself. And I know what that means—I should have to stand down there with my head on one side and hold the hammer and nails and admire him all the time. I prefer to do all the work and get all the praise."

"Hush!" cried Dr. Rose in a strange quick voice. "Come down and tell me where Smee is to be found."

Mrs. Smee obeyed him in an instant.

"Henry was called over to see old Lady Martin. She has had a relapse. I sent on a note to you that came from the Red House."

"I never got it, I have been out all day."

"They seemed anxious about John Mellish."

Dr. Rose threw out his hands with a peculiar gesture.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Smee firmly, though she was very pale.

"He has got beyond the reach of his troubles, poor fellow."

"Is he—dead?"

"Quite dead. Well, I don't suppose even if one or other of us could have got the message in time it would have done any good. I was afraid of this, I didn't like his look."

Hester was sitting with her mother when her father returned. The invalid's quick ear had heard his step.

"Go down, dear," she said to her daughter, "and see that cook sends up dinner properly. I do hope she has kept it warm, and not let it spoil."

Hester smiled a little wanly. Did it matter so much if the soup was lukewarm and the plates cold? Who had room in his mind for trifles such as these?

Yet she obeyed and went downstairs. She met her father in the hall.

"Won't you come to dinner, papa?" she said. "It has been ready a long time."

But he passed her as if he did not hear her question.

"Where is your mother?" he said. "Is she alone? I must see her. Keep everyone away."

Hester looked after him, dumb with a new inrush of fears as she saw him mount the stairs. In the crowding haste of her anxious thoughts she could not formulate her dread or give it any name, but it took hold of her and held her. She did not know how long she stood there motionless, straining her ear for some sound. When at length Andrew's step was heard approaching, she moved with a little shiver and went to meet him, her face blanched, her eyes full of a dread that seemed to read its warrant in his grave face.

Mary came out of the drawing-room at the same instant, scared and trembling, catching the general sense of alarm without knowing what it meant.

"Where is my father?" Andrew asked.

"He is with mother," said Hester in a whisper.

"Ah"—he gave a sigh of relief—"then he will tell her."

Hester vainly strove to ask what there was to know, but her lips refused to steady themselves. She was trembling like a leaf, and Mary too trembled, and wept in sympathy, but she at last found courage to say—

"Andrew, tell us the worst. Don't you see you are torturing her?"

The young man looked from one to the other with eyes that were solemn and full of a kind of awe. He took a hand of each.

"It is very sad news," he said; and then he told them.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.—A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

ON a day when the rigours of winter were beginning to yield to the first crude efforts of spring, when the sap was astir in the trees and the blackbird's mellow throat shook out its music in suburban gardens, a stranger alighted by an evening train that disburdened itself of its passengers at Melchisford Station.

The new-comer was a woman, and a woman of an easily recognisable type. She had a blotched, degraded face—the face of a criminal and a drunkard. She seemed, indeed, to be at the moment under the influence of drink, for she had remained huddled in a corner of the carriage till a porter in search of lost property or stray newspapers found her there and shook her roughly by the shoulder.

"Come now," he said, "you be out of this—you can't stop here all night."

The woman looked up stupidly.

"I've been asleep," she said. "Where am I?"

"You're at Melchisford—train goes no further. Come, bundle out, and be quick about it!"

He treated her with scant enough respect, but she was not used to ceremonious dealing; if there had ever been a time in her life when she was sensitive to shades of manner it had been long enough ago for her to have forgotten it. She had the prison brand and the workhouse brand upon her. If there is hope in the self-respect of the unemployed man or woman who refuses to patch his circumstances with the resources of the house, there is none for the pauper who looks upon it as his hotel—his *pied-à-terre*, to which he may come and go as it pleases him.

The class to which this woman belonged is the scourge and bane of the guardians. It is technically known as the "ins and outs," from the Jack-in-the-box regularity with which the claimants for shelter appear and disappear. They can enter when they will—drunk or sober—and can claim their discharge within twenty-four hours, demanding readmission on the same day if it so pleases them.

Many of them, indeed, go forth daily on professional business with the admirable regularity of a lawyer or a dentist, and with a *clientèle* of victims perhaps as numerous. They quit it for summer jaunts to the seaside or the country, where, doubtless, "business" goes hand in hand with pleasure; and when the sun ceases to warm them and the nights grow chill, they return to their shelter with a shameless, brazen disregard of their fallen state that places them beyond hope of redemption.

Of such was the woman who now honoured Melchisford with a visit. She had spent many years of her life in prison, and from it had drifted by a perfectly natural law to the poor-house. After the rigours of penal servitude the restraints of the house were easily borne. She made them as little irksome as she could by spending much of her time in begging, sometimes under cover of selling tapes and buttons to charitably-disposed persons, sometimes by bolder methods.

But she had another mission that took her abroad. She had a patron, as she often told the ladies of her circle—a patron who would keep her handsome for the rest of her life if she could but discover him. The search for this desirable acquaintance she pursued fitfully, with frequent lapses into debauch and forgetfulness, or into enforced retirement from the world.

Recently, however, another object, which seemed even more worthy of her attention, had attracted her, and it was in pursuit of it that she

had found her way to the country town. She trailed her way with shuffling feet out of the station, gathering her rusty clothes about her—a blot and a blemish upon the serenity of the spring night. She paused when she passed from under the shadow of the viaduct into the brighter street. The sky was still clear overhead, and the gas-lamps burned as yet ineffectively She looked about her with a vacant gaze. In her dazed and sodden brain an old, old memory was struggling to shape itself; if it could have found utterance it would have said,

"Do you remember when you stood here last? You were a young lass, bold and good-looking, and not overscrupulous even then; ready with your tongue; a favourite with your young mistress, for whom you cared as you never cared for anyone else. You had sweethearts then, and friends who praised you for your high spirit, and your red cheeks, and your black eyes; you might have married and borne children, and lived a life of honest humdrum respectability; but you went with her when she fled, and when she left you the seed of evil in you developed, and you fell, always lower and lower still, till now, after the lapse of seven-and-twenty years, you stand here once more, such as you have made yourself—unrepentant and unashamed."

This is what memory would have said if it could have reclothed the past; but when the intellect is steeped in alcohol, and the conscience long, long dead, memory too is voiceless.

She looked about her vaguely; but though no ghost of that former self rose up to shame her, she still instinctively took the right path. At the branching of the ways, however, she grew confused and bewildered. Improvement had swept away some once familiar landmark, and her feet no longer moved forward mechanically. In looking about her for guidance her eyes fell upon a public-house of the meaner order. The temptation to enter it was irresistible. She felt eagerly among her rags for a small coin; her eyes glistened when her search was successful, and clutching it tightly in her hand she pushed open the swinging door that led to the bar.

In all her fitful search for her lost patron, as she called him, she had preserved the cunning of the uneducated criminal. She did not boldly ask help as an honest person would have done; to tell too much of your scheme had always seemed to her a disastrous policy, and she preferred to trust to her own wit and luck. So now, when she had drained the last precious drop of gin from the bottom of the glass, she said, with all the carelessness she could assume,

"There's a gentleman as goes by the name of Hallett in this town, isn't there?"

"What do you want of him?" asked the potman, eyeing her sharply.

"I don't want nothing of him. I was here long ago when I was a girl, and the name come up to me, that was all."

"Well, Halletts don't hide themselves like needles in a haystack. You go to George Street, and you'll see where lawyer Hallett lives plain enough."

She passed upon her way, her faculties sharpened for the moment by the stimulus of the spirit she had swallowed. If she had ever been able to read she had long forgotten the accomplishment; but when she had asked her way to George Street she had no great difficulty in finding the Red House.

"The Red House? Can't you see, woman? There it is staring at you over the way."

The speaker was a busy passenger in haste upon some errand, but he yielded a moment to curiosity and turned to watch this bundle of ragged depravity that called itself a woman, as she trailed her way across the street, and slowly climbed the lawyer's steps.

The Halletts were assembled in the pleasant drawing-room, where we have so often seen them, waiting the announcement of dinner; but the past months had been epoch-making, and had left their mark upon all the faces.

To some of us trouble comes like the drizzle of an easterly rain, persistent and steady; over others it breaks like the clap of a terrific storm out of a serene sky. The hurricane had made sad havoc in Mary Hallett's life; perhaps she could never suffer again as she had suffered in these last months, the mark of which she would bear to her dying day. Her sweet face was faded now; all its youthful freshness gone from it; the hair under her cap was already growing silvery; her mouth had a trembling sadness in its curves.

It was scarcely three months since the grave had closed over poor John Mellish's head, and in that grave a great deal of her serene placidity and pleasant cheerfulness had been buried too. A little thing startled her now. It was as if she were always on the look-out for calamity; she watched her husband and children with anxious eyes, and was uneasy if they were absent from her.

Hester tended her with an unceasing devotion; she read to her, played the old-fashioned melodies she loved, enticed her into the garden, strove in a hundred ways to cheer and soothe her.

For herself, she was glad to fill her day with activities—so to fill them that thought should not go wandering into the forbidden country of the past. For her, too, life had taken one of those sudden bounds that leave so much severed ground behind. The freshness, the perfect trust and glad delight of her early outset were all gone, and it seemed to her as if she stood aloof from that old self, and looked on at the burial of all her joys. A little of life's dignity had gone too, with that loss of supreme trust. Three months are a long time when one is young; three months of silence, and nothing but her absorbing care of her mother could have helped her through those difficult days.

It was but a dull and gloomy company that idly waited the chime of the clock on the mantelpiece. Mr. Hallett sat gazing into the fire in a dark abstraction; the proud spirit of the lawyer had been terribly scourged, and he bore himself with a moroseness that chilled the sympathy he might otherwise have had. He could not rid himself of his share in John Mellish's disgrace; it remained

with him like an evil taste, and spoilt his appetite for everything he had once enjoyed. The loss of supremacy in his native town was bitter to him; he could not hide from himself that men looked a little askance at him, and showed some reluctance for his company.

"You've saved yourself," those looks seemed to say; "we'll suffer our losses in private, if you please, and will not ask you for your sympathy."

He was tongue-tied before these real or imagined slights. What was the use of justifying himself to a pack of ignorant fools?

The only sound in the room was the click of the big needles with which Mary Kelynge was knitting. Like many rather limited people, she was unceasingly industrious over some perfectly useless and generally very hideous piece of work.

In the silence the click of her needles jarred upon sensitive nerves with an effect that might not unreasonably be called maddening. Andrew junior looked up from the paper he was reading with an impatient movement, but the time was not yet when he could authoritatively order the knitter to desist from her fruitless labours.




"YOU'LL SEE THE NAME WROTE THERE, AND YOU'LL KNOW WHAT I'VE COME FOR."

Diversion occurred presently in the shape of a messenger, who announced that a person wished to see Mr. Hallett.

"Who is it?" asked the lawyer.

"A woman, sir—a very strange-looking person; but she says the business is important."

"Not so important as my dinner!" growled the master.

"I'll go," said Andrew, jumping up.

He was tired of the melancholy silence, of the

stupid, placid knitter, who could not understand that she was driving everybody distracted.

"Show her into the study, Sarah. I daresay it is only some woman collecting for a mission; they always come about dinner-time, so as to double the self-denial of your charity. Don't keep the soup for me, mother; I daresay I'll be let off for half a crown."

He went to the dismal little room at the back of the house, where Mr. Hallett so often retired to nurse his anger. The visitor had been shown in there before him. Andrew looked at her keenly, and moved back a step with involuntary disgust.

"What business had Sarah to let a wretch like this into the house?" was his first thought. Aloud he said, "What do you want?"

"Are you young Hallett?"

"That is my name."

The woman fastened her eyes on him: they were cunning eyes. For the moment excitement had sharpened her wits and dissipated some of the haze that clouded her mind.

"Where's your father?" she asked suspiciously.

"I have come instead of him. If you have any business with me be good enough to state it, and be quick about it."

"Look here," she said familiarly, in an accent that matched her coarse exterior, "you're a smart young feller, and you can read, I dessay, as well as if it was print." She drew a small piece of paper from her bosom. "You come 'ere and look over my shoulder, but don't you touch the paper. You'll see the name wrote there, and you'll know what I've come for."

Dinner was more than half over before Andrew reappeared. His face had a determined look—the look he wore when he meant to be master.

"Well," said his father, with a smile half of irony, "you've been a long time making up your mind to part with the half-crown."

Andrew poured himself out a glass of wine and drank it off before he answered.

"I didn't get off quite so easily."

"What did she want?"

"Money," he said briefly—"money with which to make herself a little more disgracefully drunk than she now is."

"Then she had no business?"

"The business of extortion, I believe, as I said before. She was scarcely in a condition to make her wants plain, but her appearance spoke for her."

"Is she gone, dear?" asked Mrs. Hallett, looking frightened.

"Yes, mother, safely gone. I assisted her passage out of the house myself. You must make Sarah understand, Hetty, that we don't admit that sort of client. Fortunately there is nothing of value in the study, or it might have passed from our keeping."

"I will tell Sarah," said Hester, with a passing wonder for the hardness of Andrew's tone.

If she had not been preoccupied she might have noticed that her brother looked at her often and curiously. In that dismal little den Andrew had heard a name that had startled him. Would it have startled Hester too?

The young man was very silent during the rest of the meal, and when Hester made heroic efforts to keep the talk from lapsing he did not second her as usual. He ate little, and at last let his knife and fork fall.

"You don't seem to have any appetite," said Mary, blushing at her own temerity.

Andrew's face took on an expression of disgust.

"That woman sickened me," he said.

And yet the evening which had begun in such a sadly prosaic and melancholy fashion ended in a memorable enough way after all.

The ladies had been some half-hour or so in the drawing-room, and Hester was in the middle of that little performance at the piano with which she nightly tried to cheer her family when Mr. Hallett and Andrew rejoined them.

Mr. Hallett sat down in the easy-chair which was sacredly reserved for his use, but Andrew went straight up to the low seat occupied by Mary and the red worsted work.

He laid his hand on her shoulder. She started so that she dropped her knitting-needles with a little clatter, and she looked up with a burning face. Hester paused in her amaze, with her fingers on the keys.

"Mary," he said, "I think the time has come for us to tell our little secret, and for my family to thank you for the great honour you have done me by giving me your preference. My mother guessed it a long time ago." He looked across at her and smiled. "I've been telling my father now, so, after all, it is only Hester who is left for us to surprise."

Mr. Hallett got up from his seat and took his future daughter-in-law by the hand.

"If I am not surprised," he said, "it is because, as you have heard, my son was considerate enough to prepare me in private. He is a very fortunate man, and he will have the distinction of being envied by everybody. Melchisford already considers us a very fortunate family, I believe, and my son's success will add to our reputation."

There was surely a very sarcastic tone in the old gentleman's voice. Mary listened with a frightened, quick-beating heart; but the irony was not levelled at her, as Andrew very well knew. He had had a specimen of it already in the dining-room.

"You see," he had said when he made his announcement, "it's just as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor one when you know how to do it, and it's a vast deal pleasanter."

"No doubt, no doubt; and everybody must agree that you have succeeded admirably," said the elder. "You will probably find yourself the subject of a few candid remarks; but there are always envious people to say unpleasant things."

"I care nothing for what people say," said Andrew frankly; "why should I? She's fond enough of me, as you can see."

Mr. Hallett saw that too. He thanked Mary with formal courtesy for the honour she had done his family.

"I hope my son will prove himself worthy of

it," he said; and he kissed her solemnly on the brow.

Hester's kiss was kinder.

"I think I was in the secret too, Mary, though you never told me," she said.

Mrs. Hallett held out her trembling arms, and Mary rushed to them as to a refuge. She had a hold of Andrew's hand too; there was a flush on her face and a smile that made it look almost young once more as she kissed them and blessed them. In those kind arms Mary sobbed out her happiness. How good she was, how good everybody was; and oh, how specially good it was of Andrew to care for her!

But why had Andrew claimed her that night? Had any new seed of dread sprung up in him? was he afraid that on the very threshold of his triumph he might lose her after all?

Had his sudden decision anything to do with the mysterious visitor? The conjunction of events might be a mere chance; but then, too, it might not.

## Harebells.

BLUE BELLS, on blue hills, where the sky is blue,
Here's a little blue-gowned maid come to look at you;
Here's a little child would fain, at the vesper time,
Catch the music of your hearts, hear the harebells chime.
"Little hares, little hares," softly prayeth she,
"Come, come across the hills, and ring the bells for me."

When do hares ring the bells, does my lady say?
Is it when the sky is rosed with the coming day?
Is it in the strength of noon, all the earth aglow?
Is it when at eventide sweet dew falleth slow?
Any time the bells may ring, morn, or noon, or even;
Lovebells, joybells, earth bells heard in heaven.
Any time the happy hills may be lightly swept
By the ringers' little feet; any time, except
When by horse and hound and man, chased and frighted sore,
Weak and panting, little hares care to ring no more.

It must be upon the hills where the hunt comes ne'er,
Chimes of bells ring out at touch of the little hare.
Harebells, blue bells, ring, ring again!
Set a-going, little hares, the joyaunce of the strain.

Not a hare to ring the bells on the whole hillside?
Could *she* make the harebells ring, if my darling tried?
Harebells, harebells, a little child blue-gowned
Stands and listens longingly; little hands embrowned
Touch you; rose mouth kisses you: ring out!
Is a little child a thing any flower should flout?
Child's hand on poet's heart makes it bloom in song!
Let her hear your fairy chimes, delicate ding-dong.
Let her hear what poet's voice never caught nor sung:
Let a child ring the bells little hares have rung!
Soft she whispers to the flowers, bending o'er them there,
*"Let me ring your bonny bells! I'm a little hare!*
*No, I'm only a little child, but I love you so!*
*Let me ring your little bells, just to say, you know."*
Harebells, blue bells, ring, ring again!
Set a-going, little child, the joyaunce of the strain.

Oh, the look upon her face for the music heard!
Is it wind in fairy soughs? Is it far-off bird?
Does the child hear melody grown folk cannot hear?
Is the harebells' music now chiming on her ear?
Father, give this little child, as she goeth on,
Evermore to keep the gift by this music won:
Gift which makes this earth of ours very Paradise
For delight of opened ears, joy of opened eyes.
Harebells, joybells, lovebells, dear and blest,
Ring in the sacredness of her happy breast.

EMILY HICKEY.

# THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

## THE KING OF SWEDEN.



THE KING OF SWEDEN. [*From a Photograph by Göta Florman.*

IN the lovely town of Pau, romantically situated in the French Pyrenees, stands, close by the church of St. Jacques, a small grey one-storeyed unpretentious house. Over its door runs an inscription, and from it the passer-by may learn how Charles Jean Bernadotte, who was born in this house in 1763, became in after years King Charles XIV (John) of Sweden. A truly romantic history that of the Bernadottes, who, thanks to an historical accident, were raised from simple obscure burghers of Pau to be rulers of the finest kingdom in northern Europe. But if mere chance raised them to this proud position, it was not mere chance that enabled them to retain it. In the general hurly-burly that followed the fall of Napoleon, the Bernadottes were among the few newly-made dynasties who were able to retain their thrones, and this because the King, like his after-time successors, had proved to his people that though he might be a *parvenu* among sovereigns, he was a sovereign among men—a person of superior mind and merit, who had quickly learnt to comprehend the character and requirements of his subjects, and whose one desire was to satisfy the same. King Charles John, the first Bernadotte sovereign, was succeeded by his son Oscar I, and he in his turn by his son Charles XV; and all their reigns, from 1818 down to the present date, were years of peace and prosperity for Sweden.

It was in 1872 that the fourth regent of the burgher family of Pau ascended the Scandinavian throne. King Oscar II (Frederick), the reigning monarch, is the third son of King Oscar I and his consort, Princess Josephine of Leuchtenberg, a daughter of Eugène Beauharnais, the stepson of Napoleon the Great. When Prince Oscar Frederick was born his father was Crown Prince, and his grandfather, King Charles John, still reigned with undiminished vigour, notwithstanding his great age. There seemed, therefore, little prospect that this younger son would ever ascend the throne. It was consequently not thought needful to educate him with this goal in view, and he was permitted to follow his own inclinations, which attracted him powerfully to a sailor's life. At the age of eleven he entered the Swedish navy. Here he

worked just like any common midshipman, and passed all the grades before he was promoted to be lieutenant. The thoroughness that characterises his mind was noticed already then. He insisted on studying *au fond* all that bore on his profession directly or indirectly; and the notes made by him of his voyages at the time attest to his powers of observation.

His first sea voyage took him to England and the Mediterranean on board the frigate Eugénie, which at that time (1846) was commanded by Captain von Krusenstjerod, an officer to whom the young subordinate became deeply attached, and on whose death he wrote a powerful poem, full of deep feeling. The Prince was twenty when he returned from this cruise, his mind enlarged, his stock of knowledge enriched. He then, at his father's wish, visited the University of Upsala, where he distinguished himself in mathematics, while never neglecting or abandoning his naval pursuits; so that in due course he rose to the rank of admiral. His excellent abilities, his personal amiability, made him beloved of his equals and inferiors in the navy, a love he returned, as is proved in his poem, "Memories of the Swedish Fleet"—a fleet in which, as he says in his dedication, he passed the happiest and most careless years of his youth; on the sea were dreamed his brightest youthful dreams; were knit his dearest friendships. This poem, which was a competition work written at the instigation of the Swedish Academy of Science, carried off the prize. It had been sent in anonymously. Indeed, to this day the King signs all his writings either simply "Oscar Frederick," or "Oscar."

After leaving the University and passing the needful military studies, Prince Oscar once more resumed his naval life, visiting in the course of his travels many lands and Courts. In 1852 the sudden death of his brother Gustav, a prince endowed with rare musical ability, for the first time made the world regard him as a possible Swedish ruler, for up to that date his brother Charles's marriage had proved childless. This event made it desirable that Prince Oscar should marry, and his father sent him forth to the Continent, to visit the Courts of Europe, and seek for himself the wife that should please his fancy, for at the Swedish Court mere marriages of reason and politics were not *de rigueur*. What distinguished the Swedish Bernadottes, and distinguishes all their descendants, is their truly noble and loving family life, whence spring grand and beautiful human beings, ennobled by this the most potent factor of education. It was at the little Court of Wied that Prince Oscar first saw the woman who has been to him a true helpmate and loving consort. His meeting with her is told in his poem "Monrepos," the name of the Prince of Wied's family castle. In 1857 he led to his far northern home his "angel bright and good," the Princess Sofia of Nassau.

A quiet, happy, retired life was that led by the young couple, the mother occupied with the care of the baby boy who the following year came to charm their hearts, and that of the delighted grandfather; the father busy with his scientific studies, with projects for the development of his country's navy, with art, music, and literature. It was then he wrote his drama ("Castle Kronberg"), since often acted both in Sweden and abroad, originally written in French. He also at this time devoted much care to the study of military art, giving an impetus to the founding of the Swedish Military Literary Union, in which society he himself delivered a number of most admirable lectures on themes bearing upon army matters. Voyages and voyagers naturally claimed his vivid interest as an ex-sailor. He especially encouraged all Arctic explorations; wherefore a land discovered by Swedish explorers has been named after him—Prince Oscar's Land. Many academical dissertations by the Prince also date from the time ere he was called to rule.

Most notable among these, and afterwards collected into a volume, are the "Musical Festival Speeches," delivered at various intervals from 1864 to 1871. In these the King shows himself not only the excellent musician he is, but also an admirable critic. He does not treat music as an abstract art, detached from all other human endeavours; he considers it rather as part of the grand whole of our intellectual life, bound up with the sister sciences, and reflecting with them in intimate union the whole spiritual character of the people among which it takes birth. Both as regards form and language, these addresses are far above the average. Indeed, their language often rises to poetic eloquence; as in the first, in which the speaker sets forth his musical creed, of which the main dogma is that Nature is inseparable from harmony. "When God spoke that mighty word, 'Let there be light,' He created at the same time with the outer world, the world of harmony, the world of sound." In "winged language" he then goes on to tell of the cosmopolitan character of music—cosmopolitan, and yet national—for each people gives it its own peculiar stamp.

A poetical translation of Goethe's "Torquato Tasso" into Swedish earned for its author the honour of election as a corresponding member of the Frankfort Academy of Sciences. It was preceded by an exquisitely graceful dedication to his wife, telling how what Leonora had been to Tasso, she had been to him—the love, the inspirer, the crowning happiness of his existence. Indeed, this royal poet is specially felicitous in translation, as he proved also in a version of Herder's "Cid," and as he may yet prove some later day, when the piles of manuscripts, original and translated, that have accumulated unprinted since he ascended the throne are allowed to see the light of day. Hitherto his royal duties have hindered him from finding the needful time for press revision, and so also has a certain timidity: a fear lest they should earn praise merely on account of their writer's rank, rather than for their intrinsic merits.

Not long, however, could Prince Oscar thus live the life of a simple burgher who has no duties to the masses. In 1859 his father died, and his brother ascended the throne. As the new King

was still childless, it fell to Prince Oscar to fill the rôle of Crown Prince and undertake all the onerous offices of that post, a post from which he never was relieved until his brother's sudden and unexpected death in 1872 placed the crown upon his own brow. His poetic gifts hence had to rest awhile, but only for awhile. In intervals of business, in spare moments, Oscar Frederick is always ready to use his pen. The list of his published works alone is a long as well as a worthy record. After Gustavus III, he is certainly the most literary monarch Sweden ever possessed. While acting as Crown Prince, it was history that chiefly attracted his attention, and he then wrote his memoir of Charles XII of Sweden, which he first delivered publicly in the form of a speech. Notwithstanding Voltaire's immortal work on the same theme, the King of Sweden's memoir holds its own for grace of style and narrative form, and is besides far more accurate as regards fact than that of his French predecessor on the same domain. The poems of the same date are all inspired by the royal author's keen love of Nature. His sailor life awakened his powers of observation; he is familiar with Nature in all her moods; and this knowledge is variously reflected in his verse. His very real and simple piety, too, finds an outlet in his poems. His "Easter Hymn" has taken rank among the best evangelical church songs. A German translation of these poems was, by the King's express desire, dedicated to the then Crown Prince Frederick William (Frederick III), as "the patron of work, of peace, and humanity."

Perchance one of the most charming poems the royal author ever penned is that he calls, "In my Home." It refers to his favourite castle in the Sound of Helsingborg (Sofiero); so called in compliment to his wife. And the verses tell of a stroll through the domain under the guidance of its lord. It is a cycle of five poems, describing what may be seen from the various windows. "A few square panes of glass," he sings, "but how many pictures it affords me!" He then describes the view; he recalls the old strange Sagas of Sweden's past; he knits that past so skilfully in union with the present that the cycle forms a perfect series of pictures of Sweden's story.

"In my home," writes the worthy host, "many a window remains unclosed. I love to feel the summer's breezes, I love to feel the sky my roof. From far the vaporous sea, wind fans my brow. Here is the room in which I dwell myself. Enter it, guest, from out the breezy balcony."

After leading his guest from room to room, the royal poet arrives at last at those dwelt in by the hostess. "These," he sings, "are *her* favourite rooms; here flowers are bathed in sunshine. There is no sweeter freehold than this that she has chosen for herself. An awning covers the verandah, whence resting, our eyes look over the ocean spread beyond. And round about is room for children's sports; to learn to play, also to slumber, ever near the mother, for such is our custom. Above is my small treasure-house of books that has the view I speak of, and room is here besides for many a faithful friend, a dear acquaintance. Then tell me, could I desire a larger house, more brilliant rooms? My bed stands peacefully under a peaceful roof, my days are filled with art, science, and poesy; and day by day I drink rich draughts of nectar from the balmy forest airs, from ocean's wave."

Indeed, Prince Oscar's ambition did not rise above the laurel of poetic fame. When the kingly crown descended on his head he accepted the burden with resignation. He sighed sadly at exchanging his quiet burgher existence for the uneasy honours of a throne. He accepted the post as his duty, and conscientiously has he fulfilled what he then undertook.

It was in 1872 that the Duke of Oester-Götland (as Oscar Frederick was called till then) ascended the dual throne of Sweden and Norway. In his first address to his Riksdag he sketched the programme of the policy to which he has ever remained faithful.

"Like my noble predecessors," he said, "I too have decided to choose a device. I am deeply penetrated with the sense that the royal crown which has fallen to me as heir is not lent to me for mere outer splendour. Rather I know and admit that my responsible royal mission, of which the crown is a symbol, has been laid upon me to promote *the welfare of the brother nations*. May these words be my motto, 'Brödrafolkens Väl'! May they give expression to my ardent love for the two nations united by my great predecessor, whose happiness is my highest earthly goal! May they indicate the nature to which, with God's help, my actions, as Sweden and Norway's King, will give expression!"

The device King Oscar chose for himself showed that he had realised of what nature would be his regal difficulties. Most earnestly, most conscientiously, has he striven to promote the welfare of the dual Scandinavian domain, but it has been no easy task, nor can it be said to have been crowned with entire success. The fault, however, is not the King's, it lies inherent in the character of the position, which presents an insoluble difficulty. Two nations have here been artificially put together into harness whose past history and present aims are as the poles asunder. The one has a long and varied history behind it, full of warnings and lessons—a history that tells of doughty deeds as well as of deep humiliations; the other counts its re-birth as a people but by few decades. Add to this a difference of language, an intense mutual jealousy, a fundamental leaning on the one side to Conservatism, on the other to Radicalism, and we have some faint idea of the problem with which King Oscar has to deal No wonder he has less leisure to indite poetry.

The inimical spirit made itself felt from the first moment. Thus one of the first acts of the Riksdag on his accession was to cut down his moderate Civil List of 900,000 rixdollars by 100,000, and it is well known that the King was crowned at his own expense. Since then his one task and aim has ever been to prevent the dominant Radical party from going too far, at the same time keeping within the bounds of his very limited prerogative

The strained relations that have ever existed between Sweden and Norway since their forcible union has led to some bitter polemics. The extreme Norwegian Radicals desire a republic, and their leaders—and in particular the poet Björnsen—have assailed the King of Sweden most virulently and most unjustifiably. Björnsen at last went so far as to challenge the King to give him the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another for an alleged libel, the King having been reported to have said that there was not one of the Ten Commandments which Björnsen had not broken. The poet was obliged to leave Norway for a time in consequence of the scandal he had upraised, but has since returned, mightier than ever, and with increased power as a demagogue. The author Ibsen, too, is among those who make opposition to the monarchy, and he too went into voluntary banishment.

So far, therefore, Oscar's desire to be a union King has not been realised, and that was what he wished above all. It is, indeed, a difficult task to rule with three Chambers, of which Sweden has two and Norway one, the latter country having by decree abolished the nobility, and with it the second House. That under these circumstances the King has never lost his personal popularity is almost marvellous; and yet so it is. He is esteemed by all, excepting, perchance, a few of the extremest politicians, who are so blinded by party as to confuse the man with the cause. That Oscar II's reign has been important and efficacious for Scandinavia it would be hard to deny. He has raised the country commercially and industrially; has encouraged art and science. By every means in his power he tries to get at the real requirements of his people. He travels much in the provinces, he interviews both public and private personages, he insists as far as in him lies on having the truth concerning all matters. He even often appears unexpectedly in the police-courts to hear the trial himself, and frequently he exercises his royal prerogative of pardoning if the offences be small. Since 1823 no Swedish king had availed himself of this right, and that such actions, and many others of a like peaceful nature, endear him to his subjects, can easily be understood.

It is beyond a question that this King takes his duties strenuously. Among the "Thoughts and Leaflets from my Journals," which he has issued from time to time, can be read this utterance: "A king must ever know how to subordinate all the inclinations of his character—even the most legitimate—to the exigencies of political wisdom and to the real, well-comprehended advantages of his Fatherland." Oscar Frederick's active, sincere piety makes it easier for him to accomplish these acts of self-sacrifice—often in his case very great, for his character, like that of all individual thinkers, is well pronounced, and his inclinations marked.



[*From a Photograph by Gösta Florman.*

THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

A valuable support has he found in his wife, who has made the welfare of the less fortunate of her husband's subjects her great care—the crippled, maimed, sick, and weary. Above all, everything bearing on the happiness of children elicits her

interest. She holds by the maxim that the world's history is made in the nursery, and first for her own and now for the nation's young ones she has a tender care. She has her reward in her four stately sons, who are the pride of the country, beloved and respected of all. Her own health of late years has been far from strong, and it is this that gives to her face so pathetic an expression; but she is happy, nevertheless, in her quiet, retiring way; and her counsels are sought and valued by her consort.

The four sons who hopefully surround the Swedish throne are respectively the Crown Prince, the Duke of Götland, the Duke of Westergotland, and the Duke of Nerike. The eldest, Prince Gustav, has inherited much of his father's ability, and has distinguished himself both as a traveller and as a soldier. Those who know him intimately praise his cool judgment and his penetrating powers of reasoning. He is slow to take decisions, studying a matter from all sides; but a conclusion once arrived at, he is inflexible in its execution. He married, in 1881, the granddaughter of the late Emperor William I, Princess Victoria of Baden, a marriage that gave universal satisfaction. Indeed, it became, quite unintentionally, an act of historical restitution, for it happens that the Princess is the great-granddaughter of the banished Swedish King Gustav IV (Adolf). Thus the great-grandson of Bernadotte led back to Scandinavia the great-granddaughter of the monarch whom his forefather had chased from the throne. Two bonnie little boys have come to bless their union—children to whom their mother devotes herself with fond pride.

The second son (Prince Oscar, once Duke of Götland, now, since his marriage, simple Prince Bernadotte) was awhile ago the object of much European interest on account of his romantic attachment to Mdlle. Ebba Munck, his mother's favourite maid-of-honour. For a long time King Oscar would not hear of the match. He remembered how he himself, born far distant from the throne, had been called upon to assume it, and the lady, though charming and unobjectionable in all respects, was not of royal birth. The situation of the Bernadottes as *parvenus* among the European royalties was difficult enough, and such a marriage might render it more difficult for Prince Oscar were he ever called on to rule. In vain the Prince begged to be allowed to renounce his birthright, pointing to his three stalwart brothers; in vain the Queen pleaded for the lovers. Prince Oscar travelled to see if he could forget his affection. Mdlle. Munck was removed from the court. All proved useless. It then happened that the Queen was seized with one of her serious attacks of illness—so serious this time that her recovery was despaired of. An operation was needful. Before submitting to it the Queen made the King promise that should her life be saved, he would consent to the marriage of the lovers. Reluctantly he promised. The operation was made, and was successful; the Queen recovered. She then sent for her favourite maid-of-honour to have her once more about her. It was Christmas evening, all the family were assembled in the invalid's room, and Mdlle. Munck, who has a lovely voice, was singing with feeling a poem of the King's, in which he pleads for the rights due to love. The charming singer emphasised her words, whether by accident or design. The King listened enrapt. Did he notice that all eyes were fixed on him in petition, and especially those of his wife? Be it so or no, the song ended, he remained for awhile in deep thought, then rose up suddenly from where he sat, and approaching Prince Oscar, took his hand and laid it silently into that of Ebba Munck. He can have little reason to repent his resolution; the young couple are truly happy. Since their marriage —celebrated quite quietly at the English seaside town of Bournemouth—they have led a modest retired life in their castle by the sea (Karlscrona). A quiet, but not an idle life. The Prince is busy all day with the pursuits of a private gentleman and the occupation of a sailor prince. The other day he emulated another northern prince, great Peter of Russia, in valiantly rescuing a number of drowning fellow-creatures from a watery grave. He saw from his windows that a sailing-boat containing four men was upset in a furious gale. He ran down at once, and, together with a fisherman of the neighbourhood, rowed through the wild waves and succeeded in rescuing three of the shipwrecked men. He takes a keen interest in all charitable works, and is at the head of various benevolent societies, spending for them not only his time but his money. Like his brothers, he is remarkably handsome, of a dark type of beauty, such as is common to all the Bernadottes.

Prince Charles, who is the military Prince, is as yet unmarried. He has travelled much in the East, and has written a vivid account of his adventures, which modesty has hitherto prevented him from publishing.

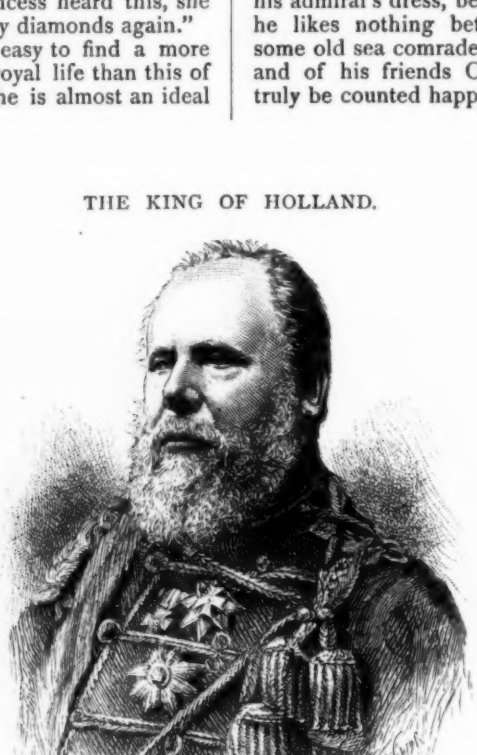
The youngest scion of the house, Prince Eugène, is devoted to the fine arts, and is at present studying in Paris with a view to fitting himself to be a painter. His work so far shows a leaning towards the prevalent rationalism, but it is too early to decide whither his undoubted talents may lead him.

Until 1889 yet another noble soul enriched the Swedish royal family circle—namely, Princess Eugénie, the King's sister, a pious, self-sacrificing woman, whose sickly health did not hinder her from devoting herself to music and poetry, in both of which branches she achieved some charming successes, though often at the cost of bodily strength. Her charity too was unslacking, her benefits to the poor never-ending. A touching trait told of her characterises her better than volumes of description. A poorhouse was needed near the castle on the isle of Götland, where she always spent her summers, but there were no funds to erect it with. Without making any parade of the matter, she secretly sold her diamonds and gave the money that resulted to this end. A year after, when she came again to visit the spot, the workhouse stood ready. The welcome she re-

ceived from the poor people, for whom she had thus provided a home, was enthusiastic. All greeted her with smiles and cries of joy. Only one old man among the crowd wept bitterly. The Princess asked the cause, and was told that he was a hardened sinner, who had only begun to work since he came to this house, and who there had learnt to turn to God. Until this day none had ever seen him weep. His tears flowed for the first time at sight of her whom he called the "saviour of his soul." When the Princess heard this, she said, "In these tears I see my diamonds again."

It would certainly not be easy to find a more worthy family in private or royal life than this of Sweden. As for the King, he is almost an ideal personage, with his talents, his immaculate private life, his pleasant and winning personality. In public the Court life is stately, but even there he is not unapproachable. Once a week he holds open audiences, and all who like to come are received. He talks to these visitors, not with mere ceremony, but strives to enter into the true requirements of those who seek him. When at his country seat, he particularly encourages the visits of naval men. Whenever he can he wears his admiral's dress, because he loves the sea, and he likes nothing better than a long yarn with some old sea comrade. In the love of his family and of his friends Oscar of Sweden's life may truly be counted happy.

## THE KING OF HOLLAND.



THE KING OF HOLLAND.

*[From a Photograph by Wollrabe.*

THERE is perhaps no more comic incident in all history—indeed it savours rather of *opéra bouffe* than of serious story—than that which occurred in May, 1889, in the little kingdom of Holland. For some months previously its ruler had lain dying, bulletins as to his sinking condition were daily issued to all Europe, the most eminent physicians had pronounced him beyond hope, his necrology lay ready for print in every newspaper office of the world, and all details as to the succession were arranged. This succession was to fall on the little Princess Wilhelmina, the only surviving child of the King, in whose favour the Dutch Constitution was revised only two years before. But since the small Grand Duchy of Luxemburg is under the Salic law, this onerous possession could not pass into the little girl's hands, but falls instead to Duke Adolf of Nassau, the nearest male agnate of the House of Orange and Nassau, a relationship that dates back to the thirteenth century. Seeing the desperate state of the King, the new Dutch regents thought it became them to call upon this Duke to enter upon his future estates provisionally as Regent, but with the assurance, as all thought, of being in a few hours, at most days, its sovereign. Duke Adolf, himself but a few months the junior of the dying monarch, hastened to obey the summons. He certainly did not display too much tact in his act of taking possession, and he spoke with an assurance, destined to prove too assured, of his future government. May Day

was fixed for the formal ceremony of installation. On the eve of that day, to everyone's astonishment, the King of Holland upraised himself from what all believed to be his deathbed, and, with a clearness of thought which none expected from a brain authoritatively pronounced to be paralysed, stated that so long as he breathed, the reins of power should not pass out of his hands, and that Duke Adolf of Nassau might return whence he had come.

The event caused no little amusement throughout Europe and much mortification to the Duke, who had to return crestfallen to his villa on the Rhine, his dream of being a reigning sovereign once more demolished. The Prussians had deprived him of his hereditary little State of Nassau, and now a sudden resurrection from the dead deprived him of a realm of which he already —so ran his public declaration to his hoped-for subjects—felt himself a citizen in heart and soul. He permitted some very ill-judged criticisms of the event to appear in papers friendly to him, remarks that evinced all too clearly his keen annoyance at the sorry figure he had cut. Meantime the King of Holland no doubt laughed in his sleeve at the discomfiture of his disappointed successor, whom, after all, he may perchance survive, for it is clear William III is made of tough material.

The whole affair inevitably reminds us of the scene in which Prince Hal all too hastily puts on his head his father's crown, deeming him dead.

"Is he so hasty that he doth suppose my sleep my death?" asks the sick monarch, and when he taunts the Prince with the famous saying, "Thy wish was father to that thought," the would-be heir can find, like Adolf of Nassau, no better answer than, "I never thought to hear you speak again."

Certainly no one but Charles V ever cared to attend his own obsequies or survive his own death. Perhaps this episode of his death being too soon discounted is the first time the King of Holland has won the sympathies of Europe, for he was not a popular figure, and did not deserve to be. He was of the old type of sovereigns, now fast dying out, who did not take a serious view of their profession, but regarded their exalted station as an aid towards obtaining the maximum of pleasure and amusement out of life. At the same time, while desirous of having all personal freedom possible, the King, it is fair to add, did not deny it to his subjects. He was a strictly constitutional ruler, liberal in his ideas, and desirous to do all he could for the welfare of his subjects, provided their desires did not clash with his own, which happily they never did. Hence even if his private character left much to be desired, as a ruler he was not exactly undesirable. As Edmonds de Amicis has well said: "The country is *au fond* Republican, and its monarchy is a sort of presidency without the least monarchical pomp. The King of Holland is looked upon almost more as a *stadtholder* than as a King. There is in him that which a Spanish Republican said of the Duke of Aosta, 'the least quantity of King possible.'"

William's qualities were such as specially to appeal to a people who are by nature staunch Republicans, and who look on a King, *quâ* King, as a State figurehead barely worth the expense of an annual coat of paint. The King detested all forms and ceremonies, spoke his mind to all the world, was "hail fellow well met" with every class of the community, and had further the great and rare virture of being parsimonious with the money of the State while very prodigal with his own. According to an article of the Dutch Constitution of 1848 "the King orders his home as best he likes." This was interpreted in unexpected manner by William III, who reduced his civil list from a million florins to six hundred and fifty thousand. Certainly at that price the Dutch did not pay dearly for their sovereign.

Women have been the arbiters of William's life, for good or evil, from his cradle. His mother was the first of these determining influences.

William III, King of the Netherlands, Prince of Orange and Nassau, and Grand Duke of Luxemburg, was born February 19th, 1817, the son of King William II and his wife, Queen Anne, daughter of the Czar Paul of Russia. This Princess was the subject of various matrimonial projects. Intended first for one of the spoilt children of Europe, a Prince of Saxe-Coburg, she was, after Tilsit, destined for Napoleon I. This plan fell through, and instead the Duke of Berry was substituted. This too failing, thanks to Talleyrand, the Grand Duchess had to content herself with the heir to the Netherlands throne, which she ascended with him twenty-four years after their marriage. Of this union William III was the only male issue, and since two living generations separated him from the throne, he did not apply himself with great ardour to learning the art of governing. Nor did he excel in study generally. For only one thing did he show a pronounced taste, and that was music, into which he threw himself with real ardour, even taking singing lessons from Malibran. And this love for music remained with him all his life. From his own purse he founded a Conservatoire for Holland, and gave during the course of his reign really notable musical *fêtes* at his palace.

At twenty-two it was thought needful to marry him, and choice fell upon the Princess Sophia of Wurtemberg, one year his junior. That this marriage proved ill-suited is a matter universally known. Yet Queen Sophia, though not beautiful, was attractive and singularly charming, and her intelligence was rare. She took a keen interest in politics, had a fine taste for literature, and was desirous to make the Hague a centre of intellectual influences.

Incompatibility of tastes and manners made itself felt at once, and on his side still more divergent tendencies widened the breach, and time but increased the difference between the couple.

The ill-assorted union had dragged on for ten years, when in 1849 William succeeded to his father's throne, where stern duties awaited him. He despatched them all with a certain conscientiousness, but his change of station made no difference in his domestic relations. Indeed,

it made things rather worse than better for the poor wife. Every courtier—as is the wont of courtiers—naturally desired to stand well with the ruler. There were formed factions for the King and factions for the Queen, and discord among these rival parties waxed sharp and keen. At last their ardour cooled, and while the Queen kept the respect and esteem of all the Court, questions of interest gradually brought over all, in appearance, to her husband's side. It was a sad life that was led by Queen Sophia. Well for her that she found so much in literature to comfort her.

In 1877, regretted by her people, if not by her liege lord, she was released by death. But scarcely was she dead than there occurred a strange phenomenon. Whether in consequence of his wife's death, or whether by coincidence merely, William of Holland suddenly became a model monarch and man. He further contemplated the wisdom of re-marrying, for the two sons Queen Sophia had borne him could scarcely be counted on as heirs. The eldest, the Prince of Orange, had at twenty-five worn out his constitution; the youngest was rickety in the highest degree. The royal choice fell upon Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and loud and long was the European pity expressed for this young girl of twenty about to make a May and December marriage. But contrary to all expectation the marriage turned out well, and Queen Emma appears to have been happy with the sexagenarian spouse, over whom she obtained great influence. They were wedded in 1879, and soon after the event the Prince of Orange died in voluntary exile at Paris after a miserable career of public and private scandal. He was followed five years after by his brother, who had been a lifelong invalid. As consolation for these losses there had been born to the couple in the meantime a little princess, Wilhelmina, who is the apple of her aged father's eye, and upon whose tender head will descend the crown of the Netherlands.

Of the character of such a mere child nothing can as yet be said. All that is known of the Princess's tastes is that she has a perfect passion for outdoor amusements of all kinds. She loves driving, and skilfully handles a team of six ponies, which she drives in a little carriage two abreast.

She is a pretty merry little child, who will no doubt win the hearts of her stolid and steady-going Dutch subjects, as her mother has done before her. Nor has she any enemies to dread, unless perchance the Germans, whom it might please some day to remove her from her little ocean-rescued kingdom in order to obtain a larger seaboard for themselves. Her sex would then prove to her disadvantage, for the worshippers of blood and iron would make little scruple of sweeping away a throne possessed by a woman. But that day happily has not yet dawned. The whirligig of time and the events that follow in its train may work changes in the ponderous German Empire, caused by a revolt of even that patient people against the crushing burdens of militaryism. In any case, Holland still stands safe on her watery foundation, and in material progress she has certainly advanced under the forty years' reign of William III, a reign that has witnessed a revival of Dutch trade and fostered two great engineering enterprises: the draining of the Zuyder Zee and the desiccation of the Sea of Haarlem.

## THE SILVER CITY.

ALMOST interesting chapter in Dr. Dale's "Impressions of Australia" is that regarding the mineral wealth of the colonies, and the tendency to speculate that it engenders. Great indeed are the vicissitudes of fortune among those who invest in colonial mines. There is nothing so prosaic as mining when treated by the statist and averaged by the financier. The percentage of profit distributed over successes and failures works out at about as much as the money would have realised if invested in Exchequer bills!

But where is the average man that careth for averages? Is there not a romance in risk which all are pleased to hear about, even though they be cautious enough to abstain from venturing? How few there are who spare a thought for the hundreds who fail when they are told the story of a success!

Dr. Dale tells us about Broken Hill, now the largest silver mine in the world, exceeding even the famed Comstock lode of Nevada, in which Mackay found a mass of ore "as large as a cathedral!" Australia had not done much in the silver way until about half a dozen years ago. There had been Wheal Gawler in South Australia in 1841, the first silver mine on the continent; there had been the Talisker near Cape Jervis about 1862, which did considerably better; there was St. Arnaud, the only silver mine in Victoria, which was a very ordinary affair; there were a few New South Wales mines of little importance until the Borrook lodes were opened in 1878, when the run of luck lasted until the chlorides were replaced by sulphides, which proved unworkable at a profit. It was only, in fact, with the opening up of Sunny Corner, in the Bathurst district, in 1885, that Australian silver mining began to thrive; and Sunny Corner had almost immediately to yield first place to Broken Hill. The silver had come with as great a rush as did the gold.

And the gold has again gone ahead remarkably. We may pity the sorrows of the poor rupee; but

if there are to be, as promised, many gold discoveries like that at Mount Morgan, we shall soon have not only bimetallists amongst us, but polymetallists! Concerning this Queensland El Dorado of Mount Morgan, there is something very pitiful in the story of poor Gordon striving in vain to make his farm of 640 acres return a livelihood. Little did he think, as he anathematised the arid soil and drowned his grief in whisky, that there was fabulous wealth in the ground he despised. The novelist has rarely had such material as that afforded him by the two Morgans, almost penniless and helped by the bank manager to go forth and prospect. It is really a complete romance. What chapter headings it would give! For instance—The fruitless search in the Dee river hills; the resolve to move to another district; the brother, returning to the camp, sits down to smoke his pipe on a conical hill; he wonders where he shall go in the morning; aimlessly he breaks a bit of rock at his hand; he notices in the fresh fracture the glint of gold; instantly on the alert, he breaks more rock, and everywhere are tiny specks of gold; the whole hill is impregnated with gold, probably from a geyser, say the geologists afterwards; the secret return with the specimens; the assay at Sydney Mint forty ounces per ton; the approach to the miserable hut of the dairy farmer, who thinks himself well rid of a bad bargain at £1 per acre; a change on the land: the dairy farm becomes a mine; £3,000,000 of gold and more from the ironstone hill on which cows would not thrive; death of the dairy farmer, driven mad with drink and vexation.

But the story of Mount Morgan is ancient history now; to-day's romance is the tin-field at Euriowrie, which may or may not be worth even more than Mount Morgan and Broken Hill put together.

It was as a tin mine that Broken Hill started; but disappointing was the venture. One man invested £120 in it and died when the shares were almost valueless, thinking he was leaving his wife and young family destitute; but no sooner was he dead than the real wealth of the mine was discovered, and up went the shares to such a price that his widow sold half she held—that is, £60 worth—for £190,000; and, from the interest on that and the dividends on the other half, has now an income of £25,000 a year!

Dr. Dale tells another story. There was a young man who was receiving a pound a week and his "tucker" as a boundary rider. He was playing euchre with a friend, who, after he had lost all his ready money, staked a share he had just purchased for £100 or £120 in the new mine. The boundary rider won. A few months later he and another friend went up to the mine to see how it was getting on. As they were returning to Adelaide they caught a dangerous fever, and they were nursed by a stranger. The friend died; the successful euchre-player recovered. When he was better he said to the stranger, "You have rendered me the greatest service one man can render to another, for you have saved my life. You ought to have a share of my luck. I will divide with you. Here's a cheque for £15,000. My share in Broken Hill is worth £30,000!" After a time the boundary rider sold out at an immense profit, and had he held on another twelve months he would have been worth £600,000. No wonder that for a time Broken Hill was on every Australian lip.

Yet another story from later in the day. Dr. Dale quotes a friend's letter. "You remember," writes the friend, "sitting next to Mr. — at Mr. —'s luncheon. He had held a very good position, but had been very unfortunate; just before you met him at luncheon he had been obliged to call his creditors together. He has gone into Broken Hills, and is now worth £150,000." "I lunched," says Dr. Dale, "with this fortunate unfortunate gentleman in September; the letter was written, I think, in February."

And now, where is Broken Hill? It is in the Barrier range, near the South Australian border, about 840 miles from Sydney as the crow flies. The nearest approach to it is from Adelaide to Cockburn on the border, and thence by private line. The ranges form part of a patch of palæozoic rocks about 4,000 square miles in area, surrounded by wide plains of cretaceous and recent formation. The district is highly metalliferous, abounding in silver, lead, copper, tin, gold, bismuth, manganese, and iron. The silver lodes are chiefly in mica schist, clay-slate, and sandstone, traversed by quartz reefs and intrusive masses of pegmatite and diorite. They are found over a country seventy miles long and thirty miles wide, and are known to extend further. In surface plan they resemble shrinkage-cracks on the surface of cross-grained wood; in fact, the lode fissures are shrinkage-cracks formed by contraction of the rock-mass after the intrusion of the igneous rocks, but some run along an original joint in the strata, which is indicated by a well-defined wall in the lodes.

Broken Hill has many mines, but the great one of which we have been speaking is the Broken Hill Proprietary. Up to January 24th, 1889, that one mine treated 170,391 tons of ore, and obtained from it 7,782,549 ounces of silver and 31,027 tons of lead. In six months it yielded 55,846 tons of ore at a cost of 18*s.* 9*d.* per ton for mining, and 35*s.* 6*d.* per ton for smelting; paid £89,807 for coke, and spent £22,000 on timber. The mine had then been proved to a depth of 316 feet in a true fissure lode from 10 to 160 feet wide. The material is porous iron ore, or "gossan," with manganese oxide in places, more or less siliceous, and containing carbonate of lead and chloride of silver, with occasional carbonates of copper and zinc. The cavities and joints in the gossan sparkle with crystals; in some are black stalactites of iron, spangled with white translucent cerussite and calamine, and pale green kerargyrite — a combination to make a mineralogist's mouth water.

Broken Hill itself is the highest point on a narrow ridge, running north-east and south-west for several miles. A hundred and fifty feet above the general undulation there rises a crest caused by the outcrop of the huge lode—a craggy black

mass, changing in character every few feet. Some of the mines are in the steady-going main lode; others, the majority, are in those precarious cracks and strings that may at any moment pay out, or lead into a mass such as the very lucky proprietors of the Proprietary hit upon.

In 1883 the seven forty-acre blocks included in Broken Hill proper were bought for £70 each; now things are different. A correspondent has sent us an account of his recent visit to the Silver City, and it shall be his task to bring the story up to date.

### A VISIT TO BROKEN HILL.

Before I came to Australia I had hardly heard the name of the Silver City of Broken Hill; since arriving I have almost heard nothing else. In about three years a town of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants has sprung up. The people here speak of the progress as "wonderful." I was told as soon as I arrived in Australia that I ought to see the place; and so came on. The journey of about four hundred miles from Adelaide is not more formidable than going from London to Edinburgh, only it takes longer, because trains do not travel here at English speed. At Terowie a sleeping-car was obtained, and I had a far better night in it than I ever had in an American train.

The country is uninteresting; it is so bare—wide stretches of corn-fields, very few trees, no streams, but only river-beds filled at times; the houses all new, and roofed with the painfully-uniform corrugated iron, white and shining. But as the sun set I thought I had seldom seen more brilliant colouring; and this, with the deep background of purple hills, helped to break the monotony of the journey.

The rugged outline of the Barrier range is dotted over with great shafts and huge smelting works. Ever and anon patches of brilliant vermilion are seen against the dark shale. That brilliant colour is the refuse from smelting-works shot down, and soon cooled and blackened. Broad streets are laid out. They are named in harmony with the character of the place: as Argent Street, Sulphide Street, Cobalt Street, Oxide Street, etc. Many hotels and drinking-saloons are here. A new coffee-palace is just finished, an enormous structure, with handsome shops under the very broad verandah. It is three storeys high; and that is remarkable in a place where one storey is the rule. Far as the eye can reach in every direction, one sees the houses of iron or wood, or paper or canvas. They are all frightfully hot. To-day has been almost unendurable—people say it is the hottest of the season. I do not think I felt it worse down in the Vale of Siddin, where I even crept under my horse for a brief escape from the glaring sun.

Water is scarce; it is not laid on yet. I have just been talking to a man who was supplying a great hotel. He has a tank holding two hundred gallons, and he brings water six times a day, and is paid six shillings each time he comes.

Some of the young men are seeking to make money by selecting a site likely to be hereafter of value, putting up a little bag tent, canvas tent, paper tent, wooden shanty, or corrugated iron cottage, sleeping in it for a certain time, and so securing a title to the plot of land. In some parts of the town a title is secured by paying a pound a year, or ten pounds at once. One man here had secured his one acre, and then wanting another, he put up a shanty, and paid a man to sleep in it for the twenty-eight days legally necessary before it can be purchased. This keen man explained to me how claims are either confirmed or "jumped." You have to measure off the acre, dig out lines at each corner of the lot, and then get the city surveyor to come and ratify. Sometimes when you think your claim secure, someone will come at night-time, ere it is registered, remove the pegs, and obliterate the small trenches.

The young men, who live in the extemporised huts and cottages of which I have spoken, make themselves very comfortable therein. I saw some made to look quite home-like and attractive, with furniture and curtains. The owners who can afford it do not trouble themselves about cooking, but pay so much a week for boarding at the hotel. Those who cannot afford this manage easily to provide for themselves in a less luxurious fashion.

To visit the mines is of course the thing at Broken Hill. An order is obtained by payment of five shillings each person. The fee goes towards the support of the hospital. My wife was able to descend the shaft, so clean and well arranged is everything. We soon were made to understand the meaning of drives, cross-cuts, winzes, stoping, etc. The ventilation was perfect. The way the spaces cleared are timbered for support was of great interest. Squared timber is used. It is dovetailed together, and seems immovable. Nevertheless I saw some pieces split by the tremendous pressure of the superincumbent mass of ore. Our guide, a fervid Welshman, was quite eloquent in his description of the mine, its wondrous resources, and splendid ventilation.

The smelting works are on a large scale, and the amount of silver and lead sent away every week from the different mines reaches hundreds of tons. One wonders what becomes of all the silver produced. There is ore enough for many years at the present rate of working. Some have calculated that there is in one mine alone as much as twelve million pounds worth of silver and lead. This is ascertained by examination of the drives and cross-cuts. Many say the development of the mines is only yet in its infancy.

A great strike has just been concluded. Some non-union men were employed on the mines, and the unionists refused to work with them. The furnaces were blown out, and a great struggle faced. The chief manager was away in New Zealand, and the directors had to meet the men and settle matters. All was peaceably arranged; the non-union men had to join, or go. The town was kept quiet. There seems to have been no danger of any violence; very few police maintained order. The fact is the men are so well paid that they can afford to be idle for a time. Many of them invest their earnings in shares. They earn three pounds

a week at the lowest; and as they can put up a little sack hut, and have no house rent to pay, they are very well off. Clothing is almost as cheap as in England, and meat considerably cheaper; still, men earn all they get when one remembers what heat and dust have to be endured in this treeless, waterless place. I ought to say that the water used is that which is caught on roofs. Only two inches of rain fell all last year; but this year the people are in high feather because eleven inches have fallen.

I am told the people generally care little for religion. They are too much absorbed in mining and share speculation. I have just met with one who knew me when in St. Pancras. "I am here," said he, "to make money as rapidly as possible, and then get away home."

The religious wants of the people of the Silver City are well supplied. All denominations are represented, and they seem to live in great harmony. I was even surprised to see a Roman Catholic priest come into the Congregational Church, in which I delivered a lecture on "Some great American Preachers;" and he rose spontaneously to second a vote of thanks. This is the first time I have seen a Roman Catholic priest in a place of worship belonging to supposed sectaries. The same priest even accompanied the pastor of the church to the train that I might have a double benediction on my departure. I only mention this little fact to show how amicable is the relationship of the various denominations in their efforts to overtake the irreligion in a place so full of speculation and gambling as this Silver City.

Hot and dusty was our long ride down to Port Pirie, where the silver is shipped, and where the British section of the mine has its ore smelted. At Silverbrook a traveller entered our compartment, bearing, among other things, a bag of apricots and green almonds. He was not reticent, as many would be in a first-class carriage in England, but soon addressed us, and asked us to have some peaches. My wife took one. "Take a dozen," he said. "Take more; I have plenty." This was a new experience. He then gave us some green almonds, and never can I remember fruit being more welcome or kindliness more pressing.

Strolling down to the entrance of this port, which owes its present prosperity to the traffic developed by the mines of Broken Hill, we came upon a place called Tent-town. Here the "lumpers" and porters of the wharves chiefly live. They pay sixpence a week for permission from Government to dwell there; and for about a sovereign they can obtain sufficient sacking and wood to make a capital square tent. Two men smoking their pipes at the doorway, seeing us stop and glance at their dwelling, invited us inside to inspect. These two San Francisco men had partitioned the place into sleeping and dining rooms. They had a rude oven of mud, and the small section of an air-shaft. Here they could do their cooking and be independent of anybody. All they wanted was the fresh water laid on.

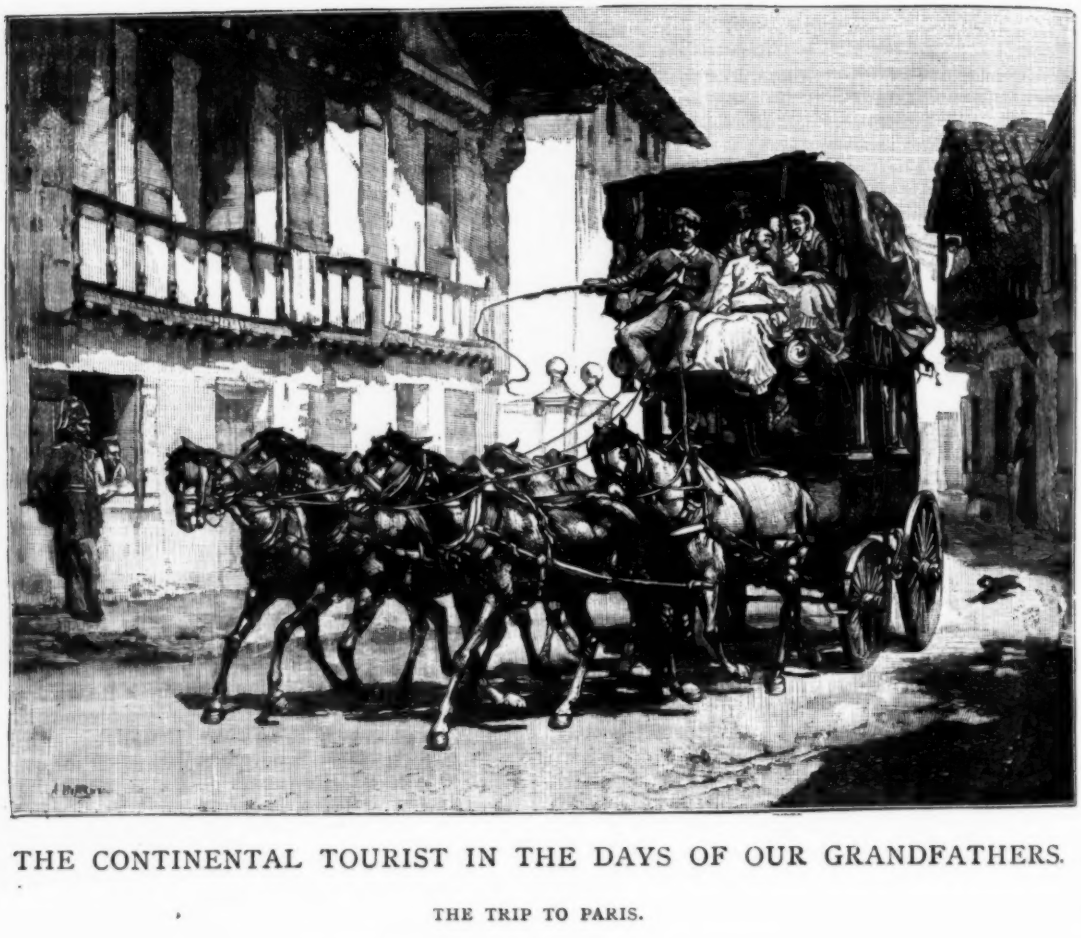
The harbour-master amused me by his description of his first experiences when helping to form this port out of a mere salt marsh. A minister sent on from Adelaide to hold services for a time caught him, a Government officer, washing his only shirt. He had an iron tub on the ground, and was bare to the waist. The minister had come a day too soon for him, and his dilemma was great. His recital was so quaint that a hearty laugh could only follow.

On we went to Hamley Bridge, some day to be a prosperous centre, and then, about a hundred and thirty miles off the track, to Moonta mines. As I have seen the largest silver mines in the world, I must needs also see the largest copper mines. The end of our journey was ten miles by a one-horse tram-car through scrub, but with constant peeps over the deep green stunted foliage of the intense blue waters of the gulf.

Anyone who has seen a colliery district can imagine the general appearance of the mines, with the many shafts and engines. Eighteen hundred feet you can descend, but you find it very hot, and want to go to the drying-room when you come up. The process of separating the metal from the useless rocky substance is very like that used at Broken Hill. I was greatly interested in one fact. Great heaps of refuse are here, and when the rains came down this year rather copiously they washed seven tons of copper out, which, after all possible care, had not been abstracted. Trenches were cut round the heaps, and the water was run into a central place.

The captain of the mines and most of his men are from Devon or Cornwall. He welcomed me to his home, and the welcome was appreciated, for it was ninety-five degrees of heat outside in the shade, but inside only seventy-five. Those who live here shut out the heat by keeping the blinds down, and thus manage to endure what would otherwise be almost past bearing for Englishmen.

F. HASTINGS.



# THE CONTINENTAL TOURIST IN THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

## THE TRIP TO PARIS.

### CHAPTER I.—IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE trip to Paris, accomplished to-day in eleven hours, was in the middle of the last century a formidable journey that might take ten days, even when the traveller had neither the means nor the inclination to lose any time on the road. In an account of a trip to Paris taken by an English tourist in 1754, we are told that the passage alone took three days. This was one of the pleasant possibilities of crossing the Channel before steam was applied to navigation. On landing at Calais, worn out and miserable, our traveller was taken to the guard-room near the gates, his luggage examined, and he himself made to sign his name, after which, with two other passengers, he was given in charge of five meagre soldiers, who hurried them to the commandant, or deputy-governor of the town. Arrived at the governor's house, they were introduced into the kitchen, the corporal, with many compliments, informing the cook that three English gentlemen had come to pay their respects to his honour the commandant; whereupon the cook, who was preparing coffee and diverting himself by whistling, gave the travellers a supercilious glance. Some time having elapsed, the travellers suggested that the corporal should reiterate the object of their visit, whereupon the cook, with many shrugs and cringes, replied: "Gentlemen, his honour is at present in bed; he congratulates your arrival into the French dominions, and if you proceed higher up into the country, sincerely wishes you a good journey."

Escorted back to the post gate, they are informed their luggage must be sent on to the custom-house to be duly plumbed; whereupon a number of porters seize the things, charging for each separate article ten sols, or fivepence. That evening they book their places for the diligence, which they learn will start in a few days. Meanwhile their position is truly pitiable. No more do their eyes rest agreeably on the accustomed forms of gravity and industry; wherever they look they

see nothing but gaiety, foppery, and affectation. It is the depth of the winter, and yet people walk about in open-breasted coats, silk stockings, and their hats under their arms, wearing powder and an immoderately long sword, thinking to make amends by the thickness of their coats, the length of their waistcoats, the size of their muffs, and the shelter of their umbrellas. Returned to their hotel, our poor countrymen bewail the loss of Old England's roast-beef, plum-pudding, etc., etc., unable to put up with the soups, fricassées, and ragouts their miserable host sets before them.

On the following Monday morning they get into the diligence, described as a coach, with a large covered basket behind and before, the last comers sitting at the window, the seat being so contrived that their feet hung down between the wheels, and their heads were on a line with the knees of those who sat in the body of the coach. This construction shows how primitive the vehicle must have been. It was so far like the Corbillard, an early French coach, and almost certainly had no springs. Eight horses, yoked in pairs with ropes, were had out to draw this diligence. Two waggoners walked by the horses to keep them going at a quiet walk. Dining at Marquise, the travellers arrived in the evening at Boulogne, where they were landed at the stables, the coachman conducting them a quarter of a mile through the streets, a foot deep in snow, to an inn which greatly resembled an English barn.

Tuesday morning they proceeded on their journey, but as the snow has been falling all night they are obliged to have ten horses and four postillions to drive them. The snow continues beating in their faces all day. They dine at a poor village, and reach Montreuil in the evening. Refreshed by their suppers, our travellers go to a wedding-ball, where they find about a hundred peasants of all ages from eight to eighty; and notwithstanding the narrator's cynical ill-humour, he is beguiled into dancing himself, his excuse being that the company would have thought him as boorish as a Dutchman had he refused. Several maskers come in, exhibiting their apish tricks, and then make their exit. This amusement and other strange customs he beheld exceedingly disgust him. When he wishes to express his surprise at their depravity he says, in his own peculiar dialect, they do this or do that *sans cérémonie*.

Next morning (Wednesday) they had to be up by candle-light and into the coach by 4 a.m., an effort the perverse soldiers who guarded the gates refused to reward, for they kept them an hour before they would let them through. They dined at another poor village, and slept at Abbeville. Thursday they are off again at dawn, but finding the place where they stopped to dine a despicable poor cabin, the narrator and an Irish officer set off to walk to a village six miles on the road. After all their fatigue they had to be content with herb soup, sour bread, and worse wine. Instead of going through Amiens, they take the more direct route through Beauvais, arriving that night at Poix, which the narrator calls Psoas. Friday morning they pass through Grand Villars, and dining, arrive at Beauvais, which, like Abbeville, they find full of convents and clergy. Half a league from the gates of the town the bodies of three men hung in chains, while a fourth lay exposed on a wheel.

Saturday morning, in the piercing cold, they continue their route, dining miserably at the mean town of Blainville, and in the evening sleeping at the poor village of Beaumont-sur-Oise, in the Ile de France.

Our traveller seems to have set out with his mind little furnished as to the objects of interest by the way. He does not appear even to have correctly caught the names of the places; but one thing he was capable of doing, and that was of making a comparison between the wealth and comfort of England and the sordid poverty in France—a poverty which Hogarth has vigorously impressed upon us in his "Calais Gate." But suddenly these English travellers come on plenty—fine vineyards and large preserves, in which the hares and partridges are as numerous and as tame as rabbits and crows in England. You would think, the narrator says, that this is a land of plenty; but no, all this is royal game, only a few of the noblesse are permitted the privilege of hunting and fowling; the death of a single hare or partridge by a plebeian would entail a punishment of three years at the galleys. It was doubtless Chantilly, with its great park and forest, which our travellers beheld. In the rest of this province they found great poverty, the houses for the most part miserably mean; the salt was of a dark grey colour and the bread almost black. Fowls seemed in abundance, but everything was roasted and boiled as long as any piece remained. The dinners averaged two shillings apiece, and he advises strangers visiting France to carry a knife with them, as only forks and spoons are supplied.

Sunday they again pursue their journey, dining at St. Denis, and in the evening entering Paris through the arch of St. Denis, which the narrator thought magnificent, and after another examination of the luggage the diligence landed them at the post-house. They had taken no less than seven days in performing a journey which at the longest does not now take more than six hours. The rate of these so-called diligences may be imagined when it is understood that the average distance accomplished on this journey each day was only twenty-six miles, and that with eight horses the team changed about two-and-thirty times.

## CHAPTER II.—AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CENTURY.

DURING the last ten years of the eighteenth century trips to Paris must have been very rare indeed. Thus it happened that when, by the Peace of Amiens, the two countries were once more in amity, the rush to Paris was so great that lodgings were only to be obtained at exorbitant prices, and people who lived at home in great palaces had to make strange shifts.

The change in circumstances, and the great

interest in Paris as the centre of so many wonderful events, produced a number of Journals of Visits, and we may compare three, all made at the same time and taking the same route.

The first traveller arrived at Calais October 16th, 1801, and he claims to have been the first Englishman, not being an official, who set foot on French soil after the ratification of the preliminary treaty. He crossed the Channel in an English boat carrying a flag of truce, a propitious wind bringing them to Calais pier in three hours. To his astonishment, he beheld little change in dress; powdered heads and long pigtails seemed as much the fashion as he remembered them twelve years earlier. He sees a part of the Boulogne flotilla in the harbour, and on the decks of the gunboats —and, in fact, on every log and piece of timber—the soldiers are playing at games of chance.

He gets his passport signed readily, and a description of his appearance having been taken, he goes to the Lion d'Argent, from whence he sets out for Paris in a *cabriolet de voyage;* and, travelling night and day, he reaches his destination in forty-four hours. However, his arms, knees, and head are finely pummelled by the jolting of the carriage. "Well," he exclaims, "might the landlord say the roads were bad; in some parts they were positively dangerous!" The authorities were hard at work having them mended, the men working by torchlight.

This traveller sets out with the express purpose of noticing the changes brought about by the Revolution. In this portion of his travels he remarks that most of the abbeys and monasteries have been converted into hospitals and manufactories, and that the open plains—formerly mostly lying fallow, and presenting the aspect of one neglected waste—now are well cultivated and chiefly laid down in corn. The same transforming cause had worked, however, to the disadvantage of the passing traveller in delaying his journey and increasing its expense by turnpike gates, which did not exist before the Revolution. Under the old *régime* the roads had been kept in repair by the forced labour of the unfortunate peasants; the revolutionists had now decreed that those who used the roads should pay for them. However, travelling at night, our Englishman found the toll-gatherers sometimes asleep, and unwilling to leave their snug beds.

Ten days after another traveller takes the same route, and it is curious to note the varied experience. He crosses in a neutral packet-boat in a few hours, but the custom-house authorities will not allow the passengers to land until they have taken all their names and made a report to the municipality. Meanwhile he amuses himself by looking at the great mustachios of the grenadiers, and the close caps of the women who are watching them from the pierhead. Allowed to land, they are marched off in charge of a guard to the custom-house; from thence they are taken to the *maire*, and afterwards to the house of the commissary. The guard is a civic one, and its tattered appearance reminds the narrator of Falstaff's famous regiment. His passport, pocket-book, and letters are all demanded, and not returned until the following day. The passport signed by Talleyrand has to be exchanged for a new one, which so detains him that he only starts for Paris on Wednesday morning. He uses the ordinary method of posting. The horses proved active and well fed, the drivers civil, and the expenses moderate. Three horses and a postboy cost about five shillings the post—that is, about a shilling a mile. Thus the mere travelling expenses from Calais to Paris for posting were between £9 and £10.

His first day's journey was from Calais to Montreuil, 43½ miles, which was done between dawn and sunset without stopping either to breakfast or dine. At the house celebrated by Sterne excellent accommodation was found—good beds, and, to use his singular adverb, *superiorly* good cooking.

Next day they reach Amiens, passing through a well-cultivated country and among peasants well clad. But in the towns the number of beggars was as great as formerly. At every post they were surrounded with the old, the blind, and the lame, some of whom, not satisfied with vociferating their complaints, actually climbed up the springs of the carriage and put their faces within the windows to draw attention. Waiters, landlords, postboys, all were civil and appeared glad to see *les milords Anglais;* in fact, this traveller, who had lived in France before the Revolution, notes that the people were not only more civil, but infinitely more respectful than before that event.

At Amiens they are lodged in fine rooms, superbly furnished, but which keep out neither rain nor wind; the fires are bad and the charges extravagant. Starved with cold, they leave this inhospitable hotel at break of day, and after travelling through a country of which at every step the beauty increased, while the roads became worse and worse, they reached Chantilly, thankful to have escaped without a broken neck. Next morning (Saturday) they visited the ruins of the château, and then set off for Paris. The vineyards, villas, and carriages of all descriptions announced the approach to a capital, and they reached the gates at two o'clock in the afternoon, having been three days and a half on the road.

The third experience is that of a pleasure party to Paris in August, 1802. It consisted of two gentlemen and three ladies, attended by two servants and a courier. They take over their own barouche and a coach, travelling themselves in the former, while the servants and the baggage follow in the latter. The passage costs them twelve guineas in the ordinary packet-boat—a guinea apiece and four guineas for the carriages. They go through somewhat the same experience on landing as the last-mentioned voyagers. They stop at Dessein's, an hotel whose reputation Sterne's "Sentimental Traveller" had no doubt largely helped to make. Their dinner delighted them; it was, they said, set out with a degree of taste to which they were quite strangers; indeed, they were so pleased that they went to inspect the kitchen, where they found three men cooks and

innumerable scullion maids, all dressed in "the pink of the mode." On the whole they thought themselves so well treated by the inn that they print their bill, which may perhaps be a curiosity to those who would like to see what travelling cost in 1803.

BILL AT CALAIS FOR FIVE PERSONS AND TWO SERVANTS.

| | livres | sols. |
|---|---|---|
| Dinner | 15 | 0 |
| 1 Champagne | 6 | 0 |
| 1 Côté rolie | 6 | 0 |
| 1 Chably | 4 | 0 |
| 1 Bière | 0 | 8 |
| 4 Bougies | 4 | 0 |
| 2 Cahiers de papier | 1 | 0 |
| Thés | 6 | 0 |
| Baton de cire | 1 | 4 |
| Logement | 15 | 0 |
| Déjeuner | 7 | 10 |
| | 66 | 2 |
| Servants' bill | 14 | 5 |
| | 80 | 7 |
| Chambermaid | 4 | 0 |
| | 5 | 0 |
| | 89 | 7 |

Which was certainly not very dear, considering that they spent sixteen livres eight sols in wine and beer alone.

They found posting very easy, as the laws with reference to it were all sold with the book of the roads. Quitting Calais at half-past two, their postillions cracking their whips in terrible concert and with a wonderful degree of spirit, they dashed along a road excellent all the way to Abbeville. Their experience with the postillions differed from that of the last travellers as much as that of the roads. They complain that the former were free, easy, and drunken, and would dismount and leave their horses on going up the hills, so that they kept turning round. At Boulogne they dined at an hotel kept by an Englishman, and were rudely treated by an insolent waiter. They came into Abbeville between eight and nine o'clock, the sweetest evening imaginable. A group sitting round the cabaret hooted and hissed at the carriage with much rudeness. Abbeville wore an air of general desolation and poverty; beggars were so numerous that it was hardly possible to get along the streets without treading on them. At the next stage the postillions very coolly desired a man to get up behind the barouche without consulting the owners the least in the matter; the man wore a large cocked hat and the remnant of an old embroidered coat. He proved civil and inoffensive, and as far as his knowledge went communicative; and when he arrived at the point he meant to stop, politely acknowledged the favour and departed.

During the next three posts the heat was so intense that our travellers stopped at four o'clock in the afternoon at Breteuil, and having refreshed themselves with excellent apricots and plenty of coffee with cream, determined to proceed at sunset and travel all night, and so reach Paris before the heat of another day began. The moon arose in her splendour, and the freshness of the evening was delightful. The ladies had some fears, but not so the narrator, who conceived that travelling at night in France was to be done with the greatest safety, the post laws being very severe, and it being impossible for postillions to be concerned in any robbery without immediate detection. However, he and his friend took it in turns to sit on the box so as to keep watch, and each carried a brace of loaded pistols.

At Clermont they got nearly overturned owing to the carelessness of the postillions; and at Ecouen, where they stopped for breakfast, they had very indifferent coffee and sour bread and butter, for which, however, they were made to pay sixteen livres.

As they drew near to Paris all thought of fatigue vanished in curiosity and expectation. The lofty avenues of tall elms, the broad road, and almost all the approaches centring in one point, were features which impressed them. It was 7 a.m when they arrived at Paris; and after a short delay in the examination of their passports, they drove on to the Hôtel de Richelieu, where they took a suite of rooms elegantly furnished, for which they agreed to pay ten louis a week (ten guineas). Then they arranged with a *traiteur* to provide for them at the rate of twenty louis a week, and with a *lacquey de place* at four livres a day; and finally, for stabling for their carriages and horses at five-and-twenty guineas a month. Altogether their expenses for a month's trip to Paris, not including the salaries of their own servants, must have been nearly two hundred pounds.

# EDWIN WAUGH, THE LANCASHIRE LAUREATE.

## CHAPTER I.—EARLY LIFE AND TRAINING.

"So lovingly embrace thy lot,
Though lowly it may be,
And beautify the little spot
Where God hath planted thee."
—*Moorland Flower.*

A THRILL of genuine sorrow ran through the County Palatine, from seaboard to moorland, when, on the morning of May 1st, 1890, the tidings passed from lip to lip, "Edwin Waugh is gone." The poet died at New Brighton at eight o'clock on the evening of April 30th, aged seventy-three.

Edwin Waugh, whose writings have stirred the hearts of shrewd, hard-headed Lancashire folk of every degree as no writer ever stirred them before, was born at Rochdale on the 29th of January, 1817. He came of good stock on both sides. One of his ancestors was a Bishop of Carlisle in the reign of Queen Anne. His father's family was of Scotch descent; but John Waugh, the poet's great-grandfather, was a Northumbrian statesman—that is, a man who farmed the land he owned, near Haltwhistle—about the middle of the last century.

Edwin's grandfather preferred a handicraft trade and the prospect of a town life to his rural surroundings, and left home as a young man to seek employment in London. Love altered his plans by intercepting him on the way thither. He married and settled at Rochdale, where he subsequently became the head of a large and flourishing business, which he carried on in premises of his own. His seventh and youngest son was the father of Edwin Waugh.

Like so many others who have attained eminence in literature and science, the poet owed much to a good mother. She was born at the little village of Wardle Fold, near Rochdale, was a thorough Lancashire woman, and in many respects a remarkable one. From her side of the house he inherited the intense love for and appreciation of music that was always one of his chief characteristics.

The poet's maternal grandfather, William Howarth, a stonemason and engraver by trade, was still better known throughout the neighbourhood as an excellent musician. He played on different instruments, but the hautboy was his favourite, hence his sobriquet of "Billy wi' the pipes at Biggins," a name far more frequently used when referring to him than was his proper patronymic.

The grandfather was not, however, the only relative of the poet on the mother's side who was noted for his musical attainments. His great-uncle, James Leach, was a well-known composer and author of a psalmody still used in some country districts in Lancashire.

Edwin tells us that from his earliest days he was brought up in a musical atmosphere. He says of his grandfather: "After he had finished a hard day's work, it was not an uncommon thing for him to stand at a tall desk in a recess by the window copying passages from the great composers until far on into the morning. Amongst his moorland neighbours he was reckoned a good player on more instruments than one. My mother's relatives seem to have been almost all of them natural musicians, and it was their custom to go in a body to each other's houses in turn to practise sacred music at certain set times. I remember some of these musical gatherings at which I was present when I was young."

He also tells how his mother was accustomed to sing her favourite tunes from her uncle's psalmody to his little sister and himself; and that sometimes, when he accompanied her to Wardle Fold, they went together "from one house to another amongst her kinsfolk." "I often," he adds, "heard them sing and play James Leach's touching melodies with tears in their eyes. I remember some of those tunes still, and I think I shall never forget them."

Thus early was the yet unfledged poet trained to song, and in his humble home, as in that of his mother a generation earlier, religion and music went hand-in-hand.

In the cottage at Wardle Fold which called "Billy wi' the pipes" its master, John Wesley was a frequent and honoured guest. Beneath its lowly roof the apostle of Methodism often preached to the village folk; and Edwin Waugh's mother used to tell him how, when she was a child of six years old, the honoured and venerable preacher would tenderly stroke her head at the close of his ministrations for the time being.

"Child as she was," writes Edwin, "she had some sense of the reverence which was due to the old white-haired man, and would run across a field and, hiding behind a hawthorn hedge, have one more peep at him as he left the village with his friends."

In the poet's prose works we find many charming pictures of his early life and surroundings. He cannot tell how or when he first learned to read, but says reading seemed to come naturally to him, as he has no recollection of being taught. There is, however, little doubt that he was indebted to his good mother for all the best instruction he received. Here is one of his own word-pictures of her and of home in those early days:

"I thought of the time when I too used to start from home on a Sunday morning, dressed in my

holiday suit, clean as a new pin from top to toe, and followed to the door with a word of gentle admonition. I thought of some things I learned when standing at my mother's knee, of the little prayer and the blessing at bedtime, of the old solemn tunes which she used to sing when all the house was still, whilst I sat and listened, drinking in those plaintive strains of devotional melody, never to forget them more."

The books, too, which Edwin devoured as a child were all calculated to deepen such impressions. The Bible, Book of Common Prayer, Wesley's Hymns, "Baxter's Saints' Rest," "Fox's Book of Martyrs," History of England, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Culpepper's Herbal," and some others formed the cottage library.

The Waughs for generations were, however, a reading family, and some members of it were book-collectors, and owned considerable libraries for their day and the opportunities afforded them. Edwin's memory was remarkable as a child, and it was kept in full exercise by his mother. In fact, her efforts were somewhat misdirected, for, having induced him to master several chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, the boy had to repeat them so often that a positive distaste for them was excited in his mind.

Hard times began early with the embryo poet. When he was only eight years old his father died, leaving him and a younger child, a girl, dependent for bread on the mother's exertions.

Mrs. Waugh made a brave fight to bring up her children respectably. She sent for Robert Hawkward, a fine youth of seventeen, her son by a former marriage, and with his assistance carried on a little business. The family managed to live by it, but that was all. Porridge and milk formed their staple food, and on it the children grew up strong and hearty.

Edwin was sent to school, and though the mother subsequently lost her elder son and devoted helper—probably through anxiety, overwork, and privation—she was resolved that at any cost to herself the younger should be fairly educated, and did not remove him on account of his brother's death.

When about twelve years old, Edwin was asked what trade he would prefer, and replied, "Either a sailor or a printer."

The study of two favourite volumes, "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Swiss Family Robinson," accounted for his nautical proclivities, and his great love of reading for his desire to be where books would grow under his hands.

The boy and some of his friends once planned to go to sea and search for some fair island where they might spend their days in Crusoe fashion.

This scheme was perforce abandoned, and Edwin became errand boy to a printer. Great were his joy and pride when at the week's end he carried two shillings, his first earnings, to his mother.

About this time the family fortunes improved a little. Mrs. Waugh began an infant school, which was fairly patronised, and she no longer felt anxious about bread for her children.

After a year's experience in his first place, Edwin's master gave up his business and became a preacher, and the lad was apprenticed to Thomas Holden, at that time the principal bookseller at Rochdale.

His prospects were brightened by the change, inasmuch as he was learning a trade. But his work was hard, his wages were small, and his hours long. During the first twelve months of his apprenticeship his wages were half-a-crown a week. After that and to the end of the fourth year, he received an extra shilling per week each year. For the last three years the periodical increase was double that amount. His working hours were from six to nine in summer, seven to nine in winter. As youngest hand, his work began first and finished last. He had to sweep and dust in the morning and close the shop at night.

Once during a press of work, he had been told to call at his master's house for the keys by 5 a.m. The lad went weary to bed, but he was so terrified of being late that, after a short sleep, he went downstairs to find out what time it was. The clock had stopped, so he started on his walk of a mile to Mr. Holden's.

It was bitterly cold and in the depth of winter, and Edwin stood pinched and shivering on the doorstep for some time, until at length his repeated knocking roused his master, who came to the window and called "Who is there?"

"It is me, sir, come for the keys."

"Why, Edwin, my boy, it's only half-past one. Go back to bed as fast as you can."

The window was quickly closed and the tired lad had to retrace his steps and rest as best he might, during the short time remaining to him.

Waugh dearly loved his work at the printing press, and revelled in the little world of books now opened to him. He was an omnivorous reader, and he was moreover brought into touch with men of no ordinary mental calibre, who were accustomed to meet at Holden's place of business.

Of these Waugh writes: "For the clergy of the district and for a certain class of politicians this shop was the chief rendezvous of the place. Roby, the banker, and author of the 'Traditions of Lancashire,' used to slip in of an evening to have a chat with my employer and a lot of congenial spirits who met him there. In the days when my head was but a little higher than the counter, I remember how I used to listen to his versatile conversation."

This gentleman's words and writings exercised a remarkable influence over Waugh. The lad laid himself out to visit all the places named in Roby's charming local stories, and these were often subsequently referred to in his own works.

Canon Raines, the vice-president of the Chetham Society, was another frequent visitor at Holden's, and in after days loved to speak of the bright lad who was such an earnest student.

In all, Edwin Waugh worked at his trade in Rochdale and London for seventeen years; and, despite hard study and long hours, he managed to indulge his passionate love for the beauties of Nature, especially her wildest side in the shape of

crag and moorland. Strong and vigorous, he could walk great distances without fatigue, and he spent what leisure he had in visiting every place of beauty or interest within his reach. He thus describes his rambles:

"Long before the time of my apprenticeship had expired, there was hardly a town or a scene within a circuit of twenty miles around my native place which I had not visited on foot."

Blackstone Edge was a specially favourite spot. "In that picturesque region I have often lingered with delight, rambling from hill to hill, valley to valley, village to village, through the sunny hours of a long summer's day. My heart warms to those wild hills as I write about them now, for I loved them with a passionate love when I was a lad." And later on: "The wheels are beautiful which roll me towards the country where I first pulled the wild flowers and listened to the lark."

It is one thing to be an admirer of Nature's glories, another to make them our own—"a joy for ever" by closest observation. How thoroughly Edwin Waugh did this, his works both in prose and poetry, abundantly prove. Human and inanimate nature were alike successfully studied, and in due time depicted with admirable fidelity. From the fact that many of his word-pictures deal with country life and character as they were forty or fifty years ago, some of his readers may not be able to realise this perfect portraiture.

Towards the close of Waugh's apprenticeship his old passion for the sea reasserted itself. He named it to his mother, who naturally discouraged a change of vocation. The longing, however, proved overmastering, and the youth stole away from home, burdened with no greater wealth than his best clothes in a bundle and a single shilling in his pocket.

He joined some other wayfarers and tramped to Liverpool, after having pawned his clothes for a trifle on the way. For some days he strove to obtain a berth on shipboard; but at length, overcome by disappointment, starvation, and weariness, he "ate rue pie," and started homeward.

Exhausted with long wanderings, thin, worn, and looking many years older, the youth reached home, to receive such a welcome as a loving mother always keeps ready for her child, and very thankful was he to feel her kind arms round his neck and her glad tears on his cheek. He tells us that he ate a much needed meal, then went to bed, and slept seventeen hours at a stretch. A few days of rest fitted him to resume his work, and when he made his appearance at the shop, Mr. Holden merely greeted him with the words, "Well, sir, I hope you enjoyed your trip to sea;" after which no more notice was taken of his escapade.

From this time Waugh was contented to "bide on shore," though his love for the sea continued unabated till his death; and he spent the last ten years of his life within sight and sound of it. During several uneventful years that followed he worked on at his trade, and meanwhile increased his stores of knowledge. He did a little amateur scribbling during his apprentice and journeyman days, and edited, as well as contributed to, a manuscript magazine, brought out fortnightly by a number of working men; but it only lived three months. In 1847, when thirty years old, Waugh accepted the post of assistant secretary to the Lancashire Public School Association, a society which proved the pioneer of the Elementary Education Act of 1870; and he held the situation for five years. It brought him into close contact with men of great mental calibre, and vastly widened his own sphere of observation and usefulness.

RUTH LAMB

## WITH THE BIRDS ON CLIFFS AND ROCKS.

BY CHARLES DIXON, AUTHOR OF "RURAL BIRD-LIFE," 'OUR RARER BIRDS," ETC., ETC.

SOME of the most interesting birds the observer will meet with in his wanderings are to be found on cliffs and rocks. In this term we include the various inland precipices of mountain districts, as well as the rugged walls of cliff that rise perpendicularly from the sea on so many parts of the British coast. There is something extremely picturesque and beautiful about an inland precipice. See how its hoary face is wrinkled with the wear of centuries, torn up in parts into caves and cracks, from which sturdy saplings of oak and sycamore and birch shoot forth. Perchance the broad-leaved glossy ivy creeps across its face, the trailing stems spread like a network of cables, or its foliage hangs in big clustering masses from the dizzy heights, coming out in beautiful contrast to the white or red of the cliff. Its sides are replete with botanical interest. Fragile ferns and tufts of polypody grow where the moisture trickles down, grass springs from every point where the scanty soil affords it a precarious root; primroses, harebells, cranesbill, and a host of other simple blooms cluster on its surface. Many of these towering inland rocks are full of legendary interest. Or what so grandly beautiful as the rocky sides of a Scottish glen, or the towering "tors" and peaks that rise sheer up from grassy downs, like huge sentinels of the wilderness! On the other hand, an ocean cliff is full of solemn grandeur as it rises from the wild waves that have beaten and hammered its face for untold ages, or have slowly honeycombed it into caves and clefts and hollows, some of them once used as retreats for smugglers and pirates, or even as the hiding-places of princes. Our coasts abound with these brave old headlands, from Dover's historical cliffs and the iron rocks

of Cornwall to the majestic walls of wild Cape Wrath; from Flamborough's cliffs to those on the desolate Irish coasts, or away in the west of Scotland to the distant Hebrides or still more remote St. Kilda.

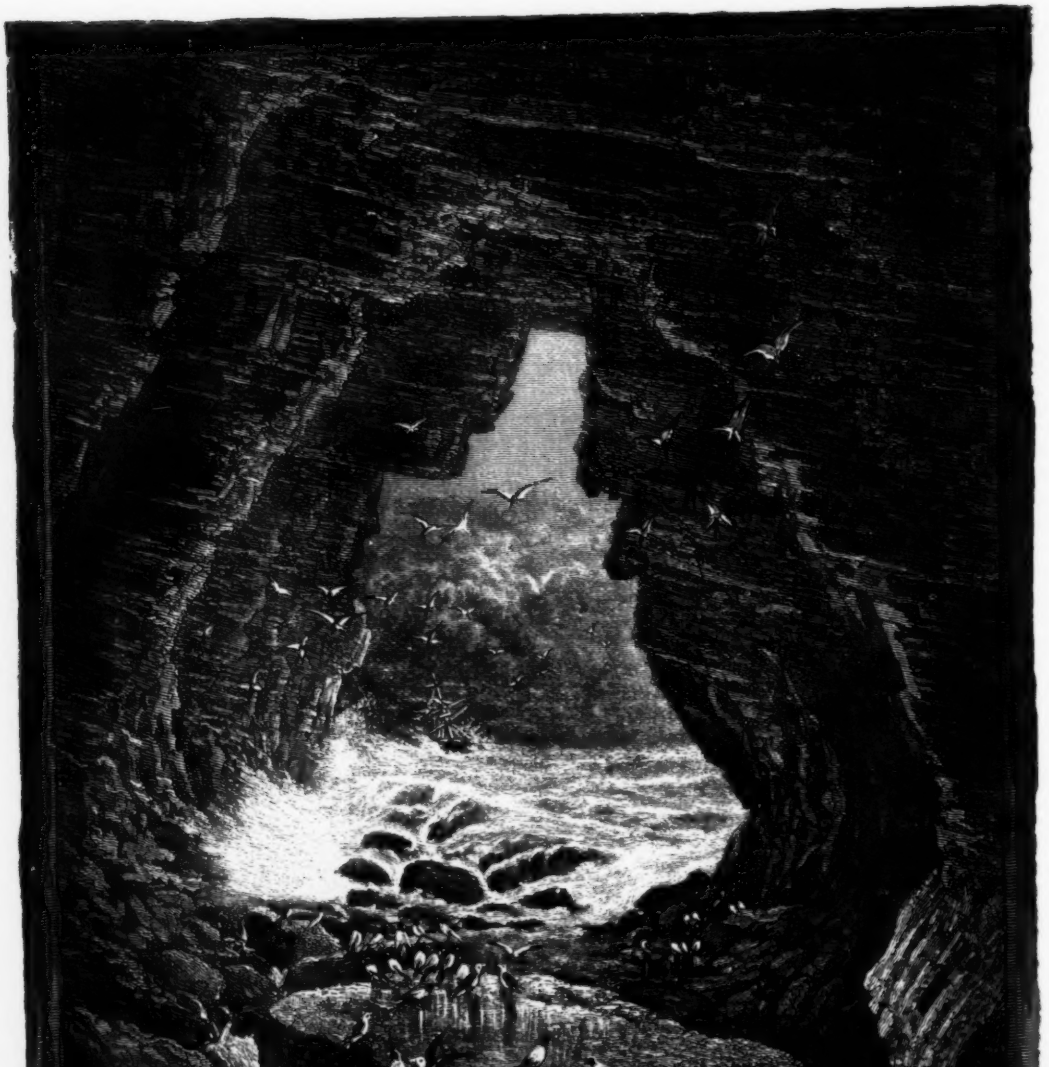
Birds of various species haunt these rocky fastnesses. Perhaps the commonest bird of the inland rocks is the pert-looking jackdaw. His colonies may be found in almost every range of cliffs, provided they are sufficiently lofty and inaccessible. The jackdaws resort to the rocks to rear their young, making their nests in the holes and crannies. A flock of jackdaws lends life and animation to the cliffs, as the birds hover and circle high in air or perch upon the stunted trees, their cackling notes resounding in fitful clashes like peals of bells. Small use to try and rob their clumsy nests of the blue speckled eggs, for in most cases they defy even the boldest climber. Jackdaws are very sociable birds, and live in company throughout the year, always roosting in their favourite rocks, and feeding on the adjoining fields and pastures. Another well-known rock-bird is the starling, which often elects to found a scattered colony in the cliffs. One more tenant of the inland cliffs is the little house martin, a summer migrant to this country, whose mud-built cradle is often secured to the rocks. It also lives in colonies, the nests sometimes being placed in rows and clusters in all suitable positions. The air near a colony of house martins is literally alive with birds fluttering before their nests, or skimming hither and thither past the face of the cliffs in search of their insect food. The swift also frequents the rocks and rears its young in the holes and fissures, making a slight nest of grass and feathers, in which it lays two elongated white eggs. It, again, is a stranger from across the sea, coming to this country in spring and leaving us in early autumn.

In the wilder districts, especially of Scotland, we meet with the noble peregrine, the prince of hawks. He is a thorough rock-bird, and makes his home in the inaccessible cliffs, levying an endless tribute on his defenceless feathered neighbours. But the king of the inland rocks is undoubtedly the golden eagle. Far up the mountain sides, amongst the glens and "bens" of bonny Scotland, we occasionally meet with the largest raptorial bird of northern Europe. Lie down amongst the tall brown heather in which the grouse are crowing, and listen to the skylark's notes or the croaking of the ravens from the Storr rock far above your head. Then you may watch the aerial gambols of the golden eagle, the "Iolair dhubh," or black eagle of the Highland shepherds. See, he is directly above you now, his broad wings outstretched, the tips of the primaries separated and turned upwards, and his ample tail ever and anon turned from side to side, raised or depressed like a powerful rudder. He is busy watching the spring lambs gambolling with their mothers on the hillsides. He does not stay long in your company. Rising higher in the air, he clears the distant rocks and disappears behind them in his course over the next valley. But follow him in imagination there, and see him finally alight on yon hoary crag, his favourite perch for years and years. Folding his broad wings, slightly drooping them, and retracting his neck, he sits basking in the sunshine for hours, digesting his meal. In fine and storm he seeks this selfsame pinnacle of rock. It has often served him for a dining-table; it is the place where he loves to take his daily siesta; and often, even in the blinding snow and sleet, it is his only refuge. Before the snow is off the hills the eagles are engaged in nesting duties; and their eyrie, frequented almost for all time, is generally placed in the most rugged and picturesque portion of the cliff, where a good look-out can be obtained, and where danger can be sighted from afar. But we can only spare a cursory glance at the bulky nest of twigs and roots and grass, with its two finely-marked eggs, ere we take our way to the blue restless sea and spray-washed rocks, where bird-life in countless hordes awaits us.

The bird world is full of strange and wonderful sights, and perhaps the strangest, most wonderful, and most interesting of them all is a bird bazaar on the ocean cliffs. It matters little whether it be the bird nurseries at Flamborough or the Ferne Islands, the rocky heights of Welsh cliffs and Cornish precipices, the beetling Bass, like some huge sentinel of the Forth, the isolated Ailsa Craig, the Butt of Lewis, and other noble crags of the Hebrides, or, most celebrated of all, the awful peaks and stacks of world-renowned St. Kilda, the interest is the same. The myriads of birds, the bustle, the animation, the incessant coming and going, the loud cries, the turmoil and excitement, never fail to win the admiration of even the most casual observer of Nature and her beautiful works.

In a few favoured districts, especially on the rocky coasts of Cornwall, Devon, and Wales, and in parts of Scotland and Ireland, the cliffs are still frequented by black-coated choughs, whose bright vermilion bill and legs show out in strong contrast to their sable dress. Times have fared badly with the chough, and he is threatened soon to be exterminated from all his accustomed haunts. Choughs live in colonies like jackdaws, the habits of the two species being very similar. They nest in holes in the cliffs, and their eggs are very like those of the jackdaw. But the true interest of the ocean cliffs is centered in the sea-fowl. As we stand upon the top of this noble range of cliffs, we can see but little of the myriads of birds below us. But here and there the cliffs have cracked, and the water has gradually formed a little fiord, where you can obtain a view of the opposite wall of rock and see the birds at home. Or, better still, if your nerves are good and Nature has endowed you with agile muscular limbs, allow yourself to be lowered down the dizzy heights and watch the rock-birds at close quarters.

At the top of the cliff the soil in many places is thick and covered with short turf to the very edge of the descent. Amongst this loose sandy soil the little puffins, or sea-parrots, love to make their nests, burrowing a yard or more into the ground, where they lay their solitary egg on a




ROBIN LYTHES' HOLE, FLAMBOROUGH.

few bits of dead grass intermingled with a feather or two. Funny little fellows they look as they sit at the entrance to their holes, their absurdly large bright-coloured bill and peculiar facial expression giving them a most comical appearance as they watch your every movement, ready at a moment's notice to dash headlong down the cliff into the boiling sea below. The puffin lives on almost every bird-cliff round our coasts and on many of the rocky islands too, some of the latter, especially at the Ferne Islands, being literally honeycombed with its burrows. But its grand headquarters are on Doon, a small islet of the St. Kilda group. On this island puffins are everywhere; the air is full of fluttering birds like big swarms of bees; the ground is black and white with them; the surface of the sea is thickly dotted with ever-moving birds, now diving deep into the water after the small fish, then swimming hither and thither, bobbing up and down like animated corks, or rising on rapid wing to join the multitude above. In spite of the enormous number of birds the scene is comparatively a quiet one; no sound but the whirring of tens of thousands of wings is to be heard. In St. Kilda the puffin is a highly-prized article of food, vast numbers of birds being simply plucked and dried and hung in strings from the ceilings of the cottages for winter consumption.

As we get lower down the cliffs we come upon the colonies of razor-bills and guillemots, which are *par excellence* the birds of the rocks. These two species are very similar in appearance, but are readily distinguished by their bills, that of the former being broad and short, whilst that of the latter is long and pointed. The razor-bill lays her solitary egg in a cranny or a fissure of the cliffs—very often quite beyond reach—but the guillemot deposits hers on the bare open rock, where it is exposed to the full light of day, and in consequence often falls a prey to the large gulls or crows that regularly hunt for them. On many of the ledges of the cliffs the birds crowd so thickly that there is scarcely standing room, and, as they pour off in streams as we approach them, the eggs in dozens and scores are exposed to view, many of them being knocked off into the sea by the parent birds in their hurry to escape. When the sitting bird is not frightened too quickly from her charge she may often be seen quietly pushing her egg from under her feet previous to leaving it. In no other part of the British Islands do so many guillemots breed in so small a space as on the Pinnacle Rocks at the Ferne Islands. They are a group of rocks rising sheer from the sea, with nearly flat tops, on which the guillemots sit and hatch their eggs in dense masses. It is a curious sight to watch the frightened birds pouring in streams from the lofty rocks into the boiling sea below; and the surface, when the birds have left it, is quite brilliant with the many-coloured eggs which are thickly spread over it. The eggs of no other bird vary half so much as those of the guillemot. Rarely, indeed, do we find two alike. The ground-colours are blue and yellowish-green, dark and clear pea-green, reddish and purplish brown, cream or white, with every possible intermediate tint, blotched, spotted, or fantastically streaked in endless confusion, with browns, greys, and pinks of every variety of shade. In many places the eggs of this bird and the razor-bill are gathered for food by men who explore the cliffs at regular intervals during the laying season.

In all places where the rocks are much broken up, and full of fissures and clefts, we meet with hosts of razor-bills. They must have a nook or cranny for their egg, consequently we generally find the guillemots scattered up and down throughout the cliffs, but the razor-bills mass together here and there where suitable breeding-places occur. Its egg is very similar to that of the guillemot, but does not go through the same amount of variation, the ground-colour ranging from pure white to reddish-brown, the markings from dark brown to greyish-brown. Sitting here and there amongst the guillemots and razor-bills, we often see a few black guillemots, a much smaller species, uniform greenish-black in colour, with white bars across the wings. It lays three or four eggs in a hole amongst the cliffs, and differs little in its habits from its larger congeners.

Still further down the cliffs, almost within reach of the salt spray that dashes in showers and masses up the solid rocks, we come to the colonies of another very interesting sea-bird. This is the beautiful little kittiwake gull, the garrulous dandy of the ocean precipices. His loud wild cry of "Kitti-a-a, kitti-a-a!" which our imagination turns into "Get away, get away!" is heard above the deep booming of the waves, as a sort of mild remonstrance at our unwelcome intrusion. On every suitable ledge and shelf the kittiwake makes its somewhat elaborate home. Every projecting part of the cliffs is crowned with its nests, which are made of turf and pieces of seaweed, the wet feet of the bird and the salt spray eventually cementing it into a mortar-like mass, the cup containing the eggs being lined with dry grass and occasionally a few feathers.

In some places the cliffs have been tunnelled out by the waves into lofty caverns or into smaller recesses, and these are tenanted by various species of birds. As our boat approaches, the sound of the clumsy oars in the rowlocks frightens the rock doves. They hurry out in twos and threes on rapid wing, flying right away to some distant refuge in the rocks. Their scanty cradles are made on the ledges and in the fissures far above high-water mark, and often at some considerable distance from the opening, where the young are reared in semi-darkness. As we pull under the gloomy archway several big dark-coloured birds emerge from the gloom and fly rapidly past us from the darkness to the sea. The dusky forms of others may be noticed on the ledges, craning out their long necks as if considering whether to take wing or dispute our entrance into their dismal haunt.

These birds are shags, or crested cormorants. One by one they quit the rocks, and in laboured flight hurry away, leaving us to examine their homes at leisure. Every available place appears to be occupied, and some of the nests are quite inaccessible, being built deep down in the crannies of the rocks. The nests are made of sticks,

grass, and weeds of various kinds, rudely but strongly put together, and encrusted with a slimy matter from the droppings of the birds and the decaying fish, which are brought in abundance to feed the sitting birds. They are flat and shallow, the cavity containing the eggs being very small in comparison with the outer framework, and many of them have the appearance of being tenanted for years, being repaired and added to each season. The cormorant also often nests in a cave, but more frequently forms a colony on a bare rock far out at sea. Both these birds lay three or four eggs, bluish-green in colour and remarkable for the rough coating of lime that generally covers them. Cormorants and shags live on fish, and are very expert divers, often taking to the water to escape from an enemy instead of using their wings. They fly well, but somewhat heavily, generally close to the surface of the sea.

Rowing out from the rocks a little way, we gain a splendid view of the hoary old crags and their feathered inhabitants. The face of the cliffs is a moving mass of birds—birds on the ledges and in the fissures and clefts, birds fluttering in the air, birds going to or from their eggs, birds clustering on every point where there is standing room, birds on the sea swimming and diving—birds, birds, birds, everywhere we chance to look, until the brain whirls with excitement in contemplating the wonderful scene in which we are absolutely lost in genuine admiration!

But we must leave this stirring scene. Several other birds deserve a visit to their busy colonies, amongst cliffs of a somewhat different character, ere we bid good-bye to "birds of the cliffs and rocks." Let us go for a stroll amongst the gannets on the dome-shaped mass of basaltic rock that rears its hoary head from the waters of the stormy Firth of Forth. Early in the vernal year, before the bleak fresh winds of March are hushed, the gannet gives up its roaming life and betakes itself to the breeding-grounds, although its solitary egg is not laid until May. The Bass stands about two miles from shore. Upon reaching the rock only a few gannets are to be seen, sailing dreamily about the air, and you gain no idea of their vast numbers until you have climbed its rugged sides, unless you elect to sail round it and view the busy colony from the sea. Climbing up the steep rocky landing-place, and passing up the steps leading to the ruin of the old keep, we go through a battered door—kept locked, by the way, to protect the rock from the intrusion of strangers; for the Bass is private property, and rented as such by the landlord of the little inn on the mainland—and soon reach the cliffs where the gannets breed. The north and east cliffs are the most thickly tenanted. In thousands the gannets sail before us, noble-looking white birds as big as geese, filling the air like huge animated snowflakes; and their harsh cries of "carra-carra-carra" are heard on every side. The birds pay little attention to human intruders, allowing themselves, in many cases, to be actually pushed from their nests. Others utter their harsh cry, and with flapping wings make some show of remonstrance, taking wing when absolutely compelled, and generally disgorging one or two half-digested fish ere they fall lightly over the cliff into the air. On all sides facing the sea the gannets are to be seen. Some are sitting fast asleep on the short grass at the top of the cliffs, their head and long sharp bill hidden away in the dorsal plumage; others are preening their feathers; whilst many are squabbling and fighting in different parts of the cliffs, pushing each other from the precarious foothold on the slimy rocks. The nests are placed on the rugged summits of the cliffs, where you can obtain their eggs with little exertion or danger, or far down the rocks on the ledges and shelves and projections to within a hundred feet or so of the water. The nests are not very bulky, and made of seaweed snatched from the water grass from the summit of the cliffs, straws, and, by chance, a feather or two. It is very shallow, and may be described as a flattened cone. As the period of incubation progresses the nests are often trodden out of all shape by the birds. The rocks round about are covered with the droppings of the birds, which, with the quantities of decaying fish lying about, taint the air in the neighbourhood very offensively. Numbers of nests are often built close together, every available site in some situations being occupied, and great is the struggling, biting, and quarrelling incessantly going on where the birds live in such close companionship.

The gannet only lays one egg—something like that of a cormorant, only bigger and rounder, being coated with the same thick covering of chalk, which is easily scraped away with a penknife. As we are lowered down gannets on every side start from their nests, disgorging fish and uttering loud cries of angry remonstrance. Guillemots start from the rock-shelves, and noisy kittiwakes clamour loudly at the invasion of their fastnesses. Thousands of gannets fill the air, thousands cluster on the rocks, whilst the sea far below is dotted thickly with birds—gannets, guillemots, kittiwakes, razor-bills, and puffins. But we must be careful here, or the big, blundering birds in hurrying from their nests will strike us full in the face, or fragments of rock will be dislodged and fall upon us. Then the rocks are exceedingly slippery, and make our foothold an extremely precarious one. If the scene is animated now, it is enormously more so when the young gannets are hatched; and one would fain lay down the pen in despair when attempting to convey the wonderful sight to paper.

We will pause a moment here to watch the gannets fishing in the bright green sea below. The gannet feeds exclusively on fish, which it catches by soaring high into the air and plunging down upon them as they swim near the surface. It is too light a bird to dive, and mounts up into the air to gain sufficient impetus to sink itself below the surface. See how first one and then another of the flying gannets yonder drop down head-first into the sea with a loud splash, remaining under the water a few seconds, then appearing with a struggling fish in the strong bill! It pursues the shoals of herrings, sprats, haddocks, pilchards, and other fish, and wherever they are

swimming the gannets, in an ever-moving throng, keep in the air above them.

We cannot close our exciting ramble amongst the birds of the cliffs and rocks without paying a hasty visit to the towering peaks of remote St. Kilda. This little group of rocky islets is the very metropolis of all our cliff-haunting birds, but we will confine ourselves to the observation of two of the most interesting, one of them being, so far as our islands are concerned, peculiar to the place. In the British seas the fulmar petrel is only known regularly to breed at St. Kilda, but there it is found in such enormous numbers that it is inseparably identified with the islands above all other sea-fowl. In its habits the fulmar is thoroughly oceanic, only coming to land to rear its young. It feeds on molluscs, cuttlefish, and any garbage it may pick up from the sea, whilst it is a constant attendant on the whalers, the blubber being eagerly sought after. In St. Kilda the fulmar is a source of great wealth to the few inhabitants, who protect them with great care. They are caught with horsehair nooses fastened on to a long pole. In addition to being a highly-prized article of food, oil and fat are extracted from them, and the feathers are exported in large quantities.

In approaching St. Kilda but little of bird-life is to be seen. The great stronghold of the fulmar is on the north-west cliffs, where the mountain Connacher falls down in one sheer awful precipice to the boiling Atlantic surges twelve hundred feet below. The face of this magnificent range of ocean cliffs is much broken and studded with grassy slopes. In many places a thick bed of soil covers the rocks, and here grass, sorrel, sea campion, primroses, and other plants grow luxuriantly. It is in such places that the fulmar breeds most abundantly. The view from one of the lower summits, looking across to the face of the highest cliff, is grand. Tens of thousands of fulmars fill the air, flying in all directions like snowflakes, passing backwards and forwards along the face of the cliffs, and for some considerable distance out to sea, whilst the water beneath is thickly dotted with floating birds. Not a sound is heard; the silence seems weird and unnatural amongst so much bustle and animation, although the ever noisy kittiwakes can be indistinctly heard far down the precipice. Where the soil is loose and clothed with turf, the ground is white with sitting fulmars. Every available spot is a fulmar's nest; and as we explore the cliffs fulmars are constantly streaming out from places which had previously escaped notice. The fulmar lays its single white egg in a shallow burrow in the ground, or in a crevice, or on a shelf of the cliffs, on merely a few straws, and sometimes even this apology for a nest is dispensed with.

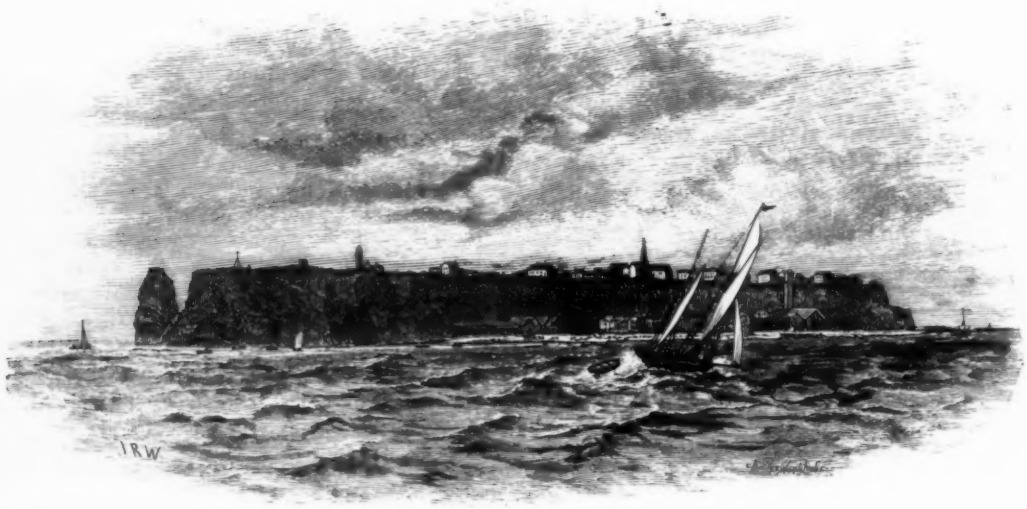
But if the scene from the rocks is grand and imposing, that from the sea when the birds have been startled from their nests beggars all description. The crowds of birds are past all belief; the air becomes darkened with their numbers, and the cliffs are still white with clustering birds. The mighty peaks of these rocky islets are dimly seen through the fluttering masses of birds, and the face of the stupendous precipices appears crumbling away as the hosts of birds stream from every portion of the cliffs, helping to swell the mighty throng overhead that seems about to descend and overwhelm us. Other birds share the cliffs with them. Tens of thousands of puffins start from the rocks in endless streams; guillemots and razor-bills in countless rows stand like regiments of soldiers on every convenient ledge, whilst nearer to the water kittiwakes cluster on every point and projection that affords a foothold. The Manx shearwater is also another bird of the ocean cliffs. It is so common on one of the islands of the St. Kilda group that as many as four hundred have been caught by a couple of men in a single night; and their cries are perfectly deafening. It is a nocturnal bird, sleeping in its burrow during the daytime, flying out to feed at night. It makes its scanty nest at the end of a long burrow something like that of the puffin, in which it lays a solitary white egg on a few bits of dry grass.

We now bid the birds of the rocks and cliffs adieu; birds whose

> "home is on the mountain tops,
> Their fields the boundless air;
> And hoary peaks that prop the skies
> Their dwellings are."

We cannot leave them without feeling deeply impressed by the awful sublimity, wild grandeur, and endless variety of form and colour of their lofty homes, amongst which we have been straying whilst studying their varied habits and economy.

# A CHAT ABOUT HELIGOLAND.



HELIGOLAND.

UNTIL a month ago Heligoland was better known to the philatelist than to the politician. Its export of postage-stamps, in sets for albums, was apparently its chief source of revenue. But of late its cession has come into the full blaze of "a burning question," and its name has gone round the world.

The rocky islet in the North Sea is the same size as Clapham Common, but included in the "colony" is Sandy Island, so that the total area of the possession, by taking in every square foot visible at low tide, can be made up into rather more than half a square mile.

What Cæsar did for Britain, St. Willebrord did for Heligoland. That pious Northumbrian, who entered Ripon monastery before he was seven years old, was, in the course of his mission to the Frisians, driven on to Fositelandt by stress of weather. In time, Fositelandt became Amelandt, and Amelandt in time became Heligoland, either because it was "holy" or "sandy," or belonged to King Helgo, as the etymologist may please.

Heligoland in St. Willebrord's day was different to what it is now. Then (twelve hundred years ago) it was much the same shape as Ireland now is, and rather larger than the Isle of Wight; but there happened to Friesland what happened to the lands of Earl Godwin, and, eaten into by the waves, it became degraded to a series of shoals. Where the temple of the god who gave his name to the island stood is now under the waves, and with it are the sites of many other temples and churches that had their day on the land now gone. Two hundred years ago the island was an hour-glass in shape, then in 1720 the sea broke through the isthmus and left the two present islands, which are still vanishing like the other islands of the long archipelago that marks the track through which the Elbe and its sister rivers used to find their way to the sea. An important spot in history is this vanished land. From it Hengist set sail on that remarkable expedition which ended in the English conquest of Britain—an expedition remarkable, among other things, for its having had both its point of departure and its point of arrival gone to water.

St. Willebrord, like Cæsar, did not do much. He found it was sacrilegious in Amelandt to draw water out of a well except in silence, or to kill any beast. In sign of contempt for such pagan superstition he killed three beasts and baptized three converts in the sacred well, pronouncing the words of the service as loudly as possible; the result being that one of his companions was martyred, and he and the rest had to beat a retreat. In 785 Liudgar appeared on the island and effected the conversion of the inhabitants. Churches were then built, the last but one of which disappeared with the isthmus in 1720, but, red-tape not being entirely a British institution, the stipend of a minister for the vanished church was paid in the island for a goodly number of years after the church was under water.

Liudgar's mission was not the last to change the faith of the island. In 1530, or thereabouts, a Protestant monk came to preach the Lutheran doctrines now held by the inhabitants. His welcome was a rough one; the people seized him and threw him over the cliff into the sea. But that night, so the story runs, the figure of the martyred monk appeared on the Neistack rock, and preached to the horror-stricken multitude, not

without results; and even now in the height of the storm the figure can be seen and heard preaching from the Monk pinnacle to all who will believe.



A STREET IN HELIGOLAND.

In the Middle Ages Heligoland belonged in turn to Schleswig or Holstein, and was generally in pawn to the merchants of Hamburg. On the rocky islet is the old beacon tower which owed its light to four hundredweight of coals burnt every night, an expensive affair, which would have been abandoned had not Hamburg in 1705 undertaken to keep the tower in repair and pay the Blüsener, as the stoker was called.

Heligoland has had three periods of prosperity. In 1425 the herring came for the first time, and for close on two centuries the fishing prospered. One fatal day a procession was circumambulating the island according to custom, when there was a shout that the herring was in sight. The people rushed to the boats, and the man who bore the crucifix threw it down and rushed off too; the crucifix was broken; and never again, according to the tradition, did herring come to Heligoland.

The second period began in 1807, when Admiral Macnamara Russell captured the island from the Danes in the time of the Napoleonic troubles. A copy of his original despatch is before us as we write. "Having found," he says from H.M.S. Majestic off Heligoland, September 6th, 1807, "that Lord Falkland had, with his usual zeal and promptness, summoned the garrison on the 30th ultimo, and that his proposals were rejected by the governor, I was making my arrangements to storm him with the marines and seamen of the squadron if he did not instantly surrender, for at this time the value of the island to us is immense. At 6 p.m., however, he sent out a flag of truce desiring that an officer might be sent in the morning to treat on articles of capitulation; and I accordingly at daylight yesterday morning despatched Lord Viscount Falkland and Lieutenant D'Auvergne (first of this ship) for that service. At 2 p.m. the deputation returned with the articles of capitulation, which I immediately ratified. With a small expense this island may be made a little Gibraltar, and a safe haven for small craft even in the winter; it is a key to the rivers Ems, Weser, Jade, Elbe, and Eyder, the only asylum at present for our cruisers in these seas."

Von Zeska, the Danish commander, could not do otherwise than he did, for the natives were proud of the chance of becoming British subjects *pro tempore*. Fortifications were built, the island became a depôt for a gigantic smuggling trade with the Continent, and money ran like water for seven years. Then came the opening of the Continent to legitimate commerce, and Heligoland lost its importance as an outpost of distribution; the forts were dismantled, the guns slung down to the ships, and in 1824—



A BIT OF THE CLIFF, HELIGOLAND.

owing to that champion of the cheap, Joseph Hume—the last of the military were withdrawn,

and as compensation the inhabitants were permitted to open a gambling saloon. Then came a spell of dulness, until, after the suppression of the gambling in 1871, a flood of prosperity set in, which made Heligoland the most popular of bathing-places for Germans.

The military occupation left but few relics. The island is a red rock, with almost vertical cliffs; the green plateau on the cliffs is the Oberland; the sandy beach at the south end is the Unterland. On the Oberland are four hillocks. There is the Bakberg, on which stands the beacon tower; there is the Flagenberg, on which the witches dance at Christmas Eve; there is the St. Tietsberg, otherwise St. Tynthias, who took the place of Kies as Protector of Heligoland, and received a nickname so like that of his predecessor that "the old man Kies might not know the difference!" And there is the Billberg. Under this Billberg bones were found by a German antiquary, who made some noise about them, which led a German philologist, comparatively speaking, to discover and proclaim that the Bill of the Berg was evidently the Bil stolen by Mani the Moon, and that therefore through the familiar Aryan links the Billberg was the Tidal Mound on which was worshipped the ebb and flow goddess of the waves, and the bones were those of her sacrifices. It was very ingenious, and quite convincing until a cynic who was not a philologer pointed out there was a certain distinguished Welsh regiment in the British army; that the distinguished regiment kept a goat for ornamental purposes; that the goat was a billygoat who died and was buried in Heligoland; and that, in short, Billberg was Billy's hill, and the bones were Billy's bones.

Our sketches give the present appearance of Heligoland—"that coming Gibraltar of the German Ocean." It is of the regular seaside, excursion-resort character. On the Unterland is the band-stand and hall, and along the beach are the flat-bottomed oak-built boats that are in such request. A mile to the eastward, across a shallow strait, is Sandy Island, with its bathing-machines and hotel. "Sandy Island bathing is the best in the world!" according to an American connoisseur in such matters. Leading from the Unterland to the Oberland are a staircase of about two hundred steps, more or less, and a lift. On the top is the modern lighthouse, the better buildings, and the church, with the dannebrog on the roof, where it was painted by the Danes. A quaint old place is this church, with its model ships hanging from the roof, its pulpit flanked by silver candlesticks given by the King of Sweden, and round it the panels painted by Amelink in 1687, at the very reasonable cost of three hundred marks, considering the originality displayed in, among other things, depicting the Prince of Darkness with a wooden leg. A visitor to the church, if late, will be struck with the politeness of the choirmaster, for not only will he see the number of the psalm exhibited, but he will also observe the choirmaster set on a bracket the number of the verse being sung, so as to bring the visitor in line with the congregation. Should a christening be intended, a charming ceremony will be noticed, in which children carry the water to the font in china mugs and pannikins, for water is valuable in Heligoland. There is but one well (at a distillery), all the rest of the supply coming from the rain-tanks. A part of the service in this church until forty years ago was, it is said, a prayer for wrecks; now the island boasts a lifeboat and a fog-signal apparatus.

There is no spot more wind-swept in winter. Often the surf will be driven right over its greatest breadth—which is only six hundred yards—and so fiercely beats the storm on the red crumbling cliffs that the current thus deflected upward causes the usual calm along the cliff-edge for about a man's height; but over that the rush is terrible, and seagulls attempting to cross are often seen blown aloft almost vertically by that terrible gale thus glanced off the rock-face. The white houses, with the red roofs and green shutters, are of the national colours; the streets are of the narrowest, the passages between the houses being, it is pleasantly recorded, "just wide enough to carry a corpse through them." All things in Heligoland have to be carried by hand, there is no room for a beast of burden other than man—or rather woman, for the women do all the work ashore, the men never exerting themselves but at sea.

There are two thousand of the tall, bony, brown-haired, long-lived residents, most of them of Frisian speech, and all taught, or having been taught, English and German. The average income of a Heligolander is £40 a year. The revenue of some £7,000 is drawn from the bathing establishment, the post-office, duties on spirits and oil, house and property taxes, and a tax on the thirteen thousand visitors—mostly Germans—who appear during the season from July to September, the great event of which is the procession in boats round the illuminated island, which has taken the place of the procession round the rampart above which was so inconsiderately interrupted on the day the crucifix was broken. The visitors are all in all to Heligoland. It is a happy land, where there are no bankers, no lawyers, and no crime, where "all gratuities are strictly forbidden," where the landladies are all honest and the boatmen take no tips, and where business is conducted on the principles hinted at in the Frisian proverb, "Likto es de naihst wai" (Straight on is the nearest way). It imports everything; it exports only a few fish of the sea—and the postage-stamps aforesaid.

# A DAY IN ANCIENT ATHENS, B.C. 470.

## CHAPTER II.



"LET us find a seat here," says Thaumaturgus. "These ten years since the Persian host took and destroyed the city with such fearful cost to themselves, the Athenians have been so much occupied in rebuilding, not only their houses, but the city walls also, with a much more extended circuit than before, that this Acropolis has been as yet neglected. Here, just where the magnificent marble Propylæa will stand in about thirty years' time, we can now sit down on the wild thyme and yellow sage in the shadow of these fragrant bushes of agnus castus and enjoy our refreshments. Mind your dress, Eudora; it has caught in that prickly fig."

"Now, slave, help your mistress," cries the laughing Philocles; and Ianthe soon gets the dress clear, with some cost to her own fingers, at which Philocles laughs all the more. "A dreadfully useless and clumsy slave!"

"How I wish this boy could indeed be sent to some school here, that he might leave off teasing me," retorted his merry cousin. "But am I really so useless? Tell me what you are going to eat if you do not appeal to my charity."

And as she spoke she held up the basket in which she had apparently been carrying only her mistress Eudora's purse and requisites for the day. Arignotus also and Thaumaturgus produced bundles which they had hitherto kept concealed in the folds of their outer garments. When these as well as the basket yielded up their contents, the spirits of all the party, especially the juniors, rose higher and higher as goats'-milk cheese appeared, and cakes of wheaten bread of several different kinds, fresh figs, dried figs, and grapes; also an earthen bottle for water and a small skin of Pramnian wine. Eudora too contributed something, for she had had a silver cup hidden under her peplos.

"You must make a hearty breakfast," said Thaumaturgus, "for we shall have nothing more to eat till we again change time and place, and dine again this evening in Russell Square."

"I am sure I have heard somewhere of sausage-sellers at Athens," said Philocles, looking a little grave. "Is there no chance of our meeting one at any time before sunset?"

"Well, if we meet one in the theatre, I may make an exception in favour of a hungry and unceremonious boy. But let us at present attend to what is before us. You see, I have provided one or two knives; but spoons, which all the Greeks are familiar with, are unnecessary for this simple lunch, where there is no soup of any kind, and forks are utterly unknown in this country."

"I have read at school," said Philocles, with a mischievous glance towards Ianthe, "that slaves have to be content with leeks and onions with their bread."

"Quite true," Thaumaturgus answered.

"But surely you will not be so hard upon me in this my one day of slavery," said Ianthe, "when you see that I have brought a little barley-cake and some Hymettian honey expressly for my mistress's brother."

"Well, I must admit that is a sop to Cerberus. Yet tell me, Thaumaturgus, ought not the slave to bring water for us to wash our hands before we eat?"

"As the Pharisees in Palestine wash before meals?" added Arignotus.

"I must take Ianthe's part," replied Thaumaturgus, "or you will be heaping on her the menial duties of a whole household. If we had numerous slaves here to fetch an ample supply of water from the well close by—"

"A well here?" interposed Arignotus. "I beg pardon for interrupting you, but I have not seen it marked in any map, though I have looked carefully."

"It exists for all that, and we shall draw our water from it. Indeed how could any place be a citadel if it had no independent water-supply? But, as I was saying, if we could send slaves to draw from it *ad libitum*, we might make them bring water to pour over our hands, and then bid them both wash and anoint our feet; and while we are regaling ourselves—shoeless, of course—some of them might take the sponge and black our shoes."

"Sponge!" exclaimed Eudora. "How ignorant you gentlemen are! You mean the blacking-brush."

"Blacking-brush or clothes-brush," replied Thaumaturgus, laughing, "tooth-brush or hair-brush, or paint-brush, or brush of any kind is utterly unknown here, as much as tea, or potatoes, or gunpowder." And seeing Eudora and Ianthe instinctively lift their hands and smooth their hair,

he added, "But though there are no brushes, either of bristles or camel's-hair or wire, combs are used both of boxwood and ivory."

"No brushes?—dreadful!" cried Ianthe. "But this ceremony of washing, is it observed at dinner as well as at breakfast?"

"Yes; and in well-appointed houses of wealthy and luxurious people the water is brought in silver ewers, and before the guests recline on the couches the water is poured over their feet into silver basins, and then the feet are wiped with soft towels. But often in such houses it is not simple water that is used, but wine and fragrant essences are mixed with it."

"They use table-napkins, of course?" asked Eudora.

"No; strange to say, they do not. They have instead soft bread made on purpose, something like crumpets, on which they wipe their fingers after meals. Tablecloths also are unknown."

"But this is the boot-cleaning time, you told us just now, did you not?" cried Philocles, laughing. "Here, slave, go and black the straps of my sandals."

"No, no," interposed Eudora; "Ianthe is my waiting-maid, not yours, you troublesome boy!"

"I should soon run away if I was under his orders," said Ianthe.

"Ah, we should speedily catch you, and then—why, I forget, Thaumaturgus, how runaway slaves are punished."

"Well, there is the stick or leather strap—"

"Such as Philocles would have become acquainted with in an Athenian school for knowing nothing about the battle of Arginusæ," said Ianthe, with a merry twinkle.

"And then there are fetters, and the wooden collar, and the stocks. In the last there are five holes, in which the culprit's neck, hands, and feet are made fast. And branding on the forehead is a common punishment."

"How dreadful! Well, I will be good, and not run away, Philocles."

"Ay, but I will take good care you shall walk before me, as I know is the rule here, for Eudora is far too lenient and guileless, and seems to have no fear that you will give her the slip."

"But the worst thing in the treatment of slaves," continued Thaumaturgus, "is that in the law courts the simple evidence of a slave counts as nothing, unless it be extorted by the rack. Though a slave may be a man of the highest character (for there are many such) his testimony must be taken under torture."

"Then," said Arignotus, "the number of slaves cannot be very great, or they would rebel under such shocking cruelty."

"The number is uncertain, for they wear no dress by which they can be distinguished from the poorer citizens; but they are probably four or five times as numerous as the free population. But not only do they not know their own strength, they have for the most part no military training; and any attempt at organisation or revolt would be crushed in a moment."

"But," asked Eudora, "what use can they make of so many slaves?"

"Almost everything that is done by those whom we call 'the working classes' in modern England is done by slaves here. They till the soil for their masters, they plough and sow and reap; they gather the olives and work the oil-press, and the grapes, and tread them in the wine-press; the solid cakes of dried figs (such as this one which we are now eating) are made by them; they care for the horses and mules and all the cattle; and the duties of the baker and confectioner, the butcher, the cook, the weaver, the shoemaker, the ropemaker, the bleacher, the dyer, the tanner, and so on, are all mostly performed by slaves. The master tanner or master dyer, and so on, is commonly a free citizen, and he employs in all the details of his business as many slaves as he himself possesses, or as he can afford to hire. For rich men let out their slaves by the score, or even by the hundred, for such occupations as they are skilled in; and in this way slaves may bring in a large income to their owners."

"And female slaves, it seems," said Ianthe, smiling, "are employed to carry parasols over the heads of their mistresses."

"Yes, as well as in weaving and embroidery, nursing, washing, and so on; and men slaves, especially those who are young and handsome, attend their masters and mistresses in like manner. An Athenian gentleman generally has two or three or more to accompany him, and his wife has a similar escort."

"And what prices do they fetch?" asked Arignotus.

"From about four pounds of our modern English money to forty or more, according to age, strength, beauty, and accomplishments."

"Well, I am glad we have no slaves in modern England," said Eudora. "But, if I may change the subject, are we not breakfasting rather early for Athenians? For where the custom prevails, as it does generally throughout Europe, of having only two meals in the day, the breakfast is later in the forenoon."

"You are right, but we have had no *early* breakfast—*acratisma* the Greeks call it. They commonly, as soon as they rise in the morning, take off the keen edge of appetite by eating a slice of bread dipped in unmixed (*acrātos*) wine."

"Unmixed!" exclaimed Ianthe.

"Yes; we, as true Athenians, have not yet begun to drink till we have finished eating, or have taken only a sip of water; but after we have discussed the solid viands, I shall direct you, our pretty waitress, how to mix our modest supply of wine with as much water, or twice as much, or more, that we may drink then; unless indeed you all prefer such a draught as Hecamede prepared for the aged Nestor in the camp before Troy."

"What was that? Tell us all about it," rejoined Ianthe eagerly.

"To tell the whole story of the Iliad would take far too much time. But Patroclus, having been sent by Achilles to inquire of Nestor concerning the disasters that had befallen the Greeks, several of whose heroes had been wounded, was courteously entertained by the old Gerenian chief, and on the fair-haired maiden, Hecamede, one of

Nestor's prisoners, and therefore a slave, devolved the duty of spreading hastily the hospitable board.

'First she set
A polished board before them, fair to view,
Steel-footed; and thereon a dish of brass,
Wherein fresh honey, grain of sacred corn,
And garlic to provoke to thirst withal:
And, these beside, a splendid goblet, brought
By the old chieftain thither from his home,
With golden studs embossed; four handles served
To lift it; and round each two doves, enwrought
In gold, stood feeding; and its cups were two.
'Twere task to lift it full from off the board
To others, but to aged Nestor none.
In this the maid, a goddess in her grace,
Mingled a draught with wine of Pramnian grape.
And cheese of goats' milk grated fine thereon,
Through brazen grater, and white meal bestrewn;
Then gracious of her mingling bade them drink.'[1]

And in like manner Circe prepared for her guests a beverage compounded of wine, cheese, and honey."

"Have you read any Pindar at your school, my boy?" asked Arignotus of his son.

"I understand your allusion perfectly," replied Philocles. "We have read a few odes only, but I well remember how the first one opens with the words, 'The best thing is water.' I too could not help being reminded of that passage when Thaumaturgus was quoting that passage from the Iliad."

"There is more truth in Pindar's apophthegm than we have time now to discuss," rejoined Arignotus. "But now, as we have finished our meal, suppose we go down into the city."

Long and steep was the descent, the top of the Acropolis being no less than 400 feet above the plain, and at last, still on the slope of the hill, they found themselves among the houses.

"Why, what a narrow street!" exclaimed Philocles, and—and—" making a grimace.

"And how fragrant, you mean," said Thaumaturgus. "Indeed it is, and you ladies must mind your dresses. Old Homer speaks of 'robe-trailing dames,' but it will not do to trail long trains along these filthy streets. Clever as the Athenians are, no thought of sanitary engineering has crossed their minds. But we will forget this annoyance, so far as our eyes and noses will allow us."

"Did you notice," said Arignotus, "how noisily that gentleman came out of his house, with his handsomely-dressed slaves, and how very quietly that other door opened where the people—slaves, I suppose—wanted to peep up and down the street?"

"You do not mean that the gentleman himself was noisy; that would be a mark of very bad breeding in Athens, as it would be in Russell Square. You mean the door creaked loudly. If you look closely at these doors, you will see they have no hinges like ours (though hinges like ours are also to be met with), but a tenon at top and bottom fitting into cylindrical sockets in the lintel above and the threshold below; and these wooden tenons, especially if not encased in bronze, always do their duty noisily."

"No, the other door made no noise."

"True, the slaves had reasons of their own for wishing to attract no attention, and so they poured water into the socket to prevent the noise. There is some practical joke going on there, as you might see by their subdued and stealthy laughter. It is very natural that men should seek in some way to indemnify themselves for the loss of liberty. And in this instance Pindar's words will well apply, 'The best thing is water.'"

"Yes, indeed; and you see it is running down the steps. But where are the windows?" asked Ianthe.

"If you will look up to the first floor you will see windows there—that is, in the houses that have more than a single story—but on the ground-floor most of the windows look into the inner court of the house. Yet you will see some ground-floor windows also looking out into the street. Of course there is no glass."

"How very disagreeable, at least for our sex," exclaimed Ianthe, "to have no protection from impertinent eyes except by darkening one's room with thick curtains!"

"Your sex is noted for agility in leaping to conclusions," replied Thaumaturgus, laughing; "but those conclusions are not always correct. The Greeks are by no means neglectful of their wives and daughters as to privacy—that very essential element in their comfort. Every house either has an upper story, which is then appropriated to the women, or it is divided into two parts, with two courts open to the sky, one behind the other, the one nearer to the street belonging to the men, while the women's apartments all open into the inner quadrangle. Sometimes besides there being two distinct courts with chambers round each, there is also an upper story over part of the house; and in that case it is there that the slaves are lodged."

"But see," said Philocles, "here is a large and handsome house still unfinished. There is nobody here; all taking holiday, I suppose—builder and slaves too."

"No, not slaves; the builder and his assistants—both masons and carpenters—are usually not slaves, but free. Building is looked upon as a respectable trade—or rather an art."

"Well, let us enter and look round," said Arignotus, "and escape awhile from the bad odours of the street."

"Why, there are no chimneys!" exclaimed Eudora; "hardly any fireplaces, and the floors are of plaster, and very few doors!"

"True, rooms are chiefly warmed in cold weather by small portable braziers; and much use is made of hangings instead of doors, except for certain rooms."

"It is a handsome colonnade that surrounds this court," remarked Arignotus; "the court so surrounded is called a peristyle, is it not?"

"Yes; and if we go straight through this passage (to which you notice there is a door) into the

[1] Hom. Il., ii. 722-738. Cordery's translation.

women's apartments, we shall find another peristyle there. Then observe, the roof is flat. Few buildings, except temples, have sloping roofs."

As they left the house Arignotus called attention to the small altar of marble in front near the door. "It must be a serious inconvenience to carriages when houses have altars so placed."

"Not only," replied Thaumaturgus, "shall we see almost every house with an altar in front, or a statue of a god, or a conical block of marble which appears to be an antique substitute for a statue, but in many places statues (especially those of the god Hermes) at the crossings of streets also. But do not fancy these interfere with carriages, for carriages there are hardly any in the city. People go on foot almost invariably, unless they are ill or extremely infirm, and really need to be carried, in which case they are borne in a couch or litter on the shoulders of two or four of their slaves. But there is another inconvenience that you would hardly suspect. In the dark nights it is behind these altars and statues that footpads lurk, ready to seize and run off with the cloak of some unwary passer-by who does not carefully use his eyes as well as his lantern or torch."

"The streets, then, are not lighted at night?" inquired Eudora.

"There are no public lamps, but everyone who goes out after dusk is preceded by at least one slave carrying a light—a pine-torch generally. And there is a night patrol as well as watchmen, but in every age and country the thieves are usually more than a match for these in cleverness, if not in strength."

## CHAPTER III.

"BUT look," exclaims Eudora, "in this almost deserted place here is one house with people going in and out, and by no means in holiday garb. They have black cloaks. What does it mean? And see, everyone who comes out is sprinkled with water as he comes to the door with a branch—of cypress, is it not?"

"You are right, and the reason is that a death has occurred in the house this morning or yesterday. As we pass by we shall probably both hear the wail of woe, raised alike by the sincere and by the hired mourners, and see the dead body laid out in the court, with the feet towards the door. It will be shrouded in white, with a garland, most probably of parsley, on the head, and laid on a couch among broken vine-branches, with earthen vessels containing unguents close by. The sprinkling with water is to remove the defilement of death from those who have entered the house."

"And how long will it be before the funeral takes place?"

"The body will only be kept till to-morrow morning, or, if the death took place to-day, one day longer. Then the friends, all in mourning garb—that is black, though in some parts of Greece white is worn for mourning instead of black—will be assembled before daybreak, and just before sunrise, that the sun may not be offended by the sight of the lifeless face, the body will be brought out."

"Without a coffin?" inquired Eudora.

"Bodies are sometimes buried in coffins of cypress-wood (what the Hebrews call gopher-wood), or of large tiles arranged in the form of a hollow prism, or are burnt."

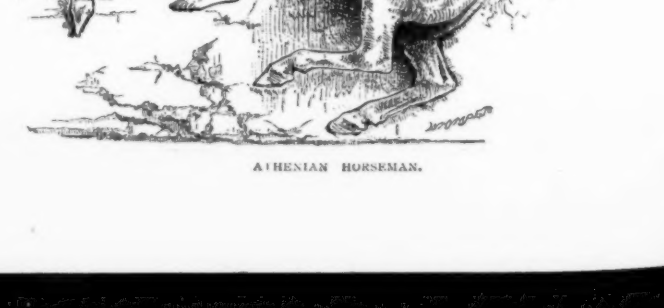
"But we saw no cemeteries as we looked all round from the Acropolis."

"I could have pointed out two places where very many funerals take place, one to the south-east, outside one of the city gates (the Itonian gate), and the other to the north-west, in a part called the Outer Cerameicus. It is in the latter that they inter those who have fallen in defence of their country and are to be buried at the public expense. But wealthy persons who have estates of their own in Attica generally order their bodies to be laid in graves, or to be burnt, in their own gardens."

"But when cremation takes place, it is on a funeral pyre, is it not," inquired Arignotus, "and not in a huge furnace?"

"A great pile of wood is erected, commonly of cypress and yew and other trees whose foliage is of a dark funereal hue, and the body, brought to the place by the relatives in sad procession (the men preceding the corpse and the women following), is laid on the top in the bier on which some of the relatives or freedmen have carried it, and a torch is applied at the bottom of the pyre. Oils also and rich unguents are thrown on, partly to aid the conflagration, partly to do honour to the departed. Afterwards, when the fire is extinct, the bones are collected, washed with wine and oil, and placed in vases, which are then deposited in the family sepulchre."

"And do they not try," asked Philocles, "to



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find in their sorrow what comfort can be derived from eating and drinking? Are 'funeral baked meats' unknown here?"

"By no means unknown. After the funeral is over the relatives partake of a feast sometimes called the dead-dinner, which is provided at the house of the nearest relative of the deceased. Then on the next day an offering to the dead is presented, though the principal sacrifice of this kind is on the ninth day."

"And of what does it consist?" inquired Arignotus.

"Of garlands of flowers, fruit, sweetmeats, olive-branches with the fruit hanging on them, and libations."

"And of what do *they* consist?" asked Ianthe.

"Oh, I can tell you," said Philocles; "of wine, sometimes watered, but usually not, mixed with cow's milk, and sweetened with honey. This they pour on the ground as a drink-offering, as they do to the gods also, to accompany the sacrifice of animals; or, without such sacrifice, to add solemnity to public prayers or to the conclusion of a treaty, and commonly at meals also; only at meals the libation consists simply of wine and water. But I do not know how long as a rule mourning is worn."

"Usually till the thirtieth day," replied Thaumaturgus, "and on that last day they again bring offerings to the tomb. During the month it is considered unseemly for the mourners to appear in public."

"But I suppose," said Ianthe gaily, "they have weddings as well as funerals at Athens."

"It was quite a stroke of genius that you should conjecture that; but just as the funeral procession is always in the early morning, so the wedding procession takes place in the evening. But look yonder. Do you see that boy and girl, accompanied by slaves carrying pitchers of water, and now parting company at the corner of the street? It is quite possible they may have been to the Nine Springs to fetch water for the bridal bath, the girl for the bride, the boy for the bridegroom."

"But they seemed entire strangers; they did not speak to each other nor approach each other."

"Yet the families are apparently acquainted, for did you not see one of her slaves—not the one carrying the pitcher, but an old woman, no doubt the young lady's nurse—was chatting quite familiarly and laughing with the most important of the young gentleman's slaves? I should conjecture they were talking about a coming wedding."

"And who would *his* most important slave be?" asked Philocles. "Would that be his *pædagogus?*"

"Yes, no doubt. It is no duty of his to carry water. He is of much too high rank among the slaves for that. He has charge of his young master, to watch over him day and night, and accompany him wherever he goes."

"What, when he goes to school or runs home across the market-place?"

"It is one of his special duties to see that the boy does not enter the market-place. No doubt that is because there is so much foul language used there. But as to school, the *pædagogus* has to conduct his young master there sometimes (if he belongs to a family of wealth and distinction), with other slaves following to carry the boy's books, and then he has to wait about for him till the lessons are over to bring him home. In like manner he accompanies him to the gymnasium, and is responsible for his personal safety and for his avoidance of bad company."

"But," said Ianthe, "if the families are acquainted, why did not the boy speak to the girl? They both seemed very shy."

"Here at Athens women and girls of the better classes are kept in great seclusion. It could only be on some extraordinary occasion that this young lady—for such her dress and escort showed her to be—would be walking in the streets. But take care, mind this horse that is coming. He is not wanting in mettle."

"He was upon us almost before I heard him," said Arignotus. "Oh, I see the explanation—he wears no shoes. But what is that mark you see branded on his hind-quarters?"

"That mark resembling our 'Q' (which in fact is derived from it) is one of the letters of the earliest Greek alphabet—the alphabet of sixteen letters which the Greeks borrowed from the Phœnicians—and is used now sometimes as a numeral, standing for '90,' and sometimes as a mark to distinguish horses of the highest breed. It is said to be taken from the name of Corinth, with which city in ancient legend the horse Pegasus has some connection; and that brand is a sort of claim on the part of that horse to be descended from Pegasus."

"And was the rider a person of consequence?" asked Eudora.

"You could see he was quite a young man, and I suppose of a wealthy family."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because of the glance of haughty indifference with which he honoured us as he caracoled past. If we had had a retinue of a dozen handsomely-dressed slaves he would have vouchsafed a more respectful look."

"Did you see he had no stirrups?" remarked Philocles; "but I did not notice whether he had no saddle also."

"The Greeks ride with saddles, but covered with cloth, not with pigskin; and the saddles are made like ours in more recent times, with a saddle-tree of wood, and stuffed with wool to fit the horse's back."

"And," added Ianthe, "I saw, if Philocles did not, that there was what seemed a thin square cushion strapped on the horse's back with a broad girth. No doubt that was part of the saddle. But did you notice those five or six gentlemen sitting on chairs or stools in the court of that house we passed just now at which the porter was holding back a large fierce dog? They and their attendant slaves too were looking very lazy. And how stiffly they were sitting!"

"Those who have no backs to their seats of course had a somewhat stiff posture, but none

of them were indulging in the easy attitude of sitting with the knees crossed, for that is deemed inelegant. Then as to their slaves, some were at work tying up bouquets of sweet-smelling flowers for their masters; but most of them, as you observe, were standing about idle, and looking as lazy as the young men themselves. One might hazard a guess that they were at a symposium last night, and have not yet got over the effects of it."

"A what, did you say?" asked Ianthe.

"A symposium means a wine-party, and on such occasions young men are often foolish enough to run to great excess of riot."

"A wine-party, then, differs from a dinner-party?"

"Yes, the hour is later, and nothing is provided to eat but sweetmeats in great variety. But besides drinking the various wines—red, white, and golden—they of course, as they recline on the couches, entertain one another with conversations on the topics of the day, together with riddles. The host also furnishes other amusement for his guests—such as the music of flute-girls and female harpers, and the performances of dancers and tumblers. When the carouse is over, each of the guests is conducted home—I fear I must add, or carried home—by his own slaves with lights."

"But these gentlemen," said Eudora, "seemed thorough dandies. One could see at a glance how their fingers were covered with rings."

"And did you not notice," added Ianthe, "how their hair shone with unguents? and in what an affected manner the one in a green-and-white striped mantle was arranging his dainty locks with the delicate tips of his fingers?"

"And what are the bouquets for?" asked Philocles.

"The young exquisites of this city," replied Thaumaturgus, "like to carry fragrant flowers in their hands, or sweet-smelling fruit; and their long hair they frequently dye before they drench it with odours. But they will rouse themselves soon and proceed to the Theatre, where they ought to have been two or three hours ago, for it is 'full market' time now, as the Athenians call it."

"The Theatre in the early morning!" exclaimed Eudora.

"Yes; I told you this was one of the great public holidays. The great festival in honour of Bacchus is celebrated to-day, and the theatrical performances in the Theatre of Bacchus began early in the forenoon. A good many people however prefer to breakfast before going to the Theatre. We will proceed there by-and-by."

"Thank you," said Arignotus, "we will omit the visit to the Theatre. My notions are rather too puritanic. I shall prefer to wander about the city, and to see as much as possible of the religious ceremonies of the people."

"But," replied Thaumaturgus, "if you would observe the people, you must go where the people are; and if you would study their religion, you must be present at their religious observances. And all the festivities of to-day—the great public procession, in which the god is represented by some very handsome man, the chorus of boys, of course of pure Athenian birth, both procession and chorus being now over, the comedy which is probably now going on, and the tragedy which I hope to show you later—all these are celebrated in honour of the Wine-God, and constitute perhaps all the religious observances that it is possible to see to-day."

"I hardly imagined," rejoined Arignotus, "that my scruples would be so easily removed; but they are gone. In such a religious city, however, one would have expected to see some priests about the streets."

"That is hardly reasonable at a time when almost the whole population, at least of free citizens with their families, is assembled in the Theatre, to expect the priests not to be there too. But besides, priests as a caste or order do not exist in Greece. The temple of any deity is commonly in charge of a certain family, the father handing down the priesthood to his son. They are few in number, and their duties are far from onerous, as they appear to have nothing to do in their sacerdotal character except occasionally to offer a sacrifice. As to preaching or giving any religious instruction to the people, nothing of the kind is dreamt of."

"Well, if there are no priests here," said Philocles, "there are roughs at any rate. What an uproar these fellows are making! And a bad lot they look."

"It is easy to see," said Arignotus, "that this is a wine-shop, where they have been having a debauch."

"What a horrid set of men!" whispered Eudora, getting closer to her father, "especially those three who seem to be the heroes of the party, with their wine-stained tunics, and with that cunning brutal leer from under their chaplets of withered roses."

"They look like prisoners let loose," rejoined Arignotus; "but then that body of archers a little way off seems to be appointed to watch them."

"You are right," said Thaumaturgus. "At this festival it is customary to set prisoners free; but these with their estimable relatives and friends have been so uproarious and disorderly that a small squad of Scythians has been told off to keep an eye on them."

"You mean the archers?" inquired Philocles.

"It is Scythian bowmen who constitute the police of this city. They are a thousand in number, and occupy tents in the middle of the Agora—that is, market-place."

The licentious stare of the rioters at the fair young maidens as they passed by, hustling them and their friends of the sterner sex, with language which happily none but Thaumaturgus could understand, was far from pleasant. But the Scythians pressed on closer, and the party of visitors proceeded unharmed.

"But when are we coming to the shops?" asked Ianthe, still looking a little pale. "If the Athenians have so little need of priests, at any rate they cannot dispense with milliners and tailors."

"They do however to a very great extent. And

you can readily understand from the simple shape of the garments how easily the women slaves can be taught to make them at home. In that house which we entered, in the women's apartments you saw how many large rooms there were. Those would no doubt be made available for spinning and weaving and every other operation included in the making of clothes for both sexes."

"Including dyeing?" asked Arignotus. "I think you mentioned dyers as a separate body of artisans."

"True, I should have excepted dyeing, and also fulling. Where either linen or woollen material is to be made very white, the process can hardly be carried on in a private house."

"Or if the women live in the upper story," said Eudora, "it is no doubt there that the weaving and so on are carried on."

"Yes, for although (which I omitted to mention) the upper story is usually or always one large room, portions of it are easily screened off with curtains, so that some can be devoted to these handicrafts, while others are used as dining or sleeping rooms."

"Look, look!" cried Philocles with animation; "look at these two men—slaves, I suppose—each carrying a number of cages containing small birds! What birds are they?"

"They are quails—fighting quails: of course, all kept separate."

"It reminds me of cock-fighting," replied Philocles, "which I have often heard of. And do they bet on the quails?"

"Both quail-fighting and cock-fighting too are amusements of which the Athenians are passionately fond, and they are undoubtedly accompanied by betting, often to a large amount."

"Those birds did not look as if they had much fight in them."

"Most likely they have been recently caught. Those men I should judge to be slaves, whom their master, a quail-seller, has sent out into the country to catch young birds, and they are returning home with the prisoners they have made. But before long, after the birds have been trained, their owner will exhibit them to the gentlemen who assemble every night at his house."

"Not what papa would call a humanising amusement, but I should like to know more about it."

"Boy like! A slave will bring in a stand or table and put it in the middle of the room, and in the circle which is marked upon it a quail will be placed. Then someone will tease it, touching it with his finger or seizing the feathers of the head, having made a bet that he will drive it out of the ring. If he fails after several attempts—for the bird fights hard—there is a general outcry that he is beaten, and he loses his bet. Or a second quail will be brought in and set in the circle, the two birds being held opposite to each other for a few moments, when they are both let go. Then they fight furiously till one of them is driven out of the circle by the other. Cock-fighting is practised in the same manner."

"But if practised, I suppose," said Arignotus, "such a brutal sport is rather tolerated than approved?"

"On the contrary, since the Persian Wars there has actually been a law passed establishing cock and quail fighting as a political institution, with annual celebration. It is imagined that men are made warlike by the sight of this very petty warfare, and that the pugnacity of the birds will by a kind of contagion be communicated to the spectators."

"Strange delusion! A man may easily become indifferent to the sufferings of other bipeds, feathered or unfeathered, and yet be highly sensitive when there is any danger of pain being inflicted on himself. In other words, many men are brutal without being brave—as happily many are brave without being brutal. But what do you suppose this woman is carrying in a jar, while she looks so sorrowful? Is she a nurse, and is it an infant she is going to bury?"

"I think you are not far wrong, only the infant is probably alive."

"Alive!" exclaimed Eudora and Ianthe with horror.

"Not to be buried alive, but to be left exposed somewhere to take its chance."

"What chance can it have," said Eudora, shuddering, "but to die of hunger or be devoured by the foxes?"

"It does happen at times that an *enfant trouvé* is adopted by the finder, and brought up possibly amid greater opulence than that of the parental home. On the other hand—but let us draw a veil over this sad subject. We see here one of the darker features of the character—not of the Athenians only, but of the Greeks generally. The softening influence of the knowledge of the one true God has never been felt here."

R. F. WEYMOUTH, D.LIT.

# DARKEST AFRICA.[1]

ALMOST everyone is interested in Africa, and all interested in Africa will, if possible, read Mr. Stanley's book—not a few of them in support of their opinions for or against his late expedition. It is a remarkable record of patience and forbearance under difficulties, which would be deeply interesting even were it not so ably given. It is a story of success, though failure threatened at every step.

Two points at once claim the reader's attention. First, Stanley did what he went to do, and relieved Emin; second, on his way to the sea he set back the sources of the Nile from the lakes to the snowy mountains from which the lakes are fed. The solution of this long-pending Nile question was the great geographical achievement of the journey, and doubly welcome to many as confirming the tradition in which they delight.

It would seem, indeed, as though all the old romances of Africa were reviving as realities. We have re-established the Mountains of the Moon; we have brought the pigmies again to life; and there is a more credible report than ever of the existence of the powerful white race of which Mayo made so much. As Mr. Stanley puts it in his graphic style:

"Then Bevwa looked hard at me and said:

'Why do you ask? Do you not know that we believe you to be of the Wanyavingi? Who but the Wanyavingi and Wachwezi are of your colour?'

'What, are they white people like us?'

'They have no clothes like you, nor do they wear anything on their feet like you; but they are tall, big men, with long noses and a pale colour, who came, as I heard from our old men, from somewhere beyond Ruwenzori, and you came from that direction; therefore you must be of the Wanyavingi.'

'But where do they live?'

'Ruanda, and Ruanda is a great country stretching round from east of south to s.s.w. Their spears are innumerable, and their bows stand higher than I. There are some men in these parts whom Kabba Rega cannot conquer, and those are in Ruanda. Even the King of Uganda will not venture there.'"

But the White African's turn will come next; this time it is of the pigmy of the forest of whom the world is talking.

A mighty forest this of Africa, and yet just such a forest as was to be expected to complete the belt round the world. It is almost as dense as that of Darien—into which our men-o'-warsmen, in exploring for the canal, had to cut a regular tunnel for a fortnight, and then in despair return to the light of day—and it is of much greater extent. Mr. Stanley estimates it as of greater area than three hundred thousand square miles, exclusive of the outliers penetrated by reaches of grassland, or of the broad strips of timber filling the lower levels of the great river basins. This area is about equal to that of the British Isles and France taken together, and forms a considerable portion of Africa; but it must be remembered that the continent is three times larger than Europe, and much more varied.

If Britain is a geological model of the world, Africa is a world in itself. It has every kind of soil and climate, and every form of land and water. Barren or fertile, there seems to be nothing in the world of which an example cannot be found within it, though in no item but desert has it the pre-eminence. It could be said with truth some years ago that there was everything in Africa except the men to develop it, but we have altered all that now. The "scramble" has brought the continent into practical politics, and even Cabinet Ministers can find the river Niger on the map without an appeal for assistance to the deputation to whom they are giving audience.

That this is so is due, in the first place, to the explorers who spied out the land, and in the next to the great companies who have started in business on the strength of the treaties and concessions won by the pioneers from the native chiefs, whose opinions on the interpretations of diplomacy would be an interesting contribution to mental science. Something has been said of late as to what we would think if some highly-superior explorer were to come and discover us. The notion can be profitably left for the originators to develop, though it is worthy of remark that in the world's history we hear so much of the views of the discoverer and so little of those of the discovered. The discovered fail; and as failures, their opinions are not held in esteem. If we were the discovered, we should probably do what the Africans do—resist our discoverer to the utmost, then try and discover the source of his power, make a treaty with him, dispute the interpretation of the treaty, and, finding struggle hopeless, accept the inevitable.

### THE START.

It is an old story now how Khartoum fell, and Emin was left isolated in his province on the Equator, and a demand for his relief raised by those who were supposed to know his position best. It seems that it was in October, 1886, that Mr. Stanley was first consulted with regard to the matter, and it was when he was lecturing in Vermont in December of that year that the telegram from London reached him, informing him of his appointment to the command of the expedition. A relief fund had been formed, which eventually

[1] "In Darkest Africa; or, the Quest, Rescue, and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria." By Henry M. Stanley. With Illustrations and Maps. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, Limited. 1890.

amounted to over £33,000, towards which the Egyptian Government contributed £14,000; and, under the presidency of Sir William Mackinnon, matters were being rapidly advanced. At first it was intended to start inland from the east coast, and preparations were made accordingly; but at the last moment, owing to the influence of the King of the Belgians, in the interest of the Congo State, a change was hurriedly made, and the expedition came by steamer round the Cape of Good Hope to the west coast, and proceeded up the Congo to where it receives the Aruwimi. It began its start into the unknown from Yambuya, about ninety miles from that junction, and thirteen hundred miles from the sea.

Leaving Major Barttelot at Yambuya in charge of the rear guard, with orders to follow as soon as he was joined by the goods and men whose non-arrival had rendered necessary the dividing of the force, the main body of the expedition marched out along the south bank on the 28th of June, 1887, while the boats advanced up the stream. The course was direct enough—"towards the sunrise," and "cling to any track that leads by the river until we find a road."

For one hundred and sixty days from that Coronation Day did that long single file of men march through forest, bush, and jungle, without ever having seen a patch of grass the size of a cottage floor. At four o'clock on the first afternoon the people of Yakondé were found in arms to defend the road to the first village. They had cut the bush and banked and blocked all passage to the forest on either side of the path, and under the green leaves with which the road was spread had placed pointed skewers, so arranged as to maim all who trod on them with naked feet. As soon as the men began to pick out the skewers the natives attacked, and began the first of the many fights which marked the progress of the expedition. For some time every village along the line was found guarded by fallen trunks and these poisoned skewers, which were sharp and hard enough to pierce even the boots of the whites.

Owing to this bush-fighting and to many desertions, the ranks, or rather files, of the followers were rapidly thinned; and the difficulty of obtaining anything but vegetable food, and but little of that, soon menaced the expedition with starvation. No wonder when the grass land was reached early in December that the rejoicing was great.

On the 14th of December the Albert Nyanza was reached, but there was no Emin to meet it, although he knew it would be there on that day, and was only a few hours' steaming away. Stanley returned from the lake, and on the 6th of January was at Fort Bodo, in long. 29½ deg., which he had built as a stronghold in which to concentrate; and on the 27th of April, Emin appeared at the lakeside to which Stanley had returned. He was by no means in a hurry to be relieved, and, in fact, his proceedings throughout are at present so mysterious that no opinion can be formed with regard to them until the publication of Mr. Jephson's promised book, or the breaking of the silence by Emin himself.

### THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF RUWENZORI.

On the 23rd of May, Stanley was off in search of his missing rear-guard; and it was on the next day that the great discovery of the expedition was made. "When about five miles from Nsabé camp," says Stanley, "while looking to the south-east, and meditating upon the events of the last month, my eyes were directed by a boy to a mountain said to be covered with salt, and I saw a peculiar shaped cloud of a most beautiful silver colour, which assumed the proportions and appearance of a vast mountain covered with snow. Following its form downward, I became struck with the deep blue-black column at its base, and wondered if it portended another tornado; then as the sight descended to the gap between the eastern and western plateaux I became for the first time conscious that what I gazed upon was not the image or semblance of a vast mountain, but the solid substance of a real one, with its summit covered with snow. It now dawned upon me that this must be the Ruwenzori, which was said to be covered with a white metal or substance believed to be rock, as reported by Kavalli's two slaves." And Ruwenzori—the "Cloud King"—it was.

### THE REAR GUARD.

But before the great mountain could be visited a long wearisome march through the forest had to be taken back to Banalya, where Mr. Bonny was found in charge, owing to the death of Major Barttelot, who had been shot by one of his followers. This rear column, which did nothing but wait for disaster, was just about to move to the eastward when Stanley returned. And he discovered to his astonishment that the first day's march was to be the signal for the wholesale desertion of the Zanzibaris. The native followers had had a miserable time, being left in idleness and dying of slow starvation, owing, as they claimed, to improper food. They had been fed on manioc, and instead of steeping the tubers in the river for some days until the poison had been washed away and then picking the fibres out and drying the mush and making it into bread, they had scraped the manioc and cut the roots for drying in the sun, and had eaten many a piece raw and many before the drying was complete. "Even those of you," said Stanley to them, "who put your roots to soak in the water ate many a nice-looking bit, and you bruised and cooked your greens to serve with your badly-prepared bread, and very naturally sickened and died of the poison; and the men of Bolobo, when they came up, did like the men of Yambuya, and by-and-by they fell ill and died also. That is the reason why there are a hundred graves at Yambuya, and that is what ails these sick men here. What you should have done was to have sent two or three daily out of each mess to gather in the manioc in sufficient quantities and steep it in the river, and have always plenty of prepared flour on hand to make porridge or dumplings when hungry. Had

you done so I should have about two hundred sleek and strong men ready for travel with me to Zanzibar." And a day or two's rest from manioc and a feast of bananas and plantains, and the news of the grass lands, effected a wonderful change in the miserable Zanzibaris, who had been brought to this dismal stage by what Stanley euphemistically terms "an uncanny concurrence of circumstances."

The return to Fort Bodo began in the latter half of August, 1888. On the 10th of October, when reaching what they called Hippo Broads, they saw a cloud of moths sailing up river, a cloud so high that it reached from the water's face to the topmost height of the forest, and so dense that before it overtook them the travellers thought it was a fog or a thick fall of lavender-coloured snow.

### THE PIGMIES.

Eighteen days afterwards, when the expedition had crossed the river and had halted at Avatiko, the first full-grown pigmy man was brought into camp and measured. He was four feet high and twenty-five and a half inches round the chest, his colour being coppery and the hair over his body being almost furry and nearly half an inch in length.

That there were pigmies in Africa we knew from Du Chaillu, who discovered them much further westward in 1864, and described them in his "Journey to Ashango Land;" and the German explorers have described them as existing to the north of Stanley's route, in the Mombuttu country; but never before has so much been told about them as in "Darkest Africa," and never have they been found so near the district where legend placed them.

These mannikins have their camps in the forest, but always within a mile or so of a tribe of the agricultural natives, who are fine stalwart people. Around some of the clearings there are sometimes a dozen separate communities of this dwarf race, who support themselves chiefly on game. With their little bows and poisoned arrows they manage to kill elephants, buffalo, and antelope, trapping them in pits they have sunk and covered with twigs and leaves. Chimpanzees and other simians they trap in shed-like structures, with nuts and plantains within, and the heavy roof suspended by a vine so as to fall at a touch; rodents and such "small deer" they catch with bow traps, which snap and strangle them; birds they shoot; and with ivory and feathers and honey from the woods, and poison, they trade with the full-size natives for plantains, tobacco, spears, knives, and arrows. They are masters of woodcraft, and skilful hunters in their small way, and would soon clear the forest of game if they did not move about from settlement to settlement as the game thins.

"Their villages command every cross-way. Against any strange natives disposed to be aggressive they would combine with their taller neighbours, and they are by no means despicable allies. When arrows are arrayed against arrows, poison against poison, and craft against craft, probably the party assisted by the pigmies would prevail. Their diminutive size, superior woodcraft, their greater malice, would make them formidable opponents." And it is the knowledge of this which leads the larger inhabitants to allow them the run of their groves and gardens and put up with the inconvenience of their company.

Their dwellings are low, long, egg-shaped structures, with the doorways, of from two to three feet in height, placed at the ends. These are arranged in a rough circle, the centre of which is left cleared for the chief's house, which is surrounded by a courtyard, or common. In advance of the ring, along every track leading out of it, is a sentry-house, just large enough for two little men, with the doorway looking up the track.

The women do all the work of the household, including the carrying of the goods; while the men hunt, fight, smoke, and talk politics; and the boys play about with tiny bows and blunt arrows. The poison that is put on the full-sized arrows is dark in colour and thick as pitch, and when fresh "reminds one of the old blister plaster." It is said to be made out of a common species of arum; and to avoid fatal accidents it is never prepared in the villages, but away out in the forests, where it is not likely to be played with. Some of the arrows are iron, some are wooden; on the iron arrows the plaster is laid thickly, on the wooden ones it is stuck into the splints. Another poison is made of dried ants crushed with palm oil.

The action of these poisons is very rapid. Faintness, palpitation, nausea, pallor, perspiration, come on almost simultaneously. One man died within a minute from a wound no bigger than a pinhole which pierced the right arm and right breast. One woman died during the time she was being carried a hundred yards. Sometimes the interval between the hurt and the death was greater, the time evidently depending on the age of the poison. The fresher it is, the stronger it is.

Of the dwarfs the explorers met with two species differing from each other as much as a Turk would do from a Scandinavian. One known as the Batwa had longish heads, long narrow faces, reddish small eyes set close together, and a ferrety, sour, querulous look. The other, known as the Wambutti, had round faces, gazelle-like eyes set far apart, and frank, open foreheads. They are much lighter in colour than the Batwa, and are of a rich yellow ivory hue, like the books of a law library in good condition.

There is nothing very wonderful about one dwarf, or even half a dozen, which may be exceptions, just as we have dwarfs among our own race. It is when a tribe of dwarfs comes on the scene or a whole village complete, as shown in one of the admirable illustrations with which "Darkest Africa" is embellished, that the imagination is struck. One of the best things in the book is the account of their finding the box of ammunition which had been dropped during a skirmish with the tall-hatted natives of Andikumu. It reads more like a scene from "Grimm's Fairy Tales" than an extract from a book of African travel.

Though often quoted of late, we cannot well pass it by.

"On examining the boxes of ammunition before stacking them for the night, it was found that Corporal Dayn Mohammed had not brought his load in, and we ascertained that he had laid it at the base of a big tree near the path. Four headmen were at once ordered to return with the Soudanese corporal to recover the box. Arriving near the spot they saw quite a tribe of pigmies, men, women, and children, gathered around two pigmy warriors, who were trying to test the weight of the box by the grummet at each end. Our headmen, curious to see what they would do with the box, lay hidden closely, for the eyes of the little people are exceedingly sharp. Every member of the tribe seemed to have some device to suggest, and the little boys hopped about on one leg, spanking their hips in irrepressible delight at the find, and the tiny women, carrying their tinier babies at their backs, vociferated the traditional wise woman's counsel. Then a doughty man cut a light pole and laid it through the grummets, and all the small people cheered shrilly with joy at the genius displayed by them in inventing a method for heaving along the weighty case of Remington ammunition. The Hercules and the Milo of the tribe put forth their utmost strength and raised the box up level with their shoulders, and staggered away into the bush. But just then a harmless shot was fired, and the big men rushed forward with loud shouts, and then began a chase; and one over-fat young fellow of about seventeen was captured and brought to our camp as a prize."

### A TERRIBLE RAIN.

A curious experience happened to the column on the 21st of November, when approaching Indemau. A heavy shower of rain fell so cold as to make the Madis and Zanzibaris drop their loads and make helter-skelter for the camp. One Madi managed to crawl near Stanley's tent, wherein a candle was alight, for in rain the forest, even in daytime, is as dark as night. Hearing him groan, Stanley went in search of him with the candle, and found his naked body in the mud, rigid and unable to move, and as he saw the light his eyes dilated and he attempted to grasp it with his hands. Laid by the fire and fed with a pint of hot broth, he soon came round, but in the same storm three men died, stricken to death by the intensely cold rain. This was within two degrees of the Equator, and within 4,000 feet above sea-level!

### IN THE FOREST.

Terrible were the effects of a storm in the forest. Nightly some tree close by was struck by lightning or fell from decay, and there was the chance that its fall would crush half the camp. The sound of the branches during a storm was like the rolling of the surge on the shore, and when the rain came no voice could be heard in the camp, which was as if under a cataract. "There were trees parting with a decayed member, and the fall of it made the forest echo with its crash as though it were a fusillade of musketry. The night winds swayed the branches and hurled them against each other, amid a chorus of creaking stems and swinging cables and rustle of leaves. Then there was the never-failing crick of the cricket, and the shriller but less monotonous piping call of the cicadæ, and the perpetual chorus of frogs; there was the doleful cry of the lemur to his mate, a harsh rasping cry which made night hideous, and loneliness and darkness repulsive. There was a chimpanzee at solitary exercise, amusing himself with striking upon a tree, like the little boys at home rattle a stick against the area railings. There were the midnight troops of elephants, who no doubt were only prevented from marching right over us by the scores of fires scattered about the camp."

And what was the appearance of this mighty forest under the normal conditions of daylight? "Imagine the whole of France and the Iberian peninsula closely packed with trees varying from 20 to 180 feet high, whose crowns of foliage interlace and prevent any view of sky and sun, and each tree from a few inches to four feet in diameter. Then from tree to tree run cables from two inches to fifteen inches in diameter, up and down in loops and festoons and W's and badly-formed M's; fold them round the trees in great tight coils, until they have run up the entire height, like endless anacondas; let them flower and leaf luxuriantly, and mix up above with the foliage of the trees to hide the sun, then from the highest branches let fall the ends of the cables reaching near to the ground by hundreds with frayed extremities, for these represent the air roots of the Epiphytes; let slender cords hang down also in tassels with open thread-work at the ends. Work others through and through these as confusedly as possible, and pendent from branch to branch, with absolute disregard of material, and at every fork and on every horizontal branch plant cabbage-like lichens of the largest kind, and broad spear-leaved plants—these would represent the elephant-eared plant—and orchids and clusters of vegetable marvels, and a drapery of delicate ferns which abound."

Cover every stem and branch with thick green moss; cover the ground closely with broad-leaved phrynia and amoma and dwarf scrub; and where the lightning has split one of the giant trees from crown to base, or a tornado has uprooted a group, plant a race of young saplings, crowding, crushing, and strangling one another in the rush for air and light, and you have the state of affairs in this by no means merry greenwood.

Every prostrate log was a hive of insects: glorious in colour, radiant, exultant, insatiate, ravaging, foraging, fighting, destroying, building, and swarming everywhere. "Lean but your hand on a tree, measure but your length on the ground, seat yourself on a fallen branch, and you will then understand what venom, fury, voracity, and activity breathes around you. Open your notebook, the page attracts a dozen butterflies; a honey-bee hovers over your head; other forms of bees dash

for your eyes; a wasp buzzes in your ear; a huge hornet menaces your faces; an army of pismires come marching to your feet—some are already crawling up, and will presently be digging their scissor-like mandibles in your neck." There is a book in circulation called "Why Not Eat Insects?" What a pity the author of that book did not put in an appearance at the starvation camps, which formed the most unpleasant experiences of the Emin Relief Expedition!

"Those bees," says Stanley, on another page, "large and small, the wasps, the hordes of moths by night, the house-flies, tsetse, gadflies, gnats, and butterflies by day; the giant beetles, attracted by the light in the tent, sailing through the darkness and dashing frantically against the canvas, rebounding in their rage from side to side, and all the time hoarsely booming, finally with roars of fury dashing themselves against my book or face as though they would wreak vengeance on me for some reason; then the swarms of ants peering into my plate, intruding into my washy soup, crawling over my bananas; and the crickets that sprang like demons and fixed themselves in my scalp or on my forehead; and the shrill cicadæ, that drove me mad." "The beetles, again, varied from the size of a monstrous two and a half inches in length to an insect that would have bored through the eye of a tailor's needle. This last, when examined through a magnifying glass, seemed to be efficiently equipped for troubling humanity. It burrowed into the skin; it could not be discovered by the eyes unless attention was directed by giving a cross rub with the hand, when a pain like the prick of a pin was felt. The native huts were infested with three peculiar species: one burrowed into one's body; another bored into rafters and dropped fine sawdust into the soup; another explored among the crisp leaves of the roof, and gave one a creeping fear that there were snakes about; a fourth, which was a roaring lion of a beetle, waited until night, and then made it impossible to keep a candle lit for a quiet pipe and meditation."

In the evening millions of bats, large and small, glided among the trees. In the daytime birds in hundreds could be often heard but rarely seen, owing to their being so far overhead. "We were in the basement, and they were on the roof of a fifteen-storey house." Parrots, ibis, touracos, parrakeets, sunbirds, swifts, finches, shrikes, whip-poor-wills, hoopoes, owls, guinea-fowl, blackbirds, weavers, kingfishers, divers, fish-eagles, kites, wag-tails, bee-eaters, pipits, sandpipers, cockatoos, hornbills, jays, barbets, woodpeckers, and pigeons were all noted and recorded.

Among the branches were more than a dozen species of monkeys and baboons, but all of them kept at a distance by the noise of the march. And on the ground were elephants, buffaloes, wild pigs, bush antelopes, wild cats, zebras, which were generally left alone owing to the hostility of the natives, the danger of losing the way, the difficulty of successful stalking, and the importance of discovering food not for a small party, but for the whole caravan.

This great belt of forest land occupies one of the rainiest regions of the globe. For nine months of the year the wind blows up the river basin from the South Atlantic, and, cooled by the atmosphere of the highlands, sheds its moisture on almost every alternate day in heavy showers. The vapour drawn from the great lakes to the eastward also travels here. "While standing on the plain on the verge of the forest," says Mr. Stanley, "I have seen the two rain-clouds—one from the westward and one from the eastward—collide and dissolve in a deluge of rain on Pisgah Mount and the surrounding country."

### THE MEETING WITH EMIN.

Stanley was back at Fort Bodo, and the entire expedition was concentrated, on December 20th, 1888. All had prospered at the fort under the care of Lieutenant Stairs and Dr. Parke and Captain Nelson, and the only difficulty lay with regard to Jephson, who had gone to hurry on Emin Pasha—and, as it happened, be made a prisoner with him in the mutiny. To unravel the mystery, a start was made from Fort Bodo on the third march to the Albert Nyanza, and on February 17th Emin appeared at the camp at Kavalli's, and on April 10th the march to the east coast began. There had been much trouble in dealing with the unlooked-for amount of baggage Emin's people insisted on taking with them, and regarding their affairs generally, and the trouble was to last all the way to Bagamoyo, with occasional intervals of quiet and goodwill.

### THE HOMEWARD MARCH.

On the morning of the 9th of May, Ruwenzori came out from its mantle of clouds, and far to the west, like huge double epaulettes, rose the twin peaks which Stanley had seen seventeen months before; and the course was laid so as to pass round the mountain, which is invisible for three hundred days in the year, owing to its being screened by fog and cloud. Two hundred yards from the foot of the range a camp was pitched, and Lieutenant Stairs and Emin set out early in the morning to accomplish its ascent. But at a thousand yards in altitude the Pasha gave in, and left Stairs to go on, accompanied by some forty Zanzibaris. He reached a height of 10,677 feet, and estimated the top of the snowy peak at 6,000 feet higher, so as to make the mountain one of over 16,000 feet, the highest of a massive chain, which will probably be found of considerable extent when the envious mists permit. It is curious that this big mountain has evaded observation for so long. Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, Gessi, Mason, Emin, and even Stanley himself, had passed close to it without ever suspecting its existence. From one of the points reached by Baker it ought to have been as visible as St. Paul's dome from Westminster Bridge, but it was probably taken for a mass of cloud. The most remarkable thing of all is that, though

Stanley himself had seen it from Nsabé, yet for two and a half months, while at Kavalli's after his return, he watched for it in vain.

From the valley of the Semliki, the largest of the rivers which take the drainage of the many slopes to the lakes, it was invisible. For sixteen days the expedition traversed the forest in this hothouse of a valley, where the plantain fruit measures more than a foot in length, and is as thick as a man's forearm. During that time there were ten separate rainfalls, several of them lasting over nine hours; and constantly over all floated the snow-white mist in broad irregular streams to form a grey mass aloft which "resembled an inverted sky."

The great mountain intercepted every breeze from east round to south, and prevented the everlasting exhalations of the valley from being blown in that direction, but on their reaching the intense cold above, distilled them and rediffused them in copious showers of rain. From north to west the northern range of mountains obstructed the free passage of the winds, and assisted to maintain that equable heat of the valley that was necessary for the fostering of that marvellous vegetation. "In every camp of this region the smoke hung over us like a pall, smarting the eyes and half suffocating us."

The expedition journeyed all round the range except its north-east side, where it includes Mount Gordon Bennett and probably the newly-named Mackinnon Peak. The north-west and west sides, being blessed with almost daily rains and ever-fresh dews, enjoy perpetual spring, and are robed in constant verdure. "The south and south-west sides have their well-defined seasons of rain and drought, and if seen during the dry season, no greater contrast can be imagined than these opposing views of Nature's youth and Nature's decay."

South of Ruwenzori, Stanley marched by the shore of one of the many Muta Nziges, which he named the Albert Edward Nyanza. Close to a deep bay on its northern shore he discovered the salt lake of Katwé, with a village of salt workers close by. Salt is a valuable article in Africa, and the reputation of this lake has extended far and wide. Flotillas of canoes come from all parts of the Nyanza loaded with grain to barter for the salt, and caravans arrive with the same object from the northern highlands laden with millet, bark-cloth, beans, peas, tullabun, sesame, iron tools, and weapons.

No rivers of any importance feed the Nyanza, though there are several under fifty feet wide and two feet deep. The most important river from the north is not supposed to have a winding course of more than sixty miles, so that Stanley places the farthest reach of the Albertine sources of the Nile at 1° 10′ south latitude at the most.

Stanley thought he would have to fight his way through Ankori, but at Kibwega he was welcomed by the old chiefs with every mark of honour. "We greet you gladly," said the grey-haired men, with the two hands spread out, palm upwards. "We see to-day for the first time what our fathers never saw—the real Wachwezi and the true Wanyavingi. Look on them, oh people; they are those who made Kabba Rega run. These are they of whom we heard that the Wara Sura at the sight of them showed their backs, and fled as though they had wings to their feet."

And whatever doubt there might be as to the good faith of this reception was dissipated on the 23rd of July, when the young prince Uchunku came to make blood-brotherhood, and was shown the Maxim gun. "The showers of the Maxim and the cloud of dust raised by the bullets on the face of the opposite hill simply sent him into ecstasies, and to prevent him crying his soul out in rapture he laid his hand firmly over his mouth. Opinions differed as to the reason of his covering his mouth, and even in jest it is not good to be untruthful, but some said that he feared his fine teeth would be snapped in pieces by excessive chattering in terror, but I firmly maintain that it was from childlike wonder and pleasure."

Through this country the expedition advanced without adventure to Mr. Mackay's mission-house on the Victoria Nyanza. Here a stay of nearly three weeks was made, and parting from Mr. Mackay, "the best missionary since Livingstone," as Stanley calls him, the last stage was begun on the 17th of September, which ended at Bagamoyo on December 4th. The same evening, after the banquet given by the German officers, Emin accidentally fell out of a first-floor window, and had to be taken to the German Hospital, which, when recovered, he left to enter the service of the German company.

It was not a satisfactory finish, and it did much to intensify the so-called friendly rivalry between the nations—a rivalry which is almost too keen to be scrupulous. It is the old story of the conquest of America, with a difference. The Frenchman, the Italian, the Belgian, the German, and the Briton are sharing among themselves the nominal claim of the Portuguese and the inheritance of the oldest inhabitant, and that with the very slightest regard to the inhabitant's susceptibilities. There is the same going to the wall of those who are standing in the way of the higher civilisation. All that can be hoped is that the sharing of this new Promised Land may be as peacefully accomplished as that of Canaan under Joshua and Eleazar, though the work seems to be proceeding more in the style in which the world was divided by Pope Alexander the Sixth—and with just as little chance of permanency.

But little charge of mischief-making can be laid at Mr. Stanley's door. He has done his best to point out the riches of the land through which he passed, and maintains an admirable tone throughout with regard to all who are likely to share it.

# SOME ASPECTS OF POPULAR LITERATURE.

BY THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON, M.A., HEAD MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL.

THERE was never a time when it was so difficult to keep pace with the multitude of books issuing from the Press. It is a depressing thought that people who aim at culture to-day are not only the inheritors of all the literature of the past, but are called to familiarise themselves more or less in pursuit of their aim with a mass of contemporary books, sermons, histories, biographies, novels, poetry, science, and I know not what besides, to say nothing of all the magazines and pamphlets, and the long tale of weekly and daily newspapers. Who is sufficient for these things? we ask distressfully. What is one poor mind to do in one brief life amidst such riches? We are saddened and downcast at the duty which lies upon us; and we fall back half unwillingly upon the precept of Marcus Aurelius: "Cast away the thirst after books that thou mayest not die murmuring, but cheerfully, truly, and from thy heart thankful to the gods."

But the multiplication of books and papers, great as it is, is not the most serious fact in recent literature. It is the multiplication of books and papers which are low and harmful and degrade the tone of society. For it is possible to be corrupted by a bad book as well as by a bad companion; nay, books are themselves the best or worst companions. That gifted poet, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, expresses in touching language, which everyone must appreciate, and especially one who is engaged every day of his life in the moral and spiritual guardianship of young souls, the sense of anxious fear that rises at the sight of a boy or girl embarking on the sea of literature:

> "Sublimest danger over which none weeps,
> When any young wayfaring soul goes forth
> Alone, unconscious of the perilous road,
> The day-sun dazzling in his limpid eye,
> To thrust his own way, he an alien, through
> The world of books."

But the danger was never so great as it is now. Men seem to forget the difference between what is spoken and what is printed. I do not justify profane or scurrilous words. I do not forget the solemn warning, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." But the spoken word is addressed to a few people only; you know who hear it, and what effect it has upon them; you do not publish it to the wide world, and, if they who hear it spread it abroad, as is so frequently the case, yet a part, at least, of the responsibility rests upon them, and not upon you. How different is it with the printed, published word! As soon as it is put into a book or a newspaper it becomes common property; it is breathed, as it were, to the four winds of heaven; you lose your hold upon it, and you cannot tell what will be its history or its issue. So great, so terrible is the responsibility of literature. It were well if the literary world remembered it better.

In a well-known novel, "The Cloister and the Hearth" of Mr. Charles Reade, is a striking passage which often comes into my mind when I am pursuing this line of thought. Everyone who has read that novel will be aware that it relates to the time of Erasmus. The passage in it of which I am thinking is where the monk Clement, on his way to Rome, meets the German workmen who show him, as if they were half ashamed of themselves for showing it, the newly-invented printing-press which they carried with them. They took the press out of the cart, and while Clement fed the mule, they bustled about, now on the white hot road, now in the deep cool shade, now half in and half out, and presently printed a quarto sheet of eight pages, which was already set up. They had not type enough to print two sheets at a time. When, after the slower preliminaries, the printed sheet was pulled all in a moment, Clement was amazed. "What, are all these words really fast upon the paper?" said he. "Is it verily certain that they will not go as swiftly as they came. . . . My sons, you carry here the very wings of knowledge. Oh! never abuse this great craft. Print no ill books! They would fly abroad countless as locusts, and lay waste men's souls."

It were well, I say, if those imagined words had been themselves imprinted on the hearts of all who from that day to this have been engaged in the profession of literature. "Ill books will fly abroad countless as locusts, and lay waste men's souls." They *have* flown abroad, they *have* pounced, like foul birds, on the social order; they have worked the ruin of souls. I divide the literature of the world under four heads. It will be readily believed that under some of these heads my knowledge of it is imperfect and inadequate.

There is, firstly, the literature of *sport*. It is rapidly and enormously increasing. The number of sporting papers is multiplied, their circulation extends; the weekly papers become daily, their descriptions become more accurate and detailed; they make their way into the dwellings of all classes, perhaps of the lower classes still more than of the higher. Everybody who happens to hold a position like my own knows what a vast amount of thought and attention the ordinary British boy expends upon sport. And not only so, but the agencies of civilisation—the telegraph, the illustrated newspaper, the photograph—have invested celebrated sportsmen of all kinds with a popularity,

I may even say with a personal *prestige*, of which the records of fifty years ago present no example.

Now it would be wrong—and, what is worse, it would be foolish—to treat this excited British interest in sports or in sport as being essentially culpable. The sporting newspapers, so far as they record feats or achievements of physical skill and activity, are themselves, I think, not unworthy of praise, for every triumph of the human body, every exemplification of its power or energy, every proof that it possesses resources and faculties such as before were unsuspected, is an inieresting and inspiring fact. I do not feel that any venture which is made—unless, indeed, it be wholly irrational—for the sake of displaying the native powers of the body can be said to lack justification. Let it be granted—and I would be the first to grant it—that these physical exercises belong to the lowest part of man's nature, far below those of the mind or of the spirit, yet they do in a sense declare what his nature is; and the more we know of it and the higher is our appreciation of it, the better equipped we are, I think, for the battle of life.

But it is not this interest in the feats and achievements of the body which is demoralising, although it may be disturbing. Men and boys too often read the sporting newspapers, not to learn the speed or swiftness or skill of men, or even of animals, but to use their knowledge of that speed or swiftness or skill as a means of money-making. There are, I believe, as many as fifty-one sporting newspapers—some daily, some weekly, some fortnightly, some monthly—all devoted more or less to reports of betting. I do not need to say that nearly every daily paper finds space in a conspicuous position for the betting. Men read these papers not as country gentlemen, but as gamblers; their heart is set upon gain. That is the spirit not of sport, but of speculation. It is, believe me, a disease of the mind. For though it may be hard—and even bishops find it hard—to assign a reason why gambling in all its forms—yes, in so poor a form as threepenny points at whist—deserves the condemnation of immorality, yet if you want to see what the sport of gambling is, it is but necessary to go to some gamblers' "poisoned paradise" like Monte Carlo. Look there at the faces watching every measured movement of the croupier! See how they glow and darken and flash again with greed! See how they care not though one who sits by loses his all, and rises from the roulette-table and goes out and shoots himself. And still the play proceeds! And then, I say, you will know that the spirit of gambling is selfishness—sheer, unmitigated, intense, and horrible selfishness.

What a pity it is, then, that the spirit of gambling should have infested the strong, manly sports of Englishmen! The bustling crowd which may be seen about the shop-windows in which the latest telegraphic news of horse-racing is displayed—a crowd that exhibits on certain occasions a curious mixture of anticipation, delight, vexation, indignation, scurrility—is as little creditable to civilisation as the crowd outside the barred doors of a public-house on Sunday morning. How noble the animal! one cannot but feel at such a sight; and ah, how ignoble the man! The horse—that splendid creature which has given its name to cavalry, to chivalry, to the manners and morals of the cavaliers—is become the prey of knaves, touts, bookmakers, betting-agents, until it is barely possible for a respectable person to show his face upon the scene of the finest and bravest animal vigour.

There is need to purge the turf, the river, the cricket-field, and football-field from the taint of the betting-ring by publishing full and scientific reports of sport in all its forms, while yet resolutely refusing to publish the "odds." There are newspapers—all honour be done them!—which still decline to confuse sport with speculation; but a stronger hand, a tenderer heart, is needed. It is little good to make occasional descents upon gambling hells generally kept—if names tell true—by foreigners in London, while the youth of England is enervated, week by week and day by day, with the intoxicants of every sporting newspaper. If there are young men here who know but little of life, I entreat them—not so much as a minister of Christ, but, if they will let me say so, as a man of the world, as one who looks to their best social and pecuniary interests—to exorcise from themselves—and, if possible, from the circle of their friends and neighbours—the demon spirit of gambling.

But it is time to pass from the literature of sport to literature of another kind, which occupies a large and increasing space in the minds of that remarkable impersonation of human weaknesses called the public—I mean the literature of *Society*.

When "the leading journal," as it once was wont to be named, has recently taken a step in the direction of conforming to the characteristic conditions of a Society newspaper, it may well seem inopportune to declaim against the papers which depend for their interest and success upon the gossip of society. Nevertheless, I do not scruple to give my opinion, without using strong language about these papers, that the world would be better without them. There is no occasion to speak of them as wicked. They have done good here and there by exposing abuses; let us heartily thank them for it. It is actually possible, although I own it seems improbable, that they may supply some remote historian with precious information relating to the moral, material, and social phenomena of the nineteenth century; I only hope that remote historian will not derive his principal knowledge of the nineteenth century from them. Let it be admitted, too, that the interest of man in man is a fact which may not be ignored. We do not care for personal details about the lives of the lower animals. We do care for personal details about the lives of other men. Every man is, or may be, interesting to every other man.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Yet apart from the intellectual degradation of spending time and thought upon this sorry business, it can hardly be denied that the Society newspapers lie open to two grave criticisms.

In the first place, they invade the privacy of life. They throw the fierce light of publicity upon the most sacred and intimate of human relations. They make it impossible in any condition or aspect of life so to live that the "left hand" may "know not" what the "right hand doeth." Yet there are virtues which, like rare flowers, cannot endure the heat of day. To display them is to destroy them. They need the sanctity of seclusion, severance, repose. All character will become vulgarised if no character is sheltered from the gaze of vulgar men. If it be true that no man is a hero to his own valet, that is no reason for making a hero of the valet, or for multiplying the number of valets.

And in the second place, these newspapers inflict unwarrantable and unpardonable pain. They care more to disseminate reports than to disseminate just reports. They do not consider the preciousness of truth. They do not consider how easy it is—yes, and how vile—to publish a lie. They impute motives which do not exist, and yet, perhaps, cannot be disproved. They often mar the happiness of life by giving currency to false, fictitious stories which cannot be recalled. "The Autobiography of a Slander" has been recently told by a cunning pen. Suppose it is stated in such a newspaper that somebody—perhaps a lady, who may not be named, but only hinted at, though the hint is transparent—has been guilty of some conjugal impropriety. The statement is wrong, it rests on no ground; it is contradicted and recalled in the next number; but who can imprison the winged word? It flies, it circulates, it is believed, it is made the cause and occasion of calumnies, and the peace, the joy of a life—nay, of two lives—is broken, beyond the hope or possibility of restoration. These social paragraphs are poisoned arrows, and, if the truth be told, the men who shoot them are sometimes no better than the black malicious dwarfs of the great forest in Mr. Stanley's African expedition.

But, to be fair, it must be said that the appetite for petty venomous details of the personal life is not characteristic of the upper or aristocratical classes alone. The scandal-hunger, like the land-hunger, is universal. All journals are becoming Society journals now. It is a change which seems to lie in the spirit of the age. The halfpenny periodicals which circulate in the east of London are as personal as—well, I will not name the journals of the West End. A noble lord found it necessary but the other day to vindicate his character by an action at law from the expressions of anonymous scurrility. If the upper classes need more dignity in these days, the lower classes, I am afraid, need more charity. They need the courage, the Christian courage, of disbelieving half, and more than half, the miserable assertions about the luxury, greed, extortion, immorality of people whose only crime, if it were honestly put, would be to be nobler, and richer, perhaps because more provident, than themselves. The abuse of lords and landlords (though Heaven knows there is sometimes occasion for it!) is harmless enough as an exemplification of irresponsibility, but it is downright ruinous if it leads the poor to suppose that their own sufferings are not, in large part, the effects of their own follies and sins—of their improvidence, their drink, their lust, their crime. For the devil himself is "the slanderer." He battens upon literary garbage, he drinks himself drunk with lies. Let us pray, then, that as in life, so in literature, God of His mercy will grant to "all sorts and conditions of men" a more charitable and equitable consideration, a greater disposition to discern the beam in their own eyes instead of the mote in their brothers' eyes, and, above all else, a more profound veneration for the ineffable sanctity of truth.

The third class of literature to which I adverted a while ago as being fraught with prejudice to young and ardent souls may be described as the literature of *sensation*.

The best form of it and the best known is the novel. Novels have had a curious history. For the moment I limit myself to novels of a healthy type. It seemed some time ago as if the novel of character—that is, the novel which depends upon a subtle analysis of human motives, aspirations, and ethical qualities—were destined to hold the field of prosaic fiction. Such a novel, although it may possess literary attractiveness, yet, if carried to a high point, is found to issue in a moral treatise, as for example, George Eliot's "Middlemarch," or a theological essay, as Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere." But the works of Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. Stevenson, and other such writers, are distinct in character; they are tales of adventure; they derive nothing or little indeed of their fascination from an analysis of character as revealed by circumstances, or, in other words, from the rise and fall of a human soul; but they place a man in a scene of peril or distress, and leave him to escape from it as he may. In short, the interest here lies in the events, not in the persons; it appeals not to the conscience, but to the curiosity.

It is right to make the admission that the novels of which I have cited instances are distinguished by a healthy virility of tone. One may think, perhaps, that too much blood is shed and too many heads are broken; at least in some of them we may doubt if the virtues of savagery are not exaggerated as well as the vices of civilisation; but upon the whole there is a singular absence of prurient suggestiveness and indecency.

The active imagination of the lower classes, as of the upper, has in recent years demanded a sensational food. But the sensation has been frequently demoralising. It has been supplied at a cheap cost, and with great rapidity. It has dealt, not in daredevil ventures alone or in hairbreadth escapes, but in criminal deeds—frauds, burglaries, murders, lusts, debaucheries, parricides. I have taken the trouble, in preparation for this sermon, to read, however cursorily, a number of periodical pamphlets such as are issued broadcast at the present day. They are sold at a penny a number, the number containing generally twenty-four pages. They are advertised as being "splendidly illustrated," and the illustrations are indeed graphic enough to make a decent man's blood run

cold. They are not often designedly immoral; now and then they display a veneer of moral sentiment. But it is pretty safe to say that a lad whose mind is saturated with this cheap sensational literature, if he is not a criminal ready-made, will be in a state not far removed from criminality. Not long ago a lady related in a current review how a number of her Sunday-school scholars came rushing up to tell her, with eager glee, that they had been "put in the papers" for some felonious action, and that the heading of it was "A band of juvenile Jack Sheppards."

The author of "Five Years' Penal Servitude" gives instances of boys whose heads had been turned to burglary and murder by "penny dreadful" literature. Men of culture can only smile at such a literature; it is too absurd, too puerile. But it may be feared that the poor toilers of the great cities, who are giants, it may be, in physique, but mere children in intelligence and morality, are induced to look upon criminals of an adventurous type as models of Philistine heroism.

For a considerable part of this literature is occupied, not with imaginative works, but with biographies. The "Newgate Calendar," a publication said to "contain the remarkable lives and trials of notorious criminals, past and present"—it is a sort of literary Chamber of Horrors—amounts to a canonisation of the very persons against whom society, with all its civilised resources, half in vain essays to defend itself. The pictorial descriptions of the celebrated prize fighters—for instance, of Sayers and Heenan—shed a halo about a vocation both disreputable in itself and, in fact, prohibited by law. Highwaymen like Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard are invested with a sublimity of repute transcending Sir Walter Scott's vindication of Robin Hood. In all these instances, and in many more, the public taste, the public conscience, is degraded and defiled by a false and pernicious estimation of right and wrong. But the mischief of which I am speaking throws its light on the contemporaneous eulogy and admiration of criminals. There is a curious tendency—I know not what to make of it, or how to account for it—to exculpate, and even admire, criminals if only their crime is sufficiently gross. If a man commits a murder, hundreds of people are sure to petition on his behalf. If a woman commits a murder, she is sure to receive offers of marriage. When I was in a large provincial city some time ago I found that it had been the interest of a leading local paper—not a disreputable paper either—to reprint in a series of parts the life of the burglar Peace, who had not long before met his death upon the scaffold, and that the reprint had excited a vast amount of popular appreciation and delight.

This distorted hero-worship is a sad and bad sign of the times. The youths who read about criminals will become criminals. To magnify crime is to multiply it. Is it, then, beyond hope that the editors of the local newspapers, which are upon the whole such dignified and admirable features of local life, will come at last to take a high view of their vocation, and will scorn to win an extended circulation at the price of corrupting and corroding the public taste?

There remains one class of literature so perilous that I dare not pass it without a solemn warning word: it is—I must call it so—the literature of *obscenity*. Thank God it is not, as a rule, indigenous. English honour, English patriotism, revolts against it. But it comes across the Channel. It comes as mysteriously and destructively as the plague. Books of indecent purpose and character appear in translation. They are published at a cheap rate; they are forced by the devil's agents upon young and innocent souls. Ah, do not some of us know this devilish propaganda? They poison the very wells of life. May God in His infinite mercy keep you, my young friends, from this vile thing! It is not without cause that the great living poet, in his graphic picture of the Age, has told of

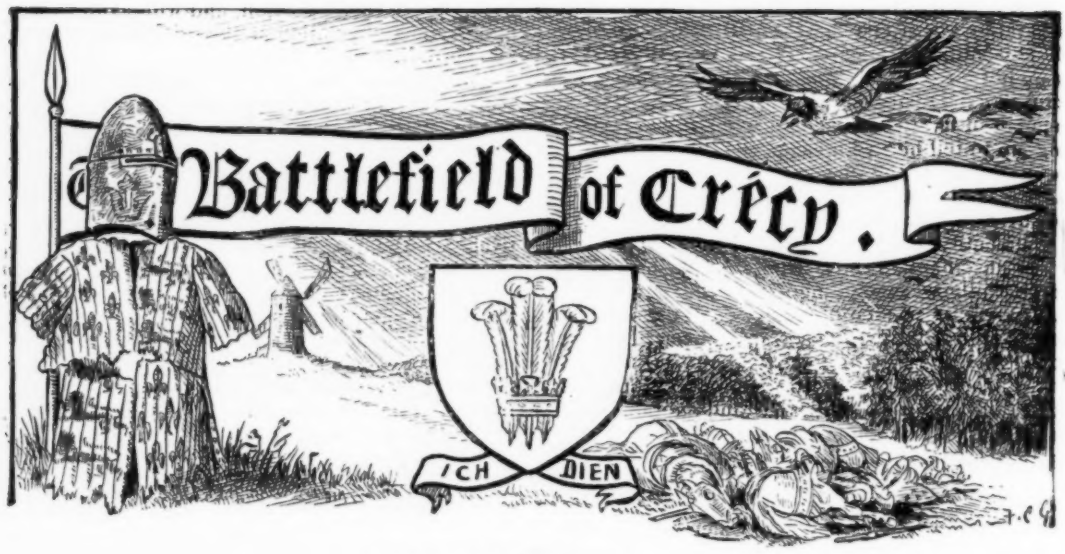
"Maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism."

He has seen the danger; he has felt it. "Girls," says Mr. Froude, "now talk over novels which the ladies'-maids of their grandmothers might have read in secret, but would have blushed while reading." He bids us shrink from it as from death.

Brethren, purity is the supreme virtue. It is the hardest to attain; it is the easiest to lose. It dwells, as it were, in the severe and holy atmosphere which lies about the throne of God Himself. Other virtues are attained by the discipline of this or that faculty in man's composite nature; but this by the consecration of his whole nature. Ah, how soon is it lost! A light word spoken, whispered only in the ear, when none is nigh, taints the soul as a leprous spot, and makes it unlovely, robs it of its grace, its delicacy, its flower. Ah, how terrible is the loss of it! The streets of London are eloquent witnesses to the profanation of humanity. Have men no chivalry, no charity, no compassion? Will they never, for the love of Christ, have pity upon their poor injured sisters, who are His?

If it be so, if such is the law of purity, then it lies upon each of us as a sacred duty to fight against the vice which cankers the heart of England. We must be brave and fierce and tender; we must not spare others or ourselves. We must expel, we must extirpate, the evil from the midst of us. It is not enough to keep ourselves pure, hard though it be. We must forbid—by our dignity of person, our sanctity of life—we must forbid the unchaste look, the unholy word, the vile, contaminating novel. We cannot do less; it is Christ who calls us to this service. We are not His if we shrink from it or faint under it.[1]

[1] From a sermon preached on behalf of the Religious Tract Society at St. Michael's, Chester Square.




" 'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.
'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.'"

—*Southey.*

THE battle of Crécy is a favourite one with youthful students of English history. There is something about it which appeals strongly to the instinct of an English boy. Thirty thousand stalwart Englishmen thrashed more than a hundred thousand Frenchmen; that is about the proper proportion, according to the views of a patriotic schoolboy. And besides, the hero of that fight was a mere lad himself, for Edward the Black Prince was only sixteen when he won his spurs on that bloody Saturday, the 26th of August, 1346. And then, again, it wipes away from our escutcheon the stain of the disaster of Bannockburn thirty-two years before, where the odds were reversed, only in that case our enemies were the sturdy Scotchmen fighting under Robert Bruce. And this patriotic boy will derive consolation by debiting and crediting the respective kings in whose reigns these two battles of Bannockburn and Crécy were fought. He will confirm with all his heart the verdict of history, that Edward II was a "duffer" and Edward III a "brick."

I am no longer a boy, but when I found myself in the old town of Abbeville one bright June morning I felt an irresistible temptation to visit the memorable field, and to see the windmill where King Edward stood watching the hurly-burly on the slopes below him, leaving to his boy the glory of the day.

As I sit down now to recall my recollections from notes and sketch-book, a sudden idea strikes me. What was it all about? I have a hazy idea that it was in some connection with Edward's claim to the crown of France; but I must refer to my books. Now it is not a bad plan, when one wants to look up some historical question, to go first to a juvenile lesson-book. It often saves time, and there is a beautiful simplicity about the information imparted by the process of questions and answers. For instance, if I want to know the personal peculiarities of some mediæval king, I turn to that particular reign, and I find something like the following:

*Q.* What were the personal appearance and character of the king?

*A.* He was tall and magnanimous, with a long beard, but a short temper.

*Q.* Had he any vices?

*A.* Yes; he was inordinately fond of eel-pies, to which he eventually fell a victim.

Following out this idea, I open a school-book of days long past—"A Guide to English History and Biography"—and I read as follows:

*Q.* What induced Edward III to make these wars on France?

*A.* When Charles IV of France died, leaving no son, Edward *himself* was the next heir to the French crown.

*Q.* How could Edward III of England be heir to the crown of France?

*A.* He was the nephew of the last French king, whereas Philip de Valois, who also laid claim to the crown, was only his cousin.

Very satisfactory so far; but the information might be enlarged, and I would suggest a few additional questions and answers.

*Q.* Did not Edward III in consequence of this claim invade Normandy and Picardy?
*A.* Yes; with an army of 30,000 men. He committed great ravages, killing 50,000 or 60,000 of the French, besides burning and sacking many cities and towns.
*Q.* Why did Edward III inflict all this damage on the French?
*A.* Because he wanted to be their king.
*Q.* Did the French people wish Edward III to be their king?
*A.* No; they fought against him.
*Q.* Did this make any difference to Edward III?
*A.* Not likely!

Crécy lies some twelve miles north from Abbeville. Passing over the slope of the hill, and looking back towards Abbeville, the last to be seen of the town in the valley is the west front of the old church of St. Wolfram, with its flamboyant façade and its pigeon-haunted sculptures and carvings. For a long distance the road runs through an avenue of lofty poplars, not clipped as we see sometimes in France, but growing in full luxuriance of foliage, and although the highway goes straight forward up and down the long slopes, the effect is very pleasing. The dusty road is white in the bright sunshine, barred with the delicate purple shadow lines of the tree stems, and above is a vista of green foliage. On either side is a wide strip of grass, and here and there flocks of sheep are browsing, the shepherd resting by the roadside, or with his back against the




PIGEON-HAUNTED ST. WOLFRAM.

shady side of a tree, leaving his woolly charge to the care of his sheep-dogs.

I have a great respect for sheep-dogs; for faithful, honest, conscientious work, give me one of these. It is the duty of his life to look after sheep, and he does that duty well. I noticed one



TOWER OF CRÉCY CHURCH.

as we passed, doing his "sentry go" with as much precision as—and a great deal more energy than—a soldier puts into that work. A cornfield ran to the edge of the grass without a hedge, and only a low bank between it and the level of the road. Backward and forward on this bank a dog galloped. When he reached the end of the line of sheep he wheeled round with that little momentary halt and look round which is peculiar to a human sentry when he has reached the limit of his post, and galloped back again, with now and then a short, shrill yap. If in passing he noticed some careless mutton feeding with his nose too near the precious wheat, he was at him in a moment with a dig of his sharp nose and a warning bark, which never seemed to fail in its purpose. Another dog-sentry, who had apparently been relieved, was posted on the bank in the middle, panting with lolling tongue. I watched these animals till they were out of sight, and I daresay the honest fellows, whilst I am writing about them, are still busy with their life's work.

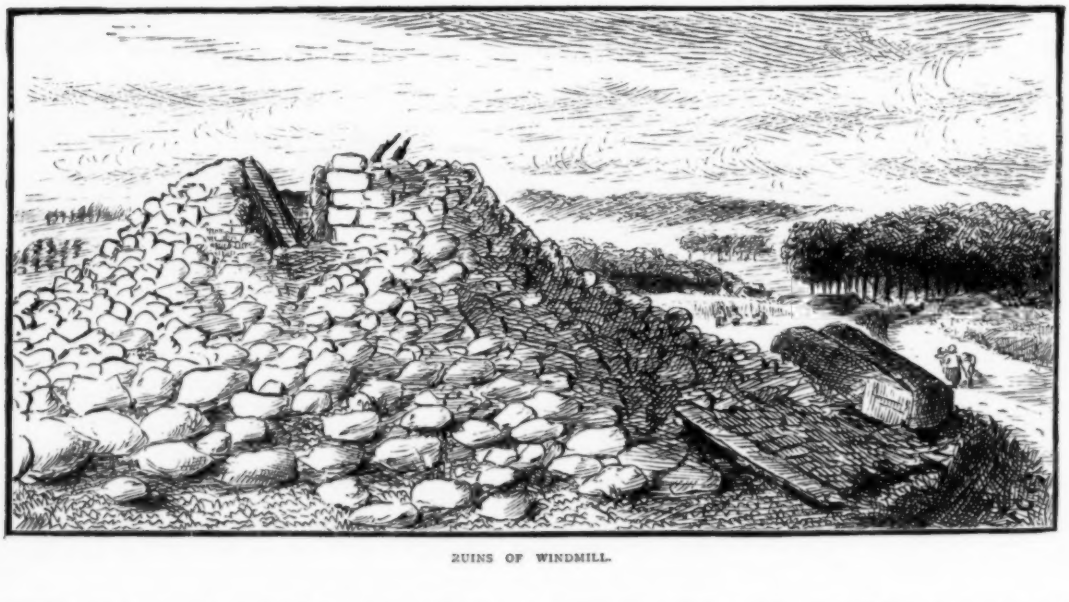
Women are working in the fields with faces well protected from the hot sun, comfortable-looking peasants come jogging along the road in carts or gigs, and occasionally we meet or overtake a sunburnt girl struggling with an obstreperous cow.

Then we pass through the Forest of Crécy, with its forest-roads branching right and left, with warning notices posted on the corner trees forbidding trespass; and at last, after a pleasant drive, we mount a gentle slope and reach the village of Crécy en Ponthieu. Beyond the historical associations, there is nothing remarkable about the place; it is fair-sized, clean, and well-to-do-looking. An old cross stands in the centre of the roadway, with granite pedestal and superstructure of red brick, probably a relic of the

Spaniards, and on the right the tower of the church shows above the trees.

A short distance north of the village stands—or rather stood—the windmill which is referred to by the chroniclers. When I inquired the way to it I was told, to my disappointment, that it had been demolished, but when I reached the site I found that it had not altogether disappeared, for five or six feet of the base still stood amidst the *débris* of wood and stone. Whether this be a part of the same windmill which existed at the time of the battle I leave to archæologists to decide, but from the position I have little doubt that there was one on that spot. The ground slopes sharply down towards the village and to the east, and looking across the valley the Forest of Crécy runs along the ridge of the opposite slope.

The battle appears to have been fought on the ground to the south-east of Crécy, and athwart the roads from Amiens and Abbeville. So quaintly but so graphically has the fight been described by Sir John Froissart in his "Chronicles," having got his information from an eye-witness, that I hesitate to go over the ground again. So to avoid being wearisome, I would ask my readers to come with me in imagination and let us fancy that we are standing—of course, at a respectful distance from the king—near the windmill on this fateful Saturday.



RUINS OF WINDMILL.

It is midday. From where we have posted ourselves we look down the hill upon the lines of the English army. Nearest to us is the division commanded by the king himself, and held in reserve. Lower down are two other divisions, the one on the right with the banner of the young Prince of Wales, to whom his father has given the post of honour. With him are the Earls of Warwick and Oxford, Sir John Chandos, and many another gallant knight and squire. In the left division are the Earls of Northampton and Arundel; and in front of these are the battalions of archers.[1] Thirty thousand good men and true are here resting, with their helmets and weapons lying beside them, waiting for the enemy, who they know are advancing with eager haste and in overwhelming numbers.

King Edward has ridden through the ranks this morning, mounted on his white palfrey, without his helmet, and with a wand in his hand, attended by his two marshals, encouraging the soldiers by his calm and confident bearing and speech. After that the men have eaten and drunk heartily, and at their ease, and fresh in body and fearless in mind, they await the onslaught.

The ground has been well chosen; the left flank protected by a small river and a deep ditch, the right resting on a wood. Military strategy in those days was simple, and Edward's tactics at Crécy were practically the same as Robert Bruce's at Bannockburn, and as Henry v a few generations later used at Azincour. A position was taken up on a narrow front with natural obstacles on either side, so that an enemy, no matter how superior he might be in weight of numbers, could only bring to bear a fighting front of the same width as the smaller force. Then if his first onslaught failed—as it generally did in those cases—the confusion became worse confounded by the huge, unmanageable mass of men behind. Whilst the English are waiting and watching for their foes, let us find out, if we can, from someone on the field what are the events which have led up to this impending struggle. There is one Robert of Avesbury here who has accompanied the king,

1 Froissart gives the numbers as 8,500; but this is evidently an error, for the English army landed at La Hogue over 30,000 strong, and their subsequent losses were comparatively slight. There were 7,000 Welshmen alone, besides a large body of Irish.

and who is compiling material for his "Historia de Mirabilibus Gestis Edwardi Tertii."

From him we learn that the English army landed at La Hogue on the 12th of July, and that for the last six weeks they have been harrying the fair fields of France. From La Hogue to Barfleur, Barfleur to Cherbourg, and then south and east to Carentan, St. Lo, and Caen, they have been killing, burning, and pillaging. The fleet, under the Earl of Huntingdon, followed them along the coast, collecting the plunder. Avoiding Rouen, the army raided along the left bank of the Seine, seeking to cross, but finding all the bridges broken. At last, at Poissy, some seven leagues from Paris, they managed by a feint to seize the remains of a bridge that had been partially destroyed. Whilst they were repairing this, the king's marshals daringly advanced to within a few miles of Paris, burning several places. Then they crossed the river and marched northward towards Beauvais and Airaines. But by this time the French king, Philip de Valois, was astir, with the King of Bohemia, the Lord John of Hainault, the Duke of Lorraine, the Earls of Flanders and Bois, and a multitude of barons and knights, and an army which soon swelled to 100,000. They followed in hot pursuit, hoping to catch the English on the south side of the river Somme. The bridges over the river were so well guarded that Edward in vain tried to force a passage, and matters began to look desperate. The French army was only a few hours in his rear, and he was in a position of some peril; but just in the nick of time an offer of a generous bribe tempted a prisoner, Gobin Agace by name, who knew the country well, to guide the English army to a ford between Abbeville and St. Valery, where at low water they could cross twelve men abreast. This was on the evening of Wednesday, the 23rd of August. The king passed an anxious night, and at daybreak on Thursday morning the English army marched to the ford of Blanchetaque,[1] led by Gobin Agace. But they were not in safety yet, for the tide was up, and on the other side of the river was posted a force of 12,000 French and Genoese under the command of a gallant nobleman of Normandy, Sir Godémar du Fay.

It was ten o'clock before the tide had ebbed sufficiently to allow an attempt at crossing, and then the king gave the order to advance in the names of God and St. George. The French knights and men-at-arms resisted manfully, but the English archers plied their arrows well, and the king would take no denial, so that after a time they fought their way across and gained the other side, routing and pursuing the enemy. It was only just in time, for some of the light horse of the French army came riding down, and cut off many stragglers who had lagged behind. King Philip, with the main body of his army, was following, but the news was carried back to him of the defeat of Sir Godémar, and he learned also that it would be useless to press on, as the tide would be in again by the time he reached the ford. So back he went to Abbeville, and took up his quarters there on that night and the following night also. The English king, after crossing the Somme, marched northward, and his marshals pushed westward to Crotoy, a town and harbour towards the mouth of the river, and this they plundered and burnt, returning on Friday to rejoin the king, who was near Crécy. Here King Edward determined to take his stand, "for," said he,[1] "I have good reason to wait for them on this spot, as I am now upon the lawful inheritance of my lady-mother, which was given her as her marriage portion; and I am resolved to defend it against my adversary, Philip de Valois." So he selected carefully the ground where now the army is posted, and on that Friday night he gave a supper to his earls and barons; and the men too had good cheer, and got their weapons and armour in good order for the morrow's work.

And below us the army is waiting, each lord under his banner and every man in his place, grim and watchful like lions at bay. It is some time past midday, and the enemy is not yet in sight.

Heavy thunderclouds are rolling slowly overhead, threatening every moment to burst into rain. There is a sudden movement in the front. The French are in sight, coming on in a dense mass, with apparently no method or order, with glinting armour, and emblazoned banners and pennons waving.

The English quietly rise to their feet and stand steady; the archers in front, in open order, so as to get elbow-room for their archery, their bows in hand and their sheaf of clothyard-shafts close by, with some ready for immediate use held under the left foot, so that they have only to stoop and pick them up.

The French have marched from Abbeville this morning, burning to avenge the ravages of the past six weeks. Four French knights were sent in advance to reconnoitre, and when they brought back the report that the English army was drawn up in order of battle, King Philip and his marshals strove to get their men into some order, and the more cautious advised a halt for the night, so that the army should be rested after their march, and attack in the morning in proper formation. So the command was given and carried to the front and rear of the column, "Halt banners, in the name of God and St. Denis." In vain the order was given; those in front could not halt for the press behind, for everyone wanted to get to the front, and the roads in rear were crowded with people, who, long before they were in sound or sight of their enemies, were brandishing their weapons and shouting *à la mort!*

When at last they came in sight of the English, the foremost ranks recoiled in disorder, and this increased the confusion. All this time the sky is growing darker with the black thunderclouds, and a great flight of crows comes sailing up with the wind, hovering over the army and filling the air with their harsh cries. Then the thunderstorm breaks and the rain pours down. It would be well

[1] In October, 1415, Henry V tried to cross here, but found the ford had been staked. The field of the battle of Azincour, which was fought on the 25th of that month, lies about twenty miles to the north-east from Crécy.

[1] Froissart's "Chronicles."

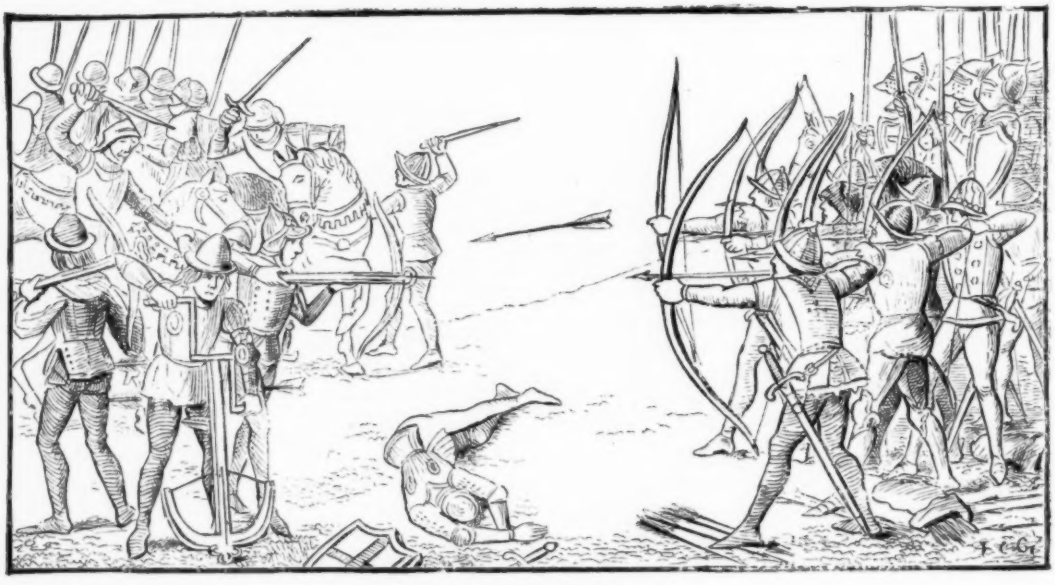
for the French if even now the king could control them sufficiently to draw them off and wait until to-morrow; but when he himself comes in sight of the hated English, his passion carries him away, and he orders the attack. There are some 15,000 Genoese cross-bowmen in his army, and these he orders forward to open the battle. But the poor wretches protest that they are tired out with their march that day, encumbered as they have been with their heavy cross-bows and other arms. But the Count d'Alençon will not listen to their entreaties, and forces them to the front, with the heavily armed and mounted men-at-arms behind them.

The unfortunate Genoese, who probably by this time are wishing themselves back in their own sunny land, come on a little way and suddenly give a jump and a loud shout, with the idea of alarming the Englishmen; but the archers stand grim and silent and move never a foot. Again the Genoese jump and shout, but with no better result, and then they advance a little nearer and repeat the experiment; but still the archers stand their ground. Then, with their cross-bows ready, they come forward until they are within range, and commence shooting hurriedly. But their bow-strings are slackened by the rain, and their bolts fall short or harmlessly.

And now the sun breaks out suddenly from behind a dark bank of cloud, and a blinding glare falls full upon the faces of the French and their allies.

The English archers have stood with hardly a movement, except to draw their bows from the cases, which have kept the strings dry during the shower. But now at last there is a sudden stir—one step they take with the left foot forward and the left arm straight, and the left hand grasping the five-feet yew bow; the right arm bends, and the hand swiftly draws the string back to the ear, and then, with a twang, a shower of arrows flies into the mass in front. So swiftly and fiercely they shoot, that the Genoese, stung with the terrible shower, turn to fly.

But there is even less mercy behind them than in front, for the exasperated French king orders the men-at-arms to slay the cowards. In a moment the front of the French army is a dense struggling mass, the mounted men riding over and trampling down the unfortunate footmen, who, in desperation, defend themselves as well as they can; and right into the "brown" the arrows still come flying, piercing, killing, and wounding both men and horses.



AT LAST THERE IS A SUDDEN STIR.

The confusion is hopeless, and the Welsh and Irish auxiliaries rush into the *mêlée* with their long knives, slaughtering many a noble knight.

It was a long time before any force of the French could make their way through this awful block, but at last the Counts d'Alençon and of Flanders break through the lines of English archers and attack the Black Prince's battalion, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight ensues. Our men-at-arms are fighting on foot, for on sloping ground like this it is no advantage to be mounted, and the French knights recoil and are broken by the hedge of lances. And here again the archers do good service; their arrows, even if they cannot pierce the heavy armour of the riders, wound and madden the horses. And a knight in heavy armour once thrown is as helpless as a turtle or a beetle lying on its back.

For a time the Prince, in one of the attacks, is hard pressed and the battalion on his left comes to his aid. And now a knight rides up in haste to the king, who is calmly watching the struggle

raging down below, and begs assistance from the reserve. What the king's answer was, every schoolboy knows. But perhaps there is another reason why the king remains here with so large a force in hand, besides his desire that his gallant boy shall win his laurels. It ought to be possible for a good leader who has his men in hand to outflank them or even to get round their rear, and



THE KING OF BOHEMIA'S CROSS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

in the event of such a contingency the king's battalion would be invaluable.

Gradually the French force melts away, the common folk who crowded the Abbeville road, crying *à la mort!* are well on their way home, probably taking short cuts across country; knights and squires wander hither and thither looking for their banners, and everywhere the English are slaying without quarter and without a thought of ransom.

The poor old blind King of Bohemia is dead too. For a long time he waited, anxious and eager for news, and when the knights came to him and reported, "Thus is it, my lord, and thus," the brave old warrior, who could learn no news of his son, turning to those around him said,

"Lords, you are my vassals, my friends, and my companions; and on this day I command and beseech you to lead me forward so far that I may deal one blow of my sword in battle." Then with a knight on either hand, with the horses' bridles linked together, they rode into the thick of the fray, and next day their bodies were found lying side by side.

King Philip has been persuaded by Sir John of Hainault to leave the field of battle and save himself, and the night falls on this terrible scene of slaughter.

The butcher's bill for this day is a heavy one: 9 princes, 80 lords, 1,200 knights, 1,500 men-at-arms, and 30,000 foot, these are the figures given us of the French slain. On our side there is no accurate estimate of losses, but they are comparatively slight. After the battle is over the king comes down from his post to give honour to his young son; and the English light large fires and rest for the night.

In the morning (Sunday) there is a thick fog all over the country, and all through the day the work of slaying goes on pitilessly. First a body of French troops coming from Rouen and Beauvais, knowing nothing of yesterday's disaster, is encountered, routed, and pursued, and every man who is overtaken is put to the sword. Many of the French too had lost their way last night, and, wandering in the fog, were surprised and slain. Froissart says, "The English put to the sword all they met, and it has been assured me for fact, that of foot soldiers sent from the cities, towns, and municipalities, there were slain, this Sunday morning, four times as many as in the battle of the Saturday." This, however, must be an exaggeration.

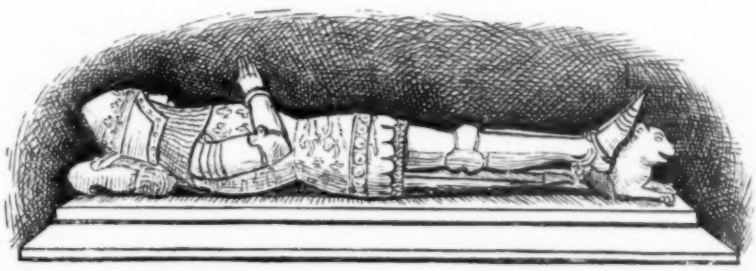
On Monday morning the English army marches on to Calais, still burning and ravaging as it goes.

And on the battle-field of Crécy

> ". . . . many thousand bodies here
> Lay rotting in the sun;
> But things like that, you know, must be
> After a famous victory."

F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

NOTE.—It is popularly supposed that cannons were first used at the battle of Crécy, but this is not confirmed by any reliable evidence. Froissart makes no mention of such an important innovation during the fight. It is true the word "artillery" is used in Johnes's translation of the "Chronicles," in the description of the march of the English army, but it is evidently nothing more than a comprehensive term for "munitions of war," such as arrows and other weapons.



# BRIEF COUNSELS CONCERNING BUSINESS.

BY AN OLD MAN OF BUSINESS.

V.

THE Italians have a proverb to the effect that the game is to the man who "waits." This faculty of waiting—holding on—implies and necessitates the exercise of patience, and is exemplified or enforced in the apostolic injunction to let patience "have her perfect work." It is probably not too much to say that of all the business qualities or habits, there is none which so much tests a man—proves the "stuff of which he is made"—as this of patience, the faculty of waiting, of holding on, the possession of what is called "staying power."

* * *

There are times when it is the wisest thing possible simply to "wait"—to "rest upon one's oars"—so as to allow the current of events to carry us forward. And so also there are times when to do this is the worst thing possible; times when, on the contrary, the best thing is to be up and to take action promptly and persistently till the object is gained, the purpose fulfilled. Many a time in business the young man will find himself face to face with this difficulty, "What *is* the right, the wise, the prudent, in brief, the best, thing for me to do in this particular juncture of affairs? Is it the right thing to take action? or, per contra, is it the one thing, the right thing, to *wait*, to remain quiet and watch, and wait for the time when the exercise of patience will have its reward?"

The lapse of time frequently brings things about in a way as mysterious as it is effective. Sometimes the circumstances are such as will remind us of the words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of one of his characters: "There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." In some cases it is clearly the most practical wisdom not of ourselves to attempt to "rough hew" them, but quietly to accept the situation, leaving it to Him who "knows the end from the beginning" to bring about the results. In many instances the young man in business will be spared the necessity to decide which of the two—waiting or action—is the right thing to do, so obviously is the case one in which there is no other course to take but that of patient waiting—holding on till time decides the matter. This will be so unless, indeed, the individual belongs to that unfortunate body who, "wise in their own conceits," are classed as those of whom it is said "there are none so blind as those who will not see." And of this class how many, when trials and misfortune have come to them, have had such words as these ringing in their ears like a death-toll. "*If only* you would have been patient, *if only* you would have quietly waited, all would in the end have gone right; but you would not wait, would not be patient, and so you decided the matter by untimely action, and lo! the result, which now you sadly deplore." It is literally true that many can date their going back in the business world—the beginning of a weary, woeful time, when nothing seemed to go right and straight—to their action at what was a great crisis in their lives, when they would *not* be patient, would *not* quietly wait to watch and see the course of events, and to allow healing measures and influences to work; who would *not*, in brief, quietly hold on. There are some men who seem to think that they are not doing anything, that they are making no progress in business life, unless they are always in the active condition. They have yet to learn—and nothing but loss or the escaping, by the "skin of their teeth" only, from some grave disaster will teach them—that one of the most important powers in business is the passive condition of waiting, or holding on.

But the "when" to remain passive, the when to be simply patient and simply to wait, is a different thing from the *how* to do this. And here what more can be said than this, that there is no royal road to this kind of knowledge, all valuable as it is? The lessons of patience can only be learned in the school of Patience; a truism, no doubt, but one strangely overlooked by many. Some are very apt scholars in the school of patience. They are naturally patient, while others are quickly impulsive, and do not like the monotony, as they call it, of simply waiting. But if they are wise they will be patient enough to learn the lessons which Patience is ever willing to teach them. And their own business life will give them ample scope and verge enough to test their value.

* * *

The daily work of life is perpetually yielding answers to a flood of questions brought up by the details of the work itself. And in learning the lessons of business life, the answer No is frequently as valuable as the answer Yes. In many cases the "How not to do it" is as valuable a knowledge as the "How to do it." More than an equal, it is not seldom of much higher value.

Not a few of our brilliantly successful men have readily admitted that they owed much of their success to the lessons they derived from their failures; only as to what they failed in and how they failed, they generally keep their own counsel. As to which reticence on their part I have only to remark that it has been a great loss to the cause of national and material progress. Take, for example, the science of mechanical engineering. It is not too much to say that, marvellous as is the work which has been done in modern times, and rapid as has been its progress, quicker progress would have been made had our great engineers and mechanicians left for the use

of those who came after them a fully detailed record of their failures in perfecting the machines by which their names have been handed down to posterity. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of the lessons which would have been found bound up within the range of such a record of what at the time were great trials, bitter disappointments, to the men themselves. With them their failures simply afforded the clue by which they were led on to the degree of perfection at which they left their inventions.

In the case of the young in business it is wise policy, or a sound system, to take careful note personally of all failures; to record in the memory, if not in a more enduring medium, the various steps through which a certain piece of work or the perfecting of a certain system went. How else, indeed, is experience gained, and prudent, practical wisdom obtained, but by so noting the failures or weaknesses of the past that they will be avoided in the future? The habit of forecasting—so to call it—the light of the past upon the path of the future is just that which distinguishes the able from the poor man of business. And whether one derives his knowledge from his own experience or borrows it from that of others, the answer No in the case of new projects or new investigation will be found of as great practical use as the answer Yes! When a man is about to enter upon a new journey, to know that he need waste no time, run no risks by taking a certain direction, the peremptory No! closing beyond a doubt all notion of going that way, is to him an enormous practical advantage.

## DR. HUGGINS AND MR. LOCKYER'S METEORITIC THEORY.

MR. NORMAN LOCKYER'S newly propounded and brilliantly reasoned "meteoritic" theory of the constitution of the heavenly bodies has at length been challenged by Dr. Huggins. Mr. Lockyer, it will be remembered, argues that the nebulæ, the comets, and nearly all the stars are really aggregations of meteorites, whose collisions make them luminous. Dr. Huggins enjoys a world-wide reputation as the co-founder, with the late Father Secchi, of the science of stellar spectroscopy; and he is also the author of the more orthodox view of the simply gaseous constitution of the nebulæ, which Mr. Lockyer's researches tend to contravene. In a brief letter published in June, on "The Spectrum of the Nebulæ," Dr. Huggins announces a very important corroboration of his own view. The astronomers at the now famous Lick observatory at Mount Hamilton, in California, report that they have discovered in the nebula $\alpha$ 5 that which Dr. Huggins himself had asserted of the great nebula in Orion—namely, that the chief line seen in the spectroscope is not due to the substance which Mr. Lockyer so commonly finds in the spectra of meteorites—viz., magnesium, or its oxide. Dr. Huggins is content at present with this negation of Mr. Lockyer's position. He does not undertake to say what constituent of the nebula the line in question really represents; he simply adds the pregnant words: "The views we have to take of the nebulæ and of their relationship to the other heavenly bodies depend very greatly upon the coincidence or otherwise of the chief nebula line with the magnesium band." The alleged coincidence, it must be remembered, is the largest postulate of Mr. Lockyer's meteoritic theory.

In order to appreciate a question so grand in its scope, probing, as it does, some of the most hidden secrets of the great cosmical laboratories of the distant heavens, we shall do well to recall a few facts antecedent to the immediate inquiry. We have to bear in mind not only the astounding discoveries of the spectroscope in stellar chemistry, through which we learn the kind of fuel which is glowing in the most distant of the stars, but also the progress which had been made in the earlier investigation of the nebulæ when that inquiry passed from the hands of Sir William Herschel into those of Dr. Huggins. Herschel, the greatest of modern astronomers, and, indeed, the founder of sidereal astronomy, was the first to make the nebulæ a serious study.[1] The view now so commonly accepted, that these mysterious-looking objects are huge gas-clouds, which eventually condense into stars and solid worlds, was arrived at by Herschel himself. From the most diffused nebulosity, barely visible in the most powerful light-gathering telescopes, to the planetary nebulæ, which he supposed to be centrally solid, instances were alleged by him of every stage and phase of such condensation. But the telescope was then, as now, unable to distinguish between the dim rays of the remoter clusters and the milky light of true gaseous nebulæ. It was with an altogether different instrument that Dr. Huggins, in 1864, put an end to the fluctuations of opinion which even the great Parsonstown six-foot reflecting telescope had failed to terminate. His examination of a bright planetary nebula in the constellation Draco showed that this body was a mass of glowing vapour. In the next four years the study of some seventy other nebulæ showed that fundamentally the composition of all bodies of this class may be assumed to be the same; all are probably in more or less advanced stages of condensation from mere gases into stars.

This view of the gaseous character of the nebulæ would have to be considerably modified had Mr. Lockyer's chief premiss been substantiated. Mr.

[1] For an admirable *résumé* of Herschel's work in this and other departments of observational astronomy, see Miss A. M. Clerke's "History of Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century."

Lockyer seeks to prove that even the most rudimentary of the nebulæ are not solely gaseous, but owe their luminosity to the collisions of solid meteoritic bodies of which they are composed. He even extends this generalisation to all the heavenly bodies except the hottest stars, in which the meteorites become completely vaporised by the high temperature. The following are some of the leading propositions he lays down.

The existing distinction between stars, comets, and nebulæ rests on no physical basis.

All self-luminous bodies in the celestial spaces are composed of meteorites, or of masses of meteoritic vapour produced by heat brought about by condensation of meteor swarms. The spectra of all bodies depend upon the heat of the meteorites produced by collisions, and the average space between the meteorites in the swarm, or in the case of consolidated swarms, upon the time which has elapsed since complete vaporisation.

The temperature of the vapours produced by collisions in nebulæ is about that of the Bunsen burner. The temperature of vapours produced by collisions in the hot stars is about that of the Bessemer flame.

Meteorites are formed by the condensation of vapours thrown off by collisions. The small particles increase by fusion brought about again by collisions, and this increase may go on until the meteorites may be large enough to be smashed by collision, when the heat of impact is not sufficient to produce volatilisation of the whole mass. New stars, whether seen in nebulæ or not, are produced by the clash of meteor swarms.

These are some of the conclusions to which Mr. Lockyer's researches have led him. It will perhaps make his point of view more intelligible if we mention in its favour (1) Schiaparelli's discovery that comets at least are connected with swarms of meteorites; (2) Dr. Huggins's observation of the chief nebular ray as a bright point on the continuous spectrum of comet 1866 I, which remains valid evidence of the physical links between nebulæ and comets insisted upon by Mr. Lockyer. It may also be said that in some respects the meteoritic theory would supply the clue to certain phenomena, such as the sudden brightening up in the Andromeda nebula a few years since, and the apparition of new stars, which seem to point to the passage and clashing together of meteor swarms. So far as meteors or shooting stars themselves are concerned, he is able to quote Professor Herschel and Konkoly to the effect that in the generality of meteor falls the lines of magnesium are the first to show themselves, and that the beautiful green light which is so often associated with these falling bodies is due to the incandescence of the vapour of magnesium.

Nevertheless, Mr. Lockyer's theory would appear to have been an *a priori* theory, followed by a diligent search for facts to illustrate it. He sees meteorites everywhere. "The heavens are full of stones, and hardly anything else." And what can these be, he seems to say, but the rudimentary stuff which goes to the formation of all the luminous bodies in the heavens? It is only fair to say that recent revelations of the almost incredible number of meteors and meteor swarms which exist in space are sufficient to startle even the most stolid imagination. Professor H. A. Newton and others have calculated that, making all proper corrections, the number of meteorites which might be visible over the whole earth would be a little greater than ten thousand times as many as would be seen at one place. From this we gather that not less than twenty millions of luminous meteors fall upon our planet daily, each of which on a dark clear night would present us with the well-known phenomenon of a shooting star. If the number of invisible meteorites were added, it would be increased at least twentyfold; this would give us four hundred millions of meteorites falling on the earth's surface daily in her path through space. [Taking their velocity as equal to that of comets, Professor Newton calculates, in round numbers, that the meteorites are distributed each two hundred and fifty miles away from its neighbours. In meteor swarms the distance may be considerably less.] So much for the path of the earth. Mr. Lockyer adds, "If, then, these observations may be accepted as good for any part of space, we may, and indeed must, expect celestial phenomena which can be traced to meteorites in all parts of space."

It is not improbable that Mr. Lockyer's indefatigable work among the meteorites will leave some substantial and valuable results behind; and in any case, his collection of data, whatever the interpretation which may for the moment be put upon them, are a great gain to the science of the chemistry of at least some of the heavenly bodies. But unfortunately for the larger and all-embracing meteoritic theory, Mr. Lockyer, throughout the whole course of his enormous number of ingenious experiments with meteorites in the laboratory, has staked almost everything upon the coincidence of the chief line in the nebulæ with that of the magnesium spectrum. This too confident assumption has been insisted upon by him with increasing urgency, until Dr. Huggins, who has, perhaps, the best title among English spectroscopists to speak for the gaseous character of the nebulæ, has felt that a re-examination of the line in question by some other observer than himself would be desirable.[1] The result of this re-examination, as conducted with the splendid resources of the Lick Observatory, has now been made known.

The coming unification of our knowledge of the vast and varied phenomena of the heavenly bodies will not, it may safely be said, be achieved by the meteoritic theory. In addition to the adverse evidence with respect to the magnesium line in the nebulæ, there is reason to doubt the assumption that the Orion nebula is at a low temperature, the fineness of the lines of hydrogen pointing, in fact, to a high temperature and a condition of

[1] The labour involved in spectroscopic work upon the heavenly bodies, and the extreme delicacy of eye and hand required, may be inferred from Dr. Huggins's achievements in photographing the spectrum of Vega. The image of the star had to be kept by continual minute adjustment exactly projected upon the slit of the spectroscope, $\frac{1}{50}$ of an inch in width, during nearly an hour, in order to give it time to imprint the character of its analysed light upon a gelatine plate raised to the highest pitch of sensitiveness.—"Phil. Trans.," vol. clxxi. p. 669.

great tenuity of the hydrogen from which the light was emitted. Judging from the aid which photography is now giving to the study of the nebulæ, and the interesting forms and structures which are seen in the photographs of the Orion nebula taken by Mr. Common and Mr. Roberts, some of which remind the observer vividly of the branching structures in the solar corona, we are on the eve of some safer inductions in this direction of inquiry than any that have yet been made.

# Varieties.

### "Across the Fields."

AFTER JULES BRETON.

It would, we imagine, be difficult to find a picture painted by Jules Breton for many years past of which he had not already expressed the soul, the feeling, in verse. His delightful little volume of picturesque poems, entitled "Les Champs et la Mer," is a kind of repertory in this way, and we offer a tolerably close translation of one which may be conceived the poetic sister to the picture of which we give an engraving as frontispiece. He loves, doubtless, that weird-like hour "'tween the gloamin and the mirk," for he has devoted a poem to the subject; but it does not express the thought of our picture like the one called "Hymn at Eventide."

"When swimming in the light
The cloud
Is drap'd with golden fringe;
When opening its sheaf
Superb,
The sun rains down its gold.

Then gleaners to the fields
Repair,
The sinking fiery sun
Darts upwards o'er the plain,
To kiss
Their heads with glowing light.

Its ever red'ning eyes
Sprinkle
Their ravel'd trailing clothes,
And glide o'er all, light up
And bathe
Each face in lines of fire.

Then twilight's mystery
Austere
Spreads slowly o'er the plain,
Making the growing corn
To fill
With fragrant life the air.

The clump of giant elms
Grows brown,
Their mingled branches mass;
And with an outline firm,
The farm
Stands on the darkling plain.

The final spark gone out,
Dreamland
With rising vapours comes;
Like incense in the church,
The mists
Curl out and cover all.

The sheep are led to fold,
Bleating
Along the homeward road;
The frogs' unceasing cries
Flute-like
From all the ponds resound.

Now in the distant church
The clock
Begins to strike the hour,
Monotonous the sounds
Arise,
Arise, spread round, and fall.

But yet their dying notes
Ring out
More clear than when the woods
Re-echo with the horn;
Joy-thrill
Of rushing scarlet host.

Never would I exchange
For Alps
Of height sublime, this plain
So humble, yet so full
Of God's
Abounding love to all."

Nearly all that makes our frontispiece interesting may be found in the above lines. The poor women rendered beautiful, and even glorious, by the last rays of the sun, the mystery of twilight, the fragrant crops, and the distant church tower embosomed in giant elms. Nevertheless, there is one thing which heightened the effect of the picture. There is the new moon, crescent-shaped, floating upwards, beautifully balanced by the reaping-hook in the hand of the child turned downwards. Thus the poet-painter connects the cessation of labour with the repose of heaven.—R. H.

### The Metropolitan Police.

With reference to Mr. Gordon's interesting article, "The Everyday Life of a Policeman," in the "Leisure Hour" for July, it may be interesting to note that in January, 1840,

exactly fifty years ago, the Metropolitan Police Force consisted of—

| | | Salary. £ | s. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Inspecting Superintendent . . . | 400 | 0 |
| 1 | Superintendent . . . . . | 300 | 0 |
| 16 | Ditto . . . . . | 250 | 0 |
| 73 | Inspectors . . . . . | 118 | 6 |
| 349 | Sergeants . . . . . | 63 | 14 |
| 250 | Constables, 1st Class . . . . . | 54 | 12 |
| 2,527 | ,, 2nd Class . . . . . | 49 | 8 |
| 269 | ,, 3rd Class . . . . . | 44 | 4 |
| 3,486 | | | |

The sergeants and constables were allowed clothing, and each married man of these two ranks was allowed forty pounds weight of coals weekly throughout the year; each single man was allowed forty pounds weight weekly during six winter months, and twenty pounds weight weekly for the remainder of the year. The total disbursement on account of the force for the year 1839 amounted to £221,993, one-fourth of which was paid by the Treasury out of the public revenue and the other three-fourths by the respective parishes. Compare this amount with the present yearly expenditure of the Metropolitan Police, which is over a million and a half sterling, while the number of men has increased during the last fifty years from 3,486 to 14,261.—H. H.

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**"Silent Worship."**

"Silent worship!" say not so!
Our praise, in silence given,
Is silent but to ears below,
'Tis heard above in Heaven.

And who can tell the joyous tone
Such mute thanksgivings wear,
When Angels to the Father's Throne
Our Silent Worship bear.

God values not that praise alone
On organ's notes depending,
But will our "Silent Incense" own
From grateful hearts ascending.

In silence, then, we meet to pray,
Content, till Christ, our King,
Shall take the cords that bind away,
And teach our tongues to sing.

R. M. (Deaf).

*—From Report (1889-90) of the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, 419, Oxford Street, London.*

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**The Telephone Inventor.**—At the International Telegraph Congress, held this summer in Paris, M. Jules Roche, the Minister of Commerce, claimed for a Frenchman, M. Bourseul, the honour of inventing the telephone. This he did twenty years before the re-invention and introduction of the telephone in America. M. Bourseul laid down the rules for working his instrument, and there seems no question as to his priority as an inventor. He was at the time on the staff of the department of Posts and Telegraphs, from which he retired in 1887. He was present at the opening of the conference, and introduced by M. Jules Roche. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, a position which carries with it a small Government pension.

**Submarine Communication with the Continent.**—M. Bunau Varilla, an engineer, who, though only twenty-seven years of age, has already been decorated for the ability he has shown, claims to have discovered the best means of communication between England and the Continent. Before explaining his scheme, it is well to recall the advantages and drawbacks of the tunnel and the bridge. The tunnel has the advantage of being easily constructed, of being finished in five years, of costing only £16,000,000, of not obstructing the navigation, and, consequently, of not raising any international difficulty. He proposes a pier or viaduct on each side of the Channel. These piers are to be connected by a tunnel with continuous rails, the descent from the bridge to the tunnel being effected in a tube by the Fell, Otis, Eydoux, or any other system serving for steep or vertical inclines. The distance from the extremity of the pier to the mouth of the tunnel will be only 80 or 100 yards. It is estimated not to cost more than the tunnel. It will not obstruct the navigation or create any international difficulty, for the pillars of the piers are to be 500 yards apart, with a height of 50 yards, and will be no obstacle to navigation. The scheme can be carried out in six years. It meets strategic difficulties, for the tunnel terminates out at sea on both sides, and if the connection between pier and tunnel is interrupted, the train cannot ascend or descend, for when the tube is destroyed the tunnel is submerged. Thus at the slightest warlike movement, each Power would be obliged, for its own security and to avoid ruinous dangers, to give up the use of what may be called the mixed passage.

**Steel Bridges.**—M. Eiffel has invented a form of bridge, capable of being used either in times of peace or war, for temporary as well as permanent service. It is certainly a great improvement on the wooden pontoons and structures now employed by engineers. It is composed wholly of pieces of steel, which can be easily put together and can be erected without machinery, and by unskilled labour. M. Eiffel made a test bridge in less than seventy hours, 147 feet long, weighing in all 86 tons, and capable of bearing a burden of over 200 tons. In fact it could carry a railway train with troops, or with military stores or merchandise.

**Lost Dogs.**—During the year 1889 24,000 dogs were brought to the home for stray or starving dogs at Battersea Park Road. All dogs are kept for six days for identification by owners; useful or valuable dogs are kept for a longer period. Funds for the daily supply of food and shelter of nearly a thousand dogs require a large revenue, and the public may justly be appealed to for increased help to maintain this merciful institution. The same benevolent management as that of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals sustains this institution, though it has a separate fund from that of the parent society in Jermyn Street.

**Bibliography in England.**—Mr. Edward Arber, Professor of English Language and Literature in Sir Josiah Mason's College, Birmingham, has undertaken the task of transcribing and editing for publication the registers of the Stationers' Company of London between A.D. 1554 and 1640. Few men possess the ability, industry, and zeal displayed by Professor Arber in this work, four volumes of which are in the possession of the libraries or individuals subscribing, and who are expecting the appearance of the fifth, or index volume. Meanwhile Mr. Arber issues an alphabetical list of the London publishers during that early period, and they amount to the astounding number of 837! Apart from the literary value of this list, it has amusing points in the subjects and titles of many of the books, and also the quaint "signs" of the publishers; as various as the signs of public-houses.

**Separation of England and Ireland.**—Napoleon, writing to his brother Louis, King of Holland, disapproved of his attempt to injure England by the blockade, or driving merchandise from his own country, whereby the wealth and industry of his enemies would be increased. "There are only three ways," he said, "of effectually wounding England: separating Ireland from her, seizing the East Indies, and invasion. The last two cannot be effected without a powerful navy. I am astonished that the first way has been so easily given up."

**Inoculation for Pleuro-Pneumonia.**—A letter to the "Live Stock Journal," from Mr. P. R. Gordon, Chief Inspector of Stock, Queensland, states that the experience of the colony

is strongly in favour of inoculation as a protective against pleuro-pneumonia. The practice has now twenty-eight years' success to show. A very practical testimony is the fact that inoculated cattle are worth more than fifteen per cent. in price over uninoculated. In New Zealand inoculation is reported to have practically "stamped out" the disease. It is strange that with this experience, well attested, British agriculturists continue to advocate the poleaxe as the only remedy! M. Pasteur's representatives, MM. Germont and Loir, have superintended the practice of inoculation in Australia, and we commend to Mr. Chaplin and his advisers the study of the reports on this important subject.

**Mediocre Verse in Epigram.**—George Sand's library, or at least what was left of it after the death of M. Maurice Sand, has been sold by public auction. The collection was in many respects disappointing, but it contained a volume of minor verse, on the fly leaf of which Alexander Dumas *fils* had written the following epigram:—

> "Voilà ce que, sur ma parole,
> Je pense de ton livre obscur:
> La poésie en est trop molle,
> Et le papier en est trop dur."

This book fetched 50 francs.

**Mirror Menus.**—The newest freak of fashion in Paris is a looking-glass stand for the menu. Ladies can see how they look at table. Madame Heine took the other day to her daughter, the Princess of Monaco, four dozen of these mirrors, with frames in repoussé silver of exquisite workmanship. The fashion has come from Russia.

**A Waterloo Surviving Officer.**—At the opening of the Military Exhibition, while the company were waiting for the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales, an interesting incident occurred. The veteran Lord Albemarle, who, nearly three-quarters of a century ago, fought under the colours of the 14th Regiment at Waterloo, was assisted on to the daïs, and was most kindly received by the Royal personages present.

**Wellington's Birthplace.**—Mrs. J. S. Oakley, of Leigh Villas, Wimbledon, writes, in answer to the question, "Where was the great Duke of Wellington born?" "At a house in Merrion Square, Dublin, which was afterwards converted into the Naval and Military Account Office. My late husband's father, who died in 1839, was for many years one of the heads of that office. He often told me the fact of the duke being born in that house, and I have also seen a cutting taken from an old Dublin paper with the announcement that Lady Mornington had given birth to a son there."

**Sweets for the Harem.**—According to the report of the Syndicate Chamber of the sweetmeat trade, France exports now but £100,000 worth of sweetmeats. England alone used to be her customer before the Sugar Bounties for considerably more than that sum each year, but she is now a rival in the European market. But she still takes a large quantity of acidulated sweets, and the other great customers of France are Russia, Turkey, Egypt, and the United States. Spain only takes fondants and chocolate. Four-fifths of all the sweets exported go to Turkey and Egypt, to be eaten in harems. England has not yet acquired the arts of making the fondants or of sugaring the chestnut, nor is she yet abreast of France in making the light cakes which serve as *entremets sucrés* at dinners, and which do not bear exportation.

**Luminous Buoys.**—M. Dibos has exhibited at Havre a luminous buoy, the ignition of phosphorite of lime being produced on contact with water, and illuminating the sea to a great distance. It professes to be visible for over five miles in clear weather; and in an experiment by M. Dibos the glare of a buoy was distinctly seen from the lighthouse on Havre pier at two and a half miles distance.

**Edinburgh Chair of Public Law.**—The Queen has been pleased, on the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, to appoint Sir Ludovic Grant, Bart., advocate, to be Professor of Public Law in the University of Edinburgh, in room of the late Professor Lorimer. Sir Ludovic Grant, a son of the late Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of Edinburgh University, was born in 1862 in Bombay. He received his early education at Fettes College, at which he obtained an entrance scholarship and a number of prizes. He afterwards studied at Balliol College, Oxford, and there graduated in 1884. Subsequently he attended the law classes of Edinburgh University, and was admitted to the Faculty of Advocates in July, 1887. It is an interesting fact that he is the fourth in a succession of men who have been closely associated with Edinburgh University. His great-grandfather, Professor Wilson, was Professor of Moral Philosophy; his grandfather, Professor Ferrier, was Professor of Constitutional History; while his father, Sir Alexander Grant, as Principal, was prominently connected with the University for sixteen years.

**Walter Savage Landor.**—In a pamplet published in 1851, a notable proposal was advocated by Mr. Landor. As the chief foundation of the papal system rests on the alleged fact that Simon Peter was the first Bishop of Rome, the proposal is that this disputed statement should be referred to a commission of historical experts—the names suggested being Mr. Grote, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Hallam, and Dr. Thirlwall—by whom the whole of the evidence touching the alleged episcopate of Simon Peter should be collected, analysed, and reported. Mr. Landor's own opinion was that there exists just as much proof that St. Peter was at Delhi or Pekin as at Rome, while there is strong evidence that he never was there.

**St. Mary Woolnoth.**—Mr. J. H. Round, in the "Athenæum," discusses the origin of the name of this the most prominent church in the City, the register of which has been lately published. Stow, in his Survey of London, says he has not learned the reason why this was called the Church of our Lady of Woolnoth. Some say there is a reference to the public beam or scale where wool was weighed. A variety of very feeble conjectures are given by the editors of the register. Mr. Round suggests Wolf-noth. Mr. Loftie says "Woollenhithe." Mr. Round says he has seen in an old record, of date 1191, the formidable name, "Winot mari cherche," a form analagous to Eldemaricherche, which would obviously be the origin of St. Mary Aldermary. The earliest actual proof of a church on this site is of date 1355.

**Grain Storage Underground.**—The Americans are introducing a method of storing grain which is as remarkable as the invention of ensilage pits for storage of fodder. Steel tanks are filled with the grain, and by a suction-pump the air is partly exhausted, and a quantity of carbonic acid gas admitted. The valves being closed, the grain is expected to remain for years without decay, and not liable to be injured by weevils, now so destructive in the vast elevators where grain is now stored. The cost is less, the storage per bushel being as twopence to two shillings under the present system. Farmers will be able to keep their grain till the markets are favourable and the proceedings of grain speculators checked. With a steel tank at an outlay of £100, the grower will be able to store 10,000 bushels of wheat.

**Meissonier's Picture of Napoleon and his Staff.**—M. Meissonier's "1814," bought by M. Bague of M. Delahante for 500,000 francs, has now been sold to M. Cauchard, ex-Manager of the Magasins du Louvre, for 850,000 francs (£34,000). This painting is not the same as that recently sold at the auction of the Porto Rico Gallery for 131,000 francs, although it has the same name. It was exhibited in the Champs Elysées Salon in 1864, and is 19 inches in height and 29½ inches in breadth. Napoleon and his staff of marshals and generals are on a dark day riding slowly along a cart track, followed by the wearied and disordered army.

**Bismarck as Estimated by Carlyle.**—More than twenty years ago Thomas Carlyle spoke of the misconceptions prevalent in England as to Herr von Bismarck, as he was then called. His own estimate he thus gave: "Bismarck, as I read him, is not a person of Napoleonic ideas, but of ideas quite superior to Napoleonic; shows no invincible lust of territory, nor is tormented with vulgar ambition, but has aims far beyond that sphere; and in fact seems to me to be

striving, with strong faculty, by patient, grand, and successful steps, towards an object beneficial to Germans, and to all other men. That noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a nation, and become queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefullest public fact that has occurred in my time."

**M. Freycinet's Calling Cards.**—The French Premier is said to have three forms of address on his cards: Freycinet, for ouvriers and democrats; M. Freycinet, for bourgeois voters and shopkeepers; and M. de Freycinet, for society visiting-cards.

**Nothing like Letters.**—At the Guildhall jubilation in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of penny postage, Mr. Raikes, the Postmaster-General, said that this event "had done more to change for the better the face of England than almost any political or social measure of our times." The total delivery of letters in the United Kingdom was 76,000,000 in the year preceding the establishing of the penny post at a uniform rate; and last year it was 1,600,000,000, or with postcards, newspapers, and other communications, above two billions. In London the letters posted and delivered annually is now 850,000,000; the outward delivery, 690,000,000, and the number in London alone, 350,000,000. This is truly a revolution of a peaceful nature, and a great march of progress.

**Submarine Explorations.**—The use of electric light in submarine exploration, by divers and others, has been successfully established. A novel proposál is the use of an electro-magnet for indicating the exact site of submerged torpedoes, lost anchors, or other iron masses. The magnet is lowered into the sea, within a few feet of the bottom, by a line and a delicate strain dynamometer. It is excited by a battery, and allowed to drift with the boat over the suspected place, when the sunken iron attracts the magnet, and the dynamometer reveals the fact by the increased strain. It is a pity that the magnet cannot be serviceable in recovering more precious metals than iron from the depths of the ocean.

**Dynamite.**—For criminal purposes others besides Fenians are making use of dynamite. A terrible explosion lately occurred at the "Grande Chartreuse" monastery, and though no one was injured, much damage was done to the building. A letter was found threatening the total destruction of the establishment if a million of francs were not placed in a specified place to avert the ruin. It is suspected that several vessels lost at sea have been destroyed by dynamite, exploded by clock-work mechanism, calculated to destroy the ship upon which fraudulent insurance had been made.

**Waterloo Veterans.**—The Dutch General Van Merlen, who was at the battle of Waterloo, made public invitation to receive the names of compatriots, who might join with him in celebrating the 75th anniversary. Seven veterans responded to the appeal, the youngest born in 1795, and the eldest in 1793. The Germans claim many survivors, but without verification by registers of birth.

**Vaccination.**—Surgeon Parks bears a remarkable testimony to the efficacy of vaccination. Before starting on the ever-memorable Stanley expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, the natives engaged as carriers or otherwise were all vaccinated. When an epidemic of small-pox broke out four of those who had been vaccinated were attacked by the disease, but in a mild form, and not one died. But of the camp-followers and others not vaccinated, many had the disease in an aggravated form, and perished in large numbers.

**Emigration Societies.**—Among the many ways of assisting the strúggling and respectable poor to emigrate, the system adopted by the "Brighton Emigration Society" is worthy of imitation elsewhere. The object of the society is to aid in obtaining passage and outfit for natives or residents in Brighton. It is not an emigration agency, but a benevolent institution for helping those who are trying, but with insufficient means, to secure their purpose of finding homes and employment in new spheres. An executive committee, consisting of seven leading citizens, sits every week, to receive reports and to consider cases. Since the beginning of the institution in 1880, 2,300 persons have been assisted to emigrate, and last year 250, from Brighton.

**Kilima Njaro.**—A German traveller, Dr. Meyer, recently made the first complete ascent of Kilima Njaro, the great snow-clad mountain of East Africa. He found it to be almost 20,000 feet high. This mountain was discovered in 1844 by John Rebmann, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, and his letter announcing the discovery was printed in the first number of the "Church Missionary Intelligencer."

**Tippoo Tib and Stanley.**—General Gordon was blamed by some for wishing to make use of a man of Zebher's bad character, but Stanley did not hesitate to use Tippoo Tib for his own purposes. He says: "I took with me a venerable pirate, freebooter, and slavedealer, called Tippoo Tib. I had to pass through his country, and had not a commission to fight him, so I *fêted* him, used him, prevented his hostility, and hoped, perhaps, I might get the assistance of his carriers."

**Gordon's Complex Character.**—In commenting on the inauguration by the Prince of Wales of the memorial to General Charles Gordon, R.E., at Chatham, the "Times" thus concluded a leading article upon the occasion: "Gordon's absolute faith in Divine guidance is so perplexingly crossed with shrewd worldly wisdom, and his serene indifference to a general plan, based on obvious considerations of possibility, is so strongly contrasted with keen comprehension of all the minor means by which his immediate objects could be furthered, that the observer oscillates between admiration for his business acuteness and wonder at his childlike simplicity. Happily, we may admire, although we cannot profess thoroughly to comprehend; and the man is not to be envied who can contemplate without some stirring of his pulses the example of utter fearlessness, sublime unselfishness, and unshrinking devotion to a lofty conception of duty which Gordon has bequeathed to his country."

**M. Jules Simon.**—As President of the Societé d'Encouragement au Bien, awards of which we have occasionally recorded in the "Leisure Hour," analogous to those of the Montyon prizes of virtue, M. Jules Simon has been presented with a gold crown. A gold medal has also been bestowed on M. Burdeau, one of M. Jules Simon's colleagues at the Berlin conference on labour questions.

**"Medio Tutissimus Ibis."**—The opening of the Forth Bridge has given new impulse to the "railway race" from London to Edinburgh by the east and west lines. It is to be feared that this mad rivalry will be checked only by some grave disaster. In view of this terror, prudent travellers will choose a line exposed to less peril, and with very little addition of time and distance. The racing lines start the day train at 10 a.m., and are timed to reach Edinburgh at 6.30 p.m. The central train starts at 10.40, and arrives at 8.30 p.m. Forty minutes later in the morning is a great addition to comfort, and worth more than double the time at the end of a day's journey. For convenience, as well as freedom from fright, many tourists will shun the racing lines; and the old saying, *medio tutissimus ibis*, may be freely rendered, "the safest route to the north is by the Midland."

**Mr. Stanley's Faith in Divine Providence.**—In a letter to Sir John Mackinnon, published in "Scribner's Magazine," Mr. Stanley says to his friend, "You who throughout your long and varied life have steadfastly believed in the Christian's God, and before men have professed your devout thankfulness for many mercies vouchsafed to you, will better understand than many others the feelings which animate me when I find myself back in civilisation uninjured in life or health, after passing through so many stormy and distressful periods. Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men."

# Household Queries.

**Renovating Leather Furniture.**—Two correspondents send their experience in further reply to this query. The first had her chairs done a few years ago with the "Diamond Dye," mixing two colours to get what she wanted, and putting on with a brush, as if painting the leather. If two coats were needed, the dye was let dry before the second one. When all was dry, the leather was varnished; but, as the druggist selected the varnish, she cannot now tell what it was. Another correspondent writes that Messrs. Corrick and Baxter, Furniture Works, Norwich, supplied him with a preparation for restoring worn leather, which answered the purpose admirably, a quart bottle restoring a whole suite.

**Shawl.**—*Kindly tell me a pretty, easy pattern for a large soft woollen shawl.*—The following is a crochet pattern. First row: Eight-chain, join; three-treble, three-chain, three-treble in second stitch; finish row same, and join. Second row: Three-chain, three-treble in middle stitch of chain, three-chain, three-treble in same stitch, three-chain (this forms one corner of wrap), catch in middle stitch of treble. Continue other three corners same, and join. Third row: Three-treble where joined, three-chain caught in first three-treble, three-chain, and corners as before. This pattern can be continued to any size. The new "Cockatoo" wool makes up into very pretty wraps when simply knitted in rows backwards and forwards on large needles. For a large wrap, cast on ninety stitches, and about three-quarters of a pound would be required. No. 1 wooden needles is a very good size.

**Cream.—Curry.**—*Could you give me a recipe for a Neapolitan cream, and one of Indian curry?*—The following is a pretty good cream: Place one ounce of isinglass, six ounces of loaf sugar, half a pound of vanilla, and a pint of milk in a saucepan and boil slowly, stirring till all is dissolved. Strain it; and when fairly cool mix with a pint of thick cream. Whisk it briskly till it thickens, cool on ice, and serve in glasses; or, if iced enough, it may be poured into an oiled mould. A good curry depends a great deal on the rice, and genuine Indian cooks boil this as follows on board the steamers. Wash the rice and throw it into boiling water, and boil till nearly tender—which will be about ten minutes. Strain into a sieve, and wash with plenty of cold water, separating the grains. Put it back into a buttered saucepan, place this in a warm position by the fire, and let the rice get gradually hot again, when it will swell, and be nice and "dry" in about half an hour. Of course, the meat is cut up into small bits, and if fresh, fried; if cold, warmed up in curry sauce and put into the middle of plenty of this rice. Curry-sauce is made different ways. The common way is to mix a teaspoonful of curry powder, another of curry paste, a little thickening, and a breakfast-cupful of stock or gravy for each pound of meat. A better way is to slice half a dozen onions and fry them brown in two ounces of butter; peel, core, and cut up small two sour apples and add them to the pan, with a pint of good gravy or stock. Let all simmer till tender, then mix in a dessert-spoonful of paste and one of powder, and rub all through a sieve, adding thickening if required. The flavour should be varied according to the meat. Some is improved by a little chutney, some by a few green gooseberries, some by a little grated cocoanut, and so on. The curry should be put in the rice so as to leave the border all round as white as possible.

**Cleaning Brushes.**—*I should be very much obliged if you would tell me how to clean paint and enamel brushes?*—Soak them in spirits of turpentine. It is as well to keep three wide-mouthed bottles of it: one for the dirty brushes, a second to wash out the brushes when soaked, and a third to finally cleanse them.

**Worms in Furniture.**—*Noticing some information in the "Leisure Hour" on the question of worms in wood, I am anxious to know whether it is considered of any use to soak the article well with strong paraffin. This has been much recommended to me, but I do not find it mentioned in your remarks.*—Such a course would probably be even more efficacious, but we did not venture to advise any such strong measures from fear of their effect on the polish. The real difficulty in the matter is in getting the insecticide to the worms without injury to the furniture; and soaking in any strong solvent must be risky to the latter.

**Lily of the Valley.**—*Could you tell me when to move lilies of the valley? They are all scattered about now, and I want to put them into one bed. What is the best way to plant them?*—The best time to transplant is from December to March, but any time will do when not in flower. If the soil suits them—a rich loam with plenty of vegetable matter being best—they do well almost anywhere if the sun is not on them all day, and very often even then. They will only need putting in—dividing them if necessary—and pretty regular watering should the weather be dry, till well established again. No plant gives less trouble.

**Bright's Disease.**—*Could you tell me if Bright's disease is curable? I shall feel very grateful for an answer.*—We reply to this alone of several medical queries (which we repeat cannot be answered except of general interest and in a general way), because (1) the disease is undoubtedly becoming more common than is generally supposed, (2) the answer may be of some service, and (3) it is a case which well illustrates the folly of seeking advice in this manner. No single definite disease which could be treated specifically as such is now recognised, but the general type has many forms and peculiarities, and it is these and the patient which have to be treated, according to the necessity of each case. Undoubtedly the condition is often curable; very much depending, however, upon being recognised and treated before things have gone too far. The treatment needs constant watchfulness and study of the case, and one indiscretion may undo the work of months. The treatment and regimen may have to be changed, according to the results of frequent examinations. All we can safely say here is, that the chief things for the patient to avoid in general are any sort of chill and any kind of excess or over-fatigue, or over-worry. Finally, it may be pointed out that, while so much depends upon time, and personal observation by a physician, owing to the date at which the "Leisure Hour" goes to press, nearly two months must elapse between this query and its answer.

**Poison for Vermin.**—*Is it safe to use poison to get rid of mice or rats? Some say they will not smell even if they do die in their holes, but it seems hardly safe, especially in summer.*—It is quite a mistake to say they never smell: they do, and the ordinary rat poisons cause such terrible suffering that many people feel unable to use them. Constant trapping and cats will generally keep down mice if food is properly looked after; and in a town house rats almost invariably mean some open communication with the drainage, which demands radical cure, after which the rats usually disappear. Often keeping biscuits or other food in different rooms about a house has a great deal to do with encouraging these plagues.

**Canvas Shoes.**—*Are canvas shoes, with indiarubber soles, injurious to health? I have been told that children who wear them have bad eyes in consequence.*—It is quite a mistake. Any shoe that is really impervious to perspiration is far from healthy; but if the canvas part of the shoe is porous, they are healthy enough. It is the over-education and evening tasks of the present day which are having such calamitous results upon the eyes of children—not their shoes; even unhealthy shoes would have no special effect that way.

**Gold Fish.**—*Kindly tell me if gold fish ought to be fed, or if they find enough nourishment in the water? And ought they to be in a room with gas?*—There is no nutriment at all in

the water for them, and they should be fed every day with a very few tiny crumbs of bread or biscuit, with now and then the very smallest morsel of meat, only like one or two large pins' heads. The gas will not hurt them, but too much heat or sun will. Unless you have some vegetation the water will need changing twice a week; but the proper plan is to put a little gravel, boiled and well washed in clean water, on the bottom of the vase, and on it a good piece of pumice-stone, coral, or other rough stuff. Then place in the water a few shoots of *anacharis*, or, if you can get it, a little of the ivy-leaved duckweed. This will make oxygen, and the fish will rub against it; and by degrees some green stuff will come on the pumice, and after that the water will keep clear and fresh, and you will have no trouble. Till then you should use a squirt every day to send a stream of water and little bubbles into the rest. Use pond or clear rain water.

**Fruit.**—*Do oranges and fruit generally go towards making one thin? Also water?*—Certainly not, except so far as keeping the digestive system in proper order might possibly reduce some slight amount of unhealthy bulk due to sluggishness. The regular use of fruit is most wholesome for all persons, except those with certain special ailments. Water beyond moderation would encourage a flabby fulness rather than thinness, unless pushed to an extent that really pulled the system down. There are special dietaries adapted to reduce obesity; but they should only be adopted under advice.

**Scurfy Cat.**—*I have a white Persian cat which has sores breaking out and the hair coming off in patches. Can you tell me the cause, and cure; and if it is catching?*—This is a little out of our intended line, but it so happens we can answer it. The usual cause is want of grass; and no cat can be kept healthy long without this. If you have no bit of lawn, get a box of earth and sow some hay-seed for her. The next usual cause is pampering in diet. The treatment meantime is tedious and rather troublesome. The places and surrounding skin should be first of all dressed with carbolised oil, and washed next day. Then apply one part green iodide of mercury ointment to two parts lanoline every day, washing once a week or so; and give her in her milk, twice a day, one drop of *liquor arsenicalis* for a week, then for another week three times a day; after which stop the arsenic for three days, and then begin twice a day again. No one in the family will get any harm from the disease.

**Tinting Lace Curtains.**—*Can you give me information as to how to tint lace curtains a cream colour? I have tried the coloured starch, but it fades directly, and is of no use. Should the colouring matter, whatever it is, be used before or after they are washed?*—Lace curtains should be rinsed and *dried* before starching, and the colour is best added to the rinse. A little saffron (which some use in weak tea) or yellow ochre will give any colour from cream to gold; and another very favourite buff-cream is generally made by simply boiling coffee-grounds in water and filtering or decanting it clear.

**Preserving French Beans.**—*Would you kindly explain how to preserve French beans? Last year I tried, but they turned soft.*—Old beans can be preserved for a time in brine, soaking it out before boiling. Another way is to gather them while tender, in dry weather; and, laying an inch of salt in a jar, place an inch of beans cut up on the salt, then another layer of salt and another of beans, finally covering the jar over. The salt is washed out in fresh water before use. No such process succeeds unless vegetables are gathered after several dry days; and perhaps your failures were not so. Another way is to fill bottles with shredded beans and place them in a large pot of boiling water till they are tender, shaking them well down. Then fill up with boiling water, slightly salted; cork down so that water is forced out by the cork; wipe dry, and sealing-wax the bottle over. Recollect the beans *must* be gathered quite dry, and, if possible, in the sun. We have never tried, but a very weak solution of salicylic acid would probably answer to fill up with instead of the weak salt, and with beans and peas the slight sweet taste would be no detriment, as it is with meat.

**Glazing Starched Linen.**—*Will you be good enough to give me a recipe for making a glaze on collars, cuffs, linen, etc.? I have tried borax, but find it of very little use. I have also tried a chemical mixture called starch glacine; that is also no good. My irons are almost new, so it cannot be the fault of them?*—Good ironing knack only comes with a little experience; still, we think we can help you; but you must not be at all discouraged by early failures, which nearly all have to go through. First for helps in the starch itself. Many chemists sell penny packets of what is called linen glaze, which is pretty good. But the working laundresses mostly prefer to add either a little spermaceti, or a little beeswax, or a few drops of turpentine (the three last are often mixed). You may take one ounce white wax, two ounces spermaceti, melted gently together, and add the size of a small bean to a pint and a half of starch. It will both assist the gloss and keep the iron from sticking. Now we will take, for instance, a gentleman's shirt. Many prefer to use raw starch, or even raw starch after boiled starch. Either way, iron the starched things *last*, because irons never come into good order at the first. Then remember that everything has to be ironed till it is thoroughly dry—any damp left in will cause roughness. Thirdly, recollect that it is *pressure* that does it; many in beginning to iron think it is passing the iron just backwards and forwards, but this is of little use, and for polishing no use at all; it is heavy pressure. But, lastly, the ordinary flat-iron will not "polish" properly. An extra smooth polishing iron is used, which has a convex or rounded face. The front and cuffs having first been ironed with heavy pressure in the ordinary way, the laundress takes a very hot polishing-iron in her right hand, and a bit of soft linen in her left, with a basin of cold water at hand. Dipping the rag into the water, she slightly damps the ironed front a bit at a time, and then works over it with all the pressure she can put on till the gloss comes. The front will have been ironed straight down, but the polisher is worked across from right to left steadily. Every glossed part is finished in this way, which you will soon pick up with a little practice.

**Books.**—TAXIDERMY.—*Can you inform me of a good book which will teach me how to preserve and skin animals?*—"Practical Taxidermy," by Montague Browne (L. Upcott Gill). ETIQUETTE.—"Tiny Kit" will find what she wants in "Etiquette of Good Society" (Cassell's). As to worked slippers, the fact is that few ladies now care to spend the time for so little result.

**Screens.**—*Kindly give me some hints how to go about making a drawing-room screen of pictures. It is the frame I am puzzled about, as I do not want to order an expensive frame of a cabinet-maker. I want a three-folding screen as inexpensive as possible.*—As apparently you are not used to tools, a frame that would hold together for long would certainly be beyond you. If you have a friend in London, cheap folding so-called "Japanese" screens can nearly always be purchased for about 17*s.* to 20*s.*, and would answer excellently to be covered over with your scraps; and there are plain frames, also sold at a moderate price, especially for amateurs. Probably similar things are sold in other large towns, but we state what we have seen. If you are determined to try, your best plan will be to make the frame of deal or pinewood, about 2 × ¾ inch in section, mortising the corners; and with a stretcher across the middle of each panel, also mortised in. Your success will depend on whether you are capable of a mortise-joint. Hinges are screwed on very easily. Then you tack on very thin canvas or linen, stretching it tightly, and finally paste over the canvas large sheets of paper. All will then be ready for the pictures. But our strong advice is to purchase a cheap "Japanese" at one of the advertising furniture shops.

## Astronomical Almanack for August.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | F | ♋ rises 4.25 A.M. |
| 2 | S | ♋ sets 7.45 P.M. |
| 3 | S | 9 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 4 | M | Bank and Genl. Holiday |
| 5 | T | Clock before ♋ 5m. 46s. |
| 6 | W | Venus sets 8.58 P.M. |
| 7 | T | ☽ 3 Quarter 2.19 P.M. |
| 8 | F | Jupiter an evening star |
| 9 | S | Lyra S. 9.20 P.M. |
| 10 | S | 10 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 11 | M | Half-Quarter Day |
| 12 | T | Trin. Law Sittings end |
| 13 | W | ♋ rises 4.44 A.M. |
| 14 | T | ♋ sets 7.23 P.M. |
| 15 | F | New ☽ 4.20 P.M. |
| 16 | S | Mars sets 10.30 P.M. |
| 17 | S | 11 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 18 | M | Jupiter S. 10.40 P.M. |
| 19 | T | Daybreak 2.32 A.M. |
| 20 | W | Twilight ends 9.31 P.M. |
| 21 | T | Length of Day 14h. 14m. |
| 22 | F | Aquila S. 9.40 P.M. |
| 23 | S | ☽ 1 Quarter 1.20 P.M. |
| 24 | S | 12 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 25 | M | Draco in zenith 8.0 P.M. |
| 26 | T | Clock before ♋ 1m. 39s. |
| 27 | W | Capricornus S. 9.48 P.M. |
| 28 | T | Jupiter sets 2.16 A.M. |
| 29 | F | ♋ rises 5.9 A.M. |
| 30 | S | ♋ sets 6.50 P.M. |
| 31 | S | [Full ☽ 4.35 A.M.<br>13 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |



*By permission.*] THE GLEANERS. [*Jules Breton.*

# SENIOR AND JUNIOR:

## A COUNTRY TOWN CHRONICLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "GREAT GRANDMAMMA SEVERN" "THE CHILCOTES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—ON THE EDGE OF THE MYSTERY.



"DO YOU KNOW THE HALLETTS?'

THRUST out into the rapidly growing darkness of the spring night, homeless, without even the habitual shelter to turn to, friendless and abandoned, even for so poor a wretch as this fallen and degraded creature whom young Andrew Hallett turned pitilessly from his father's door, one may have a stirring of compassion.

She stumbled down the steps, and stood there impotently cursing him; hurling inarticulate words of wrath and scorn at the tall stately house behind her, as if they could penetrate it and shatter the cool, collected young man within.

The policeman with whom Andrew had threatened her was approaching now, his light turned suspiciously on her. What he saw, and what the few passers-by saw, was an intoxicated woman; she was using bad language—it was the great Hallett name she was profaning. There was humour for one or two of the listeners in that—the immaculate Halletts who held themselves so proudly and whom other people's misfortunes never seemed to touch.

A little crowd began to gather, through which the policeman pushed his way, but at sight of the strange faces round her the woman had cunning enough to cease her railings. She drew herself together with an effort: a thought was slowly struggling in the dazed mind; a dim

desire to be revenged—somehow or other to make that imperious young gentleman, who had laughed her claims to scorn, smart for his derision of her; and she had discernment enough to know that a night spent in the lock-up would scarcely further her plans.

She answered the policeman's rough questions in a meek voice. She was a poor woman; she was only begging for a bit of bread to stay her hunger, and the young gentleman had refused her.

"You went to the wrong door for help this time," said one of the bystanders; "they want everything they've got for themselves in there, and they don't mind helping themselves to a neighbour's share as well when they can do it handy."

There was a laugh at this, and the idlers, foreseeing no prospect of amusement in the shape of an arrest and a row, began to melt away.

"It's against the law to beg," said the upholder of order; "if I catch you at it again I'll run you in."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir; I won't do it no more!" she answered, slinking away.

But where to go, what to do next, how to procure the food for which she was now craving, were questions which she was little fitted to solve. "There were folk that would have known me and helped me once in this town," she thought; but the fog that clouded her brain refused to lift itself and help her enfeebled memory. She could recall no acquaintance that was useful to her purpose; faces seen long since and as long forgotten rose mistily before her, but she could not link them with any connecting names, and even if she could have regained her grasp of the past, was there one in all the town who would have had an answering recognition for her?

She remotely felt—and it was the inconvenience rather than the shame of it that disturbed her—that altered as might be the faces that had greeted her in her gay audacious youth, there could scarce be one that had so betrayed and shamed its early promise as her own.

She wandered on in the aimless way of the habitual beggar, to whom one road is as good as another so long as it holds out any prospect of relief.

It was her instinct to leave the town and the chances of re-encounter with the unfriendly policeman behind her, and by dint of keeping straight on she found the shops growing fewer and the houses gradually widening their aloofness from each other. When the belt of villas had been reached, and the last encircling garden-wall left in the rear, there stretched before her the greyish flat country road, a darker shadow on either side indicating the broad hedgerows that border an Eastshire highway. No, stay—far off, among the shadows, there suddenly sprang up a little twinkle of light. There must be one house more—a farm, perhaps, where the folk would not refuse a poor creature a crust of bread and a bundle of straw to lie on. She gathered her failing energies and went towards that friendly beckoning gleam.

The light came from the open door of a little cottage, scarcely better than a labourer's hut, set back a yard or two from the highway. Lavinia Moss came out of it; she had a stable lantern in her hand, but she set it on the ground and leaned upon the narrow gate, drawing in a deep breath of the night air.

"The sky's the same," she said, "and the stars; they can't change them or take them from us. If Aunt Hannah would come out and look at them instead of sitting and fretting and brooding on what's past and can't be mended, it would do her a power of good."

It was to this old acquaintance of ours, who, in the wreck of home and fortune, had found a refuge here, that the forlorn creature addressed herself. She made a piteous enough appeal for food and shelter.

"I could lay anywheres," she said, "if there was a roof over me and a crust of bread inside of me."

Lavy lifted the lantern and made a cool examination of the petitioner. She was well acquainted, as all farming folk are, with the genus tramp, and she did not love it; but it belonged to her established code of honour not to refuse a meal to any starving wretch who claimed it.

"You've been drinking," she remarked.

"Just on'y a drop, dear miss, to keep the shivers out of my poor bones."

"Well, you can have something to eat; we're not as poor as that comes to," said Lavy shortly, "and there's the empty cowhouse, where I daresay you can sleep, if my aunt doesn't forbid."

Misfortune had not sweetened Lavy's manner, but it had widened her charitable impulses towards the poor and suffering. Hannah Mellish showed by no sign that she heard her niece's questions. She sat huddled over a small fire, gazing into its dim depths with those strange dark eyes of hers, living without seeming consciousness of the present.

Lavy waited for no permission, but helped herself to what she required. There were some scraps of meat in the cupboard and a loaf of bread. She hastily cut some generous slices from the latter, and, filling a jug with water, took the provisions to the shed, where she had already led the stranger.

"Here," she said, setting the lantern on the floor, "you may have the light to eat by, but you can see to sleep in the dark, I suppose? There's some straw in the corner; you aren't used to a feather bed, I daresay?"

The woman made no reply. She fell on the food ravenously; she had eaten nothing for many hours.

Lavy leaned against the post of the door and watched her with a stirring of half-scornful pity for her degradation. To have been born a woman and to become such as this!

"I'll wait here till you've done," she said; "you might set us on fire, and that would be a poor return for a night's shelter."

The woman paused in the middle of devouring the food on her plate. Her bloodshot, cunning eyes had a curious glitter in them.

"Do you know the Halletts?" she asked suddenly.

"What Halletts?" Lavy asked shortly.

"It's a lawyer they call him—the old one. It was the young one I saw—"

"Mr. Andrew Hallett?" Lavy's voice was hard.

"Like enough, yes. That was the name; I've kept it, it hasn't gone with the rest."

"What have you got to do with him?"

"Nothing," said the woman sullenly, with returning distrust. In a moment, however, she looked up once more, with the same half-confused, half-keen scrutiny of Lavy's face. "He's a friend of yours—the young one?"

"No," said Lavy, with concentrated force; "I hate him!"

She said no more, but she waited till the last scrap on the plate had been eaten, and the woman leaned back against the wall with something of the satisfaction of a famished beast after a plentiful meal.

Lavy was stooping to take the plate and the lantern when a hand was laid on her arm.

"Can't you stop a bit?" asked her guest; "it's lonesome sitting in the dark. I hate him too!" she said in a whisper. "If you stop, I'll tell you why."

Pride and a more honourable instinct bade Lavy go, but curiosity had its plea to make as well. What cause could this abandoned creature have for speaking of the young man with such an intensity of dislike? or was it simply the disorder of a mind weakened by indulgence? In any case, why should she not hear what there was to tell? When it comes to a parley of this sort it is easy enough to foresee the issue.

Lavy relinquished her lantern.

"Sit down," said the woman—"sit near me."

"No, I'll stand. If you've anything to say you must be quick; I've to go back to my aunt."

For all reply the woman drew her little roll of papers once more from her bosom.

"You can read, I'll be bound," she said, selecting one carefully. She repeated the same phrase she had used to Andrew, but she did not accompany it with the same injunction. Perhaps she trusted Lavy. "You read what's wrote there," she added.

Lavinia took the paper with a kind of tolerant contempt, willing to indulge the poor creature's fancy. The paper was old and yellow, but the writing, though faded, was clear enough—"Lydia Marsh."

"Well," she said, "that doesn't tell me much. Who is Lydia Marsh?"

Then as she repeated the words there flashed across her mind a remembrance of when and where she had seen that name before. She had seen it so often that she had almost ceased to take in the sense of it. She had seen it week by week heading the advertisements in the local newspaper; she had seen it in the London papers her uncle took at the bank—doubtless it was in all the papers.

"If the son of Avisia Hallett, of Hallett Place, Eastshire; or if Lydia Marsh, who was known to be in the service of the said Avisia Hallett—" she could have said it by heart.

"Who is Lydia Marsh?" she demanded, with a sudden vehemence.

The woman she had sheltered looked up at her, and something of her long-past youth seemed to come back into her face.

"There's a many here that once knew me by that name," she said; "their names has gone from me, but they'll come back. It's all coming back, though it's nigh seven-and-twenty years ago since my young mistress ran away and took me with her. I was ready enough to go, for I had a fine spirit in those days, and were sick and tired of the lonesomeness of the country."

The food she had eaten had revived her, and her eagerness to secure a listener and her anger against Andrew Hallett shook aside some of that obstruction that had clouded her brain. She was sober now, and she told her story fluently enough. There were gaps and pauses in it, however, which Lavy could not fill, though she did her best to emulate the acuteness of a Queen's Counsel. Her pulses were throbbing; she seemed to be on the edge of a very fine mystery.

"If you knew anything of this business, why didn't you speak before?" she demanded.

"I didn't know nothing of it till a lady friend of mine read out that bit of print in the paper."

"But if there is an heir you must have known of his existence these five-and-twenty years. Where have you hid him all this time?"

"That ain't nothing to you."

"Miss Hallett was married. What was her husband's name?"

"Oh, you would like to know, wouldn't you? But I ain't going to tell you everythink, for you to go and tell it again and get the reward. You ain't got the marriage lines, nor yet the stificate of the boy's birth."

"Have you?"

"What's it to you whether I have or haven't them? It ain't you as can prove who's the heir."

Lavy knew by the look of the woman's eye that she had not those papers, though it was possible, as she seemed to assert, that she held other proofs of the lost heir's identity. She felt herself baffled at every point. To understand the mystery would have required a larger insight into character than she possessed, a wider knowledge of human nature in all its curious inconsistency.

This woman, who might have made some profit out of her secret long ago, had chosen to retain it when she abandoned Avisia Hallett's child. It was, as we who are behind the scenes have known long ago, into Owen Prideaux's hands that the little one fell; but the simple Captain had not been skilful enough to unravel the intricacies of the story as it was presented to him, and, indeed, he did not try very much, fearing any knowledge that might separate him from the child.

Lydia Marsh had, for sufficiently good reasons of her own, changed her name, and for reasons that seemed equally good she refused to satisfy the Captain's curiosity. Mr. Hallett had repu-

diated his daughter and refused to acknowledge her son. Lydia knew her old master's stern unyielding nature too well to place any hopes on a further appeal to him, and there was therefore nothing to be gained by prematurely revealing the secret of the baby's antecedents. She was glad to know that the child, for whom she had a kind of rough affection, was safely provided for, and she had the acuteness to believe that the knowledge she possessed might some day be of money value if she could but retain it till the right moment. The right moment, however, was long in coming, and there was much in her private history that hindered its approach. Her first term of imprisonment was soon followed by another, and she lapsed and drifted year by year further from respectability.

Those who have had dealings with the criminal classes know well the mixture of cunning and stupidity that characterises them. In the moments of her liberty—and each time found her less able to grapple with her half-developed purposes—she made an ineffectual, because unaided, search for Captain Prideaux, in the hope of extracting money from him for the information she was now ready to make marketable. Once only, after the lapse of half a lifetime, she seemed to have found a clue to him in Brighton, but she was the worse for drink at the moment of her interview with Owen, and the incident was blurred in her after memory of it. In her next attempt she found the house shut and unoccupied, the owners absent she knew not where. In London, too, she sought the Captain, and might no doubt, by the help of guarded inquiries, have found him in course of time, had not the advertisement with its offered reward been brought to her notice, promising a richer and more secure prospect of gain.

The lady who read out this interesting item of news to her friend had no idea that the listener had so vital an interest in it. Lydia Marsh had long disowned that early name, and had in time almost forgotten it; it came back like the faded imagery of a dream; it belonged to her youth, to her innocence, to the distant years, when as yet she had not sinned.

Lavy remained staring at her, her brain in a whirl, her pulses throbbing.

"You'll help me?" whined the woman; "you'll help me to be revenged?"

"Revenge!" said Lavy. She pushed the hair back from her brow with both hands. The word had a dreadful familiarity for her ear. It lingered there. She straightened herself suddenly.

"I'll help you to do what's right," she said. "If your story's true, it's got to be told, and they've got to listen; if it isn't, then it won't hurt anybody but yourself."

"And—you'll not ask for none of the money? It's me that has a right to it." She made a clutch at Lavy's skirts. "I haven't told you his name—I've told you nothing. You're a lady, but I'm poor; I haven't a halfpenny in the world," she began to whimper.

"Let go my dress," said Lavy. She spoke with a cold disdain. "The money! If it was for money, do you think I would touch your dirty business with my little finger? There, I've heard what you've got to say, and I'm going. You can sleep on the straw, and I'll see you in the morning."

### CHAPTER XXXIX.—WHY OWEN WAS SILENT.

SURELY Owen Prideaux was a very poor-spirited young man, and quite unworthy to play the part of lover to which he had aspired, if he could allow the woman of his choice to slip through his fingers without even an attempt to claim her.

If those scruples which he entertained were strong enough to make him will her exclusion from his life, they ought surely to have been strong enough to have sealed his lips and kept him silent even from a hint.

Hester, battling with her impulses in the seclusion of the old garden at home, vaguely resisting the hardness of her lot that makes a woman "dependent on what happens to her," had a right to feel stung by the conviction that he had found it so easy to renounce her.

"He wanted sympathy for the unkindness of his lot, but he did not hold me worthy to share it." The thought was very bitter to her; there can scarcely be any experience so shaming to a woman as the knowledge that she has given the priceless treasure of her love unsought. The garden which had for so many springs responded to her simple fancies was no longer a paradise full of unalloyed delights. Somewhere in its green depths the serpent was lurking.

But before Owen is too seriously blamed, let us see what happened to him in those months since the night on which the literary party was so abruptly broken up.

Margaret Chester, as Hester knew, had been summoned to the aid of one of those innumerable aunts or cousins who in any stress were always sure of the widow's help. Margaret's good nature had carried her on this occasion to a remote corner of our island, distant enough from the household at Chelsea to keep her from sending any tidings concerning it to Melchisford. Hester thus knew nothing of the illness that had made the young man its prey.

Owen had been more than usually irritable for a day or two. He did his work very badly; he had been so savage, indeed, that even the Captain's forbearance was taxed, and nothing but his philosophy saved him from remonstrance.

Owen came down, looking worn and haggard after a sleepless night of fevered tossing, and could eat no breakfast. He shut himself up in his den, and peremptorily gave orders that he was not to be disturbed; but though he spread his papers before him, and dipped his pen in the ink, his thoughts refused to marshal themselves or to flow at his bidding.

When he went abroad it was not to any of his old haunts. The club—that meeting-place of young scribblers and journalists who cheerfully wrote Liberal or Conservative articles to order—

missed its chief ornament. Owen's steps were chiefly now bent eastwards, and he hung about the office where young Tom had returned to his stool, and waited till the clerk was released at the dinner-hour. Tom and he had struck up a friendship born of their mutual interest in Hester Hallett. Owen's poor secret had been easily enough penetrated by young Tom, who had a brother's regard for Hester, and who was, besides, in a position to appreciate a lover's pangs. There had been a time when Tom, too, had suffered all those ups and downs of temperature which are symptoms of the disease; and though he was safely beyond that stage now, he could sympathise with another's sufferings.

Owen would go down to the City and lounge in the green square garden till the clock struck one, ready to pounce on Tom the moment he was set free, regardless of Will Somers, who ate most of his midday meals in offended solitude, regardless too, perhaps—so selfish does this complaint make a man—of Tom's honest appetite, which could no longer satisfy itself with a diet of love.

Owen had no appetite; he looked very ill, and seemed to care for nothing but news from Melchisford. Tom told him all he knew, and thus it was that Owen heard of John Mellish's tragic death, and the trouble that had befallen the little town, which he seemed to know so well, though he had never set foot in it.

He felt bitterly that he could not go to Hester and comfort her.

"I have no right to intrude on her," he said moodily, when Tom urged him to this step. Tom wondered at the wayward morbidness that held him back. If he had not been such a sweet-natured young fellow he might even have despised him for it, but Tom was never very successful in practising contempt.

"If you love her," he said stoutly, "and if you think you've a chance of winning her, don't you owe it to her to tell her so? Haven't you thought that your silence may be a hurt to her?"

Owen started up from the bench where he was seated.

"If I could think that—" he said. His face was animated, eager, lit up with hope, but the next moment it fell again. He sank down on the seat.

"She knows more of me than you do," he groaned; "I had to tell her, and—and—what right have I to take my smirched name to her?"

Tom's bright young face gathered sternness.

"If you've done anything unworthy of her," he began coldly.

"Done anything?" repeated Owen, too dismal to resent this insinuation. "It's enough to be what I am."

What he was! Surely this was carrying humility too far—he, Owen Prideaux, the rising author, the coming man!

"You think me Prideaux's son," he went on grimly, as if he divined Tom's feeling. "What if I were to tell you I've no more right to his name than you have—no right to any honest man's name so far as I know? If I've a history at all, it is one of shame and sorrow, and the one person who holds the secret, and who may be allied to me by the closest ties for all I can tell, is a woman who has reduced herself to the level of a beast. That's my story—I care not who knows it—and you ask me to invite her, as pure as an angel, to share a name that may more likely than not be stained with crime and disgrace?"

Tom listened to this bitter outburst with an expression that might have puzzled Owen if he had been able to withdraw his attention from his own woes. The startled wonder with which he had heard the confession, all unexpected as it was, the similarity of this other man's lot to his own, these were the first to hold him, but presently a new thought darted into his mind. He clutched Owen by the arm.

"Captain Prideaux isn't your father?" he gasped.

"I thought I had made that plain," said Owen irritably. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to stop urging me now to—"

But Tom cut him short.

"What was your mother's name?" he demanded.

"Her name?" Owen stared resentfully. "What does it matter? Such as she have usually no name, or none they have a right to. She called herself Smith, I believe—it's as convenient a pseudonym as another, and the clan can scarcely resent a disreputable cousin more or less."

"And her Christian name was Alice."

Tom spoke with a curious emphasis and conviction; he seemed to be asserting a fact rather than asking a question; but Owen was blind for the moment to shades of manner.

"A good shot," he said with a bitter laugh. "Alice Smith—why not? It tells nothing any more than Mary Brown, and either of them would serve as a blind. We'll not pursue the question," he ended shortly, "and I'll take your sympathy for granted, Rose. I daresay to you, who remember your own father and mother, it seems a piece of ill-luck to be a poor beggar like me, and I own I can't take it heroically; but the subject is not a pleasant one, and we'll let it drop."

But Tom refrained from sympathy. He who could so well have sympathised, who found it so amazing that another should be called on to suffer as he had suffered, had not a word to say. He sat staring before him, dumb with astonishment, scarcely able to formulate his thoughts. He was late that day at the office, and he did not even remember that he had forgotten to eat.

Owen returned from this visit in a deeper gloom than ever; the Melchisford news was full of melancholy, and his own depressed spirit answered to it. He was absent and abstracted at home, and wholly changed from the Owen of happier days. The Captain looked on for a while in silence; he thought he knew the symptoms, and they did not greatly alarm him; but when a morning came on which Owen did not appear at breakfast the old sailor began to suspect that his diagnosis might have been mistaken.

He hurried upstairs to the comfortable room

on the first floor which he had insisted on giving up to the boy. The Captain asked no man to follow his example of asceticism, and indeed he had humour enough to know that had he done so he would not have been obeyed; it is a luxurious age, and has no fancy for that kind of penance.

"I've been used to a little crib, and I prefer it," he said. "If the boy likes more leg room, why shouldn't he have it?"

So Owen occupied a spacious apartment looking out on the river, and even George's garret was twice the size of his master's little cabin.

On the big bed Owen lay, flushed and fevered, tossing about from side to side with an aching head and heavy eyes. The Captain, greatly alarmed, sent off at once for that medical aid which he had despised for himself.

Dr. Cole came and felt the patient's pulse and looked at his tongue, and went through all the other little forms necessary to his craft, while the old man hung with a terrible anxiety on his looks. It was not an attack of the heart which had prostrated Owen, but something much less romantic.

"Typhoid," pronounced the medical oracle. "You've got your drains to thank for this, Prideaux. It's the sanitary engineer you should have called in; these old houses are regular traps for the unwary. You've been in this one since you and I renewed our boyish acquaintance, and that's a good many years."

"The house has been in the hands of my family for a hundred years, sir."

"Ah," said the doctor significantly, "a good fifty too many. You've inherited a good deal along with it that you didn't bargain for. A house ought to change owners once in a generation, and then it would at least have a chance of being overhauled. When you simply pass it down to your son it's a point of honour with him to be proud of the ancestral dirt."

"If my inheritance is to cost my son an illness," said the Captain, who was too miserable to resent this extreme frankness, "I shall think it too dearly bought."

"Pooh! he'll pull through, I daresay," said the doctor, who was cheerfully eating the Captain's breakfast. "He'll live to see his productions at all the railway bookstalls in the kingdom, if that's his ambition. My wife and daughters tell me he is quite a genius in the writing way. Don't know much of that sort of thing myself—never have time for anything lighter in the way of reading than the 'Lancet' and the 'British Medical.' But we must patch up our author for the ladies' sake."

"You must do it for mine, sir, unless you would have me die too," said the Captain, who was terribly broken down and full of self-reproach because he had only smiled over the young man's woes, thinking that a journey to the country would speedily cure them.

"He's all I have—all I have in the world to live for."

The doctor, though he appeared to have that aptitude we most of us possess for taking other people's misfortunes easily, had really a kind heart.

"Prideaux," he said, laying his hand for an instant on that of his old friend, "you may trust him to me; I'll look after him as if he was my own."

And he was as good as his word. He was a busy man, with a prosperous practice among the rich, but his carriage came two or three times daily to the door of the Chelsea house, and he would step nimbly out of it, knowing perhaps how eagerly his knock was listened for upstairs. The Captain had not a rag of scepticism left in those days; no woman could have hung more persistently than he on the physician's looks—he suffered very likely more than the patient tossing on his bed. And if the doctor was somewhat offhanded in his manner, and ready with his jest, he very likely knew that this was the best medicine for the old man, whose cure he had to effect too.

"If I were to pull a long face and look solemn as Sir William does it would kill him, I believe," he said.

He had heard, as many people had heard, some whisper of Owen's story, and he wondered at the depths of love the old sailor had for the son of his adoption. No mother could have nursed him more tenderly, so unweariedly; affection quickened the poor Captain's perceptions, and trained his eye and his hands till the latter were as deft as a woman's.

He was not without many offers of help in his task. Owen was a member of a very kindly fraternity, always ready to put out a hand to a brother in need. The ladies and gentlemen who lived by the pen had not much money to bestow; many of them were thankful to write to cuts, to manufacture halfpenny novelettes, and to do other journeyman work which does not require talent of the first order; but their hearts were warm, and there was not a man or a woman of them who would not cheerfully have sacrificed a week's work and pay to help Owen to weather the difficult corner. Many of them came perhaps as much out of love for the old man as for the young one, for the Captain's purse and his house had been open to all those friends of the lad's. He bought their works, though perhaps he did not always read them; and if a subscription were opened his guinea was certain to be forthcoming. But he refused to leave Owen's bedside, and would suffer no intruder there.

It was there that Tom found him when he came to the house at Chelsea, brimful of his wonderful discovery. Owen, sadly changed and pulled down, his head shaven, his face white and thin, was lying in a stupor, far enough removed from them, and quite beyond caring whether he had an ancestor or no. It was the patient's worst day, and the Captain was lost in grief and anxiety and dread of what the next hours might hold in store for him. He could scarcely listen to the story Tom faltered out brokenly. What did it matter if Owen were heir to the crown of England with death lurking round the corner ready to pounce on him?

"I have brought you all the proofs," said Tom, spreading out his papers, and speaking in a careful whisper, though the sick man could not be

disturbed. "I didn't say a word to Owen for fear; but I am sure I am right. Hallett knows the story so far as I knew it the other day, but he has made nothing of it—at least he has not traced the woman. Perhaps he was not anxious to discover too much," said Tom darkly; "but Owen himself has given us the link that was wanting."

"Sir," said the Captain, turning on him a grief-worn face, and speaking almost sternly, "why do you tell me these things? You speak of honours, of money. Can these give me back my son? He is all I ever had, and he is leaving me."

"He will be given back to you," said Tom, much moved and touched, and gathering together the papers he had brought with a sudden sense of shame.

"If God restores him to me I will be a better father than I have been," said the old man, making his humble broken confession. "I have not always been as patient and as forbearing as I might have been. Owen, my poor boy, I have failed you sometimes when you counted on me; mine has been a selfish love."

He had Owen's hot hand in his own, and he had forgotten the auditor; he sank stiffly on his knees, and Tom, rising softly, went on tiptoe out of the room. He had a choking sensation in his throat, and his eyes were dim as he stumbled downstairs and out of the house.

"He has had a son's place in that kind heart all these years, and yet it did not content him." Tom scarcely knew whether to be more sorry for the old man or angry with the wayward young one.

### CHAPTER XL.—BACK FROM THE GATES OF DEATH.

OWEN generously repaid all this anxious care by condescending to recover, after a sharp enough tussle for his life, it is true.

It was a notable day when Dr. Cole first pronounced the sentence of reprieve. The Captain had George and Mrs. Pepper, and even the kitchen girl, up to the library to tell them the good news; and that night for the first time he left Owen's side long enough to assemble his household for prayers, and his voice broke while he offered up a fervent thanksgiving for the mercy that had been shown him.

"If that young fellow turns out ill after all—and there's no knowing what taint he may have inherited—" said the doctor, when he drove away to other sick beds, "I shall wish I had stayed my hand and let him die."

But Owen came back from the gates of Hades a new man in more respects than one. There is a sanative use in illness, after all, and in the enforced leisure of convalescence a man has time to review and alter some of his opinions, and to reconsider his decisions.

Owen had arrived at a new determination on one point at least. On the first day when he was allowed to sit up and feast his eyes on the broad brown flood, with the young green tinging the trees in Battersea Park beyond, he took the Captain into his confidence.

"I was a fool to hesitate," he said; "if she cares for me at all—though indeed I know not why she should—my silence was a wrong to her. If she does not, why then—"

"Why, then, you will be a man, and bear your rejection like one. You will have nothing to be ashamed of, sir, in loving a lady whom everyone must love and honour."

"And so, when I've got a little of this shakiness out of my legs, we'll go down to the country together and try our fate. Is that Eliza Jane with the beef-tea? If my strength only equalled my appetite I'd set out to-morrow!"

"And what will Mr. Green have to say to this pretty scheme?" asked the Captain, with twinkling eyes, referring to the august publisher who did Owen the honour of launching his works on the world.

"Green can say what he pleases," said Owen, with the most daring irreverence. "I suppose there is a Mrs. Green—indeed, I know there is, for didn't she send me a card for one of her 'At homes,' and hadn't I to trudge over to Bayswater to leave my bit of pasteboard at her door? I daresay Green was young once, and I daresay he was in love, and do you suppose that he would allow so paltry a thing as copy to interfere with his courtship? Anyhow, it isn't going to interfere with mine!"

"No doubt you will be excused," said the Captain, making him a bow. "You are an interesting public character, and you may expect to have your journey to Eastshire chronicled for the information of an anxious world."

"Stuff!" said Owen, swallowing the last spoonful of beef-tea, and eyeing the chicken hungrily. "A public character, indeed! My wildest dreams—and they were wild enough to make my fortune if I could reproduce them faithfully—never soared to that height."

"My door-bell ought to have something to say to the matter," said the Captain plaintively. "As for George, I lived in daily expectation of his resignation."

"What, did my 'pals' come to ask for me?" said Owen brightly.

"My dear Owen, I never knew you had so many 'pals,' of the feminine gender too—if that is the right word to apply to ladies. The ladies, I confess, were—were a little trying, since each of them had a theory of her own as to what was the matter with you; and, needless to say, a perfect cure for your complaint."

Owen burst out laughing.

"I know," he said; "it was Mrs. Brandon, who goes in for the gushing style, and Miss Hornblower, who is a realist, and I daresay there was good little Nora O'Shea, who writes 'poethry' for the provincial press! You saw them all, you know, on that night when—when we had to pretend we were charmed to see them, though we wished them all at the bottom of the river; they are good women, every one of them; but if you had handed me over to them I might not have been 'unwept and unsung,' but I shouldn't have been here to know it!"

"After all, they were not so persistent as the gentleman who insisted that it was against his

conscience to write an article unless he had had ocular demonstration of all the facts; in other words, he stood at your bedside, my poor boy, and took note of your condition, and your symptoms, and of the furnishing of your room, I daresay, and all this he twisted into a very touching little paragraph. He was good enough to send me a copy, where I notice he is pleased to describe me as a 'sturdy octogenarian.' It is very instructive to know how you appear in the eyes of genius."

Owen laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

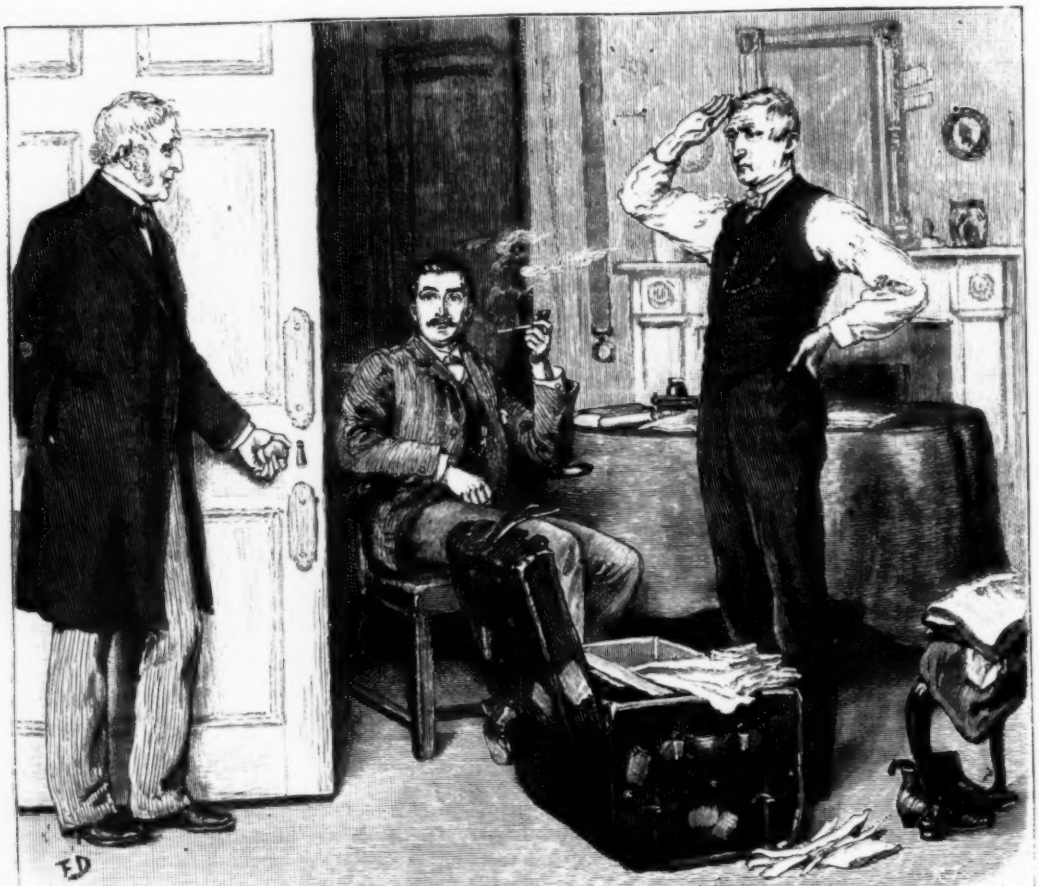
"That was Broad," he said. "Don't I know the touch! Broad is a thoroughly good fellow, if he is—if he is—"

"If he is a little conceited," Owen would have said, but that at the moment he was too full of the milk of human kindness to be critical.

If Mr. Broad had the harmless vanity to advertise his own importance to an unbelieving world by imploring his lady correspondents in those "Jottings of a Journalist" which he wrote for the "Mirror," to spare him their requests for autographs, or poems, or discarded pens, and his male admirers to refrain from loading his table with presentation copies of their works, he could be generous to some of his fellow-scribblers too, and give them a "leg-up," as Owen expressed it, when occasion served.

He had made quite a pathetic paragraph of Owen's illness, and displayed the real goodness of his heart by trudging constantly to Chelsea to inquire for him. These incidents cheered and amused the invalid, and touched him too. It was good to live and to come back to a world where so much honest kindness is to be found. It pleased him to picture the meeting between the Captain and the ladies; there was a kind of pathetic humour for him in the thought of the old sailor's struggle between chivalry and anxiety.

"They've all fallen in love with him, dear old man, I'll be bound; they'll put him in their next novels, and if they but succeed in capturing and reproducing a quarter of his goodness, the fortune of those books ought to be made."




"WE'VE GOT OUR MARCHING ORDERS, SIR!

So the days went by, and with each of them Owen made a very perceptible stride back to health. His appetite was Gargantuan, his spirits almost mutinously riotous. He felt as if he had the command of his own destiny—that rare and quick-vanishing feeling that belongs only to youth. In after years it is destiny that takes hold of us and does with us what it will.

Captain Prideaux laid his plans too, but he said never a word to Owen. When the balance turned in favour of life and Owen was restored to him, he remembered that revelation young Tom had come to make. What was it he had talked of—heirship to an old man, and a fortune awaiting the lad? Well, if there was anything in it, it was a duty to investigate the matter. Perhaps the sailor would rather that Owen's birth remained obscure, so that Owen might still owe all to him; but if he had that feeling, he fought it and held it unworthy.

"It is right that he should desire a name and a place in the world of his own," he said to young Tom, who was summoned to Chelsea once more.

"Yes," assented Tom with a smothered sigh. He had suffered all those pangs and fears and doubts and hopes too, but there had been no pleasant surprise waiting for him.

Owen was still in his room, waited on and humoured, and enjoying all the distinctions of an invalid. He was reposing on a sofa, deep in the pages of a book, and quite unconscious, while he followed the hero's thrilling adventures, that his own fate was being discussed in the dining-room beneath. The Captain and Tom laid their heads together; and going over every bit of evidence, made out a very good case for Owen; but they both knew that his claim would require to be much more strongly supported before any court of law would hold it proved.

"Not a word of this to him," said the sailor, menacing his fellow-conspirator with a shaken forefinger; "not a hint. Why should we excite hopes that may never be fulfilled? The law, sir, is full of surprises and delays, not to speak of tricks and quibbles; its artifices are beyond the compassing of an honest man. We must trust this matter to one of the craft," he said with a sigh. It would have been a pleasure to his simple soul to unravel the matter himself, and present Owen with a pedigree and a property as he might have given him a new toy when he was a child; but this was altogether beyond his powers.

There was another reason why he wished to guard Owen from guessing at the conferences that were going on over his affairs. He had set his hopes on seeing Owen start for the country to take his chance with Hester. It would have been a bitter disappointment to him if Owen had showed so poor a spirit as to shrink back out of a morbid sense of his own deficiencies; the sailor could not well have brooked cowardice of this order. Let him go and win her, if he could, for what was in himself.

"If she's the girl I take her for, she would not value him a whit more if he had a coronet to lay at her feet. It is dishonouring to her to think that she counts only on what he has to bestow." There was every prospect of this love affair reaching a successful issue if the declaration were not too long delayed. "Let them come to an understanding on that point," said the sly Captain, "and I promise you there won't be much quarrelling over the money when it comes to be a question of the heirship."

There seemed to be a good deal of wisdom in this remark; it was at least certain that Mr. Hallett would have a far stronger interest in proving the claims of a son-in-law than those of an entire stranger. The property which he was suspected of coveting would still be retained in the family, though young Andrew's pretty little scheme would be spoiled. Perhaps Tom was chiefly anxious to urge on the wooing in order to out-manœuvre Andrew Hallett's unscrupulous tactics; but it was impossible to give Owen a hint.

For one thing he had not left his room yet, and he might not unreasonably desire to look a little less cadaverous before presenting himself to the lady of his choice. Besides, silence had been so deeply impressed on Tom that in his evening chats with the invalid he avoided the subject of Melchisford as carefully as if it were a crime to name the sleepy little town. Perhaps his avoidance was a little too clumsily apparent, for Owen burst out laughing one night.

"You appear to have lost all interest in your native place, Tom," he said. "Is all Melchisford dead and buried, since you never mention it now?"

"I haven't been there lately," said guilty Tom, "but I'll be running down for a couple of days next week, and I'll bring you all the news."

"Next week?" said Owen, with laughing eyes. "Your news may be flat, stale, and unprofitable by that time, my boy."

What did he mean? The Captain was let into the secret when he went upstairs next morning to pay the usual visit to the patient. He found him superintending the packing of a portmanteau.

"What's this? What's this?" cried the Captain.

"We've got our marching orders, sir," said George, lifting his bent back and making his master a stiff little military salute. There was a twinkle in the old servant's eye as he left the room; very likely he knew the destination of the portmanteau, and had his own shrewd guesses as to the hopes that were stowed away in its depths.

"Is this so, Owen?"

"Yes, father," cried Owen, with a loving stress on the word, "I've come to my senses, *mens sana*, and the corporation now is sound enough to bear what is in store for it. It's for ourselves we must be judged; if there's anything in me she can come to care about, it will be my part to see that she has no cause to repent her faith."

"Amen to that, and God bless and prosper your enterprise, my son."

# THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. CANON CREIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

## LEICESTER.



BELVOIR CASTLE.

THE position of the district which forms the modern county of Leicester gave it importance in early days. The moorlands of the Peak joined the forests of Cannock Chase, Needwood, and Arden. This impenetrable barrier stretched in an almost unbroken line across the centre of Britain, and offered few temptations to the Roman settlers. Eastward, the last spur of the high land was clothed with the trees of Charnwood Forest; and then along the banks of the Soar lay a tract of fertile uplands. Along the outskirts of the inhospitable region the Romans carried one of their great lines of communication. The Fosse Way, which traversed Britain from south-west to north-east, went almost in a straight line from Cirencester on the Cotswolds to the station on the Soar, which the Romans called Ratæ, but was afterwards named Leg-ceaster, or Leicester. Ratæ still shows, as few other towns in England can show, the signs of its early greatness. A piece of its Roman masonry still remains standing; and the pavement of a Roman house, carefully preserved by the zeal of local antiquaries, gives fuller meaning to the many remnants of Roman civilisation

which have been found in the neighbourhood. The Roman Ratæ was the chief town of Central Britain more decidedly than its successor of to-day. Four great roads met at its gates, and the bustle of civil and military life never ceased within its walls.

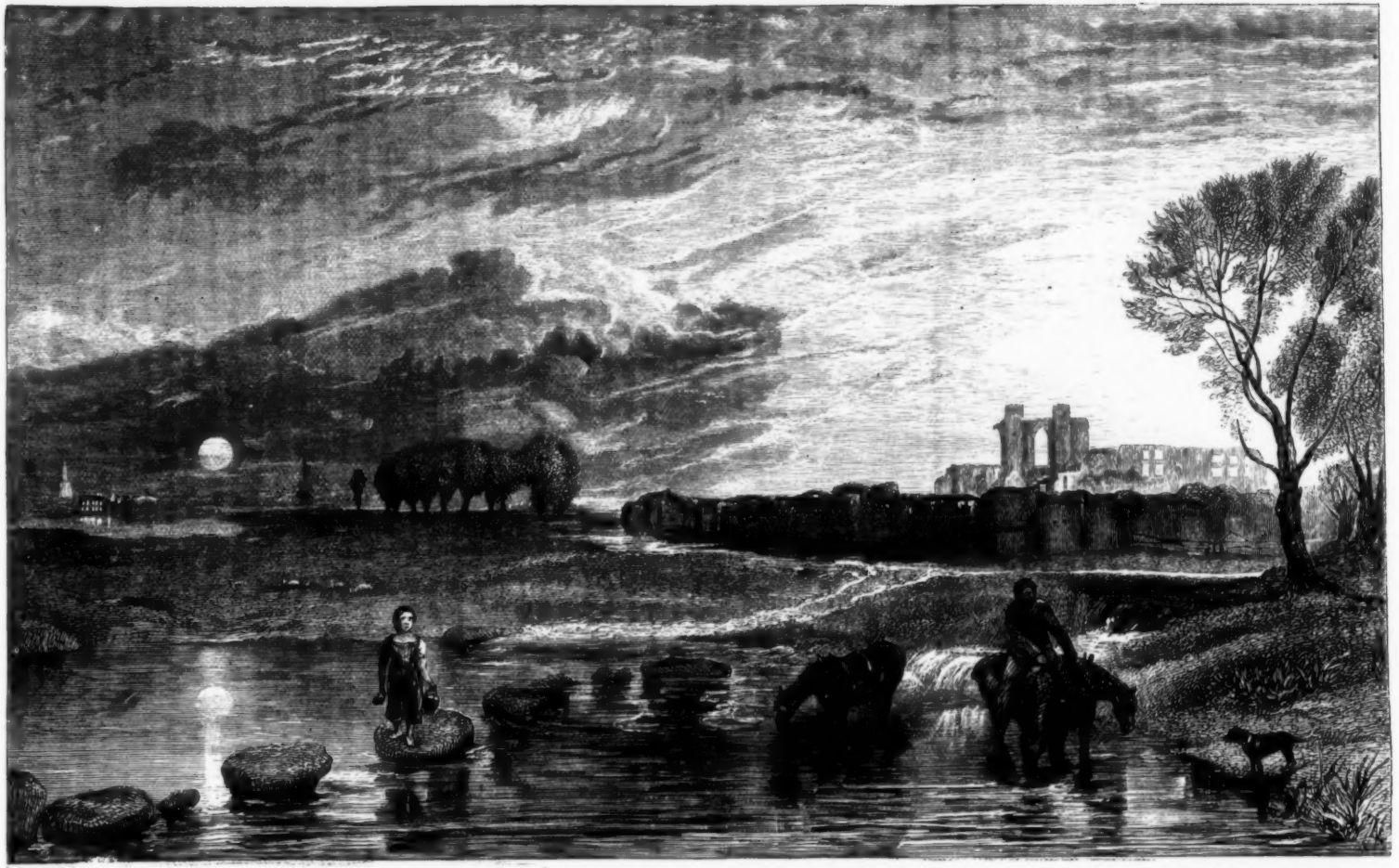
But the time came when Ratæ was deserted by its Roman lords, and in the hands of the Britons kept only a vague memory of its former life. Nor were its walls sufficient to protect their inhabitants from the sword of the conquering English. Following the lines of the Fosse Way from the north, a band of invaders laid Ratæ in ruins, and scattered their settlements over the adjacent lands. This little tribe of the Middle English did not long retain political independence, but was absorbed into the Mercian kingdom, and shared its fortunes. It is a sign of growing life that the ruins of the Roman Ratæ were again inhabited, and received a name which recognised the traces of past greatness—Legoracester, Legecester, or Leicester. A mound was raised by the banks of the Soar to strengthen the defences of the new town. In later times this mound was reinforced by a castle; but the old earthwork has proved more lasting than the stone walls which girt it round, and is still a noticeable feature in the Leicester of to-day.

When the Mercian kingdom was, after some difficulty, converted to Christianity, we can trace the importance of the district of the Middle English by the place assigned to it in ecclesiastical organisation. At first one bishop sufficed for the whole of Mercia; but in 679 an attempt was made to divide this unwieldy diocese. Leicester became the seat of a bishop of the Middle English, though the succession of its bishops was not clearly established till 737. Nor did the see of Leicester long continue; for the time soon came when the great Mercian kingdom was dismembered, and its old divisions were in a great measure swept away. In no part of England did the Danish invasion work greater changes. At first the Mercian king drove back the invaders; but in 874 he quailed before the stories of their prowess in other parts of England and fled over the sea, leaving his people at their mercy. It was the energy of the West Saxon Alfred that prevented England from becoming a Scandinavian province. In 878 he compelled the Danes to agree to a partition, and the Peace of Wedmore divided England into two parts. The line of division ran through the Mercian kingdom and severed it so that it was never again united. The part of Mercia which passed under the rule of the Danes received the name of "the district of the five boroughs," because it gathered round the towns of Leicester, Derby, Lincoln, Stamford, and Nottingham. This Danish conquest of the Middle English led to the transferrence of the bishop's seat to Dorchester, where it remained till William the Norman removed it from that obscure village to the important town of Lincoln. Leicester never recovered its ecclesiastical greatness. It is true that Henry VIII, in his first outburst of generosity with the spoils of the Church, contemplated erecting a diocese of Leicester for Leicestershire and Rutland; but the money slipped through his fingers before his good intentions were executed. The Abbot of Peterborough proved himself a more useful man than did the Abbot of Leicester; so a bishopric was founded at Peterborough, and Leicestershire was joined with Northamptonshire for ecclesiastical purposes.

Of the Danish settlement and its influence we have but scanty records. The testimony, however, of the survival of Danish names of places, especially the termination "by," enables us in some degree to determine the area which the Danes occupied; and the names of villages show that they loved the north and east more than the midlands. In Lincolnshire their settlements were thickest; and thence they spread downwards into Leicestershire, where a hundred place-names bear record to their presence.

The English, however, soon began the work of reconquest. Alfred's sister Ethelfled, "the lady of Mercians," in a series of well-planned campaigns slowly drove back the border of the Danelaw. In 918 she won Leicester, and when the work of conquest was done that of organisation succeeded. The Mercian kingdom was divided into shires, and Leicestershire probably represents the land occupied by its original settlers, the tribe of the Middle English. Henceforth the Mercian kingdom disappeared, though it was soon found necessary to set up an ealdorman of Mercia, who gave a dangerous vitality to the traditions of past independence. The union of England under the West Saxon kings was premature, and weakness led to a new Danish conquest. The Mercian dominions were gradually broken up, and new officers, with the new title of earls, were set over various portions. It is noticeable that the old divisions were still followed; and Leicester in the reign of Edward the Confessor was the seat of an earldom of the Middle English.

It was the Norman conquest, however, which united England under the stern pressure of misfortune, and Leicester seems to have felt the heaviness of the Conqueror's hand. It had been fortified by Ethelfled, and doubtless was a place of considerable strength. We do not know how it ventured to oppose the Norman Conqueror; but the record of Domesday shows that the lands of the shire had passed by confiscation into the hands of foreigners, and no English freeholders were left in Leicester itself. For some reason or another William made sure of the loyalty of this part of England in his own effective manner. A castle was built, by the king's orders, with a strong square keep of stone such as the Normans loved; and its custody was given to a trusty man, Hugh of Grantmesnil, who as sheriff collected the royal dues. Under these conditions Leicestershire remained peaceful, and reaped the advantages of a stronger government. But the old difficulty soon made itself felt; the king might rule, but it was hard for him to govern all parts of his dominions. Offices passed from father to son; and sons were not always as trustworthy as their fathers. The son of Hugh of Grantmesnil gave William II a good deal of trouble, but at last found it better to give way. He sold his rights over Leicester to Robert of Beaumont, who succeeded in getting



[*After Joseph M. W. Turner.*

LEICESTER ABBEY.

into his hands the rights of the Bishop of Lincoln and the Earl of Northampton as well. Then he was created Earl of Leicester in 1107. Earl Robert showed his care of his new possession by founding inside his castle a college of canons, for whom he built a church, which still remains as the kernel of the more imposing fabric which rose around it as time passed on. Few churches in England afford a better example than does St. Mary's, Leicester, of the process by which small buildings were gradually enlarged, and of the boldness and freedom with which mediæval builders dealt with the work of their predecessors.

It would seem that monasticism had not made much impression on Leicestershire in early times; but the great movement of the twelfth century soon made its influence felt. The abbey of Leicester was founded by its earl for Augustinian canons in 1137; the abbeys of Osulveston and Launde and several priories soon followed. The Cistercians had an abbey at Garendon, and an Augustinian nunnery was founded at Grace Dieu. But, upon the whole, monasticism did not much affect the development of the county, which owed more to its lay lords than to its monks. Even so, its earls were by no means always fortunate in their interference in politics, and the people had to pay for the mistakes of their superiors. Thus in 1175 Earl Robert of Beaumont was so ill-advised as to rise against Henry II. He was defeated and imprisoned; his castles of Leicester and Groby were laid in ruins, and the rising prosperity of the town of Leicester was destroyed. Its citizens, however, made haste to repair their desolate houses; and in 1201 Leicester was sufficiently flourishing to receive a charter at the hands of King John.

In the thirteenth century the name of Leicester was made famous in history in the persons of its two earls. A poor Norman lord, Simon de Montfort, was lucky enough to marry the sister of the last of the Beaumont earls of Leicester; and the two Montfort earls who sprang from this alliance were men who left their mark upon the world. The first Earl Simon was the ruthless leader of the crusade against the heretics of Provence. The second Earl Simon came to England as a needy adventurer, secretly married the sister of King Henry III, and seemed likely to join the ranks of foreign favourites who grew fat at the expense of native Englishmen. But Earl Simon learned to love the land of his adoption, and to understand the meaning of her ancient liberties. Little by little he put himself at the head of the barons who opposed the King's misgovernment. The town of Leicester in 1264 again suffered for the political activity of its earl, and was besieged and taken by Henry III. But this was the King's last triumph. In the battle of Lewes he fell into the hands of the barons, and Simon became virtually governor of England. His position was so anomalous that we cannot regret his fall at Evesham before the King's son Edward, who learned from the experience of adversity all the lessons which Simon's success could teach a future king. But "Simon the Righteous," as men loved to call him, was venerated as a saint after his death, and his memory was powerful to quicken all that was best in England's aspirations. In Leicester itself he did much to favour the rising settlements of the Friars, Dominicans and Franciscans, who in their first enthusiasm brought a higher standard of life and knowledge, and did much to relieve human misery. From this time onwards Leicester was well supplied with all the existing materials of civilisation.

On Earl Simon's fall at Evesham the earldom of Leicester was given into the safe keeping of the King's second son, Edward, who soon received as well the earldom of Lancaster. It is as earls of Lancaster, and not of Leicester, that Edward and his descendants are known in English history. It was no bad thing for the prosperity of the shire that it was relieved of the habitual presence of a great lord. It was enough that his officers collected their master's rents and his soldiers garrisoned the castle. Free from undue interference, the burghers pursued a quiet course of civic prosperity; the farmers cleared the forest which covered the banks of the Soar, and gradually encroached upon the boundaries of Charnwood Forest. The smaller lords within the shire were not men of great importance. The Castle of Belvoir in the north, whose name bears witness to its Norman origin, passed by marriage from the family of its founder, the Albini, to the barons Ros of Hamlake, in Yorkshire. The castle of Mountsorrel had been demolished in 1217 by the citizens of Leicester, and was not rebuilt. Groby was severed from the earldom and was in the hands of the barons Ferrars. The Norman family which gave its appendage to the old Danish settlement of Ashby, the Zouches, did not rise to great estate. Leicestershire was not the seat of a powerful baronage, and was left to develop its own resources. Its lands were fertile, and well fitted for grazing sheep; so Leicester became the centre of a considerable trade in wool; and the other towns in the shire, Loughborough, Ashby, Market Bosworth, Lutterworth, and Melton Mowbray, were centres of prosperous districts.

The last half of the fourteenth century found Leicester again connected with English politics in the person of its earl; and the contrast between Simon of Montfort and John of Gaunt shows the difference between a time of lofty aspiration and a time of national uncertainty. Simon understood the great ideas of his age and strove to give them practical expression. John of Gaunt allied himself with the uncertain efforts for reform, which took an intellectual shape in the teaching of an Oxford student, John Wycliffe, and tried to use them for the purposes of his own ambition. So long as Wycliffe's learning supplied Edward III with weapons for resisting the Papal claims for money, Wycliffe enjoyed the royal favour. He was presented to the living of Lutterworth, where he strove to revive the office of preaching, and undertook his great work of translating the Bible into English. His zeal led him to attack the secular lives of the wealthy ecclesiastics, and to call in question their right to endowments which they did not administer for the good of the Church. It was Wycliffe's misfortune that John

of Gaunt saw in him an instrument for raising an anti-clerical party; and Wycliffe's teaching suffered from being brought into connection with current politics and social discontent. Wycliffe was accused of heresy, and John of Gaunt appeared as his protector. Resistance to the shifty politics of the one was confused with the objection to the teaching of the other; and the Lollard movement suffered almost at its beginning from its political and social complexion. Englishmen, however, were in that age averse to religious persecution, and Wycliffe died peaceably at Lutterworth in 1384. His influence in Leicestershire was naturally strong, and the town of Leicester had the reputation of being a centre of Lollardy. But Wycliffe's followers had not clear enough opinions to stand against repression. In 1389 Archbishop Courtenay visited Leicester, and the Lollard teachers confessed their errors and were absolved. Lollardy was put down as being a political movement. Wycliffe's teaching, carried to Bohemia, became more powerful there in the mouth of John Hus than it was in the land which had given it birth.

The accession of John of Gaunt's son to the throne united the earldom of Leicester to the Crown; and in consequence of this Leicester became the seat of Parliament when it was not expedient that it should sit at Westminster. In 1414, 1426, and 1450, Parliamentary sessions were held in the hall of the Grey Friars at Leicester. In 1414 London was disturbed by a rising of the Lollards, and Parliament passed repressive statutes against them, while at the same time it gave Henry V the possessions of alien priories to help him in his war against France. The "alien priories" were small monastic houses in England which depended on monasteries abroad, chiefly in France; and it seemed unwise that money should be drawn from England to go into the pockets of the king's enemies. But though the motives of the suppression of the alien priories were purely political, the act itself was significant of the decay of monastic institutions. They were too numerous and had lost their original meaning. Much of their usefulness had passed away, and the Leicester Parliament of 1414 created a precedent for future use. The Leicester Parliament of 1426 marks the beginning of civil strife in England. London was disturbed by the quarrels of the two uncles of the young Henry VI (the Dukes of Gloucester and Bedford), and Parliament was summoned to Leicester that it might make peace in a quiet place. The hopes of peace, however, were doomed to disappointment; and this Parliament is known as the "Parliament of



ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCHE CASTLE. [*From a Photograph by Mr. R. Keene.*

Bats," because its members came with "bats, or bludgeons," in their hands. The next Parliament —of 1450—met at Leicester, when Henry VI's helplessness was most pronounced, when Jack Cade's rebellion had broken out in Kent, and all was in confusion.

In the Wars of the Roses Leicestershire does not seem to have shown much loyalty to the Lancastrian house. After the death of John of Gaunt the castle of Leicester was suffered to fall into ruins, and Leicester was not a place of arms. The leading man in the shire, Sir William Hastings, was a staunch partisan of the Yorkists, and had his reward from Edward IV in 1461, when he was created Baron Hastings of Ashby, where he built a castle. There was a similar revival of another Leicestershire family. The estates of the Ferrers of Groby passed to the Greys, who were at first faithful to the Lancastrian cause. Sir John Grey of Bradgate fell in the battle of St. Albans, and his widow and children were dispossessed of his lands in the sweeping forfeiture which followed the accession of Edward IV. Elizabeth Grey, a young and beautiful woman, found an occasion of pleading her cause before the King while he was on a country visit, and Edward was so melted by her pleas that he married her in 1465. In the troubled state of England this marriage with a Yorkist of no great position was sure to create many heart-burnings; and Edward's liberality towards his wife's kinsfolk aroused general discontent, and was the principal cause of Edward's discomfiture by the Earl of Warwick in 1470. Edward fled over the sea, but returned next year, and on his way from Ravenspur stayed at Leicester, where Lord Hastings joined him with four thousand men of the shire, who fought in the bloody battle of Barnet.

Edward's victory led to further favours for the Queen's relatives. Her son, Thomas Grey of Groby, was created Marquis of Dorset. But on Edward's death, in 1483, his brother Richard took advantage of the ill-will towards the Queen's kindred, and accused them of conspiring to seize the government for themselves. The Marquis of Dorset managed to escape from England. Lord Hastings, who had helped Richard against the Queen's party, showed an unwillingness to help him to set aside the youthful King. Richard gave him short time for hesitation, for he suddenly accused him of high treason in the Council Chamber, and before noon on the same day Hastings was executed on Tower Green. The chiefs of Leicestershire were thus suddenly swept away, and Richard III won the crown by violence and bloodshed.



LUTTERWORTH.

In the events which led to the downfall of Richard III the Marquis of Dorset played rather an ignoble part. At first in his exile he was a warm adherent of Henry of Richmond; but just as Henry was starting for England, Dorset fell a victim to Richard's blandishments, and prepared to desert. His plan, however, was discovered, and he was left in safe custody in Paris when Richmond sailed for Milford Haven. Richard III was at Nottingham when he heard the news of

Richmond's advance across the Severn to Lichfield, and he prepared at once to intercept him on his way towards London. On August 19th he entered Leicester, "with a stern countenance," in martial pomp. He slept at the Blue Boar Inn, and brought with him his own bedstead, which he never returned to claim. A century later it was discovered that in a false bottom of the bedstead was hidden a hoard of £300—a sum which in those days was worth fifteen times as much as it is now. Neither side wished to delay the decisive battle, and on August 21st Richard marched out of Leicester to meet his foe, who had advanced close to Market Bosworth. The battle next day was decided by the desertion of Lord Stanley, and Richard, seeing himself betrayed, rode desperately against his rival, who was with difficulty saved from his furious attack. Though urged to flee, Richard exclaimed, "I will die King of England!" and he fought with his crown upon his head until he fell, covered with wounds. His body, stripped naked, with a halter round the neck, was thrown across a horse and taken to Leicester, where it was carelessly buried in the church of the Grey Friars.

It was no long time before Leicester received the bones of a still more illustrious man, whose death was the prelude of the greatest change which England ever experienced. On November 26th, 1530, the dying Wolsey was brought as a prisoner on his last journey to repose in Leicester Abbey. "Father abbot," he said, "I am come to leave my bones among you;" and he spoke the truth. Three days afterwards he died, saying, "If I had served my God as I have served my king He would not have deserted me in my grey hairs." Wolsey's fall was a signal instance of royal ingratitude, and Wolsey's death released Henry VIII from the last restraint upon his imperious temper. The great Cardinal was buried unlamented in the Lady Chapel of Leicester Abbey; and Henry VIII entered upon a course of action which did not stop till all the abbeys of England were swept away, and the tombs of the mighty dead shared in the general destruction.

It does not seem that Leicestershire was much affected by the dissolution of the monasteries. Perhaps the burghers of Leicester were not sorry to be rid of a body of men who, to the growing spirit of commerce and industrial life, seemed drones in a busy hive. Moreover, Leicestershire was carefully watched and guarded during the time of this great social revolution. Under the Tudor kings its new nobility had thriven, and the chief men of the shire were gainers by the transferrence of monastic property. Under Henry VII the Marquis of Dorset had been restored to his possessions; the Hastings family resumed their place at Ashby; and the Manners family grew powerful in the north of the shire. The members of these families all stood by Henry VIII in his great measures of social and religious change, and reaped the rewards of their loyalty. In 1525 Thomas Manners was created Earl of Rutland, and rebuilt the ruined castle of Belvoir as a magnificent residence. In 1529, George Hastings was



WYCLIFFE'S PULPIT AT LUTTERWORTH.

created Earl of Huntingdon, and kept great state at Ashby. Henry, second Marquis of Dorset, was the chief general of the early part of the reign of Henry VIII; his son married Henry VIII's niece, and succeeded to her father's title of Duke of Suffolk in 1551. His royal connection led Suffolk to his ruin; and he sacrificed to his ambition his luckless daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, who was used by unscrupulous men as a claimant to the throne. In early youth she had consoled herself for the harshness of her father by reading Plato in the park of Bradgate. When her father announced to her that she was Queen she burst into tears. When the scheme failed her father tore down the ensign above her seat and told her that it no more befitted her estate. For her nine days' reign she perished on the block, and little pity was felt for her father when he was condemned to the like punishment.

The Grey family never rose to the position which it had before enjoyed; but during the reign of

Elizabeth the earls of Huntingdon and Rutland did good service in maintaining order in the Midlands. Leicestershire steadily grew in prosperity, which was broken by the great Civil War. Leicestershire was almost unanimously on the side of Parliament, and in 1645, Leicester underwent a siege from the Royalist army, commanded by the King. It was taken and sacked, and suffered so severely that it was long before it recovered from its losses. In Leicestershire, as elsewhere, the result of the Civil War was to sweep away the fortified houses. The castle of Ashby was dismantled, and the earls of Huntingdon did not repair it, but fixed their new abode at Castle Donnington hard by.

After the Restoration, Leicestershire rapidly developed its industry, and began to assume the appearance which it wears to-day. Its rich grassland had always been favourable for sheep; and the long hair of the Leicestershire sheep was found to be excellent for the finer woollen goods. In early times wool was only woven into cloth, and stockings were made of cloth stitched together. In the sixteenth century woollen stockings were articles of luxury, but the taste for them soon spread. Hand-knitting was, however, a laborious process, and the invention of the "stocking-frame" gave a great impetus to the manufacture of hosiery. This invention was due to a Northamptonshire clergyman, William Lea. The story goes that he found himself hindered in his bashful courtship by the excessive industry of his mistress, whose eyes were always bent upon her knitting. The inventiveness of a lover, it is said, at last succeeded in devising a machine which might be worked without such exclusive attention. But Lea's invention, which was made in 1589, did not come into general use for some time. By the middle of the seventeenth century it was well established, and from that time onward Leicestershire has been the seat of the manufacture of English hosiery.

The stocking-frame could easily be worked by hand, and the industry was carried on at home. The result of this was that the manufacture was spread over the whole district, and was not only carried on in great centres. The wool merchant bought from the farmers; and middlemen distributed the raw material and supplied the machinery at a rent. Families of artisans lived in the villages and pursued their occupation as they thought fit. The factory system did not prevail in Leicestershire, and industrial life was mixed with the life of agriculture. Population was equally distributed, and there was a happy blending of the old and the new, which is still a conspicuous feature of Leicestershire. For a long time the invention of steam did not alter these conditions, and handicraft could compete with more elaborate machinery on fairly equal terms. But machinery has slowly encroached on hand labour, and large factories are on the increase. Leicester has grown into a large manufacturing town, and the other towns have not grown in proportion. It has become more difficult for work to be carried on at home, and the economic conditions of Leicestershire are slowly changing.



RICHARD'S WELL, BOSWORTH FIELD.

*[From a Photograph by Mr. R. Keene.*

The county, however, still keeps as its characteristic this mixture of agricultural and industrial life. Its natural features do not give it any conspicuous interest; but the rich meadows which are spread on every side tell the tale of England's prosperity in the past; while nearly everywhere may be seen in the distance the tall chimney sending forth its smoke, a sign of the new activity which has created modern England.

# THE MONTYON PRIZE.

## ITS HEROES AND HEROINES.




ON the high overhanging bank of the River Loire, not very far from the town of Cléry, known to all readers of "Quentin Durward," and where Louis XI lies buried, is the little village of Baule—a cluster of cottages, two or three farmsteads, and a church. Here, until some twenty years ago, was still living an old man of the name of Jean Laffray, whose life-story is altogether a remarkable one.

Born in the year 1787, he was drawn for a soldier in the great conscription of 1804, and thus, shouldering his musket at the age of seventeen, he bore his share in some of the greatest battles in Italy and elsewhere of the all-conquering Napoleon. He was present at the battle of Pavia, but being severely wounded, he was pronounced unfit for active service, and was permitted to return home, where at this time he was sorely needed, for the death of his father had thrown upon his widowed mother the entire work of the little farm which was their family property.

Jean came back, in spite of his wounded condition, a fine handsome fellow, full of experiences of the wider world of which the simple villagers knew so little, but yet unspoiled by the rough life of the camp and the bloodstained scenes through which he had had to pass. Though not without a certain love for his military calling, he was found quite willing to devote himself to peaceful pursuits, the more so since he had come to know and love the beautiful Victoire Genty. For the matter of that, he had known her long before he went away to be a soldier. He had seen her almost daily ever since she was a baby crawling about her father's doorstep in her blue blouse and cotton nightcap, and, later on, trotting through the village, slate in hand, to school. But he had taken very little notice of her, and remembered her only as a shy and somewhat gawky little girl. When he came home from his campaign, however, he found in his neighbour's daughter an absolutely new creature. The eyes that were raised to greet him, and then dropped in a pretty confusion, were like two stars, and thrilled through him; the brow which the rich coils of black hair shaded was of dazzling transparency; the colour that tinged the rounded cheek was like the bloom of a peach; the teeth that glistened between the coral lips were a very row of pearls.

On the first day that he met her in the village he was transfixed.

"Why, mother," he cried, on his return home, "you never told me how beautiful Mademoiselle Victoire had grown!"

"Mademoiselle Victoire!" laughed his mother. "How oddly you talk, my boy! Is that the fashion among the grand folks where you have been? You ought to know, of course. Yes, Victoire is a nice enough looking girl, now I come to think of it—and sensible, too, as girls go."

"Mother, she is a goddess!" cries the young man enthusiastically.

"Is she indeed, my son? Well, I daresay you are right," returns the old mother simply. "You have no doubt seen plenty of them in the great world where they live, but for my own part I am only an old country-body, and know little about such grand ladies."

"No grand lady could be half so lovely as she is, mother," the soldier persisted.

The impression thus quickly made did not fade. On the contrary, further acquaintance only revealed the fact that Victoire, besides being beautiful, was sweet-natured and gentle, thrifty and industrious. In short, that besides being a goddess, she was a good and amiable girl—just such a one as a man might desire to possess for his wife.

Madame Laffray, eager for the happiness of her only son, was soon found to be almost as ardent an admirer of the beautiful girl as the young man himself, and by her aid a marriage was shortly arranged for the young couple, which seemed to give everyone concerned perfect satisfaction.

After harvest Jean brought home his bride to the old farmhouse amid great rejoicings, his mother receiving her with open arms.

"Bless thee, my daughter!" she said, in warm welcome. "Make my Jean happy, and you will make me happy too. I ask no more of you, except maybe the pleasure of hearing my son's children pattering about the old place."

To this the young wife could but respond with a caress and a blush, and in the meantime all promised well for the Laffray household.

Victoire, if not absolutely a goddess, proved herself in every way worthy of her husband's choice. She was also an excellent housewife and manager, and the fame of the Laffray cheeses, which had existed for generations, by no means diminished in her hands. Year by year the farmer and his wife grew in wealth and prosperity. Only one thing was wanting to them. As time went on, no pattering feet, no fresh, childish voices, were heard echoing about the old farmhouse, and the neighbours, as they remarked on the fact, began to remember with dismay that among the wedding presents of Jean and Victoire no one had thought of providing them with the cradle, which is in peasant life considered an absolutely essential item of the new *ménage*. It was a most unfortunate omission, but unhappily now beyond remedy.

At length the old mother died, and Jean and Victoire were left to their dual solitude. The old farmhouse, with its big cavernous rooms, seemed more lonely to both husband and wife when they had no longer anyone in it to consider and look after but themselves, though in truth neither cared to talk very much to the other about a sorrow which lay near to the heart of each of them.

Jean would notice how Victoire shrank a little when other women were gossiping of the wonderful sayings and doings of their children. Victoire would sometimes stand with moist eyes watching her husband as he gathered some of the village children round him for a game of play, or marshalled them into military order and drilled them like a little regiment. But though the sorrow and the sense of something missing in their lives lay deep in the bosom of each, they did not murmur. They were happy in one another, and were contented to do with heartiness and goodwill the duties that seemed set before them.

One day, however, a sort of revelation came to Jean. It was a bitterly cold afternoon in the month of January, 1813; the Loire was covered with thick ice, the roads were hard like iron; even the sparrows under their warm feather coats were crowding round the tops of the chimneys to get a little warmth from the rising smoke. Jean was walking rapidly home after working for some hours in a vineyard which he possessed on the further side of the village; and as he walked he clapped his arms to his sides to keep them from getting numb. As he passed the schoolhouse, from which the children had not yet been released, he gave a look towards it, thinking how cold the poor little things would be when they set off home. He was surprised to see in the gathering gloom what appeared to be a black patch on the snow just in front of the schoolhouse door.

"What is this?" said he. "A naughty one turned out? It is cold enough to freeze him to death."

Approaching nearer, he soon discovered that the little crouching figure was black with more than an ordinary blackness—that it was, in fact, a little sweep, a Savoyard, one of the race by whom the whole industry of chimney-sweeping was at this time carried on throughout France, the luckless lads being for the most part kidnapped and forced into the employment in a most unjustifiable way.

Jean's heart was touched by the pitiful little figure with its dejected air and its bare feet thrust into *sabots* a mile too big for them.

"What is it, little one? What are you doing here?" he asked. "You don't want to go to school, do you?"

"Monsieur, I am waiting till the little gentlemen come out. They may perhaps have some broken bits of bread in their satchels which they will throw away."

"You are hungry, then?"

"Yes, monsieur; I have not had good luck to-day."

"How much do you generally earn a day?"

"That depends. For one chimney I earn twopence or twopence-halfpenny, but sometimes I am fortunate, and get several in the same house; and there are kind people who will give me a slice of bread-and-butter besides."

"And for this you climb from the bottom to the top of the chimney?"

"Why yes, monsieur, else I could not sweep it. Has monsieur a chimney to give me? I would do it very well."

"I am not sure just now. How old are you?"

"Nearly ten."

"And where do you come from?"

"From the country where the sun shines, monsieur. Oh, a long, long way off!" says the poor child. "But I am now on my way to Pithiviers. I am going through the Department, sweeping all the chimneys I can get to do."

At this moment the schoolhouse doors are flung open and a noisy vociferating crowd of youngsters pour out almost head-over-heels into the snow, with which they at once begin a breathless game of snowballing. One of the number, however, stops a second to open his satchel and throw a big crust of dry bread towards the little sweep, who takes it from the ground and begins gnawing it at once with evident relish.

"Is that all the supper you will get?" asks Jean, watching the lad.

"This half that I am eating is my dinner, monsieur, for I have eaten nothing before to-day. This other part," breaking it, "will keep for supper. It is good bread; not at all sour," says the boy.

"Where do you sleep?"

"This cold weather I generally get leave to go into some barn or shed. I dance, and sing one of the songs of my country, 'Rica Zanetta,' and that gets me a night's lodging."

"Poor little fellow! Come with me," says Laffray. "Let us see if we cannot do better for you than that—for one night at least."

The boy shambles along at his side, awe-struck, but delighted enough, until Jean turns into the gate which leads along a spotless red-tiled path to his own door. Here the Savoyard paused.

"Monsieur, I cannot go there," he says, looking down at his sooty clothes.

Jean takes the black little hands in his and gently leads him along. Then, pushing the boy into the open door, he calls to his wife, "Victoire, see what God has sent us."

Victoire, excellent housewife though she was, showed no kind of surprise or displeasure at her strange visitor. On the contrary, she made haste to offer him as warm a welcome as if he had been an ordinary guest.

The supper was at this moment being put upon the table—a comfortable little supper, such as the well-to-do peasantry are accustomed to in France. There was a good bowl of cabbage soup with jacketed potatoes and garlic sausage, and a loaf a yard long. This, with the addition of a glass of very thin sour wine, made for the little Savoyard such a feast as he had known only in dreams. It was, however, with difficulty that he could be persuaded to eat and drink in the presence of such superior beihgs as Jean and his wife; and he could not be prevailed upon to sit down until Madame Laffray had carefully spread a duster over her spotless wooden chair, and placed it at such a distance from the table as to ensure that no damage should be done to the tablecloth by his sooty garments.

After supper Madame Laffray, at a hint from her husband, made ready a bed for the little wanderer. To sleep between white sheets, and to rest his head on a snowy pillow, seemed almost too fearful a joy to the poor child, even after he had made an heroic effort towards cleanliness under the half-frozen pump.

"Madame," he said, looking aghast at the purity of the homespun linen—"madame, I dare not." But Victoire only laughed.

"Do not be afraid, my child. Rest and be thankful," she said. "Sheets were made to be used, and to be washed. There is plenty of soap in the house."

The next morning, when little Pierre Chalet bade his kind entertainers farewell, before again setting out on his wanderings, Jean said to him, "Remember, little one, whenever you are this way again, you will always find a knife and fork ready for you, and a bed besides. Do not hesitate to come;" while Victoire put into his hands a big hunch of bread, with a slice of garlic sausage neatly sandwiched between the crusts. "Eat that as you go along," she said; "that is, if you don't get a better dinner."

All that day Jean was very thoughtful, as though he had something on his mind. The thought of the little sweep dwelt heavily upon him. "The life of a child," he said to himself, "ought surely to be gay and free from care." It hurt him to think of this poor infant absorbed day after day in the stern struggle of keeping body and soul together. Jean himself, as a soldier, had known what hardship and suffering were; he had known what it was to be desperately hungry, to be desperately weary, to be footsore, and sick at heart. But he at least had been a man, with a man's strength and energy to sustain him. This poor little starveling was, on the contrary, only a baby, a creature who should be still in some happy home, playing with its toys, as his child would have been had he had one. And following on this train of thought it occurred to him that if he and Victoire had been blessed with a son he might have been by this time just about the age of the little wandering Savoyard. This consideration urged him to still keener pity for the lonely boy.

"Well, at any rate," said Jean, "he will never again pass my house supperless."

But at the same moment he asked himself how many times might he not before then have passed it hopeless and helpless, not knowing, like the Master of old, where to lay his head. And he, alas! was not the only one.

From that time Jean Laffray's brain was haunted continually by a long procession of hungry, sick, and suffering fellow-creatures, who passed by him in appealing dumb show, and against whom he kept resolutely buttoning up his pockets, hugging his comfortable coat round him as a sort of mockery to their ragged forlornness, shutting his eyes to their miseries and his ears to a voice which whispered perpetually to his conscience, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not to Me."

For days together this vision haunted him. All the miserable objects he had ever seen, all the maimed or blind beggars who had ever passed through the village of Boule, were gathered in this dismal company. They filled the shadowy corners of the vast old farmhouse with their maimed and attenuated forms. They peeped up at him with gaunt eyes between his rows of cabbages or between the tendrils of his vines; they chased away all appetite; at night they kept him tossing and restless upon his pillow.

His wife became quite anxious on his account.

"What is it, my man?" she asked one evening as he sat before the well-furnished supper-table, and seemed unable to swallow a morsel of the good food provided. "What is it? I thought you would enjoy this *salmi*, it is your favourite dish. Sausage did you say?" as Jean muttered something in the way of excuse. "Oh, I am grieved! But as you did not seem to care for it last night I gave away all that I had to a poor old woman who passed by this morning. I am sorry if you would have liked it."

"You did quite right, dear wife," said her husband, turning to his supper with a little more relish than he had shown for days past. "You are a good woman, my Victoire."

Presently he went on: "It has lately occurred to me more than once since the little Savoyard was here that perhaps *le bon Dieu* did not give us children of our own because He wanted to leave our hearts empty and large, like our old house here.

that we might be the father and the mother of His poor, and make them a home with us."

"Do you think so, husband?" asks Victoire. "Is that what you have been so very quiet and thoughtful about these days past?"

"It is," said Jean. "It seems to me as if God had been telling me to do something."

"Then why, my dear husband, do you not do it?" asks Victoire promptly.

"If I were to open my house to the poor, Victoire, you would not mind the trouble?" asks Jean.

"Do I mind trouble?" laughs Victoire. "I am young and strong. If God had blessed me with a dozen children, should I have thought them a trouble? If He is now going to send me some of His poor to look after, will they not be to me as my children?"

"You are a brave woman. You have a good heart," cries Jean, delighted.

"As for that," says Victoire, "your heart and mine were joined together long ago, so that what is in one must be in the other."

Jean rose from the table, took his wife's face between his hands and kissed it; then went back to his supper with an appetite which comes from a heart at ease.

From that time the big cavernous rooms of the old farmhouse were not wanting in echoes, and the shadowy forms which had afflicted Jean's brain disappeared, since their place was filled with the actual bodies of the poor and suffering. Jean and Victoire made it their business to keep open house for the benefit of all poor and needy travellers whom chance brought to their doors. A long table was set out in the big kitchen, dormitories were arranged, and to every needy wayfarer who could show that he or she had an honest claim upon honest people a warm welcome was given. They all received food and shelter, with something slipped into the hand at parting, to help on with the next day's march. Here, as time went on, were to be found seated round the hospitable board mechanics and labourers in search of work, farm servants out of place, vine-dressers and shepherds, young girls making their way from their village homes to seek better employment in the larger towns, soldiers on furlough, travellers of all sorts whose hearts were stouter than their shoe leather, and of course a goodly sprinkling of blind, crippled, aged, and infirm persons, besides little children and women with babies at their breasts. These were all received, not with any high-handed airs of patronage, not as indigent pensioners being relieved by charity, but simply as friends. The long table was spread, the viands were served by Victoire herself. The master and mistress of the house sat with their guests, attended to their wants, and ate with them.

It seemed as though Jean, old soldier as he was, had heard in the far-distant lands through which he had travelled some legend of the good knights hospitallers of former times, who, when their own fighting days were over, devoted themselves to the task of succouring and speeding on their way poor wandering pilgrims who passed by their doors, washing their feet and binding up their wounds with their own hands. Jean and Victoire in their own persons repeated this phase of the old chivalric life, and did it in the simplest spirit imaginable, without apparently having an idea that they were thus rising to any specially heroic ideal, or that they were doing anything for which the world would praise or admire them. But the moral influence which their unselfish life exerted upon those with whom they were brought in contact was not small. And, without effort, as it seemed—and certainly without any constraint—the somewhat heterogeneous company whom they gathered about them was kept in the most perfect order and harmony. All was decency, homeliness, and cheerfulness. Not a word was ever spoken which had better have been left unsaid; not an instance of theft or misconduct ever occurred amongst the vast numbers who from time to time made up the Laffray household.

Eager, indeed, as Jean and Victoire were in their work of benevolence, it was somewhat strange that they were not more imposed upon by unscrupulous persons. But, with the shrewdness and good sense which is characteristic of the French peasant, they did not allow their enthusiasm to blind their judgment, and were as severe towards those whom they recognised as impostors as they were generous in their treatment of the really deserving. The whine of the professional beggar made no impression upon them. To these, if any such attempted to gain admittance to the house, Jean had but one answer—"My friend, I do not think your case is suitable for me. A little further on, at Beaugency, you will find a police-station, where people of your sort can always get a night's lodging free of expense."

This method seldom failed in its desired effect of relieving Jean and his wife of an undesirable guest. Indeed, after a time, so well did the character of the house become known that very few vagrants of doubtful reputation ventured to approach it, since, by the sort of freemasonry which exists among these gentlemen of the road, it was thoroughly well understood that, in Farmer Laffray's own words, "their cases would not suit."

As year after year went by, however, the family which Jean and Victoire had thus gathered about them increased more and more, and sometimes, as it seemed, threatened to eat them out of house and home.

Naturally a good many comments—not of the most amiable kind—were made upon their proceedings by some of their neighbours who were not given to charitable actions.

"You must simply be squandering every penny you have on these vagabonds," said Farmer Bourgrin, whose land joined Laffray's. "One of these days a bad season will come, and then where will you be, I should like to know?"

"Ah," returned Jean, stroking his chin thoughtfully when these or such like matters were put before him, "that is true; where indeed? But it all comes of having such an extravagant wife. If she

will be always entertaining, what is one to do? And she gets worse and worse, believe me. She used to be a careful housekeeper, but now there is no saying the lengths to which she will not go."

In revenge for these accusations Victoire would retort upon her husband. "It is abominable that when I want a few coppers to give away to some poor pensioner of mine I always find the money-box next to empty! Money seems to melt away the moment you look at it!" she would say.

At last they found it necessary to establish the rule that their benevolence should be limited to food and a night's lodging.

"It is true," said Jean. "We must not be weak—we must not beggar ourselves. If I were to die you would have nothing. We are no longer so young as we were. I must think of that."

"You are quite right," returns his wife; "only of course there are exceptions now and then."

"Nonsense!" says Jean. "If one makes rules, one must keep to them, I suppose."

"Certainly," assents Victoire, "*if* one makes them."

A few days after this Jean, going to the wardrobe where his clothes were kept, misses a vest, a pair of trousers, and a couple of shirts.

"What is this?" he asks his wife. "Has any thief been at my things?"

"Thief, indeed!" retorts Victoire. "That is a pretty word to use to me! Do you think I was going to let that poor old blind man leave our gate all in rags yesterday? No! If you are so mean as to refuse me money, you cannot for very shame take the key of your wardrobe from me!"

But Jean has his revenge. His wife actually finds him at the door of the house one day wrapping up a poor consumptive girl in her best Sunday shawl—his own birthday present to her.

"What next," she cries, "will you venture to lay your hands upon?"

"My dear," he says apologetically, "the colour of that shawl never suited your complexion. By your next birthday I promise you, if there is any money in the box, I will buy you a much better one."

It is shortly after this that a somewhat serious quarrel occurs between the pair. A youth in whose story Victoire has been much interested is leaving the house, where the good woman has sat up half the night to wash and mend his clothes. His young sister has run away from home, driven thence by the harsh treatment of their stepfather. She is believed to have gone to Paris, and the lad is following her on foot to protect, and perhaps to save, her. Here is a case in which Victoire feels that money is needed. She argues with her husband that loss of time may mean complete failure. A few days' delay may lose all trace of the young girl.

"We must find him the money to take him to Paris," she says.

"Nonsense!" says her husband. "We have made our rules; and, besides, that would take a great deal."

"A fig for rules when there is a great occasion!"

"We have not got the money to spare."

"How can you say that, when I saw yesterday a gold twenty-franc piece in the box?"

"That piece—I put it there two days ago after selling the cheese—is to buy you a new shawl in place of the one I took."

"I do not want the shawl; let the lad have the money."

"That would not be at all fair. You have a right to your shawl, my dear."

"I should detest it if I felt it was bought with money which might have been the saving of that young girl."

"I cannot consent to your robbing yourself," argues the husband.

"Then I won't ask your consent," returns the wife. "I shall simply give the lad the money—as a loan, if you like. When he brings it back you can buy me a shawl with it."

"You will never see it again," says Jean.

"Very well. Then I will wear my cloak," retorts Victoire. "You always thought I looked very well in that until I had the shawl. Don't talk any more about it; it is all settled."

Jean grumbles a little about "wilful women" as his wife puts the gold piece into the youth's hand, explaining that so large a sum can only be granted as a loan.

To this condition the lad gratefully assents, and he at once sets off to walk to the nearest village on the high road to Paris, where he may secure a place in "the boot" of a passing diligence.

Victoire and Jean, now completely reconciled, see him depart with many expressions of kindly goodwill; but Jean, as they turn back to the house, cannot resist a parting shaft at his wife.

"There goes the hope of your Sunday shawl, my dear!"

"Not at all. You wait a bit, and my shawl will come back all right, never fear."

Jean laughs, and the "Sunday shawl" becomes rather a standing joke with him, and with his wife also.

"When you get your shawl we will do so-and-so," he says often enough, and "Yes, when I get my shawl we will," she returns, with as good-humoured a smile as his.

In truth, the joke is a very harmless one, for each believes that the money will be repaid sooner or later. It is not forthcoming, however, and as time goes on the joke gradually wears itself out. But three years later, one morning about Christmas-time, the postman arrives at the farmhouse with a sealed and registered letter, which he delivers to Madame Laffray with all the importance which it seems to demand. Victoire, who is not famous as a penwoman, calls her husband to sign the required receipt, and there is a moment of breathless excitement when the cover is torn asunder. But the excitement is caused rather by the desire of learning what news the letter may contain than by any special elation with regard to the money it contains.

"What has become of the young girl?" asks Victoire, as her husband puzzles himself over the crabbed handwriting.

"'My sister is doing very well. She is now in a good situation, and joins with me—'"

"Ah," interrupts Victoire, "I always had a conviction that the lad was a good lad—that we were not mistaken in helping him."

"And now," says Jean, when he has at last mastered the contents of the letter—"now at last there is your Sunday shawl come back to you."

"Bah!" returns Victoire, fingering the twenty-franc note; "for that matter, I have got so used to the fit of my old cloak now that I really should only be put out by having to wear a shawl; and if this bit of paper is really worth as much as you say, you may keep it, and welcome, for one or other of your poor *protégés* who want clothing more than I do."

Indeed, as time went on the desire of sharing all that they had with their poorer brethren and sisters became almost a mania with these two good people, and their whole time was passed in devising how they could strip themselves in order to have more to bestow upon others.

Nor did they content themselves with spreading a table and opening their house for the relief and comfort of the passing poor. In various cases they exerted themselves to obtain permanent employment or help for those needy or suffering people who were thus brought under their notice. For the little Savoyard, Pierre Chalet, they had a special affection as being the first who had suggested to them the notion of what they felt to be the higher life. Every year, as he passed through their neighbourhood, he received a warm welcome at the farm, and eventually Jean put him into the way of a better and less repulsive mode of life by furnishing him with all the stock-in-trade of a pedlar, from which small beginning Pierre managed to make a very good living, honestly repaying to his kind patrons every penny advanced to him by them.

Another case in which they interested themselves effectually was that of a child left orphaned and unprovided for. By dint of great exertions Jean managed to get him received at the Orphanage at Orleans after various interviews with the head of that institution, but only on condition of himself providing the 200 francs with which each child was required to be endowed.

These are only specimens of the burning and active charity which was the inspiration of Jean's life.

In the year 1846 a terrible grief came to Jean in the death of his excellent warm-hearted wife. To him the loss of this devoted companion, the sharer of all his benevolent schemes, the abettor of all his unworldly eccentricities, his constant and sympathising friend, was a cruel blow, all the harder because it came upon him so suddenly. Victoire had, in truth, been for some years suffering from a disease which she knew would be fatal; but with the rare unselfishness which characterised her whole life she had concealed this fact from her husband until a few weeks before her death, when concealment became impossible.

Jean Laffray mourned most sincerely for his wife, but he did not allow his grief to interfere with the work which he felt to be his mission. On the contrary, now that he was alone, with none to help him and none to depend upon him, he felt bound to exert himself still more in charitable work; he felt less compunction in expending every franc in his money-box upon those whom he believed God had given him to care for. He worked incessantly on his farm and in his house. His table was always laid, and plentifully furnished, and the beds in his dormitories were always ready and waiting for such guests as poverty, hunger, or cold might drive to his door. On winter evenings a bright fire was always burning on the hearth; the door was always set wide open as an invitation; nay, more, Jean would not always be contented with thus throwing open his house to any who might choose to avail themselves of his hospitality. He would himself go out into the highways and hedges and compel any wanderers he could find to come in. More than once he might have been seen toiling up the hill, upon the crest of which his house stood, with some poor wayworn or aged traveller borne upon his back, or with a couple of children, one on each of his shoulders. He would stand sometimes beside his own gate watching anxiously for arrivals; and when the close of day left him, as it occasionally did, without anyone upon whom his kindness could expend itself, he would turn into his desolate house with a sigh, and the pious hope that "to-morrow would bring better luck."

Through the course of a long life Jean Laffray thus indulged himself in the luxury of doing good to others; and the number of poor persons whom his charity thus aided, clothed, fed, and helped over at least one stony mile of the road of life it is impossible to compute.

In the year 1864 the French Academy, recognising the public value of the work thus so systematically but modestly carried on, awarded one of its prizes of virtue to the farmer of Baule, the gift fittingly marking the jubilee year of Jean Laffray's career as a modern Knight Hospitaller.

L. G. SÉGUIN.

# THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

## THE KING OF ITALY.



THE KING OF ITALY.

[*From a Photograph by Vianelli.*

THERE have probably been few monarchs whose death has called forth such spontaneous demonstrations of real loyal affection, or who have been sorrowed for so sincerely by all their subjects, as Victor Emmanuel, the first King of Liberated Italy. It was not merely that in him the young kingdom lost the chivalrous sovereign who had learnt to make himself and his people loved and respected throughout the whole European continent; with him perished also the visible embodiment of the making of their beloved land, of the expulsion of the justly-detested *straniero* (stranger). With his demise the romance of the nation's youth, so to speak, came to an end; with him expired the era of enthusiasm, of ebullition, of creation. It now behoved the nation to set in order the house it had so nobly reconquered as its own. It became needful to justify before the other peoples the Italian claim that she would and could act for herself (*farà da se*). An era of prose, of hard, strenuous work, of self-abnegation, must follow on lyric enthusiasm and the flash and glitter of patriotic war. It was a task no less difficult than that conducted to so glorious an issue by Victor Emmanuel which awaited his son and successor; and of its full gravity he was doubtless aware when, in those early days of January, 1878, Umberto (late Prince of Piedmont, now second King of Italy), issued his brief but heartfelt proclamation to his new subjects. He told them how he should be mindful of the grand example his father had set him of devotion to Italy, love of progress, and faith in Liberal institutions—a faith that has ever been the pride of the ancient knightly House of Savoy, from which the Italian kings spring. "My sole ambition," he concluded, "will be to deserve the love of my people." And when, some days after, the people assembled beneath the balconies of the Quirinal and hailed him King with great enthusiasm, while the news of similar demonstrations reached him from all the provinces, Umberto, deeply moved, embraced the Prince of Naples, saying, "My son, I swear to you to live in such wise that at my death you may be proclaimed King with similar devotion."

And it is beyond dispute that Umberto has

maintained the promise made in that solemn moment. Umberto is beloved of his people, and if not popular in the same manner as his father, there is no difference in degree. He has proved himself no unworthy descendant of the proud House of Savoy, whence he has sprung.

Umberto I, second King of Italy, was born at Turin, March 14th, 1844, on the anniversary of the day that had given birth to his father, Victor Emmanuel. His mother was Maria Adelaide, daughter of Archduke Ranieri, then Viceroy of Lombardy and Venice. Thus in the veins of Italy's King runs some of the hated Austrian blood—the blood of that cruel oppressor of Italian soil of whom, happily, all vestige has vanished from the fair peninsula. The Princess was a very sweet and charming woman, and an excellent wife and mother, who watched with tender care over the education of her children, being herself their teacher, ever present at their studies, their recreations, their meals. In educating them she followed the principles of the House of Savoy, which requires its sons to be robust and courageous. Ancestry-worship is a family characteristic of the Sabaud family, and its children have always been nourished upon the traditions of its ancestral heroes, and taught that they ought to endeavour to resemble them to the best of their ability. Their family motto runs, "Fear and Savoy have never met."

Early in 1855, when Umberto was but eleven years old, he and his brothers and sisters were deprived of a gentle guiding hand. Queen Adelaide was carried off by an early death, leaving behind her a void that was never filled. Her children were now left to the exclusive care of their father and of strangers. Both did their duty, but the strangers were always strangers, and the father was in the very thick and hurry of the liberation of the peninsula, and could not look after his children. But they saw enough of him to become imbued with his ardour, his honourable ambition, his devotion to his native land; and the great historic events that rapidly succeeded each other in those years could not fail to leave their impress upon their young and ardent minds. While Umberto and his beloved brother Amedeo prosecuted their literary and scientific studies, they longed for the hour to strike when they too could consecrate their youthful fire and love of country to their country's cause. They had early been inspired by their father with enthusiasm for Italy's liberation, and as mere lads he had initiated them into military and political life.

In 1859, while still but a boy, Umberto was to be found beside his father on those battlefields which decided the future fate of Italy. He was also sent very little later on political missions of the greatest consequence. It was he who took a leading part in the reorganisation of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and July, 1862, saw him in Naples and Palermo, amid a population celebrating with *fêtes* and joy their reconquered liberty. A little before the outbreak of the war with Austria the Prince of Piedmont went to Paris to sound the French Government as to its sentiments concerning the alliance, then actually concluded, between Italy and Prussia. Action soon followed upon negotiations.

The moment came in 1866, when, on one June day at dawn, the Italian army put itself in motion, and the first shots were exchanged at two extreme points at the same moment—that is, before Villafranca, between the division led by Prince Umberto and the Austrian cavalry regiment led by General Pubz; and under Peschiera at Monte Croce, where fought also Prince Amedeo, and where he received not only his baptism of fire but also his first wound. From this time forward Umberto was always in the field with his troops when occasion required; and occasion required it right often in those stirring times. And one of his first acts—to his honour be it told—was to declare that he renounced his stipend as a general, not desiring, he said, to add a further burden to the budget of his heavily burdened country. At Custozza, Nino Bixio was only just in time to save him from inevitable danger, so fearlessly had he exposed himself to the enemy.

"I shall never forgive you for not letting me manage this affair alone," was the first impetuous answer given by the Prince, after the general had pointed out to him the risk he had run.

It was not till he was twenty-four that a bride was chosen for Umberto. Heirs-apparent are not usually allowed to remain unwedded so long, but it so happened that death had carried off the wife destined for him, a young Hapsburg Archduchess. In 1868, however, Victor Emmanuel grew uneasy at this single state of his heir, whose younger brother was already provided with a wife. He one day told his Prime Minister, General Menabrea, that he absolutely must find a wife for Umberto. To this peremptory command the soldier quietly remarked that she was already found; there was wanting only the will of his Majesty and the consent of the Prince. The lady on whom the general had fixed was the Princess Margherita, daughter of the Duke of Genoa, the brave brother of Victor Emmanuel, whom consumption had too early borne away from his family and fatherland. She had been carefully educated, according to her father's dying instructions, *in patria*, for he had a great faith in early impressions, and wished his children to love their country as he and his brother did. She was at the time a lovely girl of eighteen, delicately fair, with eyes of a deeper blue than usually accompanies a blonde complexion, and a smile of bewitching sweetness. Indeed, Margherita's smile has become famous. It is always ready in answer to the loyal and affectionate feelings of her people, and goes straight to the hearts of the Italians, to whom she has endeared herself in an extraordinary degree. When Victor Emmanuel first heard this suggestion he was surprised. He had never thought of his niece in this light. He asked the general to tell him something about the qualities of the Princess, and what had suggested the idea to him. Menabrea then related to him a number of anecdotes illustrating the

Princess's noble disposition, strength of character, and delicacy of feeling, and enlarged on the advantage of securing this charming daughter of Savoy to the Italian nation before she was carried off by the Prince of Roumania, who was about to offer her his hand. All he heard greatly pleased the King, and, striking the table with his fist, as he often did when excited, he exclaimed, "Bravo! From all you have related I recognise in her the Savoy blood. Now that you have told me so many nice things about my niece I will go and assure myself of it personally."

No sooner said than done; he set out for Turin at once, and arrived unexpectedly at the palace of the Duchess of Genoa. His conversation with the Princess satisfied him that her charms had not been overrated. The marriage was therefore arranged, and was celebrated in April, 1868, at Turin, with great pomp, in presence of the whole royal family. An unpleasant incident, however, marred the harmony of the proceeding. The officiating priest, the Bishop of Savona, referred in his address to the wound the bridegroom had received in his first action in the field. It was Amedeo who had been wounded, not Umberto, and the latter looked deeply mortified, as he had to allow this allusion and the unctuous laudation with which it was accompanied to pass unrefuted over his head.

It was during one of the balls held in honour of these nuptials that the late Emperor Frederick of Germany showed his sentimental adoration for Queen Margherita. A piece of her dress being torn and annoying her as she danced, the Prince drew from his pocket a "housewife," extracted a pair of scissors, cut off the offending bit, pinned up the rent, and finally carried off the rag as a trophy. As is known, he loved Italy sincerely, and never lost an opportunity of going there and visiting his good friends Margherita and Umberto. To one of his own daughters the Queen of Italy stood godmother, and she bears her name.

At the time of his marriage the Prince of Piedmont can scarcely be said to have been popular. For one thing he was overshadowed by his father's great popularity and that parent's *bonhomie* and generally pleasant ways, of which he did not possess a trace. Moreover, the Prince was as yet untried in public life, and had still to gain a title to the gratitude and forbearance of the nation. His manners were not conciliatory. Being of a reserved and undemonstrative nature, he had no aptitude for exchanging the small attentions which the Italians call *moine*, and which go a long way in winning their affections. Consequently, he was popular only so far as that he was his father's son and a Savoy Prince, and that he had proved himself a true soldier in the campaign of 1866. But this was enough to call forth great rejoicings on the occasion of his marriage, and to sustain the hope that when the time came to act he would prove himself a worthy successor of the great founder of Italian independence. That hope has been justified. Umberto has shown himself a man of excellent sense, tact, and good feeling; and he has gradually and quietly grown into the heart of the nation, where he now reigns supreme.

Victor Emmanuel was very fond of his heir. "I know Umberto," he said once; "he is an excellent youth; he has good sense and a good heart. He will do well." One of his Ministers relates the following anecdote. Returning from Milan, where he had an interview with the Prince, he repeated the conversation to the King in all its particulars, even to some expressions of affection which the young man had used in speaking of his father. The King listened with pleased attention. Just then a letter was handed to him, which proved to be from his son. When he had read, he turned to the Minister with visible emotion, and said: "You are right. I wish you to read this letter; you will see how Umberto writes to me. In my family no one knows how to feign, much less when he is twenty years old. You are right in what you tell me."

Subsequent events have proved how unfeigned, how profound, was Umberto's affection for his father, and it is satisfactory to know that they understood one another.

On the occasion of the Crown Prince's marriage Victor Emmanuel instituted the order of the Corona d'Italia, which is accorded for merit of any kind. After making a triumphal tour through the chief Italian cities—excluding, of course, Rome—the bride and bridegroom settled down to live quietly at Turin. A year and a half later, at a time when Victor Emmanuel's life hung on a thread, was born to them their heir and only child, also named Victor Emmanuel, after his grandfather, to whom was accorded the title of Prince of Naples, from the place of his birth.

When Rome became Italian, the Prince and Princess of Piedmont also moved thither to live in the Quirinal, and it was then that the young Princess gradually so conquered her father-in-law's good graces that she acquired great influence over him, causing him to conform a little more than he was wont to do to the conventionalities and usages of society. It was a difficult position the Princess was called on to fill. Countess Mirafiore, Victor Emmanuel's morganatic wife, claimed to rule the house and take her place in society as his wife. As a woman not only not of royal birth, but entirely of the people, this was clearly out of the question; nor could such an insult be put upon the proud old Roman nobility. These, on the other hand, demanded that their King should hold some sort of Court, and a Court without a woman to preside over it is an impossibility. Victor Emmanuel himself was wont to quote the words of Henry of Navarre—"A Court without a Queen is like a springtime without flowers." But it was not till after Victor Emmanuel's death that Margherita took her full place at the Court, and part of the enthusiasm felt by the Italian people for their Queen may be traced to the fact that she is the first Queen their land has known, and it is beyond question that her grace, her beauty, make her fill the post with a charm that captivates all beholders.

One of Umberto's first acts on ascending the

throne earned for him well-merited praise. As is well known, Victor Emmanuel was most extravagant, not so much in the gratification of his private tastes, as because his charities, his open-handedness, knew no bounds. It was found on his death that his debts were very considerable, and it was proposed in Parliament, in the first enthusiasm after his loss, that the State should pay these. To this, however, Umberto opposed a firm negative, declaring that his father's debts were his, and that he should undertake the liquidation. And instantly he set about reducing all needless expenditure in the various palaces, selling a number of superfluous horses and restricting outlays in every manner possible; and this, helped by an able major-domo, he carried through so successfully that not only has he paid his father's debts and pensioned his father's numerous dependents, but he has always a good sum in hand on which he can draw to subscribe towards any national charity or disaster, or to encourage art and science, whenever it lies in his power.

The only person given to extravagance at the present Court is perhaps the Queen, who shares with her countrywomen an inordinate love of dress—a matter in which she unfortunately sets her subjects a bad example, encouraging them yet further to dress beyond their means. For Queen Margherita gives the tone in these matters to Italian society, and it is to be deplored that her influence is not exerted in the direction of greater simplicity, as well as of intellectual enlightenment. But Queen Margherita is a Catholic, and a daughter of the House of Savoy—ever noted for clerical leanings—and she cannot reconcile herself to the feud that exists between the monarchy and the church. She has at various times attempted conciliations which have drawn down on her some reproach, and have caused her to lose in some quarters a little of her high favour. But not even the most extreme Republican newspaper has ever recounted any tale that could cast a doubt on the Queen's honour. Beyond a question, Margherita of Savoy has a high conception of her duties as Queen, wife, and mother; and, above all, she, like her husband, has close at heart the glory, the good repute, of that ancient House of Savoy to which they both belong, and which they feel (and rightly) has been ennobled yet more by the aggrandisement of Italy, by all that Italy has suffered, won, and done under its banner.

It was a great shock to both sovereigns when, a year after his accession, an attempt was made on the King's life, while making his solemn entry into Naples, by a cook called Passanante. He was driving in an open carriage with the Queen and Benedetto Cairoli, then Prime Minister. The latter, sitting opposite, and seeing the attack, managed so skilfully that the stroke glanced away from the monarch and wounded him instead. The indignation of the whole nation proved how much beloved Umberto had already made himself during his brief tenure of office; and the receptions the royal couple met with after, both in Rome and Naples, were the more remarkable as at that moment the anarchist international movement was specially rife in Italy. Indeed, this dastardly attack did much to quench it. As for the culprit, after long discussions as to his mental state he was condemned to death, but the clemency of King Umberto changed this verdict into hard labour for life, a clemency that was the more noted at the time, as almost contemporaneously, for a similar attempt, Moncasi had been executed at Madrid. Passanante has since been transferred from his prison to a lunatic asylum.

The Passanante incident had unfortunately rather a sad epilogue. The Queen, who at the time was in weak health, caused greatly by mental trouble, was so unnerved by the event that she fell into a state of nervous prostration which lasted some months, and seriously alarmed the Court. She saw an evil augury in the act, and kept repeating constantly, "The poetry of the House of Savoy is ended." Happily time restored her to health, but for many years she was not strong.

As a ruler Umberto has every year given more satisfaction to his people as he has gained in insight and judgment. His father, founder of the Italian monarchy, had chosen his Ministers from out the Moderate party until two years before his death, when he gave the government into the hands of the Left. The Moderate party had for their opponents Garibaldi and Mazzini, who had immense influence over the masses. Victor Emmanuel, as is well known, found himself several times at odds with Garibaldi, whose impetuous nature and unphilosophical brain could not comprehend the requirements of diplomacy. He had even seen himself obliged to arrest and imprison him after the illegal attempts of Aspromonte and Mentana. As for Mazzini, he was kept out of Italy during the whole reign of King Victor Emmanuel under penalty of death, although on several occasions the King and the republican patriot exchanged letters, and sometimes even acted in concert. For these reasons Victor Emmanuel, notwithstanding his great prestige, could sometimes hear himself hissed by the crowd. This has never happened to his son Umberto, who having always ruled with the Left and the Radicals, in conformity with the wishes of the Chamber, has provoked at times the quiet murmurs of the Conservatives, but has always had the acclamations of the multitude. He may boast of being the only man generally respected in Italy. In studying the acts of his life, one sees in him a king who would have the noble ambition to do doughty deeds like his father, and who has the same loyalty towards the Constitution of his land. He is a man who, in circumstances demanding heroism, would be a hero, and be so without artifice or claptrap, simply, naturally, because his nature is heroic. In fact, his character might be summed up in the word "Courage!" Not even among his ancestors were there any more dominated by their family motto, "Avanti Savoia." When during the cholera epidemic he fearlessly visited the worst cases, the dirtiest slums, he was amazed extremely to find his conduct praised. Again and again he repeated, almost impatiently, "I have done nothing but my duty."

In any disaster the King is the first on the spot, inspiring by his example and his intrepidity. It may almost be said of him that he has been born too late. Our century does not lend itself to heroic deeds; it asks other qualities from its sovereigns. Italy is a poor country, impoverished also by the crises it has had to pass through in order to effect its unity. It has, besides, many provinces which civilisation has hardly reached, and where education is but commencing its labours. Such a land has need of rest, of quiet work, of wise and prudent administrators; has need of statesmen of superior intelligence and acumen. Now as regards intelligence, King Umberto cannot be put at a high level. Louis Philippe used to say, "All tell me I ought to do my duty; but the difficulty does not exist in doing my duty, but in knowing what is this duty." Like his *confrère*, Umberto is most sincerely anxious to do his duty, but he is continually tormented by uncertainty. He solves a situation by following closely the opinion expressed in the passing votes of the Chamber, and in accordance with the solicitations of his Ministers, who are naturally more inclined to favour the temporary interests of their own party than the permanent interests of the State.

It is said that the King is always enthusiastic about the Prime Minister in office; he was so for Cairoli, for Depretis; he is so for Crispi. The persons who approach him for the first time are struck with his language, for he bursts out with the most astonishingly free judgments on what is happening in national and international politics. But this frankness of speech, most undiplomatic and unroyal, covers the timidity of a man who is not very sure of his own judgments. One of the King's indubitable merits is to know how to deal with the masses, and how always on such occasions to find the right word to say, a word that goes straight to the heart of his warm-natured Italian subjects, and which causes the noblest chords of patriotism to vibrate. And this comes about because he himself is a man of heart, a sincere patriot, and because the glories and sorrows of the Italian nation for the past forty years are also the glories and the sorrows of his family. Like his forbears, he has no political philosophy, no book-learning; but this want is compensated for by a straightness of vision and a rare good sense. A Savoyard, a Piedmontese, he hates phrases and empty speech, and exaggerated inflated talk. He must often suffer, no doubt, under the wordy exuberance of his Neapolitan subjects, who love him nevertheless, and whom he loves in return.

As a boy, Umberto was extremely thin—as the princes of his house are wont to be—and as a young man he was delicate. He modelled his manners on those of his father, but he had not his father's robust fibre, which allowed him to carry both pleasure and work to excess. In the course of years he has grown stouter and stronger, but he has aged prematurely. At one time he smoked to excess; but one day, his doctors having prescribed abstention from tobacco, he completely renounced the habit. It is recounted that when the advice was given that he should give up smoking for a time, he answered, "On my kingly honour I will never smoke again." And he has kept his word. Without leading the mountaineer's life affected by his father, his greatest pleasure consists in passing whole weeks under canvas in the mountains of the valley of Aosta, stalking the chamois, eating the same hard fare as the peasants. Like Victor Emmanuel, Umberto loves an open-air life and exercises that fatigue the body. He rises at early dawn, and defies all weathers with indifference. Even when dressed in civilian costume he does not hesitate to allow a heavy downpour to wet him to the skin rather than put up an umbrella, nor does he shrink from standing for hours, if need be, under the scorching rays of the sun on the occasion of some popular *fête*, mocking at those who seek shade and shelter. This carelessness to excesses of weather is one of the characteristics of the royal house of Italy. He can in no sense be called an aristocratic monarch; indeed, a democratic king would be the title that describes him best, were this epithet not almost a contradiction in terms.

Of the beauty of Queen Margherita all the world has heard. Without having perfect features, she has been and still is beautiful, thanks to the delicacy of her complexion, the grace of her outlines, the sweetness of her expression. Early in life she, too, was very delicate, and so thin as to be almost transparent; but in the course of years she has grown stouter, and now may be said to be too stout for beauty. Her German mother was careful to give the daughter a thorough education, superior to that enjoyed in those days by Italian women. Queen Margherita knows both German and Italian literature well, is fond of music, and sings herself with taste and feeling. She has a pronounced affection for the German school of melody, but she also appreciates the Italian. She is fond of the society of men of thought and letters, and at her intimate evening teas may be met some of the leading men of the land, who drop in to chat away an hour without ceremony. Indeed, the absence of ceremony, destructive to all reasonable intercourse, is a distinctive and charming feature of the Italian Court life.

Among those whom the Queen loved to receive was the late Minister Minghetti, a simple gentlemanly burgher, who was well versed in questions of art and letters. Another of her well-liked *habitués* is Bonghi, the statesman and man of letters; also Professor Villari, senator and historian. She has even known how to gain over to her Italy's greatest living poet, Giosuè Carducci, who began life as a violent republican and hater of royalty. To the amazement of all his friends, Carducci one day published an ode written to the Queen, one of his most beautiful, too, in which he expressed sentiments of loyalty and admiration which no courtier could have surpassed. This act made the poet lose much ground with his republican friends, but he did not therefore diminish his *cultus* for the Queen, who often sees him and discourses with him on literary themes. Recently, on

the occasion of the inauguration of a new scheme of municipal elections throughout the kingdom, Carducci happened to find himself for some days head of the Bologna municipality. His first act was to send a telegram to the Queen in the name of this municipality.

Indeed, a sentimental *cultus* for the Queen, their first Queen, is widespread among the Italians, and her name, Margherita (Daisy), is symbolised in many ways, and the daisy emblem occurs in every form of festive decoration. Her own favourite emblem is the pearl, of which she wears strings upon strings around her neck, so



THE QUEEN OF ITALY.

[*From a Photograph by Vianelli.*

that by her rows of pearls the Queen can always be recognised if by no other sign. And every year this row of pearls grows richer, for the King, who shares the Queen's half barbarian love of precious stones, adds annually a string to the precious necklet, until it now descends far below her waist, and has really lost some of its elegant and decorative character. Malicious tongues whisper that the Queen so clings to this adornment because it hides a tendency to *goître* with which she is afflicted, in common with many Savoyards.

A very cordial friendship exists between King and Queen; and the former relies much on his wife's judgment, which is frequently clear and sound. Some pretty anecdotes are told of their domestic life. Thus the Queen was anxious that her husband should follow the example of his father, and the fashion common among elderly Piedmontese officers, and dye his hair, which has become quite white. Her pleadings were in vain. Umberto's is an honest nature, that does not love these subterfuges. Seeing petition was in vain, the Queen had recourse to stratagem. She caused a quantity of fine hair-dye to be sent from Paris and put in the King's dressing-room, together with directions for its use, making, however, no allusion to the subject. The King, too, said nothing, though he could not fail to see the pigments. Now the Queen has a large white poodle of which she is very fond. What was her horror, a few days later, to see her pet come running into her room with his snowy locks of the deepest black hue. King Umberto had expended the dyes upon changing the colour of the poodle's hair! From that day forth the subject of hair-dyeing was dropped between the royal couple. On yet another occasion the husband gave the wife one of those quiet rebuffs into which enters a sense of humour, and which are on that account less hard to bear. It appears that Umberto once asked one of the Queen's secretaries what would be an acceptable Christmas present for her Majesty. This gentleman, a truer friend than courtier, had the courage to suggest to the King that the Queen had a large number of unpaid milliners' and dressmakers' bills. The King took the hint, and begged that they should all be given to him.

On Christmas morning Umberto placed all these bills, receipted, under the Queen's table-napkin. There was no other present. It is said that she took the hint, and has been less extravagant since. Both the King and Queen are fond of petty gossip, and on their informal receptions—held on Sunday evening, to which all may drop in who have the *entrée* to their house—it is quite strange to hear them always asking after the local news, and to see how well they are posted up in all the latest scandals. In this, too, they could set a better example, for Italian society is far too much inclined to gossip and dealing with personalities.

Rome is of course the usual residence of the sovereigns; but when Parliament is not sitting Monza, near Milan, is one of their favourite residences. The Queen also much affects both Naples and Venice, and of late years has developed a taste for mountain climbing, and often visits the districts around Aosta and Cadore, Titian's country. She is an excellent walker and an intrepid climber, and herein she sets a good example to her female subjects, who are usually indolent in these respects. Some considerable time, however, is always given to Monza, and this because, as the sovereigns themselves say, they can enjoy greater liberty there than anywhere else. The Lombard population is naturally considerate and not inclined to trouble the royal family by undesired importunities, to which must be added that the ladies of the Milanese aristocracy are not well inclined to the Queen, whom they reproach with making few advances to them, and with loving them but little. It really seems that on the side of the Queen there is a want of cordiality towards the Milanese ladies; something in their tone and bearing is antipathetic to her. She only sees her real intimates at Monza; and is not therefore obliged to hold receptions.

Even when royal personages stop at Monza the visit has always something of an intimate and private character. During their stay here the royal couple frequently invite their friends either to meals or to stop a few days with them, these friends being persons chosen from all social classes—deputies, senators, high functionaries, literary men, and artists. The hospitality is regal, and yet simple. The guests are met at the station by a royal carriage, which again reconducts them on their departure; a set of rooms and a servant are placed at their disposal, and the rules of the house are put before them. The first of these rules, which must be kept, is the luncheon hour of eleven, except on Sundays, when it is twelve, on account of the High Mass, which the whole royal family, their visitors, and servants attend in the artistically decorated private chapel of the Palace, a chapel which is, however, generously thrown open to all the villagers, who are thus enabled to gaze their fill upon their sovereigns; for the Italian King and Queen do not shrink from the gaze of their faithful subjects. If no royalties are present, the King gives his arm to the Queen to lead her in to luncheon, while the Prince of Naples gives his to the lady highest in dignity. After the meal, if fine, the whole company retire into the garden beside the lake. The Queen will chat with guests in one group; the King, standing, will entertain another set in a separate circle, or sometimes he takes them to row upon the waters. After an hour, the Queen giving the signal, the company retire back to the house and their own apartments until the time for driving out has come. If wet, the company remain together in the same way in one of the large reception-rooms. But whether out of doors or in, the two groups around the King and around the Queen never blend.

In the afternoon drives the neighbourhood of Monza is explored, and not only its beautiful sides, but also its flatter and less attractive districts, so that the natives have every chance of beholding their sovereigns several times at least during their sojourn among them. If wet, walks in the park are proposed, but these the royal family have often to take alone, their household and guests being less hardy and less indifferent to the weather. At five, in the large entrance-hall, afternoon tea is served. This meal is partaken of without ceremony. No servants appear; one of the maids-of-honour pours out the tea, the gentlemen-in-waiting hand the sandwiches and cakes. After an hour's general and animated talk, the Queen once more retires until the late dinner-hour. After this meal all the ladies remain with the Queen, working, talking, making vocal and instrumental music, while the men follow the King and the Crown Prince into an adjoining room, where they talk, smoke, and play billiards—which game, besides chess and draughts, is the only one allowed in the establishment. Games of hazard are absolutely excluded. A little after midnight the Queen rises to retire, after greeting each guest individually. And so ends a day at Monza, which resembles, on the whole, the days spent elsewhere by the sovereigns, except that here they have fewer social and public functions to attend.

The Queen's private sitting-room betrays her various tastes and interests. Books in many languages and on varied subjects not only fill the bookcases, but strew the chairs and tables, showing they are really used; stacks of music abound; fancy-work, finished and in course of making, meets the eye at every turn—for the Queen puts to good use the few hours she can call her own—and her quick intelligence and tenacious memory allow her to make the most of her reading.

Of the Prince of Naples little is known as yet, except that he adores his parents, and especially his mother, and is adored by her in return. She has nurtured him in the best traditions of his house, and one anecdote in especial about this has become a favourite theme for poetry and picture throughout Italy. Having gone to visit Palermo in company with her boy, it happened that on the return journey to Naples a great storm arose, and the commander feared for the safety of his precious freight. He consulted with the officers as to whether they had not best put back. It was decided to lay the matter before the Queen and abide by her decision. She happened to have in

her hand a paper. Rapidly, without hesitation, she wrote on it the words, "Sempre avanti Savoia," passing it on to the captain.

Pretty stories are told of the Prince—how in his childhood he saved up his pocket-money in order to buy his mother trinkets. He is a shy, retiring youth, who has developed late, but of whose heart and intelligence all who know him speak highly.

Like his father, he is frank of speech, and often narrates tales of the home life. Here is one. The King, in contrast to the Queen, is quite inartistic in his tastes, and, above all, has no ear for music. Of late the Queen has found it needful to wear glasses in order to read. These glasses annoy the King, who, when he sees them going up, says at once, "Margherita, put down those glasses." "Mamma does not obey," says the Prince. "Then papa says, 'Margherita, if you don't take off those glasses, I shall sing.'" And mamma has such a dread of papa's false notes that she obeys at once to save herself from that torment.

His tutors praise his application; his military teachers his zeal and strict fidelity to duty. In appearance he resembles his mother, and like her he has the peculiarity of being short-legged, which makes him look when seated taller than he really is. Since his late journey to various European and Eastern Courts he has developed more independence, and has also come more to the front. There is every reason to hope and think that he will prove no unworthy scion of that most ancient and honourable House of Savoy from which he has sprung, and that when his time arrives he too will do his duty as Italy's King.

## A Nameless Hero.

It is only a simple story,
But I would that my song had wings;
It should speed to the south with the message
Of honour and homage it brings.

It should fly from the home of his fathers,
Our England's brave son to greet,
And know no pause in its flying,
Till it found him, and fell at his feet.

"Away, for the Murray is rising!"
The word was passed along,
As the flood came washing over the plain,
Full-breasted, broad, and strong.

"Fly!" And the folk fled trembling;
"Fly if you care for your lives;
Leave cattle and homestead to save themselves,
And save your children and wives!"

On a little upland, rising
Out of the level plain,
Some cattle grazed or stared, great-eyed,
Over the broad champaign.

His faithful watch on them keeping,
The owner's son stood by,
And saw the wide waste of waters
Stretch wide 'neath the wide, wide sky.

A boy, in life's happy springtime,
A boy to whom life was dear,
With a true man's sense of duty,
And a brave man's scorn of fear.

Some paused in their flight, and shouted,
"Run, quick, for your life, boy, run!
And take no heed of your father's herd,
But save your father's son!"

Loud he laughed at their terrors;
He scoffed at their wild dismay;
Then answered, "No, I will not come,
For father told me to stay."

He looked again at the waters
That reached out far and wide;
Silent as death, and death-like strong,
They spread on every side.

And hope fell dead within him,
For he knew that the end was near;
And he thought of his mother's last fond kiss,
And his baby sister dear.

And still came the cry from the neighbours,
"Come, lad, while yet you may!"
And still he sent this answer back,
"No! father told me to stay!"

Hark! 'Tis his father crying,
With his heart in the cry, "Well done!
You have risked your life for your duty, lad
Thank God, I can save such a son!"[1]

We, too, in a distant country,
We, too, are proud as we say
That the mighty spirit of England lives
In this son of hers to-day.

For while the lads of our British breed
Hold honour of highest worth,
The old-time glory still will crown
The greatest race on earth.

E. NESBIT.

[1] A correspondent sends us this incident from Australia in a paragraph cut from a Sydney newspaper, headed, "An Australian Casabianca."

# THE CONTINENTAL TOURIST IN THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

## THE TRIP TO PARIS.

### CHAPTER III.—JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

IN 1814 the Duke and Duchess of Rutland made a journey to Paris, of which the duchess wrote and published an account.

They embarked somewhere on the southern coast—probably from Shoreham harbour—in the Nancy, a cutter, and sailed for Dieppe. They had to wait two days for a fair wind, and after sailing through the night they descried next morning at earliest dawn a long line of the French coast, but there was so little wind that they judged it best to descend into the boat and row the final fifteen miles to land, which, by the unremitting exertions of their oarsmen, they did in three hours and forty minutes. Landing on a bed of shingles, they were closely watched by a *douanier*, to whom notice had been given of their approach by a sentinel at the pierhead; however, they went without much difficulty to their hotel, where rooms had been taken for them. Having come without French money, they see an exchanger, who usuriously offers the duke fifty napoleons for £51 5s., thereby netting a profit of £11 15s. by the transaction, a napoleon only being worth sixteen shillings.

Next day they set off at ten o'clock, travelling in their own carriage, which they had brought from England. Both the postillions were in the royal liveries (red and green), wore the antique jack-boots, and cracked a tune in passing through the towns. However, in careering into Tôtes a wheel came off the carriage, and the travellers were dragged some distance uneasily over the pavement. The postillions, notwithstanding the royal livery, proved quite as equal to an attempt at extortion as the Calais usurer, but with less success. *Le milord Anglais*, for the sake of his dignity or other reasons, paid his postillions more than twice the amount they were entitled to demand, yet they universally appear to have asked for more, some on the ground *que vous avez été supérieurement mené*, others with the old helot-cry, "*Qu'il faut nous donner à boire!*" While waiting in this town to have the damage repaired, the duchess noticed a party of peasants at dinner, and could not help remarking "the superiority of their food over that with which a similar class of society in England is neccessarily content."

The French peasants, according to the testimony of this English lady, were enjoying "excellent bread, excellent meat, the luxury of salad, good water, plenty of cider." Turning to Arthur Young's account of the French and English peasants on the eve of the Revolution, we note that now—twenty-five years after that event—the condition of the two countries is exactly reversed.

Before the duke and duchess reached the end of their journey they had themselves to feel what unfortunately was the lifelong experience of the peasants, whose assiduous labours enabled them to dissipate fifty pounds ere they had been a couple of days on the road. At Magny they found their napoleons so rapidly decreasing that they spoke to the postmaster, who told them that nothing was more common than for travellers to be forwarded to Paris, and from thence to transmit the amount of deficiency to the different postmasters.

They arrived at Pontoise and at the end of their purse at the same time, but the obdurate female who kept the post-house absolutely refused to let them proceed on credit. No doubt they were the people they represented themselves to be, but not a horse should be harnessed until they had produced the money. Here was a plight for an English nobleman and his wife! Happily a French lady interposed and offered to send for her husband—an old gentleman who had been in England and could read the letter of credit the duke produced. After a delay of three-quarters of an hour the Marquis d'Oraison appeared, and on his undertaking to be responsible himself for all expenses incurred, the travellers were allowed to proceed, and entered Paris at midnight. They drove to an hotel, but it was so completely full that they had to go to a lodging-house, where all they could get for supper was half a cold fowl though their appetites were unusually sharpened by the fasting of a long and tedious journey.

### CHAPTER IV.—UNDER CHARLES X.

OUR next notes come from an unpublished journal of a visit to Paris in 1827 of a party of five persons in a very different station of life—middle-class people engaged in business. One, however, was a Dissenting minister. They met at Southampton on August 11th, 1827, four of them having come from London by Collier's coach, which reached its destination at 6 p.m. They immediately went on board the St. David steam-vessel, and, making a good passage, arrived at Havre-de-grace at nine o'clock the next morning, and took up their quarters at the Hôtel de Hollande, Rue Saint Julien. The fare for the passage was two guineas. After breakfast they went to the Hôtel de Ville to obtain their passports and to the custom-house for their luggage, and then, as is the wont of such travellers, proceeded to take a general survey of the place. What they saw may be learnt from any guide-book; we only now cull such facts as throw

light on the nature of tours of this sort fifty or sixty years ago.

At five o'clock they sat down to an excellent dinner at the *table d'hôte*, which cost them five francs each, wine included, and at eight o'clock the same evening they departed by the diligence for Rouen, the fare for each person amounting to about twelve shillings.

At Rouen, where they arrived at 6 a.m., they took up their quarters at the Hôtel du Midi, and express astonishment at the brick floors. Here they were much entertained by a loquacious waiter who spoke English, and who consequently was very friendly to his five guests. While dining at the *table d'hôte* there was considerable amusement among some of the natives at the fun a would-be wag was making of one of the Englishmen, whose tongue, being over-large for his mouth, continually lolled out in a rather ugly fashion. Happily he did not understand French, but one of his companions fired up and told the merrymaker that it was not the act of a gentleman to make fun of another man's infirmities. The offence ceased, but André, sidling up to the party, informed them that the person reproved would certainly send a challenge, as he was a noted duellist, whereupon our Englishman, unaccustomed to these mock heroics, significantly doubled his fists, intimating that that was the only sort of challenge he should answer.

André left a strong impression of his individuality on the party; and his story of a parrot he loved, and for whom he wept three whole days because it was revengefully killed by its owner, was long remembered. A delightful Sunday was spent at Rouen, the afternoon being devoted to attending the Protestant church, where our sightseers rather chafed under the length of the sermon.

On Monday they visited all the objects of interest in the city—then one of the most picturesque existing. As, however, we are not now describing scenery, we must resist the temptation to dwell on old Rouen; suffice it to say, if they had imagination and historic knowledge they could not have enjoyed a more profitable opportunity, now, alas! gone for ever. It is interesting to note that the spot on which M. Alfred Dumesnil has in very recent times made his charming horticultural exhibitions in fertilising moss had then a reputation for its flowers, our narrator specially remarking the garden of the Hôtel de Ville as containing the finest flowers he had ever seen, especially balsams and stocks.

On Tuesday morning, after paying their bill—which for two days only amounted to £1 each person—they quitted Rouen at 6 a.m. by the diligence for Paris. The road was one of the most charming in France. It is interesting now as seen from the railway, but to sit in the *coupé* of a diligence and pass slowly along these winding hills and dales, continually opening up into prospects vast and gracious, to catch glimpses again and again of that remarkably beautiful old city, so full of archæologic and historic interest, to come for the first time on vineyards loaded with their luscious fruit—all this must have been truly delightful for these toiling citizens, accustomed most of them to the dull and dirty streets of the borough or the city. It was a great refreshment for brain and soul, and they were happy men in that they had the desire to travel and the means to gratify that desire. And though they were only men of business, we detect in their journal a lively concern in everything that could interest an intelligent mind. They note every place they pass, obtaining its correct name, and remarking its objects of interest. They dine at Mantes—famous as the spot where the Conqueror met his death—and observe particularly two old Gothic towers, doubtless that of the church of Notre Dame, built for St. Louis and his mother, and the solitary tower St. Maclou.

Passing through Poissy, famous for its Conference, its long bridge of thirty-seven arches, and its great cattle-market, their road ran for about a league through the Forest of St. Germain. They caught a glimpse of James II's last home, rode through St. Germains, had their attention directed to the famous waterworks at Marly (noted Malmaison), formerly the residence of Napoleon and Josephine; and here our narrator, usually very concise in his story, cannot forbear to dilate on the beautiful prospect and the fine and magnificent road. Evening is drawing on, and they enter Paris through the Barrière de Neuilly, one of the first objects they see being the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, then in all the freshness of recent erection. Passing through the Champs Elysées, they arrive at nine o'clock in the evening at the Messageries Royales in the Rue de Notre Dame des Victoires, from whence, having passed their luggage through the custom-house, they depart to their hotel in the Rue St. Marc, where they are comfortably accommodated with a handsome suite of rooms.

Our tourists were indefatigable sightseers, and they were rewarded by witnessing one extraordinary ceremonial—they saw the King of France walk bareheaded through the streets of Paris accompanied by the clergy in full pontificals, and many noblemen and state officials, four priests carrying on their shoulders a great silver image of the Virgin. The occasion was the fête of St. Louis, and in a graphic series of plates published three years previous to our travellers' visit, one exhibits the mob struggling to receive the wine which seems on such occasions to have been almost poured down their throats.

With English energy our travellers not only visited every object of interest in Paris, but they went to St. Denis in a *voiture*, and to Versailles in a carriage and pair, which last luxury cost them twenty-three francs. To St. Denis they probably went in one of the *voitures* called *roulantes* or *coucous*, and if so they saw a bit of true Paris life—the drivers touting for fares, pouncing on every would-be passenger, one laying hold of his right arm, another of his left, while a third shouts in his ear, and a fourth vociferates in his face. Such were the happy days of individualism; how different to-day is the driver of a public vehicle in Paris—he neither touts for passengers nor attempts to cheat them.

CHAPTER V.—BY AID OF THE FIRST EDITION OF MURRAY'S HANDBOOK.

BUT the era of slow travelling was coming to an end. About this time the first Continental railways were constructed in Belgium; however, it was ten years later before they were working to any extent in France. Murray's first handbook to France was published in 1843, and purports to be the result of four or five journeys made between 1830 and 1841.

Among the recommendations to travellers, nothing is more insisted on than the necessity of having a passport in due form. They must obtain it a day in advance, and the tourist is advised on no account to have a description of his personal appearance omitted. We have before us two passports of 1827 and 1828, in which the detail goes even to the shape of the chin. However, they did not take much pains to be correct, for the same person in one is said to have brown hair and blue eyes, and in the other chestnut hair and eyes of the same colour. On arriving in France the passport—even a Foreign Office one, which then cost £2 7*s*.—was taken away and sent on to Paris for the signature of the Minister of the Interior, a *passe provisoire* being given in its place. The obtaining of this provisional passport was often a tedious business, owing to the number of persons all eager to start by the diligence or steamboats. And on reaching Paris a traveller was sometimes delayed for days through the carelessness of officials in not having forwarded his passport. However, it was dangerous, according to Murray, to move anywhere in France without having your passport in your pocket. All kinds of people were authorised to demand it, and if a traveller could not produce it he was liable to be marched off ten, fifteen, or twenty miles to a *juge de paix* or a *préfet*, and to make the journey on foot unless he chose to pay for a carriage for himself and escort. Indeed, our author seems to have been deeply impressed with the autocratic character of the Constitutional monarchy in France, for he states that the gens-d'arme can waylay you as you descend from the diligence, enter the *salle à manger*, or even your bedroom, and that without any warrant. It is necessary, therefore, to have this mysterious charm always at hand to wave in the eyes of the officious and ubiquitous police. Nor can you leave the country without fresh formalities and obtaining a *permis d'embarquement*.

In 1843 there were, as at present, three leading routes to Paris—*viâ* Calais or Boulogne, Dieppe, and Havre. A comparison as to the time taken and the prices charged from London to Paris may be interesting. The railways between London and Brighton and London and Southampton were in operation, and that between London and Dover just upon completion:

| | HOURS. | FARE. s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| London to Dover by rail . | 5 | 23 | 0 |
| Dover to Calais . . | 3 | 10 | 0 |
| Calais to Paris by diligence | 24 | 33 | 6 |
| | 32 | 66 | 6 |

The fare *viâ* Boulogne was the same, but the journey, though one hour more by sea, was three hours less by land, making the total thirty hours.

The Dieppe route, though the passage was much longer, was the shortest of any in time, owing to the railway being open from Paris to Rouen. It was as follows:

| | HOURS. | FARE. s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| London to Brighton . . | 2 | 14 | 6 |
| Brighton to Shoreham . | 0¼ | 1 | 0 |
| Shoreham to Dieppe . . | 7½ | 20 | 0 |
| Dieppe to Paris . . . | 11 | 23 | 0 |
| | 20¾ | 58 | 6 |

*Viâ* Southampton and Havre the journey took twenty-eight and a half hours, and the fares amounted to £3 16*s*. There was also a route by the Thames—the least expensive of all. It took thirty-three hours and cost £2 8*s*. from London to Paris *viâ* Boulogne.

Those who preferred posting at that time had to take their own carriages or to hire. If they did the former there was a heavy *ad valorem* duty on the carriage, amounting to 1,200 francs for a barouche or a chariot, and 2,000 francs for a landau or a coach. If the owner only stayed in France six days, and could get a French householder to become responsible, no duty was exacted, otherwise it had to be paid, three-fourths being returned on quitting the country. A carriage could be hired, but the French vehicles seem to have always had a bad name with English tourists, and they are recommended not to trust themselves to the *patache* (the rustic cab) unless they wanted to be jolted into a jelly. The posting laws are again referred to as exceedingly clear and strict. The old posters had been done away with, and the myriamètre, a distance of six and a half English miles, introduced in their place. The cost was one franc per horse the myriamètre, and travellers were invited in the interests of the service never to give more than two francs. Englishmen, however, would not adhere to this advice, but paid the French postillions more than an English postboy would get.

The quickest way of getting to Paris was by the Malle Poste, which took eighteen hours instead of the twenty-four of the diligence. It resembled a stoutly-built barouche, with accommodation for two or three persons inside and one with the conducteur, who blew his horn at entering every town, and received and threw out the letter-bags. The fare was nearly double that of the diligence, and the seats had to be secured some days beforehand.

The diligence was in 1843 in active operation all over France, but its gradual extinction was approaching. Probably in some out-of-the-way district it may be seen still lumbering along in the old-fashioned way. It consisted of three divisions, and may be thought of as four distinct carriages forming one huge caravan. The front compartment was the *coupé*. It held three persons, had windows at the front and sides, and was in every respect the best place. The interior came

next; it held six persons, and was very hot in summer. The hind part was called the *rotundo*, and was a receptacle for dust and dirt. The cheapest place of all was the *banquette* or *imperiale* on the top of the diligence. A great hood and a leather apron afforded tolerable protection against the weather, and on fine days it was in every way the best place, both for the views and comparative freedom from the dust.

By 1843 many improvements had been made in the diligence. Its pace had been quickened to nearly eight miles an hour, its harness was more trim (instead of being of rope it was now of leather), the postillions no longer sat on the horses' backs, but a driver managed the team from the box. Nevertheless it was a most unwieldy and cumbersome machine, a diligence when loaded weighing about 11,000 lb., or five tons. There were times, however, when it was lively enough—as, for instance, during the month of August, when it was filled inside and out with schoolboys going home for the holidays. Merry rogues doubtless, full of effervescent life, it must have seriously inconvenienced the English autumnal tourist to find himself shut up for twenty-four hours with a troop of foreign schoolboys. Nevertheless, with all its drawbacks, there was something in this old-world travelling unattainable in these days of steaming and bicycling Travelling is no longer a pleasure in itself, it is a business to be got over in the shortest possible time. Never again shall we have works like those of Goldsmith, Sterne, and Washington Irving. The humoristic, philosophic traveller has to find his material in routes where hardly anyone can follow. He goes to the Norwegian fiords, or travels through the Cevennes with a donkey, or paddles his own canoe on the Nile or the Jordan. Yes, those old days of the diligence have the charm of childhood—common and simple things brought ever-recurring delight; now, nothing will interest but the new and the extraordinary. Doubtless there is a balance in the ages. If our grandfathers spent a fortnight in doing what we can achieve in a day, they got infinitely more enjoyment out of their trip—enjoyment now so completely gone that I doubt if many of my readers will even believe it ever existed. R. H.

## HIGHER EDUCATION OF GIRLS IN AMERICA.

BY DR. AUBREY.

THE high honours recently attained by lady students have given additional interest at home to questions pertaining to the higher education of women. The subject has attracted much notice of late years in the United States. Munificent gifts have been bestowed for the building and equipment of ladies' colleges, and the number is increasing every year. Special pains are taken to render them thoroughly efficient by securing the most competent instructors and the latest appliances.

One of the earliest colleges was established by Matthew Vassar at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, seventy-five miles from New York. Its career has been somewhat chequered, but under President Taylor it is now fulfilling the early promise of the opening years. A generous bequest of £28,000 was recently left by a nephew of the founder, besides which a special fund of nearly £20,000 has been collected among its friends, towards the endowment of some of the professorships. Upwards of three hundred students can be accommodated at Vassar, the annual cost averaging about £80, besides extras for some special subjects.[1]

Another famous institution of a similar kind is Smith College, at Northampton, Massachusetts. A third is at Mount Holyoke, in the same State. Others are found in different parts of the great continent of North America. But one of the most recent—and certainly one of the most famous and successful—is Wellesley College, fifteen miles west of Boston. A description of it will apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to most of the sister establishments.

This one was formed in 1875, for the purpose of furnishing young women who desire to obtain a liberal education with such advantages and facilities as are enjoyed by men in institutions of the highest grade. The college is undenominational, but is distinctly and positively Christian in its influence, discipline, and instruction. A systematic study of the Bible is pursued through all the courses. Worship in the chapel is attended daily by all the officials and students. The Sunday services are conducted by ministers of different religious bodies.

The college grounds comprise more than three hundred acres, and furnish ample opportunity for exercise and recreation. Special care is taken of hygiene, and there is a resident lady physician. In the construction and arrangement of the buildings, the health of the pupils has been constantly kept in view. They have an abundance of light, sunshine, fresh air, and pure water. Every part of the various structures is kept at an agreeable temperature in winter. A detached hospital is provided for those who need special care. No charge is made for medicine or nursing, except in cases of protracted illness.

Two systems of lodging are in use—the Hall and the Cottage. By the former, acquaintances

[1] A description of Vassar College, and of its curriculum, appeared in the "Leisure Hour" of February, 1890, in an article on "Some Uses of Wealth."

are more easily made; by the latter, many advantages of a home are secured. The main building, arranged in suites of study and sleeping rooms, accommodates three hundred and thirty girls. Six detached houses of various sizes furnish rooms for two hundred and sixty-two more. Besides these, about eighty students reside in approved boarding-places in the village. All who reside in the college buildings render aid in the lighter domestic work, or in the clerical labour and administration of the office, the libraries, and the departments of instruction. Much valuable information and discipline are thus secured, though the time so occupied is never more than an hour daily. Sharing these daily duties, and bearing mutual responsibilities for the common good, have proved to be of great educational value, besides helping to establish health and to develop character. The influence of such services, rendered heartily, greatly assists during the years of mental training in fostering habits of accuracy, self-reliance, unselfishness, and genuine sympathy with others. The design is, in common with all other departments, to prepare women of high intellectual culture for the duties of home and social life.

Besides the buildings already named, there are some devoted to special purposes. The music-hall contains thirty-eight music-rooms, and a hall for concerts and choral-singing. Forty-three pianos and two large organs are provided for the use of students. One of the organs was a gift. It has three manuals, each of sixty-one notes, a pedal of thirty notes, and twenty-six speaking-registers, the whole containing 1,584 pipes. At frequent intervals recitals and concerts are given by the advanced students, aided by distinguished performers from Boston and elsewhere. Lectures are delivered during the winter on literary and scientific subjects, open to all students without charge.

By the bequest of a generous friend an art building has been recently erected. Besides lecture-rooms, galleries for collections, and studios for those engaged in drawing and painting, it contains a number of small reading-rooms and libraries, so that the books and art materials relating to particular subjects and periods can be made immediately available. The school of art is already furnished with a collection of more than three thousand photographs, engravings, etchings, and drawings. It possesses a valuable series of stereoscopic views illustrating the history of art of different nations and periods; a collection of oil and water-colour paintings, ceramics, coins, one hundred statues and busts, and a large number of casts from the antique. The libraries number thirty-three thousand carefully-selected volumes, and are always open for the use of students. Ninety-five American, English, German, and French periodicals are taken, besides sixty daily, weekly, and monthly journals.

In the department of chemistry are three laboratories fully supplied with the best appliances, and arranged to accommodate one hundred and fifty students. Separate laboratories are provided for advanced students in Qualitative and Quantitative Analysis. In the mineralogical department there is room for thirty students to experiment at the same time. Each is furnished with a set of blowpipe tools, and all the apparatus and re-agents necessary for the determination of minerals by chemical tests. A cabinet of nearly six thousand specimens is used for purposes of instruction, including a number of natural crystals. In the lithological collection the principal varieties of rocks are well represented by hand specimens and by microscopical sections. A collection has been begun for the purpose of illustrating the subjects of structural and historical geology.

The department of physics has a convenient lecture-room, fitted with apparatus selected from the best makers in Europe and America. The students' laboratory is supplied with instruments for quantitative work, and for experiments in light and in electricity. A laboratory for the study of morphology accommodates fifty students, each of whom has her own table, dissecting microscope, and other appointments. Adjoining are the college herbarium and botanical museum, and a room for the preparation and preservation of plants. There is also a histological laboratory, furnished with eighteen compound microscopes, and with cameras and micrometers for accurate drawing. Cases of chemical re-agents and the necessary apparatus for the preparation and mounting of microscopic specimens are provided. All the laboratories are supplied with water, and all face the north, thus securing the most favourable light. The collection illustrative of botany includes a herbarium containing upwards of five thousand specimens, and there are many other aids to study in every branch.

Six rooms are provided for the zoological and physiological departments. Among the accessories are a typical collection of both vertebrates and invertebrates; an increasing number of charts, and models in wax, glass, and papier-maché. There are in constant use in the various departments ninety-nine microscopes of different patterns. We might, in fact, weary our readers with the mere catalogue of apparatus provided. It will be seen that the equipment of the college is as complete as possible. Particular care is taken to keep it abreast of scientific discoveries and applications.

The classical and scientific courses extend through four years; those in music and art through five. After the freshman year, opportunity for specialisation is afforded by elective work throughout the remainder of the course. Then follow the sophomore year, the junior and the senior years. Music, drawing, painting, and elocution, as extra studies, are open during the third and fourth years. Candidates for admission must be at least sixteen years of age. They must present satisfactory evidence of health and of moral character, with credentials from their last instructor or from the institution where they last studied. The preliminary examination is by no means slight or easy. It embraces the grammatical analysis and criticism of sentences; the choice of words and figures of speech; and com-

position on one of three subjects assigned at the time. The literature on which candidates were examined during the year 1889 included Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" and "As You Like It;" Johnson's Lives of Swift and Gray; Thackeray's "English Humorists;" Swift's "Gulliver's Travels;" Gray's "Elegy;" Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice;" Scott's "Marmion" and "Rob Roy."

In geography, the preparatory examination embraces parts two and three of Guyot's Physical Geography, or an equivalent; modern geography; and that relating to ancient Greece, Italy, and Asia Minor. An adequate knowledge is required of the history of the United States, of Greece to the Peloponnesian War, of Rome to the close of the first century, and of Bible history through Exodus. There must be an advanced acquaintance with arithmetic, algebra, and plane geometry. Latin grammar, including prosody, Latin prose composition, the first four books of Cæsar, seven orations of Cicero, and six books of Virgil's Æneid are also demanded; while in Greek, grammar, prose composition, with the accents, three books of Xenophon's Anabasis and three of Homer's Iliad are necessary, or the equivalents of these. In the scientific course, the requirements are the same as in the classical course, only that instead of Greek, the candidate must be prepared either in French or German, or in both. Examinations for admission are made in June and September at the college, or in the former month in New York, Philadelphia, and in convenient cities in the Southern and Western States. Students from other colleges of equal requirements may present certificates for the consideration of the Board of Examiners, or they may be admitted from teachers and schools whose methods and courses of study are approved by the Board.

After the preliminary examination and entrance the student continues subject to diligence and proficiency. The branches are carefully grouped under nineteen heads, embracing almost every department of human learning The hours of recitation in class range from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., with an interval of an hour and a half for dinner and recreation. Two hours are devoted to silence and study in the evening. For advanced students special opportunities are furnished during a limited period; and those desirous of a complete scientific or musical course have facilities afforded them. The design is to enable them to become thoroughly qualified as teachers. Many of the Wellesley graduates are now filling high positions in the best educational institutions of the country, and they receive large salaries, which, however, are only commensurate with their exceptional ability. The teaching staff of the college is large and varied, and it includes some of the ablest instructors which the United States can furnish.

The first president, Miss Alice E. Freeman, PH.D., resigned her office about two years since, to the great regret of all connected with the college, on the occasion of her marriage. This gifted lady showed great organising and administrative skill in the early years of the institution, and its success and renown are largely owing to her. She continues to be identified with it as a member of the Board of Trustees, and she is succeeded in the presidency by Miss Helen A. Shafer. There are nineteen professors and associate professors, forty-three instructors and tutors, four lecturers on special subjects; and these, with librarians, curators, and other officials, bring up the staff to eighty-six.

The cost of board and tuition, including heating and lights, is £70 per annum, but students who entered before September last pay at the old rate of £60. For music there are additional charges, ranging up to £20 a year, according to the class of study and the number of lessons. There are also extra charges for instruction in art, ranging from £7 to £18 for the year. Twenty-six scholarships of £1,000 each have been established, the interest of which is applied in aid of poor but deserving students. A Students' Aid Society, supported by present and former pupils, renders similar help.

There are also a Microscopical Society, a Shakespeare Society, a Beethoven Society, and a College Christian Association in active operation.

The total number of students at the close of last year was 648, besides twenty-four non-resident candidates for higher degrees. These were drawn from nearly every State in the Union, with a few from India, Turkey, China, and Asia Minor. It is not possible to estimate fully the value of an institution like Wellesley College in equipping and sending forth year by year a hundred and fifty or more educated and accomplished ladies, qualified to adorn cultured homes or to assume honourable and responsible positions in the educational field.

Some of the great colleges and universities in the West, and notably that at Ann Arbor, in Michigan, are carrying out the system of co-education, young persons of both sexes meeting in the same classes and lecture-rooms. There is much to be urged in favour of this under the novel conditions of Western life; but perhaps the method pursued at Wellesley is more adapted for the definite end which is there sought to be attained.



*From a Photograph by Warwick Brookes.*]

Edwin Waugh

CHAPTER II.—HIS LITERARY LIFE AND WORKS.

"Says he, 'Some folk o' brass are fond;
They're cowd i' th' heart, an' crampt i' th' hond;
But yon's th' fleawer of o' this lond,—
Gentle Jone!
His heart's as true as guinea-gowd;
He's good to folk 'at's ill an' owd;
Childer poo'n his lap i' th' fowd,—
Gentle Jone!'"

THERE still remain abundant evidences of Edwin Waugh's zeal and industry as assistant-secretary to the Lancashire Public School Association, but these may be passed over without further comment. We have now to do with the poet who could, within the compass of a few verses, draw tears from eyes unused to weeping, and then change tears to laughter by alternate touches of deep pathos and rollicking humour, both of which were irresistible. His literary career began in Manchester, where he made and kept to the end of his life a large circle of congenial friends, to whom he endeared himself by his sunshiny but most sympathetic nature.

Turning now from the man to his works, we will glance at them in order as they were produced.

"Essayist, humorist, song-writer, and poet."

In these words Edwin Waugh's literary attainments were set forth when, in 1876, an effort was made, which happily proved successful, to obtain for him, first a grant, then a pension, from the Civil List.

During the earlier years of his residence in Manchester, Waugh became a contributor to the "Examiner and Times." His delightful "Lancashire Sketches" appeared in the columns of that paper, and were subsequently collected and published in book form. These attracted considerable attention, and were critically compared with the "Rural Rides" of William Cobbett. An able writer says of them, "They have the same combination of simplicity and strength, and betoken similar powers of observation, but they have a grace and humour along with other qualities to which Cobbett was a stranger."

Another critic commenting on Waugh's prose works mentions his simple, lucid, and pure English style; his close, penetrating, and true observation of Nature; his dramatic power of story-telling; his unforced humour, which is by turns joyous, cold, shrewd, satiric, and worldly-wise; and his knowledge of and sympathy with humble workers and honest poverty. A third friend and competent critic asserts that Waugh's best works, whether in prose or poetry, are in the country dialect, adding, "And in no other garb would they have been so powerful to impress the minds and stir the hearts of the people."

This is undoubtedly correct as regards Lancashire folk, but there are gems amongst those poems which are not in the dialect, that would appeal to a still wider circle of readers to whom that dialect would present no inconsiderable difficulties.

In 1855 the first of Mr. Waugh's dialect songs ("Come whoam to thi' childer an' me") was published, and the poet at once found himself famous through this delightful ballad. Like the preceding prose papers, it was first printed in the "Manchester Examiner," and created a perfect *furore*. It was promptly reprinted in sheet form, and had, it is said, a greater sale than any other poem published in this shape ever attained. Indeed, the circulation was enormous.

It became as a household word in Lancashire homes of every class; and, indeed, wherever the English language is spoken. It appealed alike to gentle and simple. It was set to music and sung in the streets. It was, and is, recited at gatherings of all kinds, and is as popular after five-and-thirty years as it was on its first appearance.

The "Saturday Review" described it as "One of the most delicious idyls in the world; so full of colouring, yet so delicate, so tender, so profoundly free from artifice. We wonder how many of the four million sermons preached annually in our happy country have as wholesome effects as this simple piece has had and continues to have."

Another writer says: "A generation that has known Waugh from childhood can hardly realise the electrical effect produced by this little poem. It touched a chord to which every Lancashire heart responded."

The secret of its popularity is to be found in its truth to Nature. It was a reproduction in verse of the lives that working folk lived in their homes from day to day. Not this poem alone, but all Waugh's writings abound with those touches of Nature "which make the whole world kin." They are flung broadcast over every page.

It may be well to give this famous poem at length, with the notes which are the key to the dialect in which it is written.

COME WHOAM TO THI' CHILDER AN' ME.

"Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob;[1]
Owd Swaddle has brought thi' new shoon;
There's some nice bacon collops o' th' hob,
An' a quart o' ale posset i' th' oon;[2]
Aw've brought thi' top-cwot[3], doesto know?
For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree;[4]
An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow;—
Come whoam to thi' childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,
Hoo cried 'cose her feyther weren't theer,
So aw kissed th' little thing, an' aw said
Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro' th' fair;
An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,
An' a nice little white cotton-bo;
An' aw kissed her again, but hoo said
'At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
Afore aw could get him up stairs;
Thae towd him thae'd bring him a drum,
He said, when he're sayin' his prayers;
Then he looked i' my face an' he said,
'Has th' boggarts ta'en houd o' my dad?
An' he cried till his een were quite red;—
He likes thee some weel, does you lad.

At th' lung-length[5] aw geet 'em laid still,
An' aw hearken't folks' feet that went by;
So aw iron't o' my cloōās reet weel,
An' aw hanged 'em o' th' maiden to dry;
When aw'd mended thi stockin's and shirts,
Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
An' aw rayley did feel rayther hurt,—
Mon, aw'm *one-ley*[6] when theaw artn't theer."

"Aw've a drum an' a trumpet for Dick;
Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal;
Aw've a book full o' babs,[7] an' a stick,
An' some bacca an' pipes for myself.
Aw've brought thee some coffee and tay,—
Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket thae'll *see*
An' aw've bought tho' a new cap to-day—
But aw al'ays bring summat for thee!

God bless tho', my lass; aw'll go whoam,[8]
An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' round;
Thae knows, that wherever aw roam,
Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd ground;
Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass;
Aw can do wi' a bit of a spree;
But aw've no gradely[9] comfort, my lass,
Except wi' you childer an' thee."

The success of this poem gave an impetus to the sale of the volume of "Lancashire Sketches," and encouraged the poet to produce a number of other dialect songs. In "Eawr Folk" we have a racy account of a family, the tastes and doings of each member being humorously hit off. Of the "rolling stone," he writes first that "he's a foo'," then,

"He's tried three different maks[10] o' trades,
And alez missed his tip;
But, then, he's th' prattiest whistler
That ever cocked a lip."

[1] *Cob*, a lump of coal. [2] *Oon*, oven.

[3] *Top-cwot*, top-coat. [4] *Dree*, wearily continuous. [5] *Th' lung-length*, in the end. [6] *One-ley*, lonely. [7] *Babs*, pictures. [8] *Whoam*, home. [9] *Gradely*, proper—right. [10] *Maks*, kinds.

He places in strong contrast the brother who has "taen to preitchin'," and the rollicking Bill.

"When t' one's been strivin' o' he can
To awter wicked men,
Then tother mays some marlocks,[1] an
Converts 'em o'er again.

Er Abel's th' young'st; an', next to Joe,
My mother likes him t' best."

Joe is the one who is "welly," or nearly "blynt,"[2] and so, on account of his infirmity, is nearest of all to the mother's heart—even the youngest darling yielding place to him, though *he* bids fair to be the gentleman of the family, and is "gettin in wi' th' quality."

Each member of the household group has his special gift, even the "foo'" aforesaid. But whilst he gives all credit for their talents, he bestows the longest verse and greatest meed of praise on his fiddler uncle, of whom he tells:

"It's the heart that stirs his fiddle,
An' his fiddle stirs his heart.

An' when he touches th' trembling string,
It knows his thowt so weel,
It seawnds as if an angel tried
To tell what angels feel."

Edwin Waugh knew the secret and source of all music that is worth the name.

There is nothing in which the poet excels more than in depicting conjugal love in humble homes, and in showing the tender self-devotion which is to be found in many such dwellings.

"Come, Jamie, let's undo the shoon" is as perfect in its way as that first poem which made the author famous. The young wife meets her husband on his return home, in a pouring rain, from his work, and is eager for him to change his shoes and stockings lest he should suffer. She tells him how, with her young uns i' th' neest, she listened "to th' patter o' th' rain," and thought of her husband exposed to its downpour. Her sympathy took a practical character.

"To-day, when it pelted at th' height,
'Aw'll ston it no longer,' said I;
For rayly, it didn't look reet
To keawer[3] under cover so dry;
So, though it were rainin' like mad,
Aw thought—for my heart gav a swell—
'Come deawn as to will, but you lad
Shall not have it o' to his sel'!'

So, whippin' my bucket i' th' rain,
Aw gav' th' bits o' windows a swill;
An', though aw geet drenched to my skin,
Aw're better content wi' mysel.'"

The husband tells her in answer:

"Aw'm noan made o' sugar nor saut,
That melts wi' a steepin' o' rain:"

and that he will dry his wet jacket, about which she is so anxious, "bi th' leet o' thi een."

"Toddlin' Whoam," "Neet-fo,"[4] "The Kindly Hearth," and "Our Jem and Me" are in the same style. They are so graphic that as we read, we see the husband's step quicken as he draws nearer to the "whoam" of which he sings:

"Toddlin' whoam for th' fireside bliss;
Toddlin' whoam for th' childer's kiss;
God bless you, bit o' curlin' smooke;
God bless you, cosy chimbley nook!
I'm fain[5] to be toddlin' whoam."

Within doors in "Neet-fo" we see the eager wife completing her simple preparations for her husband's home-coming, thinking of and providing whatever will give a relish to the meal, or brightness to the fireside, listening too between whiles, as she says:

"It makes one hutch[6] wi' glee to yer
A favourite fuut come whoam;
An' it's very fine to hearken, when
One thinks '*it's sure to come.*'"

She claims sympathy from "gronny," declaring that she too is "fain." "But noan so fain as me." She insists that the cat pricks up her ears at "th' sneck,"[7] and that the clock ticks louder, the tin things look brighter, "an' th' owd arm cheer i' th' corner seems as if it yerd his fuut."

Then she turns to the ailing little one in the "keyther" (cradle), thinks "the little duck's o' th' mend," bids "gronny"

"Put this cover on,
An' tuck it nicely in.
Keep the 'keyther stirring gently,' an'
Make very little din.
An' lap those dimpled honds away
Fro' th' frosty wintry air;
They lie'n a top o' th' bit o' quilt,
*Like two clock hommers theer!*"

The child wakes up, however, in spite of gentle rocking and "shaded leet," and then comes a jubilant burst from the mother which makes us ready to laugh or cry in sympathy.

"But stop; hoo's laughin'! Come hie up,
My bonny little puss.
God bless it! Daddy's noan far off;
Let mammy have a buss.
He's here! He's here! Tet, bring that cheer!
Eh, dear! These darlins two!
If it were not for this chylt an' him
What could a body do?"

The poet's love for children was a perfect passion, and is vividly shown in every home

[1] *Marlocks*, frolics. [2] *Blynt*, blind. [3] *Keawer*, sit. [4] *Neet-fo*, nightfall. [5] *Fain*, eager, longing. [6] *Hutch*, wriggle. [7] *Sneck*, latch.

picture. In one poem, "These Bonny bits o' Childer," it is charmingly sung.

"Never tell me that childer are tiresome,
They're the best little craiters alive,"

he says.

"Wi' their prattlin' talk an' their marlocks,
They keepen a body's heart green."

The weary mother reading this poem would forget her weariness in new effort. The downhearted breadwinner would look at the little ones and echo the words,

"They keepen my spirits fro' sinkin',
An' senden me back to my wark.

For I feel that there's something to live for,
Though everything else should depart;
An' there's nought in the wide world so precious
As treasures that sweeten the heart."

He finishes with the words,

"For the face of a little child sleepin',
Would soften the heart of a stone."

In taking bits out of any of Waugh's poems, one has always the feeling that better still is left out, and only by reading the whole can their truth to Nature be realised.

In other poems the shrew and the slattern, with the consequent wreckage of home peace and comfort, are vividly described. "Howd thi Tung" and "Dinner Time" bring you within hearing of the scold and amid the muddle of the slattern. Our hearts echo the complaint of the husband, who cries,

"It's quite enough to have to slave
Fro' soon i' th' day to dark;
An' nip, an' scrat, an' try to save,
An' no thanks for one's wark.
No wonder that hard-wortchin' folk
Should feel inclined to roam
For comfort to an alehouse nook,
When they have noan at whoam.

I'm fast, I don't know what to say,
An' I don't know what to do;
An' when I'm tired, at th' end o' the day,
I don't know where to goo.
It makes me weary o' my life
To live i' sich a den,
Here, gi's a bit o' cheese an' loaf,
An' I'll be off again."

"The Dule's i' this bonnet o' mine" is one of the finest samples of the poet's playful humour. The girl is preparing to meet her lover, who has asked her "to wed him i' May," and anxious about her looks, struggles with her fractious ribbons while confiding her feelings to a friend. She says,

"'My cheek went as red as a rose,
There's never a mortal can tell
Heaw happy aw felt; for thae knaws
*Aw couldn't ha axed him mysel.*
* * * *
Eh, dear! but it's time to be gwon;
Aw shouldn't like Jamie to wait;
Aw cannot for shame be too soon,
An' aw wouldn't for th' world be to' late.
Aw'm o' ov a tremble to the heel—
Dost think at my bonnet 'll do?'
'Be off, lass, thae looks very weel;
*He wants noan o' thi bonnet, thae foo!*'"

It must not be forgotten that Waugh's poetic pictures went far beyond the fireside and the portrayal of simple working folk.

He was a man of the widest sympathies, and especially with the downtrodden, overworked, and the workless who would fain be busy. But ever the word of sympathy softly spoken, swells into a song of cheer and encouragement. Sad hearts are comforted and Hope spreads her bright wings again as we listen to the refrains of "Hard Weather" and "Tickle Times." He takes the dark side and shows the empty cupboard, the starving children, the idle hands fain to be working. Then tells—

* * * *
"There's mony a fine suit of clooas
That covers a murderin' care.
There's folk that are weary o' livin',
That never fear't hunger nor cowd;
An' there's mony a miserly craiter
That's deid o' a surfeit o' gowd.
But as pleasure's sometimes a misfortin',
And trouble sometimes a good thing,
Though we're livin' o' th' floor like the layrocks,[1]
We'en go up like layrocks to sing."

Again, in "While takin a wift o' my pipe," he writes:

"He's weel aff 'at's rich, if he only can feel
He's brother to those that are poor."

A few more stanzas taken at random will give glimpses of high thoughts on various subjects.

"Ah! this wild voyage o'er the sea of life
Needs all the help that heaven to earth can give;
Through its dark storms, and shoals, and battle strife
God must be pilot to the ships that live."

---

"Heaven loves the heart that lives and dies
To bless its neighbouring waste."

---

"There's nob'dy short o' trouble,
That mak's trouble for theirsel."

---

* * * *
"Thae's wit enough to know,
That daises liven weel
Where tulips cannot grow."

[1] *Layrocks*, larks.

" A tattered clout may lap
A very noble prize;
A king may be, by hap,
A beggar in disguise."

---

" When friendship has fled, *an' we live wi' the dead*,
It's time to be joggin' away."

---

" To barter sweet love for gold
Is the poorest exchange below;
And to live with a heart that's cold,
Is the bitterest lot to know.
Oh, I married a shrew for her gold so fine,
Now the gold is gone, and the shrew is mine."

---

" Decay, that in my very breath doth creep,
Thou surely art akin to this soft sleep,
That shows the way
To a bed of clay,
Whose wakeless slumbers close the mortal day.

And thus, with ceaseless roll, Time's silent wave
Lands me each night upon a mimic grave,
Whose soft repose
Hints at life's close—
Death's fleets are cruising where life's current flows."

Waugh has been called "The Moorland Poet," from his exquisite descriptions of the wild scenery he loved so well. It is almost an injustice to quote from these poems, but a few lines must be given to illustrate his finished style and the delicate beauty of his imagery. It has been well said that had he never written a dialect song, his other poems, such as "The Moorland Flower," "The Rose-tree on my Window Sill," "Nightfall," etc., would have given him a high place amongst the writers of short poems. The following stanzas are from "The Moorland Flower":

" The green fern wove a screening grove
From noontide's fervent ray;
The pearly mist of the brooklet kist
Its leaves with cooling spray;
And when dark tempests swept the waste,
And north winds whistled wild,
The brave old rock kept off the shock,
As a mother shields her child.

And when it died the south wind sighed,
The drooping fern looked dim;
The old crag moaned, the lone ash groaned,
The wild heath sang a hymn;
The leaves crept near, though fallen and sere,
Like old friends mustering round;
And a dewdrop fell from the heather bell,
Upon its burial-ground."

One more quotation—"Good Night, my Love, Good Night!"—shall be the last from poems of the descriptive class.

" The sun has dipped his golden rim
Beyond the lonely sea;
The soft wind sings its vesper hymn
Unto the drowsy lea.
The wild waves' surging murmurs creep
Along the yellow sand;
The kiss of twilight lulls to sleep
The eyelids of the land.
Good night, my love, good night.

Mysterious whispers, soft and low,
Steal through the rustling leaves;
The dusky bat flits to and fro
About the shady eaves.
The ousel tells, yon woods among,
Its lonely evening tale;
The streamlet sings its cradle song
Unto the sleepy vale.
Good night, my love, good night.

The daisy shuts its little eye,
The rose has fallen asleep;
And in the blue o'er-arching sky
The stars begin to peep.
Yet twilight waits to see thee close
Those eyes divinely bright;
For while they shine, full well it knows,
It cannot yet be night.
Good night, my love, good night.

Only two verses of the above (first and third) are included in the last published volume. The second was subsequently added and printed in the columns of a newspaper.

We get abundant evidence of Edwin Waugh's religious faith in both his poems and prose works. His "Christmas Carol" is the Gospel story simply sung.

In "Bide On" he writes:

" Be steady in joy and in sorrow;
Be truthful in great and in small;
Fear nothing but sin, and each morrow
Heaven's blessing upon thee shall fall:
In thy worst tribulation
Shun low consolation,
And trust in the God that sees all."

In "Come, Mary, link thi' arm wi' mine," one of the sweetest and purest of love stories, the wooer, describing the "neest so snug and sweet" he had prepared for his "brid" (bird), says—

" An' a hon'some Bible, cle'n an' new,
To read for days to come;
There's leaves for writin' names in too,
Like th' owd un 'at's awhoam."

And again, in a prose story, "The Dead Man's Dinner," which can hardly be read without tears, he writes:

"The sacred atmosphere of sorrow enveloped that little dwelling. It is no wonder that as I walked home in the starlight that night, those noble words should occur to my mind which commend to the fatherly goodness of God, 'All those who are in any way afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate.'"

Space will not allow of any notice of Waugh's prose works in this paper beyond a mere list. Prose and poetry—all told—are included in eleven volumes, collected and published, with beautiful illustrations from the pencils of such artists as Randolph Caldecott, J. D. Watson, Bright Morris, George Sheffield, Somerset, Hague, etc. Ten of these volumes were brought out in 1881; the "Second Series of Songs," uniform with them, in 1889, was the eleventh. But many of the stories ran separately through several editions.

"Lancashire Sketches," "Factory Folk"—a touching account of the sufferings entailed by the cotton famine—"Tufts of Heather," "Irish Sketches," "Rambles in the Lake Country," "The Chimney Corner," "The Limpin' Pilgrim," and "Besom Ben," each volume containing several papers, make up the sum. In what goes by the name of prose, there are many portions which are as true poetry as any of that which is metrically written. It may here be mentioned that during Waugh's youthful rambles he hunted up an old acquaintance of his mother's family at Milnrow and was kindly welcomed and invited to share the midday meal, the owner of the cottage being charmed to recognise in his young guest "a gronson of Billy o' the pipes."

"Aw knowed him as weel as aw knowed my own feyther," said the old man. "Eh, aw've bin to mony a orratory wi' owd Billy."

Edwin Waugh's literary career truly began when he was past his youth. He wrote slowly, and was never above the need for constant work until, when his health was failing at sixty years of age, he received, first, the grant, then the annual pension of ninety pounds from the Civil List.

He used to read and recite his poems at public gatherings to eke out his income. He was, however, rich in faithful friends; rich through his own genial, sunshiny temperament, and the wealth of enjoyment he gathered from all things beautiful.

The last ten years of his life were spent at New Brighton, within sight of the sea he loved, and he died there at "a ripe age," as some would doubtless say; yet the many friends who loved the "Lancashire Laureate" felt that he had been cut off before his time by that terrible disease, cancer of the tongue. It had been bravely borne and twice battled with by apparently successful operations; but it returned again, to render the last weeks of the poet's life a season of great suffering. "It would not have been so hard to lose him, if he had fallen gently into his last resting-place, as the ripe fruit drops from the bough," said one who loved him—and showed it. "But, to quote his own words, 'The great good God knows His own time best,' and it is not for us who mourn to mingle our tears with vain repinings."

On Saturday, May 3rd, he was laid to rest in Kersal churchyard, close to the moorland of which he sang. The funeral was a public one, attended by rich and poor, notably by those who were, like the poet himself, rich in mental gifts and poetic sensibility. A quotation taken here and there from an address delivered by the Rev. Canon Crane on the occasion will fitly close this memoir, though it will leave much to be said.

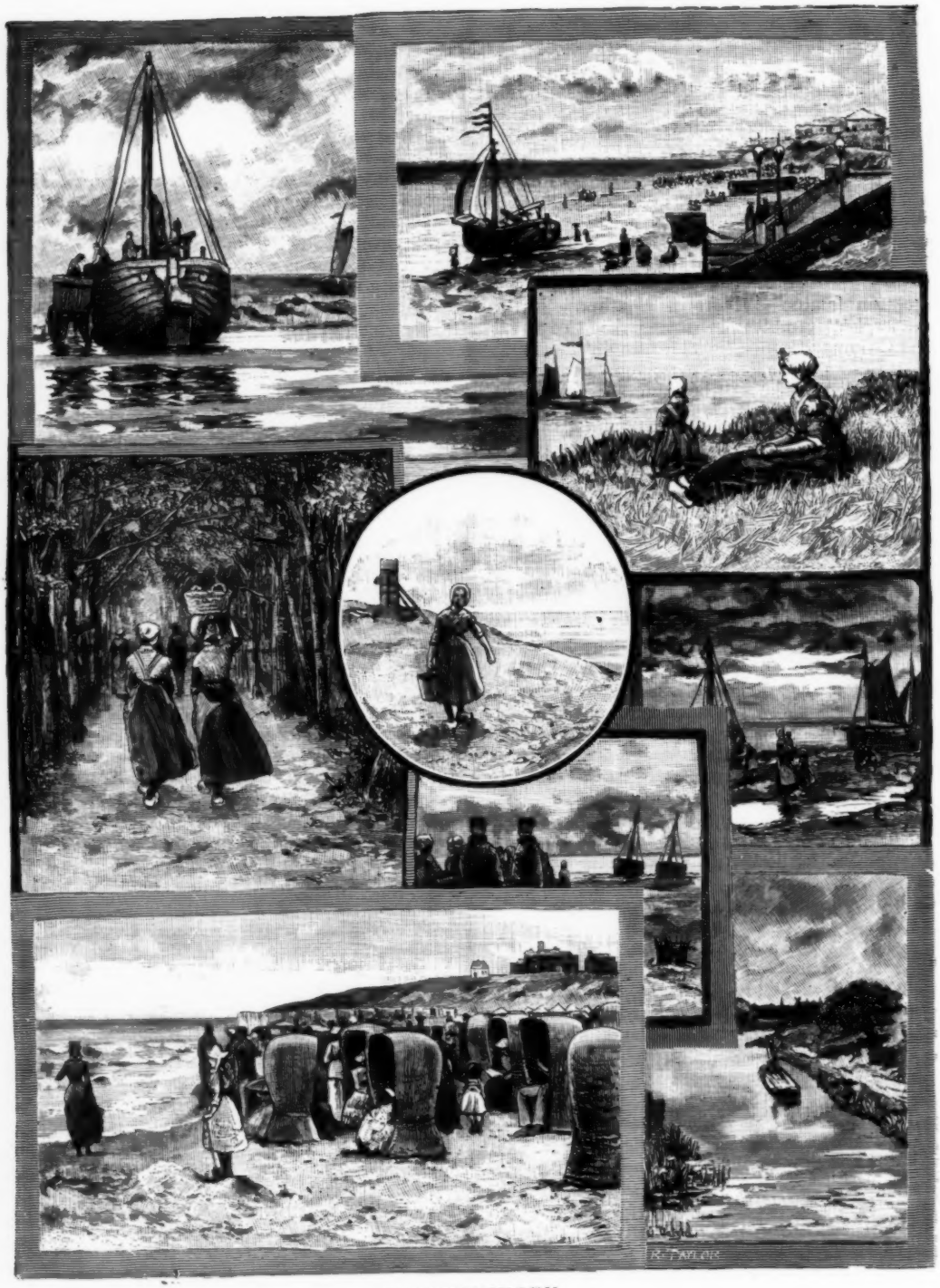
"In the presence of death men speak in whispers. We desire to utter no laudation of such a man as Edwin Waugh. Thousands and tens of thousands will associate a name dear to them with the hymn that tells us 'Jesus lives.' They will feel that their sweet singer of Lancashire is deathless by the power of the Saviour.

"While he lived he thought of, sang for, loved his own people. He pictured them in all their qualities (of sterling worth and in their foibles). There have been poets whose pages have been sullied by morbid views of life, provoking sickly, unhealthy thoughts. But in the volumes of this man there is nothing to cause a blush, suggest regret, or encourage falsehood.

"Of a lowly condition, he was of a race that with proper pride takes its position, humble though it be, and, without affectation, maintains its dignity. His words will be treasured in our homes and handed down to generations to come. He has left to Lancashire a heritage of which it is and will be proud. As a strong man, he spoke to a strong people. Brave, loving, simple heart! God has given rest to the weary body. There is sure and certain hope through the one Saviour of us all of his blessed resurrection. Listen while I repeat some of his last words.

'Oh the wide, wide world, it is lone and cold,
When our darlings are laid in the silent mould;
And the poor old wanderer may pine for rest,
But the great good God knows His own time best.'"

RUTH LAMB.



SCHEVENINGEN.

# SCHEVENINGEN.

ONE of the brightest, quaintest, and most easily-reached foreign health-resorts is Scheveningen. It is about three miles from the Hague, and takes but half an hour by tram; the Hague is only half an hour's railway journey from Rotterdam; and Rotterdam, by the Great Eastern line, is but twelve hours from London.

Scheveningen of late years has become very fashionable as a watering-place, and has greatly increased in size. It has now about fifteen thousand inhabitants.

There are several ways of going to Scheveningen from the Hague. It is possible to go by ordinary tram, by steam-tram, by carriage, or by boat. Perhaps the most interesting way is that by the ordinary tram, along the old road shaded by the beautiful woods which border it for almost the whole distance.

We chose this way one bright spring day, and took our seats in a tram in the middle of the Hague. Presently in got three Scheveningen fish-wives returning from the market. They had fish-baskets on their arms, and they brought with them a truly fishy smell.

These fishwomen wore the picturesque costume of their class—blue skirts, white aprons, and glittering helmet-like headpieces beneath their white caps. The headpieces are made of broad bands of very thinly-beaten metal, sometimes of gold, sometimes of silver. They fit on to the back of the head, and come round in front as far as the temples. Gold ornaments are fastened to the ends, and stick out at the side of the cheeks. Sometimes these ornaments are large spiral twists of gold, which at a little distance give a very odd effect to the face.

A member of our party began to sketch one of the women, but as soon as she discovered what he was doing she grew red, turned her head away, and looked out of the window behind her. She did not look round again until she got out of the tram, and she seized the first opportunity of doing this, bustling out as quickly as she could.

Our artist attacked another of the fish-wives with his pencil, and she, being older and more hardened, after a few grins and shrugs, allowed him to sketch her.

We went through part of the village, and then turned to the right, but still we did not see the sea. On our left was a ridge of sandy dunes, which blocked the view. Presently the tram stopped in a desolate-looking region. This we found out was the site of a large part of the former Scheveningen, but in 1570 the sea encroached upon its limits and swallowed up this part of the village.

Scheveningen appears to lie rather below the level of the sea, and until you get used to it the effect of walking up to the sea is very odd. It seems out of all nature; but then Holland is so queer altogether, and in many ways sets Nature at defiance.

There are numbers of fine hotels built along the terrace made above the sands, and behind are rows of lodging-houses. The great bath-house was in course of rebuilding; when finished it will be a magnificent structure.

It is said that Scheveningen is one of the healthiest of watering-places; certainly it is one of the brightest and cleanest—at least, that part of it where the visitors stay. The great drawback to it is that, like most other parts of Holland, it is expensive. The Dutchman generally supplies you with very good things, but it cannot be said that he does not know their value. He has no idea of selling things cheaply, except flowers and plants. And it must be said that this keenness after money is but natural when it is considered what an entirely artificial country Holland is—how absolutely the very land itself is held back by man from the devouring sea. Then the expense of actually keeping the kingdom in existence is enormous; the dykes which hold back the sea have to be watched day and night, and at any time an unusually violent storm or high tide might do incalculable damage. At any moment, too, by breaking through the dykes and opening the sluice-gates, the country could be flooded, and in times of war this has been done to discomfit an enemy—notably by William the Taciturn during the Spanish oppression in the sixteenth century.

We walked up to the top of the dunes and went down to the shore over the beautiful sands. I never saw such sands; they are so white and soft and silvery, and of great extent. There is a strong fascination about the beach at Scheveningen at any time, and on a fine afternoon in the season the scene is wonderfully gay and animated—the silver sands, the bright and fresh blue sea of such a light and delicate hue, the clear pale sky, the fine invigorating air, the fishermen and fish-wives mixed with the gaily-dressed visitors, people of all ages, conditions, and nationalities, some walking by the waves picking up shells, the fish-wives and their children hunting for crabs or shrimps in the pools left by the sea, others seated in wicker-hooded chairs (pleasant shelters from the hot sun), others again building sand castles or stretched idly at full length on the yielding sand; here the bathing in full swing, and there, at a little distance, a group of dark-sailed fishing-boats. To-day there were not many people, as the season had not begun. We sat down on the mast of a ship embedded in the sands.

A man came up to us. Poor fellow! he had apparently lost his sight, and he was wretchedly clothed. He anxiously tried to persuade us to buy some whelk-shells which he held in his hand. He explained that they were great rarities. He had, he said, picked them up at low tide with the



[*Felix Cogen*

FISHER WIVES WAITING FOR THE SALE. THE SHORE AT SCHEVENINGEN.

utmost difficulty. The shells were common broken things, and as he spoke I looked up suddenly from them, and if ever I saw a roguish twinkle lurking in the corner of a half-closed eye I saw it in the left eye of that rascally barefooted Batavian. And it was not easy to get rid of him. I walked down to the sea. When I turned to go along close by the waves I nearly knocked against the barefooted rogue; he was again at my elbow, and I had to shake my head angrily at him before he would transfer his attentions to somebody else.

After an hour or two we walked back through the village. The streets were full of children at play; they were chiefly little girls in blue-and-white and pink-and-white Velasquez-like costumes—such happy, healthy, ruddy-cheeked little creatures. Many of them were pretty, and they were full of life and energy and impudence. They clearly expected everybody to get out of their way and not to interrupt their games, whether in the high road or elsewhere.

A few women looked curiously at us as we passed by, but, as appears to be the custom, they fled directly our artist produced his sketch-book.

While we stood watching one group of children at play, a little girl suddenly ran forward, caught hold of our artist's hand, and looked up in his face; then she dropped his hand as suddenly, and ran back laughing to her playmates.

The village lies rather apart from the hotels, and contains much that is quaint and interesting, though the atmosphere is not quite so pure or the air so invigorating as in the neighbourhood of the hotels. In spite of the influence of fashion, the people seem to have retained many of their primitive ways, and their costume appears to be hardly at all modernised.

I left my companions and walked back to the Hague by the old road through the woods. It would be difficult to rival the charm and interest of this approach to the Hague from Scheveningen. Almost immediately on leaving the fishing village one enters the woods. Gradually they widen out on either side of the road; the road itself is planted with trees, and on one side the path is considerably raised for foot-passengers. There are many other paths leading off into the woods, forming delightful walks.

It was a beautiful April evening; the wind was keen, but the sun was warm and bright, and the buds swelled almost visibly on the trees. The road was full of traffic of all sorts, and there were numbers of people walking in the shady paths enjoying themselves after the work of the day—fathers and mothers with their children, lovers, soldiers, nursemaids with perambulators, tradesboys, girls in Scheveningen costume picking up sticks, fish-wives with baskets on their heads, some on foot and some in the trams—striking figures in their gleaming headgear—carts drawn by large dogs, and occasionally a grand carriage driving to one of the outlying villas, of which there are many scattered by the sides of the road. Everyone seemed very cheerful at the prospect of the coming spring.

A smart young Dutch gentleman with a dachshund gambolling in front of him walks briskly past me. Suddenly he meets two lady friends. There is pleasure in the eyes of one at least at the meeting. He does not stop long, however, and soon overtakes me again. Presently he turns off the path and calls out to a lady seated at a window of a neighbouring house standing in its own grounds. They talk, and there seems to be some difference of opinion, but it is in Dutch, and conveys little to me.

Soon afterwards I am in the busy streets of the Hague—busy, though in a dignified way, for there is a great feeling of repose and comfort, as there should be, in the streets of the courtly little city.

"Ah, it is a foine walk, shentleman," says the kind and ubiquitous hotel-porter Jacob when I tell him where I have been. "But," he goes on, "you ought to have come by de odder road—by de steam dram—and then you could have seen de odder side of de country."

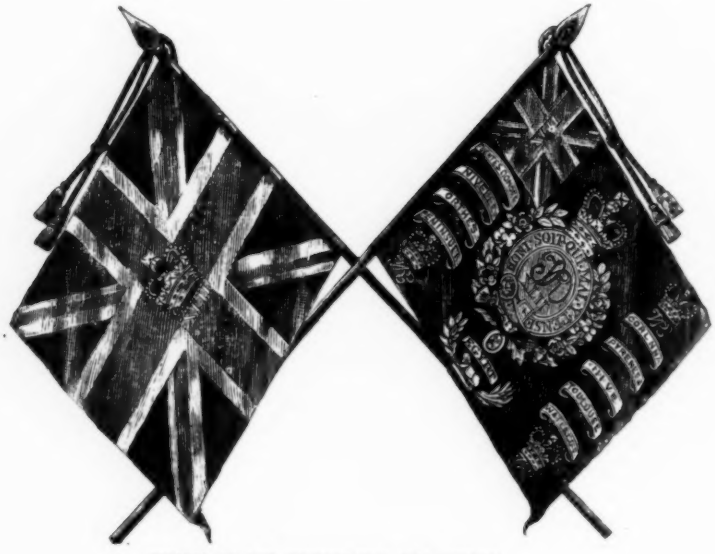
Jacob had told me to do this when I started, and I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself, and like a naughty boy should feel who has ventured to disobey. Jacob is accustomed to tell everybody how to do everything, and to be implicitly obeyed. Although he is little more than five feet high, he is very broad, and made like a bull. He does not at all approve of people doing things in their own way, and when they do so he shows his displeasure markedly. The steam tram, too, is a special *protégé* of Jacob's, and it is evident that he thinks my conduct a piece of unparalleled daring. When put out he has a way of puffing and swelling like a turkey-cock, and of fiercely biting his lips. He does this now. He looks a little mollified when I say, "Well, I walked because I thought it would give me an appetite for dinner." Jacob is particularly proud of the cuisine of his hotel.

Many people would, no doubt, prefer to stay at the Hague instead of at Scheveningen. The journey between the two is so trifling, and there are many more advantages in the bright town in the way of amusements and shops; during the off season it must be much pleasanter to be at the Hague; Scheveningen is then almost deserted by visitors, and people fond of society would doubtless find it very dull. The Hague is always bright and pleasant, and its fine picture-galleries, its choice library, statues, buildings, tempting shops and walks, make it a most attractive place to stay at.

Besides Scheveningen, Leyden and Delft are within easy reach by railway or tram.

GILBERT S. MACQUOID.

# THE STORY OF THE 42ND REGIMENT: THE BLACK WATCH.



COLOURS OF THE FORTY-SECOND HIGHLANDERS.

NOT many of those who have of late years watched with interest the brilliant services of the oldest Highland regiment have ever attached any meaning to its second title, "The Black Watch." Yet in these words are contained the story of its origin and much of the romantic associations of its early days.

In the first quarter of the eighteenth century, when Rob Roy held the position of "uncrowned king" of the Highlands north of Loch Lomond, and when the proudest nobles had no scruple in entering into secret agreements with this robber chief, the state of the Borderlands was such that "sober people were obliged to purchase some security to their effects by shameful and ignominious contracts of blackmail." In every district was some Highland bandit who called himself the "captain of the watch," and whose followers were known by that name. With him a go-between communicated, and such as wished to deal with this wild insurance company paid the stipulated sum, while those who declined those irregular contracts had to find their own protection.

The significance of the title "Watch" was two-fold. Their duties were to see that those who paid were not molested, and to make it certain that those who refused the stipend should be plundered without fail. Thus these corps throughout the Highlands became a recognised institution, and comprised in all a considerable body of men, who were inured to every hardship, and who knew no mode of life but that of war.

In time the Duke of Montrose and others pressed upon the Government the necessity of taking the control of the country out of the hands of these lawless tax-gatherers, and it was consequently determined to enrol from among the Highlanders themselves certain bands of frontier police. Accordingly in the year 1729 a number of loyal Highlanders were formed into six independent companies, and the officers were taken chiefly from the clans Campbell, Grant, and Munro. To these, as a matter of course, the local name of "Watch" descended, and as they continued to wear the dress of the country—which consisted so much of black, blue, and green tartan—they were soon known as "Freicudan Du" (Black Watch), in contradistinction to "Seidaran Dearag," or red soldiers.

Ten years later, when England was agitated by the question whether the Spaniards had or had not cut off an ear from the head of the smuggler Captain Jenkins, and when it was resolved that the matter was to be decided by a war instead of ocular demonstration, King George II issued a royal warrant incorporating the six companies of the Black Watch into a regiment, and gave the command to Colonel John Earl of Crawford. In the month of May following these companies, with four others newly raised, were assembled in a field between Taybridge and Aberfeldy, and constituted into the Highland Regiment.

Nevertheless, so long as it remained in Scotland this title was a dead letter, and, notwithstanding its brand-new scarlet tunic and blue bonnet, the corps was still known as the Black Watch.

For more than a year it remained on the banks of the Tay, learning its drill and awaiting further orders, but as the dispute about smuggler Jenkins' ear was satisfactorily settled by the capture of some of the American possessions of Spain, the regiment, being again subdivided into companies, returned in the winter of 1741 to its duties as "Black Watch" in the Highlands.

Two years later, when the English were supporting the house of Austria against the Elector of Bavaria and King of France, the Highland regiment was reassembled at Perth and directed to march from thence to the south of England. Many of the men, from the nature of the duties which they had hitherto performed, were under the impression that they had enlisted only for service in their own country, and as their destination had not been officially announced, came to the conclusion that they were merely proceeding to London to be reviewed by the King.

On the 14th of May they were formed up for inspection on Finchley Common, and were a source of great interest to many thousands of spectators, who now for the first time beheld a body of Highland soldiers. When the parade was over they received an order to proceed to Gravesend for embarkation. A wild rumour now spread that they were about to be sent to the West Indies—then regarded as the white man's grave. Many felt that the contract made with them was being broken, and when night fell a hundred men started to retrace their steps to Scotland. In a few days they were overtaken in Northamptonshire by two squadrons of dragoons, and, although at first prepared to resist, were ultimately persuaded to return to London. They were conducted to the Tower, where three of their number were tried and shot, while the remainder were separated from their former comrades and drafted to different colonies—a severe punishment for what after all was a reasonable misapprehension. The remainder of the regiment in the meantime embarked for Ostend.

Nearly two years were now spent between winter quarters and bloodless strategic movements before the day came upon which the Black Watch was to receive its baptism of fire.

On the 29th of April, 1745, the Highland Regiment formed part of the advance guard, under cover of which the Duke of Cumberland, with the Austrian and Dutch commanders, reconnoitred the French position at Fontenoy.

In clearing the plain of the enemy's sharpshooters, the early training of the Highlanders among their own mountain deer stood them in good stead, and in one instance certainly native cunning triumphed over foreign credulity. A Highlander had been several times fired at by a Frenchman from behind cover. He accordingly removed his bonnet and fixed it on a stick behind a bush; his enemy, naturally assuming the continuity of man and bonnet, continued to shoot, while the bareheaded Scot, having in the meantime stolen round to a better vantage-ground, succeeded in bringing the Frenchman down.

The regiment, having held its advanced position during the night, were so placed as to begin the battle in the morning. Supported by the Guards, they carried a strong entrenchment in gallant style, but as the order of battle developed they were united with the brigade under Brigadier-General Ingoldsby in an attack on a difficult fort, which did not reflect any glory on the troops employed. They were, however, removed subsequently from General Ingoldsby's command, and regained their laurels before the day was over.

About midday, the British being severely pressed, Sir Robert Munro was ordered to bring the Highlanders to their aid, whereupon he sought permission from the Duke of Cumberland that they should fight *in their own way*. Accordingly, when the enemy were on the point of firing he ordered the whole regiment to "clap to the ground," and instantly that the volley had passed over them he called on them to spring up and come closer before pouring in their shot. This done, to retreat and prepare to repeat the manœuvre. The whole army looked in astonishment, and the French were much unsteadied by such unexpected tactics. Unfortunately fresh troops had in the meantime been hurled upon the exhausted English forces, and retreat became inevitable.

Upon the Black Watch devolved the trying duty of covering the movement, and, although this was their first battle, so well did they accomplish the task that they won the thanks of the commanders on the field and the praise of their countrymen in Britain.

When the day was lost there lay upon the plain before Fontenoy, wounded and a prisoner, the youngest son of the famous Rob Roy. Robin Oig was a soldier in the Black Watch, and had borne himself well in the hottest of the fight. He was subsequently exchanged, returned to Scotland, and obtained his discharge. Some years later, thinking evidently that the abduction of an heiress would be a quicker way to fortune than seeking it at the cannon's mouth, he carried off a young widow from her home in Stirlingshire. The result was that, failing to win her love, and being captured by her friends, he was, as an example of the irony of love, executed on Valentine's Day, 1754.

Between 1745 and 1749 the regiment was twice again on service in Holland. In 1751 it obtained its numerical title of 42nd.

In the year 1755 the trade with the Indians in North America attracted English settlers to the territory between the Allegany Mountains and the river Ohio. This brought them into contact with the French, who, advancing from their Canadian possessions, also laid claim to this part of the country. Acts of hostility and reprisal followed, and these, together with some disputes connected with Nova Scotia, led to war. In the following spring the 42nd embarked for New York.

It was in truth a hard fate which brought the Black Watch from a scene in which they had won distinction in defeat to a new world in which they were to display yet more signal valour in an overwhelming catastrophe. On a peninsula at the narrows between lakes Champlain and George the French had built the strong fort of Ticon-

deroga. This formed the base of communication with Du Quesne and their other stations in the coveted Ohio valley. The English general accordingly determined to reduce this important stronghold. Fort Ticonderoga was protected on one side by a rugged shore and on the other by a heavy swamp, while it was defended in front by an 8-foot earthwork; in addition to which the approach was blocked by felled trees, with their branches pointed and turned outwards. A garrison of nearly five thousand men awaited attack.

So misinformed and incautious was Major-General James Abercromby that, although his artillery had been delayed in transport, and notwithstanding that he had not sufficiently reconnoitred the position, he decided on hazarding an assault. The grenadiers and regiments forming the storming-party were quickly involved in the trees and branches; cannon and small arms played mercilessly upon them, yet they struggled onward into deeper entanglement.

The 55th and the Highlanders, in reserve, as soon as they realised the position of their comrades, dashed forward to their assistance, but only to add to the number of the impaled. Still, the early training of the Black Watch enabled them to climb where others were helpless. Forcing their way over the abattis, they reached the breastwork, and, being unsupplied with ladders, scaled from each other's shoulders and by foot-holes made in the face of the earthwork. Captain John Campbell and a few men died on the ramparts, and all behaved like heroes.

"For nearly four hours, like the succeeding waves of an ebb-tide, they attacked again and again, each time losing some of their vantage-ground," but it was of no avail. Six hundred and forty-seven of the 42nd were numbered among the killed and wounded, and no officer of the regiment came out of the fight unhurt. Upon that rude barrier, which the simplest manœuvre would have avoided or one hour of artillery have swept away, fell some of the best of England's soldiers. Yet so well was the battle lost that when, a year later, another expedition sailed across Lake George and landed again at the narrows, the fort of Ticonderoga was evacuated without a struggle, and blown up—the first of a series of surrenders which ended in the loss of Canada to the French nation.

In 1762 the Black Watch were sent from New York to the West Indies, and helped to capture some of the most valuable possessions of both Spain and France in those latitudes. Among these was the rich prize of the Havannah, in which the booty was so large that the commander-in-chief of the expedition got £122,697, the second in command £24,539, each subaltern £116 3*s*. 0¼*d*., and a soldier £4 1*s*. 8⅗*d*. Notwithstanding the extreme accuracy in the halfpence and farthings, it would scarcely seem as if the soldier, once he had won the loot, had much voice in its distribution; otherwise the commander-in-chief would not have received 30,000 times as much as the man who scaled the ramparts.

Peace having been ratified at Fontainebleau, the regiment returned in 1763 to British North America; and as several of the most powerful Indian tribes had formed a league for exterminating the English settlers, it entered on a new form of warfare. For nearly two years the Black Watch were engaged in fighting the greatest Indian warriors amid their own trackless woods and snow-bound crags.

Once, when some soldiers fell into the hands of the savages, they were, as a matter of course, tortured and burned to death. Their captors, to prolong their own enjoyment of the spectacle, sacrificed them singly. When the turn of the last



UNIFORM OF THE FORTY-SECOND HIGHLANDERS. ABOUT 1786.

of the group came he signified that he possessed a secret by which a warrior could be rendered proof against the sharpest tomahawk, and offered himself as a subject for experiment. Having been furnished with the necessary herbs, and having mixed their juices with suitable incantations, he smeared the compound upon his neck, then summoning the most powerful of the bystanders, and satisfying himself of the keenness of the tomahawk, he desired him to strike his hardest. His head rolled many feet away upon the ground, and his foes were cheated of their pastime.

Advancing 250 miles into the heart of the country of the Delawares, and near to the principal settlements of the Shawnese, the expedition reduced these tribes to submission, and freed many white captives of all ages. When the American colonists were thus placed in a position of security against their native enemies, the regiment left the western world in 1767 for Ireland, and subsequently revisited Scotland, after an absence of thirty-two years.

In less than ten years they were again called upon to embark for America, now to engage in

deadly combat with those for whose protection they had previously done so much.

Soon after leaving Greenock the transports were parted by a gale, and one, having on board a company of the Black Watch, was captured by an American privateer. An American crew was put in charge of the prize, and all sail set for the nearest friendly port. A few days later the Highlanders suddenly overpowered the crew, and—with the assistance of the English ship's carpenter, who alone of the original crew had not been removed—navigated the vessel to the Chesapeake, but only to find it abandoned by the English, and in American hands. They were again made prisoners, and, having resisted tempting offers of military promotion or grants of land to join the insurgent army, were finally sent in detached parties to the back settlements, to be detained there till exchanged two years afterwards.

The regiment was present at many of the more successful actions of that disastrous war, but of course shared in the final surrender. Amid so much that was melancholy, there was at least one comic incident. Being posted at a village between New York and Brunswick, the regiment had frequent encounters with the enemy. At the conclusion of one of these an American appeared, bringing on his back into camp a wounded Highlander. Both Earl Cornwallis and Colonel Stirling, who were standing by, complimented the man on his exemplary humanity. The American, being taken aback, confessed that, seeing the sergeant wounded, he was about to plunder him of his silver buckles, when M'Gregor, suddenly seizing him by the throat, drew his dirk and vowed that unless he consented to carry him into camp he would instantly take his life. Hence his apparent philanthropy.

On the conclusion of peace in 1783 the regiment embarked for Nova Scotia, and six years later proceeded to England.

During the wars of the French Revolution the Black Watch took part in the principal operations in which England was engaged on the Continent. During the whole of the eighteenth century Minorca had been a shuttlecock between contending nations. Captured by England in the first decade, it was lost in battle, but recovered, by exchange, in the middle of the century, to be restored to Spain in the last quarter, and again retaken in the closing year.

At the end of 1798 the Highlanders, with three other regiments, sailed from Gibraltar to Minorca. A landing was effected, and the Spanish garrison was forced to retreat to the capital, Ciudadella, in the interior. Having overcome the difficulties of almost impassable roads, commanded by stone enclosures, through a mountainous district, the expeditionary force arrived before the town, where they found the Spaniards strongly entrenched, and possessed of great superiority in numbers. The English general, having distributed his troops in a very extended form both in the valleys and on the little eminences surrounding the position, gave orders that throughout the night as many fires as possible should be lighted. The besieged, thus seeing themselves enveloped in camp-fires, were impressed with the belief that the investing army must consist of at least ten thousand men, and on the following morning surrendered at discretion.

In Egypt the regiment gained especial distinction, and at the battle of Alexandria some men of the Black Watch saved Sir Ralph Abercromby from being taken prisoner by a party of French dragoons. Thus, but for the gallantry of a Highland corporal and his comrades, one of England's bravest generals might have lived a captive instead of having died a conqueror, and the subsequent history of Egypt and of India have been written in French instead of English.

Throughout the ceaseless fighting of the Peninsular campaign, in the retreat to Corunna, and at the victory of Waterloo, the Black Watch took a prominent part; and when, at the conclusion of forty years of European peace, England had again to call upon her soldiers to defend her interests, the regiment was among the first to set foot upon Crimean soil. Here they fought the enemy and the elements through all the seasons round till Sebastopol was ours; only to pass from thence to combat a less formidable foe, but a climate far more trying—to share in the siege of Lucknow and the reconquest of our Indian Empire; and yet again, in less than fifteen years, to bear the brunt of a little war on a still more deadly coast. When the King of Ashantee seized upon the missionaries and made war upon the African allies of England there seemed no alternative but to fight these savages, even in their own pestilential swamps.

The same corps which, a hundred years before, had thrust back the North American Indians from the homesteads of the English colonists, was the first selected for the duty. Weeks of unremitting toil in the most exhausting climate in the world brought them face to face with the armed hordes of King Coffee, and to within a few miles of Coomassie. A deep undulation, covered with the densest bush, bottomed by a holding swamp, and rising again to a vantage-ground, on which stood the village of Amoaful, gave to the enemy a position for concealment and defence which seemed impregnable. Yet through this valley of death the Highlanders cut, step by step, a path, falling in numbers as the clearing showed where the head of their column reached and drew the fire upon them; till at length, by the good practice of a mountain gun, time having been gained for a firm formation, the final charge took place, the Ashantee army dissolved before the Black Watch, and Amoaful was won.

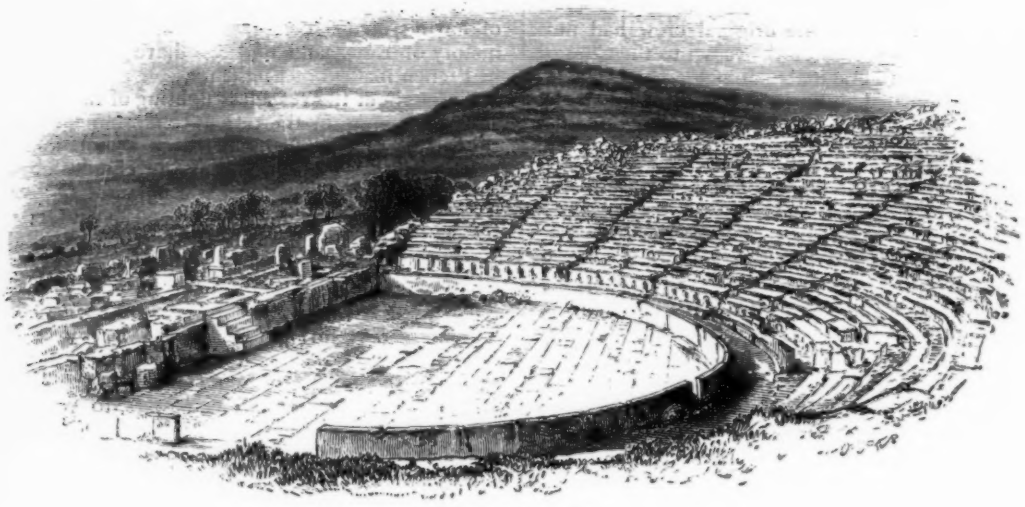
Since then, at Tel-el-Kebir and in other recent Egyptian battles, the Black Watch have added laurels to the regimental wreath.

While England has men who can at any moment fill the vacant files of the Black Watch, she may with confidence adopt the motto of that corps, and say, "Nemo me impune lacessit." N. A.

NOTE.—The writer of the "Story of the Third Regiment" in the June number of the "Leisure Hour" regrets that he inadvertently erred in saying that the Buffs were in India during the Crimean War, whereas it has been since pointed out to him that the regiment was present at "the Quarries" and at the attack on the Redan on September 8th, 1855, on which occasion Colonel (now Sir Frederick) Maud, G.C.B., added to the honours of the corps by winning the Victoria Cross. The Buffs were the first regiment to occupy Sebastopol.

# A DAY IN ANCIENT ATHENS, B.C. 470.

CHAPTER IV.



THEATRE AT ATHENS.

IT was in one of the by-streets they had passed the nurse carrying her sad burden. Now they turned into a more public and somewhat wider street, where a wonderful change appeared.

"Now we are getting into the fun!" cried Philocles, as they moved on into the dense throng of pleasure-seekers, all in gay apparel, but by no means of the finest texture, nor always quite as clean as might be desired.

"Patrician or plebeian?" said Eudora. "Which epithet shall we apply to the multitude here and the amusements going on?"

"Plebeian decidedly," replied Thaumaturgus. "As I told you, all the gentry with few exceptions are in the theatre now, more than half a mile away. We are getting near the western end of the Agora, and the theatre is about a quarter of a mile to the east of the Agora."

As they proceeded along the street they noticed that the statue before each house—the "Hermes," as it was called, usually consisting of a bust (or occasionally two, three, or even four heads), forming the top of a quadrangular pedestal that tapered off towards the base—was crowned with a garland of flowers, or garlands were hung on the truncated shoulders. Here and there an immense vase of wine in the street—the gift of some generous worshipper of the merry god—was surrounded by eager drinkers. The tavern-keepers, however, preferred selling wine to giving it away, and, their premises being overcrowded, they had at many places erected booths in the wider parts of the streets to accommodate additional customers there.

At one point they had to take shelter as well as they could in a doorway as a rude and riotous procession passed by. It was a revel of the wildest description, most of the men and women roaring or screaming bacchanalian songs, accompanied by jokes and frolics of all kinds and tumultuous shouts of laughter. Thaumaturgus explained it to be a grotesque and shameless caricature of the grand public procession of the morning. They were glad when it was gone on and they could proceed.

"Look, there is Punch and Judy!" shouted Philocles.

"No, not quite so," replied Thaumaturgus. "Chronology will hardly admit of its being a representation of Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot, but it is undoubtedly a puppet-show contrived in a similar manner, with hidden strings guiding the actions of the marionettes."

Soon they reached the Agora. Here—and had they gone to the Cerameicus or any other open space in the city they would have beheld a carnival of the same kind—the whole place was full of "fun" such as Philocles loved. In one corner was a juggler, with a table before him, performing his various feats of dexterity to the amazement of the gaping crowd of men, women, and children, who laughed and shrieked with delight, not in the least awed by the silent grandeur of the temples close by. Elsewhere a man was exhibiting a number of monkeys, quaintly dressed, which performed a variety of clever tricks to the delight of the spectators, till some wag threw a handful of nuts among them, when in a moment natural

instinct set at defiance both training and the fear of the whip, and a tempest of laughter burst forth, peal upon peal, as the monkeys scrambled for the nuts, jumping and tumbling over one another, biting, tearing, scratching, their owner all the while aflame with fury against the unknown disturber of the peace, and contributing to the fun by his very rage.

Then they came upon other conjurers of both sexes. Here was a man swallowing swords; here were women spitting fire from their mouths; here a Thessalian was exhibiting two slave-girls, whom he had trained as tumblers. They were very lightly clad, with long trousers and the body thinly covered, and were performing somersaults across a circle of sharp swords stuck in the ground point upwards, alighting on their hands in the centre, and flinging themselves out clear and unharmed on the further side.

"See what a crowd there is," exclaimed Ianthe, "in front of that large public building, and how excited they seem, now screaming with delight, and now breathless in silence!"

With difficulty they made their way to a point whence they could see a large platform on which the performance was going on. There were three men in light armour, a woman clad only like one of the Thessalian girls, and a table as high as a man, on which stood a large vase. The exhibition had only a short time begun, and now they saw that one man, with a shield and a headless spear, was dancing actively, while the second, similarly armed, was pretending to dance as partner to the first, but really balancing himself with the utmost care for the sake of the woman who was standing vertically on her head and hands—on his head.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Ianthe. "But see, she is lifting herself on her two hands! Now she is bending her body into a curve, lowering her feet and raising her face! Why, she is nearly a circle—like the letter C! What a spine she must have that will bear bending backwards like that!"

Great was the excitement of the spectators, and loud their cries of admiration. But the cries were redoubled when, withdrawing her right hand from the man's head, she rested her whole weight on the left hand only, her heels almost touching her forehead; and then, dipping her feet into the vase, took out with her toes one small article after another—chiefly sweetmeats, apparently—and with a dexterous twist of the ankle threw each in succession among the people. An artist who was looking on was overheard by Thaumaturgus declaring that he would commemorate this astonishing feat by painting it on a vase he had then in hand.

But all this while the third of the three men—who was evidently the owner and trainer of the other two, and of the woman—was standing close by with a sharp-pointed sword within a few inches of her waist, so that if she slipped she apparently could not escape being impaled on the sword. But he knew the value of his living chattels, and kept his eye fixed on her motions; and there can be no doubt that had she really slipped he would have flung down his sword in an instant and caught her.

The visitors at last felt the exhibition to be painfully exciting. They hardly spoke. Even Philocles was silenced, except that he whispered some question to Thaumaturgus about Aristotle and "pity and terror," which made Thaumaturgus smile.

"But, O wonder-worker!" said Eudora, "I am afraid of that magic wand of yours. You will wave it before long, for the time is fast passing; and then we shall suddenly find ourselves more than two thousand three hundred years older, and back in Russell Square."

"True, the hours flit fast," replied Thaumaturgus, "and we have yet much of interest to see. We have come the whole length of the Agora. Let us now make our way straight down this road. Here on our left is the southern slope of the Acropolis, and—"

"Pardon the interruption," said Arignotus, "but what does that prodigious circular wall yonder contain? It looks like the outside of some immense hippodrome."

"That is the theatre, to which I was on the point of directing your attention. It is indeed a vast enclosure, not forming a complete circle, but a large segment of a circle, and, as you will see, open to the sky."

"Surely it will contain several thousand spectators, will it not?" asked Eudora.

"It is estimated to seat thirty thousand persons, and the reason why we have found so few of the free population in the street to-day is that every citizen is in the theatre as a matter of course on a day like this from an early hour till sunset."

"But surely all those people in the Agora are not all slaves, like my unhappy Ianthe?"

"The proportion of slaves to free it is impossible to state; but there are slaves from the town and slaves come in from the country; sailors (they are free men) from the Peiræeus and the other ports of Athens (it is only a two-miles walk for them); visitors from all the States of Greece—as you might see by their Dorian tunics; and great numbers of the resident aliens, called Metœcs, who are permitted to settle in Athens, but without the rights of citizens; also a sprinkling of true foreigners (whom the Greeks call barbarians)—Thracians, Persians, Phœnicians; to say nothing of the Scythian bowmen whose tents we saw."

"A motley crowd indeed," rejoined Eudora. "But," she inquired, not without a shade of anxiety, "are ladies admitted to the theatre?"

"Yes, both ladies and children, as you will see—at this part of the performances, I mean; for earlier in the day the comedies are acted, which are often of a gross character. But now the tragedies are being performed, and we shall find a large number of ladies there, with their women-slaves in attendance."

"Ah," exclaimed the fun-loving Philocles, "won't I have proper attendance from you, Ianthe! You shall get me some oranges, and—"

"Oh, my dear boy," interposed Thaumaturgus, laughing, "you won't have the opportunity of teasing your pretty cousin; she will have to go with her mistress to sit among the ladies, probably a long way from us."

At this announcement there was a general outcry. Arignotus and his daughter, as well as his son and his niece, all hoped they could keep together.

"We will content ourselves then," said Thaumaturgus, "with going just inside at the highest part of the theatre—we cannot say 'gallery'—and standing there. Follow me up these broad stairs. They are but rough, for though it is thirty years since the building of the theatre was commenced, I have means of knowing that it will be nearly ninety years yet before it will be finished. Now I will pay the small entrance-fee (only threepence each), and here we enter."

"What a glorious spectacle!" exclaimed Ianthe.

"Hush! you must keep up your character as a slave," said Thaumaturgus, laughing; "and yet many slave-girls do chatter very freely with their mistresses if they are favourites."

"Then I shall chatter a little longer," replied Ianthe, "for I never saw such a blaze of colour as there is on that side of the theatre—and that too with the blue sky above and that lovely blue sea beyond!"

"We have indeed a commanding position here," said Arignotus. "The architect seems to have availed himself of the natural slope of the hill, with little or no substructure."

"You are right; and these rough seats that rise tier above tier in concentric circles, and the steps of the broad gangways that run down towards the centre and divide the seats into wedges, are mostly cut in the living rock. When the theatre is finished they will all be both covered and faced with white marble."

"No doubt," said Philocles, "where that straight line of high wall cuts off part of the circle, the narrow platform in front of it is the stage, and those four men are the actors. But what does that wall represent? At the two ends it looks like the façade of a handsome and lofty palace."

"That is so, and the whole of that wall would appear the same, but that part of it is hidden by large canvas screens to represent the rocky side of a mountain."

"But what are they doing to that poor man—the actor stretched out against the rock?" asked Eudora.

"They are only hammering a huge wedge of steel through his chest, with a few other civilities of the same character."

"Surely they will kill him! It is too horrible!"

"Oh, no!" said Philocles, laughing outright at his less learned sister. "I know the play: it is the 'Prometheus Bound of Æschylus.'[1] I have read it at school. He won't be killed for two reasons: first, because (as the Doctor explained to us) that is only an effigy, and not a living man; and secondly—"

"I am fully relieved by that one reason, thank you."

"Yes, but I must further explain that he (Prometheus) is not a man, but a god. They are all four gods."

"Right, Philocles!" said Thaumaturgus; "but you were wrong just now in speaking of four actors. Only two of those are actors, and the other two (including Prometheus himself for the present) are only mutes. In some years' time another great dramatist, Sophocles, will introduce a third actor, and the Greek drama will never admit a larger number."

"I fancy I understand the reason," said Arignotus. "Is it not because of the magnitude of the building? We cannot be much less than three hundred feet from the stage, and though, with attention, these people near us seem to be able to hear the speakers, yet if there were several it would be impossible to distinguish them."

"You are right; and it is all the more difficult to distinguish them as they are for the most part dressed alike in a gorgeous costume befitting this as a great Bacchic festival."

"But will you tell us something about the play?" asked Eudora. "Three of the actors have marched off the stage, and the figure is speaking—which means, of course, some person concealed near the figure."

"Prometheus has sinned against his fellow-gods by being a benefactor of the human race and bringing fire down to men—source of all arts. For this offence, at the command of Zeus, the sovereign god, the subordinate god Hephæstus (the smith and artisan of the heavenly world) has come, accompanied by Force and Might, bringing Prometheus to stretch him out and nail him here against the rocky side of Caucasus, and here he is to remain. But not alone; he expects an eagle, which he is powerless to resist, but which is to banquet on his ever-growing vitals."

"Terrible! But what is he saying?"

"Left in his cruel bonds, he is pouring out his sorrows to the only companions he now has:

> 'O sacred ether, and ye swift-winged breezes,
> And river founts, and the unnumbered laughter
> Of ocean's billows; thou, all mother earth;
> And the all-seeing orb of Helios I invoke;
> Behold what I, a god, suffer from gods.'

Thus he bewails his lot, but boasts of his foreknowledge of all the future. So he stirs up his courage to endure. Yet now something disturbs him:

> 'What sound, what odour faint hath flown to me,
> Heaven-sent, or mortal, or of mingled kind?'

He hears wings, and thinks it is the eagle coming."

"See," exclaims Eudora, "here comes a winged car containing a bevy of goddesses—a dozen or so! Now he is silent, and one of them speaks. I wonder how the car is moved?"

"They constitute the chorus, and the car is swung on a great crane. They are not actresses, but men dressed in female garb. They introduce themselves to him as sea-nymphs, daughters of Father Ocean, and quiet the alarm the rustling of

[1] The Prometheus Bound was in reality not acted so early as B.C. 470, but at least two years—possibly eight or ten years—later. This is one of several unimportant anachronisms the writer has allowed himself. Others are in matters of usage, where there is no *evidence* that the usage sprang up till half a century after the date of our imaginary visit.

their wings has occasioned him. He listens to their words of condolence, and recounts to them the services he has rendered to Zeus first (in coming to his aid when the giants attempted to take heaven by storm) and to mortals afterwards, the latter cancelling the former. He then invites them to descend from their car. They reply,

'We hear thy call,
And are ready all,
We daughters of thy kinsman Ocean;
With nimble foot,
To leave our car of rapid motion,
That through the air doth shoot,
The path of birds;
And lighting on these ramparts ragged
Of rock so high, so bleak, and jagged,
We long to know
Thy whole sad tale of woe;
And list thy words.'

And now, you see, they alight on the ground before the stage."

"Those do not reckon as actors, you tell us," said Arignotus, "but no doubt this is an actor who is somehow drawn along the stage. He is in splendid costume, like the other actors, and seems to be bestriding some huge griffin or sea-monster."

"I can tell you who he is!" cried Philocles. "This is old Ocean, a very lukewarm friend, who comes to condole with Prometheus. But I forget what he is saying."

"I will translate his words," says Thaumaturgus:

"'I come from my home 'neath the blue sea waves,
By this fleet bird borne from those distant caves;
A steed that unreined my purpose knows,
And I sigh o'er thy woes, Prometheus.
For the bond of kindred bids me sigh;
Nor breathes there to whom, apart from this tie,
Larger guerdon of honour I'd yield than to thee,
And words of feigned kindness are ne'er found in me.
So how shall I aid thy sad woes to relieve,
Thy wrongs to redress, and lost honours retrieve?
For no friend shalt thou boast 'neath the welkin blue
Than hoary Ocean more firm and true.'"

"I know what comes next," said Philocles. "He advises Prometheus to humble himself, and gets small thanks. Prometheus scorns submission, and recommends *him* in turn to keep himself out of trouble. And now, you see, after some debate and with pretended reluctance away he goes. But it is not worth while to tell you at length, for these girls of ours are only admiring the ladies' dresses all the while."

"There are certain gold ornaments of the *men* I want to inquire about," replied Ianthe, "but I will not interrupt now. So will you, Thaumaturgus, tell us what the chorus are singing now—or the one voice, rather? And do I not hear a flute?"

"It is only one voice. The leader of the chorus alone speaks, and in the singular. And there is a flute, played by a musician seated on the steps of that altar which you see quite in the middle of the theatre. He is on the further side of the altar, so that we cannot see him; and the prompter sits there also. I should have told you that the open space inside, and several feet below the lowest circle of seats, is called the orchestra, which means the dancing-place. The chorus, you see, is dancing there in two divisions, in figures most carefully marked out."

"And what is the chorus saying now?"

"First they bewail the victim's sufferings, and sing in plaintive measure how the whole earth mourns for him—the warrior maidens of the Colchian land, the Scythian host, and the martial bloom of Arabia. They then extend their lament to include the brother also of the present sufferer, Atlas:

'One God alone
Till now I've known
In bonds of adamant subdued
With pain and shame—
Atlas by name,
Of the great Titan brood;
For he doth e'er
Upon his shoulders vast
With toil for aye to last
The mighty pole of heaven upbear;
And whilst beneath the load he groans,
Around him sympathising roar
The sea waves hoar,
And the abysmal depth of ocean moans;
While Hades' caverns dark beneath the ground
With muttered wrath resound;
And founts whence holy rivers flow
Bewail his piteous woe.'"

Thaumaturgus proceeds to explain to his companions the purport of the lengthened dialogue that follows, in which Prometheus more fully recounts the obligations under which he has laid the human race. It was he who gave them intelligence, who taught them to build, to watch the heavenly bodies, to understand the value of numbers, to write, to remember; who first instructed men in horsemanship, navigation, soothsaying, mining, metallurgy. In short—

'All arts 'mong mortal men are from Prometheus,

the name Prometheus signifying Fore-thinker."

"And what is the chorus saying now?" asks Eudora.

"They hope he may yet be freed, and become no less mighty than Zeus himself. But he can see no ray of hope till Zeus, who is now but newly seated on the throne, is driven from it by Fate—a power far mightier than he—a thought which the chorus shudders to entertain."

"Yes, and they would shudder if they knew how hungry I am just now!" Philocles burst in. "And here comes a girl selling most tempting sausages, and a man with fruit. So remember your promise."

The promise was remembered, and the sausage (of which Ianthe got a welcome share) was duly discussed, as were a few figs and pomegranates by the rest of the party, while the play for a few minutes was forgotten.

R. F. WEYMOUTH, D.LIT.

# NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

## HAUNTS OF THE FERN OWL.

THE following notes are from the letters of one who, as the accompaniment of daily toil, has made the study of birds, reptiles, and insects a chief pleasure. The sketches are also his own, done from life. We have not altered his natural, graphic descriptions, but as they came to us in the form of letters it has been necessary to collect and group them. About the fern owls, he says: "I give you my word, the present rough sketch is a truthful one; it was written after closely watching them by night and day for two years, when my work lay close to the stronghold of the fern owls."



NEAR THE STONE HEAPS.

Of the country where our friend's work lies, Grant Allen, writing in a contemporary, speaks enthusiastically: "A beautiful, broken, rural country, whose very existence is absolutely unknown to the vast majority of the civilised dwellers in Bayswater and Kensington. A dreamy land of sandstone hills and bracken and heather. The railways have happily left it untouched, and in the heart of that rustic weald country you may still light upon villages as rural and villagers as unsophisticated as any to be found in Devon or Lincolnshire."

Describing his lodging, whilst making some entomological notes during his leisure hours, our friend writes:

A well-built old English thatched cottage, the front of which is covered with roses and honeysuckle, standing in a good old-fashioned garden. In the borders you will find stocks, carnations, sweet-williams, and between the hives splendid white lilies. The leaves of these, preserved in spirits, form the universal remedy for all cuts and bruises that affect the household. Or if the cut be only slight, a bruised leaf from the geranium stops bleeding; homely remedies, but good ones. A thick privet hedge closes the garden from the common; beyond are the firs.

Chipsey-wee-wee-wee! A little bluetit settles on the entrance to the master's beehive. Two taps with his bill bring out a bee to see what is the matter. He soon finds out. Chip! and off Master Bluehead goes. If a charge of shot did not stop him he would thin the hive out. Presently out comes a toad.

"What do I kill 'em for?" says the master. "Do good, do they? You'd say so if you kept bees! Artful ain't no name for their moves; they just scrapes a hole with their paws, and lays there quiet if anybody is about—right in front of the hive, mind you! When all is still he just gets on them hind feet o' his and opens his mouth, and them there bees go slap into it! He can't help it? I thinks, master, you'd be very fond o' toads, you would, if you kept bees!"

I have seen "Bee-snapping Gabriel,"[1] as they call him, lie covered with only the eyes to be seen; and then rise suddenly bolt upright on them hind feet o' his. Swallows, too, like bees, and all the large moths, the hawk tribe particularly, will force an entrance into the hive, if possible, to feed on the honey. You can tell by the commotion amongst the bees when they are inside.

Night has come, the humming-bird hawk-moth has paid his visits in the heat of the day; the hotter it is the better he likes it. We take a small bull's-eye lantern and walk quietly round the hives. A hum; another and another. In front of the lilies something shines before you like moving emeralds. They are the eyes of the privet hawk-moth. By gently moving the light you can see his long trunk at work.

We will have no net banging about. Here is a bit of bark that has been ripped from the stem of a fir—the very thing for us. Procuring a cup of honey from our good old landlady, we coax a mug of that most extra cider beyond compare from the master. We mix some of it with the honey, smear it on the bark, and leave near the hives. The master grins, and asks, "What game are you up to now?" After supper, he is told, we will show him.

Supper over, we go out again. On the bark, dazed and incapable, are privet-moths with crimson underwing, a lime-hawk, and two enormous grey slugs.



CHUR-CHUR-ER-ER-CHUR.

A pair of very bright eyes catch the light. On looking we see our old friend Bee-snapping Gabriel, reared up on his hind feet. He has not come to imbibe, but to eat the insects that cover the bark.

With our captures and a muttered "Well, well, of all the capers that ever I seed played," from the master, we retire to rest.

The next day the mistress is informed confidentially that I am "a mortal curious customer; no harm in him, though, Dame."

Often heard but little seen is this strong-winged, large-eyed, wide-mouthed night-swallow, or fern owl. Here and there you will see him in the course of your evening rambles; but to find his stronghold and hunting-ground you must range far afield.

Out of the town of Dorking along green lanes, a good walk will bring you to Leith Hill, and thence to the common. The sun is high up yet, and as we wish to find our owl in his night haunts first, we have plenty of time to look about us. Skirt the bog covered with cotton grass and rushes. "Gock," "Gock-whir," there goes a blackcock; they breed here in water-pools on the highest part of the land in the hot summer weather. Wild ducks rear their young here also; the cottagers find the mother and ducklings in the dipholes sometimes when they go for water in the early morning. Poultry they keep on the hills, but not ducks. "Snakes?" Yes, large ones too. No fear of treading on one, they are off like a flash; any one not accustomed to them would wonder what that shining streak meant. Butterflies of many kinds are flitting about here and there and everywhere. Prominent from the others by their flight are the strong-winged fritillaries.

Now, from the common through the woods, we reach the moor. Up through firs, their trunks blazing red in the sunlight, another mile, and we are on the camp ground, rightly so named, for on it are the traces of a Roman fortress. In a line from this is Farleigh, dearly beloved by the antiquarian community for the treasures it has given them.

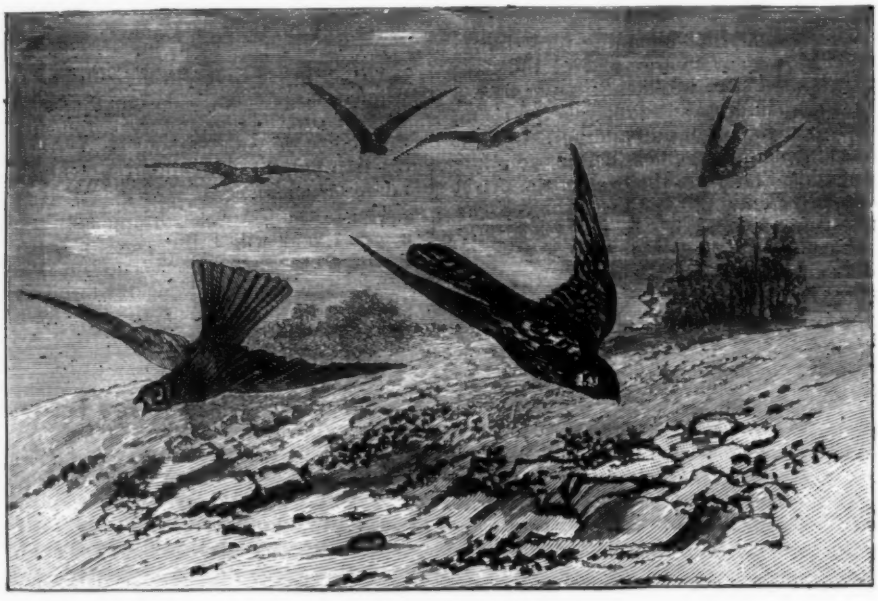
Fern owls, not Roman coins or vases, are what we have come in search of. But look round, before the light leaves, at the firs, mile after mile of them; rough ground and heather of two kinds—pale pink and purple. Furze, ferns, and whortleberry bushes, knee high. Bushels of fruit have the children gathered; the birds, too, have their bills stained deep purple. Plenty there are for all and to spare.

We near our resting-place, the low mounds in front, which are the refuse from stone quarries that have been worked and left many years ago. Summer and winter have done their work in

[1] "Bee-snapping Gabriel" is a very old local Surrey name for the toad. The sounds which come from a mixed flight of white-fronted and Barnacle geese, high up in the air, in stormy weather, which is like that of a pack of hounds in full cry, is also called "gabble retchet;" and the local idea is that the sound always forbodes death and misfortune. "Gabriel's hounds!" or "The hell hounds are on the hunt!" the old crones mutter, as they cower over their cottage fires on wild, stormy nights.

crumbling the stones. The dew blackberry, mixed with tufts of wiry grass, covers the surface. Exposed to the full blaze of the sun all day, you can feel a warmth from them at night, hot as the evening is. Moths congregate here, with other flying things; the fern owls also. Our feet touch

three of the fern owls have settled close to us, and are having a concert. "Chur-er-er-chur" to any amount, while overhead you can see them tumbling, wheeling, and diving like a flock of pigeons. The fern owl is not a shy bird in his proper home; he will fly round your head or



THE HUNTING-GROUND.

something on the green sheep-track, the remains of a blackcock: and up from the ferns a few steps further on springs a large grey bird, which has just finished his supper. He looks like a gull, but is the full-plumaged male hen-harrier.

Chur, chur, chur—chur. The first rattling of the fern owl. It is answered from twenty different quarters. It is their dinner signal; they have fashionable customs, and dine late. Here they come, the whole place is alive with them. With the exception of the hitting of the back of the wings together at times, like a pigeon, their flight is noiseless. "Chur" and "squeak," they are in full work now. The different flights of the moths cause the bird to tumble and dart in a very peculiar way. Some moths fly straightly, others archwise; the skip-jacks vandyke about; that clip of the owl's wing when he seems to tumble hits the moth down; the return stroke from the other wing brings him alive into his enemy's mouth.

We do not intend going home before morning breaks. The heather makes a good couch on a pinch; and if you want a pillow pull up a good armful of the frieze moss, which is all round about. It is light enough to read, almost, and it is warm; what more could anyone want? The scent from the fir-trees is enough to make you feel glad to be alive; the heather gives its share, so do other small things. We doze a little but wake up with a start, for the ground seems to shake. Two or

settle within six feet of you if you keep quiet and let him alone.

A slight rustle, and on looking down some small creature is seen moving close to our resting-place, a toad of aldermanic girth. He is going home. A very lucky thing for him that the



WHERE A RABBIT HAS SCRATCHED LAY THE MARBLED EGGS.

creature who picks him up is not on entomological thoughts intent, or the bee-snapping Gabriel would have a rap on the noddle, and his stomach be turned out next into a basin of water. For a collector of rare and valuable specimens of the beetle tribe is the toad.

It is noon, and we are slowly walking over the

tops of the stone-heaps near our resting-place of last night. Flitting over the stones and running on them are legions of the insect tribe. Lizards are there, for a better feeding-ground you could not find; the common heath lizard, and now and then a specimen of the green species; not an escaped Jersey lizard, mind you.

One continual hum—there is no other word for it—sounds all round you. Insect life is in full swing in the air and on the ground.

And now for the haunt of the fern owl by day. Keep the green sheep-track. There is a nearer way through that long stretch of whortle bushes—here called hurts—but vipers are numerous and remarkably active. We have found that out long ago; the colour of burnt sienna, with black markings, they are, here. If they do not hurt you, you might hurt them, poor things. If you accidentally put your foot on one it gives you a turn, that curl round the leg. Strange to say, the children do not get bitten; at least, I have never known a case of the kind in my wanderings over the forest. The boys are very clever in catching them with a cleft stick. Viper's oil finds a ready sale even now.

In the short space of a mile you will find, if you look, three kinds of the same species—red



TWO NOODLING LUMPS OF FLUFF.

with black markings, among the whortle bushes; bronze-green and black markings, under the fir-trees; bronze-red, on the sandstone littered with dead bramble leaves.

Now we clear the fir wood. Look up the long valley in front, three miles in length: the sides are covered with junipers of every size, from splendid specimens that would ornament the grounds of a prince, if he could get them to flourish, down to little beauties that would go in a flower-pot. Down the whole stretch runs a little stream, in places only a foot wide, in which there are splendid trout, for it is not the quantity but the quality of the water which makes them thrive. Where a water rat can live a trout will get fat if the water is suitable.

Not a sound is to be heard, saving a tinkling sheep-bell. It is very hot, the very firs seem to be asleep. Mind where you place your feet, for the fern owl breeds on these sunny slopes.

Flip! the bird has gone. Look on the bare stones where a rabbit in play has scratched the thin fine turf off, forming a slight hollow.

On a bit of dead fern and a blade or two of withered grass lie two beautiful eggs, marbled over in a way which matches the surroundings, to a degree that sends you off in a brown study. Pick them up, you cannot find them very often, and if you left them for a little while the bird would come back, and taking them one at a time she would carry them away in her capacious mouth and place them elsewhere. Quick! Where shall we put them so that they may be safe until we return? We have it. Close by, on a drooping juniper branch, is a chaffinch's nest. Pick up a little of that velvet-like moss, wrap the eggs in it, and place them carefully in the nest. Now we can jog on.

Up we go to gain the moor. On a bare space, over which the dewberry trails here and there, and bits of peat and fir-twigs lie scattered amongst fragments of red stone,—from under our very feet, as it seems, "Flip, flip, flip," and a squeak, and two birds rise and drop again in the heath. Fern owls they are; stand quiet, they have young close to you. Crawl under that large juniper, where the boughs sweep the ground. We have not long to wait. Here they come and settle close to what looks like a bit of stone with a patch or two of yellowish grey lichen on it, and a dead leaf by the side. All at once the seeming stone and dead leaf move and prove to be two young fern owls. Leaving your hiding-place you go to look at them, the parents tumbling about the while near you. There they squat, two blinking, gaping, noodling lumps of fluff.

Taking one in our hand, it winks, opens its mouth, and then noodles down in the hand, sleepy. After a good look at the young Evejars—as the children call them—we leave them to grow and prosper.

# NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

## DARK STARS.

A NEW chapter in the "astronomy of the invisible" has recently been opened to the student of the starry heavens. We have seen in former papers the wonderful feats achieved of late years in the art of photographing the unseen, and that it is possible to get faithful pictures of stars and other radiant bodies never yet sighted by the eye of man, and, indeed, likely to remain for ever invisible, even through the most powerful telescopes. But the existence of dark stars—stars which have died out and are no longer the beneficent dispensers of life-giving light and heat—is a phenomenon of a different kind. Although blotted out as it were from the luminous panorama of the heavens, these dark stars yet remain in their orbits, fulfilling, as of old, the dynamic functions which belong to luminous and dark stars alike. Though no longer effulgent in the heavens, they are still stars "in their courses." A dark star may be simply a solitary orb, unattended by a retinue of similarly dark planets and satellites, or it may be linked to another star which is still shining with the brilliance of a Sirius. In the last-mentioned case it is the invisible elder brother of two twin stars, and only becomes known to us by its transit across the bright face of its companion, by periodically putting out or eclipsing the light of the latter as it circles round in its orbit. Dark stars, in fact, are chiefly known to us by this periodical transit across the face of a brother star, which is still in the plenitude of radiant light and heat.

Dark stars are by no means infrequent or exceptional phenomena of the heavens. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that they, too, like the visible stars, are a "heavenly host," although their functions in the economy of the skies has changed, and in some respects entirely died out through advancing age. Mr. Cowper Ranyard, one of our ablest of contemporary astronomical critics, has pointed out in the Milky Way dark regions of space which are by no means explicable as mere vacuities and deserts of the sky. We already know of the existence of many dark bodies in space, but it is more than likely that the apparently void regions in question are really occupied by dark stars—opaque and perfectly cold orbs. We may proceed to give some of the evidence for the existence of bodies which add such prophetic interest to our knowledge of the heavens.

One of the most notable of the dark stars is the companion to the well-known variable star Algol, already described in these pages.[1] Algol is a white star in the head of Medusa in the constellation Perseus. It is visible in our own latitudes, and it suffers periodical eclipses by a dark companion which are visible to the naked eye. Observations of Algol and its periodical loss of light occupy an important place in the history of the discovery of dark stars. Algol, in fact, gives its name to a class of variable stars of which nine are already well known, all showing the same phenomena of eclipses every few days. As early as the year 1782, Goodricke noticed Algol's frequent and periodical loss of light, and suggested the explanation which now finds general acceptance—namely, that the star is accompanied by a large dark satellite which crosses its disc at regular intervals. Later still Sir John Herschel watched the star, and then wrote the following interesting details in his "Outlines of Astronomy": "Algol is usually visible as a star of the second magnitude, and such it continues for the space of 2 days 13·5 hours; when it suddenly begins to diminish in splendour, and in about 3·5 hours is reduced to the fourth magnitude, at which it continues about 15 minutes, It then begins again to increase, and in 3·5 hours more is restored to its usual brightness, going through all its changes in 2 days 20 hours 48 minutes 54·7 seconds. This remarkable law of variation certainly appears strongly to suggest the revolution round it of some opaque body, which, when interposed between us and Algol, cuts off a large portion of its light; and this is accordingly the view taken of the matter by Goodricke, to whom we owe the discovery of this remarkable fact in the year 1782."

Later observations of Algol are still more precise and circumstantial. The rapid revolution of the dark star around its primary suggested not only the very close proximity of the two, but also the speed of the satellite; and last year Professor Vogel announced to the Prussian Academy of Science his calculation that the speed of the dark star as it travels around Algol is 56 miles per second. The speed of Algol itself is 27 miles per second; its diameter, 1,074,100 miles, and that of the dark companion, 840,600 miles. The mass of Algol is $\frac{4}{5}$ that of the sun; the mass of the companion, $\frac{3}{5}$.

Astronomical opinion having ripened so rapidly, and with such definite results in the case of Algol, the study of variable stars has proceeded at an accelerated rate. The phenomenon of variability in the light of stars has now quite ceased to be considered exceptional, although the variations are not all of the Algol type. Double stars and variables have almost become the chief astronomical quest of the day. Nor need this surprise us if we remember the vast field which recent discoveries have opened out to terrestrial watchers of the skies. The grounds for sanguine hopes of further successful search for dark stars have been well stated by Mr. E. W. Maunder, of the Greenwich Observatory: "It has always appeared to

[1] "Leisure Hour" for March, p. 352

me, since the satellite theory of the variation of Algol was brought forward, and was likely to be confirmed, that it was a necessary consequence that there should be a large number of double stars in which the companion is extremely close to the primary. We know of nine Algol type variable stars—that is to say, of nine double stars in which the primary suffers partial eclipse by the companion at short intervals." Mr. Maunder goes on to make the following highly critical and pregnant observation: "One of the conditions of such variation (if the eclipse is to be visible from the earth) is that the plane of the orbit of the satellite be very nearly in the direction of the line of sight. But such a coincidence must be an exceptional circumstance; *so we may reasonably expect that there must be a very much larger number of dark stars which do not actually pass before their primaries as seen from the earth*. If we had some means of detecting such extremely close double stars we ought to find a large number of them." Happily, such a means of discovering double stars has lately been introduced by Professor Pickering by means of the spectroscope.

Even where there are no periodical eclipses of a star to tell of a dark satellite, there are not wanting evidences of a dynamic character which tend to the same conclusion. A star may be periodically swayed in its orbit to an extent which tells of a close though invisible companion. "The undulatory line of march" pursued by the star Procyon proves it beyond doubt to be attended by a companion of no small gravitative potency; yet Mr. Burnham's scrutiny exhibits the star as visually single with the utmost powers of the great Lick telescope. A fourth member may, on similar grounds, be confidently added to the system of ζ Cancri, and a fuller acquaintance with the revolutions of multiple stars will perhaps show them in many other cases to be complicated by the influence of satellites discoverable only through the perturbations they produce.

"It is somewhat remarkable that the brightest stars seem to possess the duskiest satellites. Sirius is coupled with a body verging towards the planetary stage, Procyon and ζ Cancri with masses that may already have reached it." Miss A. M. Clerke, from whom we quote, adds the following valuable and suggestive remarks: "The close association of such stars with bodies comparable to themselves in size, but devoid of sensible light, suggests some doubt as to whether the shining of suns be a question solely of temperature. Mere cooling can scarcely, one would think, have advanced so disproportionately in masses so nearly equal as to reduce one to visual inertness while leaving its companion at the acme of splendour."[1]

To the casual observer nothing appears so unchanging as the fixed stars, but if the discoveries we have noticed mean anything, they point unquestionably to the opposite truth—of the decadence of the heavenly bodies. That the stars, like all created things, should run their finite course, and eventually die down into darkness, is a truth no longer unfamiliar to the student of the heavens. But it lends new zest to such studies to learn that the stars above us vary in every possible degree from the intensest illumination to absolute blackness.

[1] See an important paper by Miss Clerke in the "Observatory" for July.

### JOCULAR SCIENCE: THE "ELECTROPHONOSCOPE."

Glowing accounts have recently been given of a new and startling invention named the "electrophonoscope." This remarkable instrument made its *début* at the recent jubilee of the Penny Post, held at the South Kensington Museum. The following is the description with which it was introduced: "The electrophonoscope is the joint invention of Professor Hughes, F.R.S., and Mr. W. H. Preece, F.R.S., the work having been carried out by Mr. Stroh and Mr. Martin Roberts, of the Post Office. It is claimed by the inventors that it solves the question of 'visual telegraphy.' The sender of a message from a distant station appears in person before his correspondent, and, with a telephone, it is possible not only to speak to him, but also to see him and to watch the expression of his features. The instrument is a perfect complement to the telephone, and will illustrate what telegraphy is likely to be in 1990. Several eminent American electricians have long been working at the difficult problem of 'visual telegraphy,' and the news of the invention of the electrophonoscope, when telegraphed across the Atlantic, is likely to cause no small consternation in their camp."

The exhibition of the instrument and the experiments made by the visitors appear to have been a success—at least, for conversazione purposes. The face of a "distant" operator duly presented itself, as in a mirror, in response to the call of the telephonist. It might perhaps have been suspected by any scientific, if not ordinary, observer acquainted with Professor Pepper's mirror tricks at the old Polytechnic, that there was nothing extraordinary in the apparition in question, seeing that the sender and receiver of the message were under the same roof and within easy optical distance of each other. It appears, however, that the feat was taken seriously by nearly all who witnessed it, and the consentient voice of the daily Press the next morning hailed the new invention of "visual telegraphy" as the newest marvel of modern science; and, naturally enough, its alleged powers of reproducing the features of friends and relatives in distant lands within a few minutes of despatching the message were duly celebrated.

On the other hand, the jocular nature of the exhibition was immediately suspected in scientific quarters. There was no evidence that the clever apparatus devised by Messrs. Hughes and Preece had advanced the project of "seeing by electricity" a single stage. It is true that some years since the late Robert Sabine, Professors Arytoun and Graham Bell, and others suggested that "the problem of seeing by electricity might be partially solved by the aid of a series of selenium cells, arranged in a mosaic pattern, upon which an

image of the subject to be transmitted was projected." But no practical result seems to have developed from the crude idea. Selenium is no doubt a very sensitive metal, but the claims made for the "electrophonoscope" are much too extravagant to command the credence of the scientific world; and it would be wrong to credit the very able professors already mentioned with any serious design to impose the "invention" on the public.

Since these lines were written Professor Hughes has addressed the following explanatory note to the editor of the "Electrical Review": "The electrophonoscope was designed for the Postal Jubilee conversazione in order to show *in advance* what may be expected *in or before* 1990. The results were given with some degree of success, but we do not suppose that the means we employed could be used, for it would require new discoveries and vast improvements before the instruments could be used in practice. Therefore I do not think it would serve any useful purpose to publish any account of this instrument." It would, accordingly, seem that the "electrophonoscope" may be fitly relegated to the pages of Mr. Bellamy's amusing visions entitled "Looking Backwards."

### NIGHT-SHINING CLOUDS.

The remarkable spectacle of luminous night-clouds which may not infrequently be seen in the summer months, even on the darkest nights, when there is no moon to account for the phenomena, has hitherto been attributed to phosphorescence of the component water vesicles; and the term "phosphorescent night-clouds," which has been introduced to describe them, has already found its way into scientific terminology. Without adjudicating on the merits of this solution, it would appear from the observations of a skilled German observer that the luminosity in question is certainly sometimes explicable on other grounds. Herr O. Jesse and his coadjütors have found that the height of these night-shining clouds has much to contribute towards the solution of the problem, and in this direction alone they have made some discoveries which threaten to revolutionise the meteorology of the text-books.

By taking simultaneous photographs from two or more widely separated places the height of some of these clouds has been determined with great exactness. On July 2nd, 1889, it was found to be somewhat over eighty kilomètres, or fifty miles! Certainly an astounding altitude. Mr. T. W. Backhouse, of Sunderland, who communicates the information, says the observation had evidently been conducted with great care, and the result may be taken as trustworthy. The question is therefore set at rest as to whether the clouds are phosphorescent, and therefore self-luminous. It is evident that at such a height their brightness is fully accounted for by the fact that the sun is still shining on them—still shooting his upward beams upon them, although he is far below the terrestrial horizon. Herr Jesse's measures were naturally at first received with some amount of incredulity. But his photographs may be taken as setting the matter at rest, inasmuch as they give the cirrus forms in question an elevation which places them quite out of the category of any ordinary clouds.

To show the caution exercised in the observations, it should be said that synchronous photographs were taken from distant stations, and thus the identity of the clouds—which, it might be thought, would show very different details by being taken at the two ends of a long base line—is satisfactorily established. The two photographs are in fact so exactly alike that it is difficult to discover any difference whatever between them, though they were taken at 21 miles apart—at Nauen and Steglitz—a consideration which of itself shows the enormous height of the clouds. For the information of other observers who are watching for night-shining clouds, Mr. Backhouse states that they are generally seen, as might be expected, in the months of June and July, the earliest recorded date being May 26th and the latest August 11th.

The existence of clouds 50 miles above the surface of the earth is, as we have said, a revolutionary contribution to meteorology. Many who read these lines will remember that in the text-books of their youth, such as Mrs. Somerville's admirable "Physical Geography," it was laid down that "the region of clouds does not extend to more than four miles above the surface of the earth." In the most recent of meteorological works—the Hon. Ralph Abercrombie's excellent manual entitled "Weather" (published in 1887)—the author allows a height of 50,000 feet, or 10 miles, as probably the limit for the formation of pure cirrus, the highest form of cloud. In answer to those who may be sceptical as to Herr Jesse's much larger estimate, it may be mentioned that measures of the height of the atmosphere itself have been considerably enlarged in recent years. The old 45-mile limit is as completely abolished in the case of the atmosphere as is the old four-mile limit in the case of the clouds. Meteorites coming from the cold of inter-planetary space into our atmosphere find it sufficiently dense and frictional at a height of 100 miles to raise them to the condition of visible fire-balls; and telescopic meteorites have been seen to become incandescent at a height of 200 miles. So that with regard both to clouds and atmosphere alike the older notions of altitude have had to be very largely revised.

### NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON.

The moon continues to be a fascinating object for the astronomical photographer, notwithstanding the great facilities which the newer telescopes offer for the selection of more remote and difficult objects in extra-planetary space. Not that the areographical or landscape problems presented by the lunar surface are by any means solved, or its wonderful scenery fully explained by terrestrial analogies, although as regards familiarity with some of its physical features, a well-

known draughtsman of the moon's craters confesses that he feels more at home on our satellite's mountains and valleys—among the concentric terraces and ravines of Copernicus and Bullialdus or the lofty peaks of Plato—than among the terrestrial volcanoes of Vesuvius or Hawaii. Moreover, in addition to the accessions of knowledge which we still wait for, the surface of the moon affords splendid practice for the photographic art, presenting to us as it does the only real disc in the heavens on which physical objects are shown in grand relief, and with wonderful contrasts of lights and non-atmospheric shadows. For some time to come there must therefore always be a cordial greeting to photographs which give any new aspect of the moon's lofty peaks, profound depths, strange rill systems, and old sea-beds.

The latest and most remarkable lunar photographs are a series taken by MM. Henry at the Paris Observatory. The new departure initiated in astrophotography by MM. Paul and Prosper Henry is already familiar to readers of these pages, and every new photographic print from their hands is eagerly scanned by the astronomical world. In their latest lunar work these accomplished scientific artists have photographed portions of the moon's surface on a large scale with unique results. Specimens before us show one of the lunar areas most rich in pictorial interest—the south-west quadrant—as seen when our satellite is seven days old, and when sunrise on the moon is just illuminating one of the most striking and picturesque of mountain horizons. Among the volcanic cones rising up in the wide craters Theophilus offers an excellent example. This, the deepest of all visible lunar craters, lies well exposed before us, sixty-four miles in diameter, and with bounding walls rising eighteen thousand feet above the chasm. In the matter of definition we have as yet seen nothing from the Lick Observatory which approaches these splendid photographs from Paris. An enlarging lens has been used, so that the scale on which the pictures have been taken has been about fifteen times that which is given at the principal focus, this being about equal to a diameter of nineteen inches for the whole moon. The negatives have been further enlarged, so that the prints are on the scale of about one mètre, or a little more than a yard in English measurement.

Professor Holden, of the Lick Observatory, has sent out five photographs of the moon taken with the great telescope. They show the successive light phases admirably, from the early morning hours to sunset. The complete lunation thus represented gives the young student an excellent notion of the moon's long day. The fourth photograph, showing the last quarter, is decidedly the best, some of the crater walls coming out remarkably sharp and distinct. Unfortunately the photographs sent out for public use are printed on inferior paper, but it is to the honour of Professor Holden that even such copies as these are in circulation at popular prices. They are published through Tabor, of San Francisco, and are beginning to be shown in the shop-windows of London photographers. We understand Professor Holden intends to take enlarged pictures of different craters after having secured a "perfect" negative of every phase of the moon.

## BRIEF COUNSELS CONCERNING BUSINESS.

BY AN OLD MAN OF BUSINESS.

VI.

TO get through with *many* things quickly and economically, do *one* thing only at a time. "Tell me," said one man to another, "how you manage to get through so much work and are yet never in a hurry, and have a fair amount of spare time on your hands. I cannot manage to do as you do." Whether this estimate of himself was just the reader may judge when I inform him that the questioner was himself the chief manager of a large public company, and looked upon as one of the most energetic men in the district—never idle, always busy with something. To which question the reply was very much on the lines I have indicated: "Always keeping the work I have to do divided into two classes—what may be and what must be done—and, deciding *which* of the things in the 'must' category is to have precedence, I concentrate all my thoughts upon, give all my attention to, that piece of work. No matter how pressing other work may be, no matter how puzzling and difficult its details, I resolutely throw them all over my shoulder, so to say—*will not allow* a single thought connected with any other piece of work to come into my mind, giving that wholly to the one piece of work I have before me to do." I freely grant that it is not easy to exert this power of abstracting oneself from all other points of work but the one before you. But the habit can be cultivated, and believe me it is worth the cultivating, for it is the best help to getting through work quickly and accurately.

Ask anyone who is known to get through much work, and although he may put it in a different way from what I have done, his meaning will be the same. He will probably say, "Well, I never allow myself while busy with one piece of work to be bothered with a single thought connected with any other piece of work."

I have known some men while busy upon a pressing piece of work allow the thoughts of

some other work, almost equally pressing, so to crowd in upon them that they could not go on with their original work until they "got their mind settled," as they expressed it. It would have been better had they beforehand determined not to allow it to get unsettled.

* * *

A "business engagement" should be adhered to as rigidly in its terms as those of a written legal bond. With a man of high honour the phrase "his word is as good as his bond" is no unmeaning one, but a reality. An engagement is a promise made; and who does not wish to be considered as one who keeps his promises? Nevertheless, engagements are apparently by some made only to be broken by the first impulse which comes across them. They are with them worthless, as a name written in sand is vanishing in its nature, which the first wavelet, or the slightest shower, or a stronger breeze than usual, washes away and wipes out utterly. In this matter the pronouncement of the moral law is clear and explicit. The breach of it brings with it many grave disasters, and, in a lower degree of culpability, much that is painful and disagreeable. It may, indeed, well be doubted whether a kindly dispositioned man could often break engagements, and this simply from the disappointment his doing so might or would convey to someone. I have known the peace, certainly the comfort, of a family disturbed, and in a large measure destroyed, for a time through a broken engagement. And in the case of business it is no uncommon thing for really serious misfortunes to arise through engagements made and trusted to implicitly, which are yet broken. Had the party but known that they were made by those who were as uncertain as the wind they might have been provided against. No doubt it is not prudent to risk too much upon a contingency such as that of a man "keeping his word." Nevertheless, men who would never dream of breaking their own promise may well be excused for trusting to a like probity on the part of another. One who has this unhappy facility in making engagements for the purpose, it would seem—and if not so morally bad as this, practically it is the same thing—of breaking them, if such an one were told that he was a dishonest man, he would most likely not only be amazed at the charge, but would resent it as a gross slander and an untruth. But all the same, the charge would be absolutely true.

* * *

It is a time-worn axiom in business that "time is money." If I take one's money I commit a theft, nor do I the less so if I take a man's time. What *right* have I to deal with that which has a high value to anyone I do business with? I may appraise my own time at next to nothing if I choose, and I may, perhaps, thus value it rightly, but I have no right to apply the same miserable standard in valuing the time of others. But, in truth, a man whose morale is low in the matter of engagements is almost inevitably a selfish man. He rarely if ever thinks of the convenience or inconvenience of anyone; all his thoughts and wishes revolve around but one centre, and that is the "ego"—the man himself. I have known men of this class, of whom I tried hard to believe, as a more charitable conclusion, that their action in the matter of promises and engagements was more the result of a pure thoughtlessness than a selfish desire to consider their own interests only. But when, after long experience, and when I looked back upon the many times when I confess I had to exercise a long-suffering patience, I knew them better—I then found that their faults in the matter of making and breaking engagements somehow or other coincided singularly well with their own convenience, and fitted in, so to say, with some design or purpose of their own. So that I was thus compelled to fall back upon the only reasonable conclusion, that they were utterly selfish, and cared not a jot for the convenience or interests of others if those clashed with their own.

* * *

As *time* is always one element in all business engagements, it will be observed that what has been said as to the sacredness with which an engagement should be maintained applies with equal force to the *punctuality* with which its requirements should be fulfilled. All successful men have been, and are, noted for their punctuality—a punctuality as rigidly maintained in engagements to be fulfilled a month, six months, or a year afterwards as in one which is to be decided to-morrow. I knew a man once of whom it was said that if Mr. So-and-so be alive, and coach-roads and railways not snow-blocked, he will be seen "turning round the corner" some three to five minutes before the time appointed. And this held true even although the engagement had been made months before. I believe that that man never caused the loss of five minutes to any other man through his failing to keep his appointments. It is such men who take and keep the upper ranks of business success, and who never fail to have lots of business engagements—and generally profitable ones, moreover. And this largely because they can be trusted with the time of others, and never waste it. And he who is careful of the property of others is sure to be careful of his own. Moreover, business men "worth their salt" like to do business with careful men. A man who keeps his engagements, and fulfils each item with rare punctuality, is not the man who will fail through lack of business for opportunities of displaying those most valuable characteristics.

# Varieties.

**A Cardinal's Rank in England.**—According to the law of England the dignitaries of the Church of Rome have no legal or official claim to positions which they are sometimes allowed to hold by courtesy. The placing the name of Cardinal Manning in a Royal Commission next to that of the Prince of Wales, by the Prince's advice, as "an act of courtesy," has called forth from Cambridge a protest pretty plainly worded. In this protest it is said: "Nobody disputes the authority or the judgment of 'the Prince of Society' in matters involving nothing more than etiquette. And he has as much right to give an opinion on matters which involve much more as anybody else. But if he forgot, it was the duty of a Prime Minister to remember that a concession of that kind as 'a matter of courtesy' will henceforth be claimed as a matter of right unless it is immediately stopped or protested against in some conclusive way. It is a concession to a power which never retracts or recedes until it is obliged, and never discusses the origin of any claim, even when it was founded on far worse grounds than a foolish and weak-kneed concession 'for courtesy.' Henceforward the order from Rome will be, 'Cardinals come next, even in Protestant countries, to the heir apparent to the throne. Mere Protestant Archbishops and Lord Chancellors, who used to come by law next to the Royal Family, are not to be regarded any more, nor any law of England where it contradicts our canon law,' as they call it when they want to make it more imposing."

**Burns's Song, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."**—The city of Edinburgh has become possessed of the original manuscript of this celebrated national song by Robert Burns. Being brought into the market for sale, it was bought for £70 by Mr. Kennedy, banker, New York, who, as a patriotic Scotchman, offered the relic to Edinburgh for the price he had given, instead of its being deposited in an American museum. The Lord Provost moved that the generous offer should be accepted, and the vote of £70 for the purchase was carried by acclamation.

**Sunday Rest in France.**—A short time ago MM. Jules Simon, Léon Say, and Cheysson, in the name of the League for Promoting Sunday Rest for Working People, wrote to the Minister of Public Works to assist them in an appeal to the railway companies. They did not ask him to use any compulsion, but simply to show himself favourable to the objects of the league, in asking the companies how they might possibly meet them, and whether it would not be possible to suspend, wholly or partially, goods traffic on Sundays. M. Yves Guyot in answer states that he has submitted the application of the league to the railway companies in the hope that they would so arrange the regulations for goods traffic as to be able to grant one day in seven, or at least a part of one, to those employed.

**A Japanese Actor on the Stage as a Profession.**—The greatest modern Japanese actor, and one of the greatest that ever walked the Japanese stage, is Icikawa Danjuro, or Sadanji. Recently a Tokio journal published a letter from a youth who wanted to go on the stage and who sought the great actor's aid for that purpose. Mr. Sadanji good-naturedly wrote to the editor the following letter of warning to all aspirants after histrionic fame: "I noticed in your issue of the 10th inst. that a certain person in Shiba district made a communication to the effect that he has desired to become an actor ever since childhood. In the course of my career I have again and again been applied to by persons who wished to become my pupils, but I have refused all such requests. The outside world, looking upon the actor painted and powdered, and dressed in silken brocade and embroidered garments, thinks that his life is one round of pleasure and enjoyment, and that his livelihood is easily obtained; but if they will look within the veil they will see that the true facts of the case and the vulgar belief are as distinct as clouds and mud. I say if there is any other business to which a man can turn there is nothing in the profession of an actor to tempt him to wish to join the histrionic ranks. On the contrary, it is a life to fear and dread. On this account, then, I beg that you will reply to the person who wishes to become an actor, informing him that I am sorry to damp his ardour, but that I advise him to renounce his intention of joining the stage." The advice is very like what the greatest of modern English actors, the late Mr. Macready, gave. Such opinions have very little weight, however, as every ambitious youth thinks he has the chance of becoming a Kean or an Irving, and every comely and clever actress thinks the stage may be a step to wealth or title, as in a few cases it has been.

**Thurn and Taxis.**—Before the mania for collecting postage stamps very few people had ever heard of the little German principality of Thurn and Taxis. The place leaped into notoriety through its appearing in stamp catalogues and collections, books, which have wider circulation than the "Almanack de Gotha." It is announced that Prince Albert of Thurn and Taxis was lately married to the Archduchess Margaret Clementina, daughter of the Archduke Joseph of Austria and his wife, *née* Princess Clotilde of Saxe-Coburg, daughter of Princess Clementina of Coburg, and consequently sister to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The marriage took place in Hungary, where Archduke Joseph lives, and was performed by Cardinal Simon, Primate of Hungary, in the Magyar tongue. The bridegroom's age was twenty-three and that of the bride twenty. The announcement is interesting to lovers of Hungary, admirers of the Coburg family, and to collectors of postage stamps.

**Tact.**—Lord Wolseley, in addressing the Cadets at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, said: "In all the various duties of an officer the first essential quality was tact. It required thought and discretion to command men, and at the same time secure their confidence, to find out their aims and desires, and to convey one's opinion upon their conduct. He was fully convinced that the gentlemen cadets who were about to receive their commission were resolved at the outset to win the regard and affection of those whom they would be privileged to command, but he could not avoid telling them these things as the result of his own experience."

**French Girl-graduates.**—The number of women who have taken degrees at the schools of the different faculties since 1866 is reported to be 204; and includes 35 in medicine, 69 in mathematics and other sciences, 82 in classics and belles lettres, 16 in both classics and science, 1 in pharmacy, and 1 obtained the degree of Doctor of Laws. Of these degrees 102 were obtained in Paris and 102 in the provinces. The first degree obtained by a woman in France was given in 1866 to a Mademoiselle Daubie, who had passed the examination for it in 1859 at Lyons.

**"Facts from Gweedore."**—A correspondent of the "Standard," in a recent article on the Donegal district, refers to a pamphlet published by the late Lord George Hill in 1846, entitled "Facts from Gweedore." When Lord G. Hill purchased the estate of Gweedore in 1838, the writer, quoting from the pamphlet, says: "Subdivision (of the land) was carried on to such an extent that one field of half an acre was subdivided into patches held by twenty-six different people." He might have added that even *animals* were sometimes matter of division, as the following amusing example from Lord G. Hill's pamphlet will show: "In an adjacent island three men were concerned in one horse; but the poor brute was rendered useless, as the unfortunate foot of the supernumerary leg remained *unshod*, none of them being willing to acknowledge its dependency, and accordingly it became quite lame. There were many intestine rows on

the subject. At length one of the 'company' came to the mainland and called on the magistrate for advice, stating that the animal was entirely useless now; that he had not only kept up decently his proper hoof at his own expense, but had shod this fourth foot twice to boot! Yet the other two proprietors resolutely refused to shoe more than their one foot!" The result of the interview with the magistrate is not given. H. H.

**Progress of the Nation.**—At the recent meeting of the Cobden Club, Mr. Medley, in moving the adoption of the report, for a great part of which he was personally responsible, said that during the last four years there had been a steady and continuous increase in the volume of our foreign trade. In 1886 the value of exports and imports was 618 millions, or £16 17*s.* for each head of the population. In 1887 the figures were 643 millions, and £17 6*s.*; in 1888, 685 millions, and £18 16*s.* 2*d.*; and in 1889, 743 millions, or £19 12*s.* a head. The income-tax returns and the statistics of the clearing-house gave equally satisfactory results, and the railway receipts of the country had risen from about 64 millions in 1888 to 67 millions last year. The first six months of the present year showed a like progressive improvement. Emigration had diminished, and so had pauperism; indeed the present percentage to the population of persons in receipt of relief was the lowest since 1858. The paupers in Great Britain had been reduced from 825,500 in 1888 to 793,000 in 1890. There was also a remarkable diminution in paupers in the metropolis. Indictable offences had been reduced in the last twenty years from 58,441 to 43,336. There was evidence also that agriculture was improving, and there were 106,800 more acres under cultivation in 1890 than in 1888.

**Incurable Disease.**—The famous Scottish physician, Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh, being asked by an aged patient, "Doctor, am I dangerously ill?" replied, "No, but you are dangerously old." This reminds us of Dr. Johnson, in his later years, writing to a friend, "I have gout, and dropsy, and—what is more incurable—old age."

**The Gordon Boys' Home.**—At the annual meeting on behalf of this institution, held at the Mansion House, the Duke of Connaught, the new president, elected in room of Field Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, made a speech honourable to himself, and worthy of the occasion. He said:

"My Lord Mayor, ladies, and gentlemen, I am very glad that so very soon after I was requested to succeed the much lamented Field Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala as chairman of the committee of the Gordon Boys' Home, I am able to preside at a meeting, the annual meeting, of this institution. It was a great satisfaction to me when I was asked to occupy this post, as I was for many years an old friend of General Gordon. He was a man for whom I had the very deepest regard; and one might almost exceed what has hitherto been said in his honour. His nobleness of character, his gallantry, and his genuine kindness were three characteristics that are seldom met with in the same man. No one can feel more warmly than I do what an excellent Home this is, and in what an admirable way it will perpetuate General Gordon's memory. I feel certain—and any of his friends will bear me out—that if he were still among us, nothing could have given him greater pleasure than to find these homes established and managed on the principles in which they are conducted. The foundation of the Gordon Boys' Home was one of the happiest ideas that could have been carried into execution. We know its objects. We know that it is to save a large number of boys who in tender years are unable to look after themselves, and who at this home are brought up in the habits of religion, sobriety, and intelligence. We find in this home, probably more than any other, that there are great chances of a boy being thoroughly trained in any trade which he may afterwards desire to take up. The boys in the home have also the great advantage of military discipline—an advantage which, even in a non-military country like our own, we are beginning to recognise. It is everything to teach the young that they are to be subordinate to their elders, and cheerfully to follow orders which are given for their benefit, and for which in after years they will be only too grateful. It is a satisfaction to find from the report which we have heard read that the buildings at the home have now nearly reached completion. We feel very much indebted to the many ladies and gentlemen who have shown the interest which they take in the home. As you are aware, the institution is not as well off as we should like it to be. We should like to extend our good work, and to make this home the centre, as it were, of homes in every part of the country. I am certain that as the Gordon Boys' Home is more and more known by the country at large, the public will recognise the important influence for good which an institution of this kind is certain to exercise. The buildings having now been practically completed, there was a wish for a more formal dedication to Gordon's memory than had existed before, and we are deeply indebted to Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, for a most admirable dedication, which I will ask your indulgence to allow me to read:—

'This home was founded in memory of Major-General Charles George Gordon, C.B., a man simple and heroic, loving righteousness and hating iniquity. Born to be a soldier and a ruler, he gave his heart to the young, the poor, and the outcast, accepting the hardest duties, but refusing wealth and honours, and counting his life as nothing if by any means he might lessen the miseries of mankind. In all loneliness, danger, and perplexities "he endured as seeing Him who is invisible." In China, by inspiring a disheartened army with his own dauntless resolution, he delivered the most populous of empires from the horrors of civil war. In the Soudan he strove to suppress slavery, and by his just and fatherly rule won the love of helpless multitudes. In Khartoum, called at a memorable crisis to a task of mercy beyond human strength, for eleven months he held out alone, drawing to himself in the beleaguered city the wonder and reverence of the world, and then fell at his post "faithful unto death." Born at Woolwich, January 28, 1833. Died at Khartoum, January 26, 1885.'

I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, that you will all agree with me that a more beautiful, a simpler, a more heart inspiring dedication could not possibly have been written, and I hope, as your chairman, you will allow me to express to Dr. Butler how deeply we appreciate what he has done, which will live for ever in the Gordon Boys' Home."

The Rev. Dr. Butler (Trinity College, Cambridge) proposed the adoption of the report. He stated that he had been assisted in drawing up the dedication, to which the Duke of Connaught had made such kind reference, by Dr. Jowett and Canon Liddon, both of whom were devoted to the memory of our great Christian hero. The inscription had also received the approval of Lord Tennyson.

The Lord Mayor, in seconding the motion, said that he thought it would be a slur on our philanthropy if sixty beds in such an institution as the Gordon Boys' Home should long remain unoccupied.

**Snuff as a Test of Prosperity.**—What the consumption of wine and beer is to England as a measure of the resources of "the masses," that of tobacco and snuff has been in France. The increase of the temperance movement in England rather interferes with the alcoholic test, but the anti-tobacco league has affected the statistics of smoking and snuffing, the amount of which must depend on the ready money available for its purchase. The figures are easily obtained, for tobacco in every form is a Government monopoly. In 1869 the consumption of snuff was 13,000,000 lbs., or about 7 ozs. per head of the population. After the war it fell to 6 ozs., and now is about 5 ozs. per head. The total revenue from the tobacco monopoly was fourteen millions sterling in 1885, and is now only thirteen and a half millions. Whether the diminution has been caused by frauds on the revenue, or by depression of trade, is not known, but it is probably the latter.

**Old English Wild Cattle.**—The Zoological Society have lately been able to show in their garden at Regent's Park some notable novelties. We call them novelties, not as new or rare to scientific persons, but because for the first time objects familiar in history and books have been seen by the general public. Of this kind were the bustards, described in the "Leisure Hour" lately, a bird once common in England, but now as extinct as the dodo. Four specimens from the plains of Hungary may be seen in the Gardens. Another specimen of much interest recently added is a young bull of the famous breed once wild in Great Britain, but of which there are now only three small herds surviving, allowed to roam in semi-wild state in the forest, at Chillingham, at the

**Duke of Hamilton's Park** in Lanarkshire, and in Chartley Park, Needwood Forest, Staffordshire, from which this specimen comes. It is the first of the species ever seen in confinement. It is a strong healthy beast, little above a year old apparently. The colour of these cattle is cream-white, with reddish ears and dark muzzle. The tail rises from a peculiar hump at the bottom of the spine in this specimen. It was very shy and wild at first, but now seems tame, and likely to grow to the usual size. It is presented by Earl Ferrers. Near its shed is that of a specimen of the aurochs, or great European buffalo, the sole habitat of which now is the Lithuanian Forest, where the breed is carefully protected by the Emperor of Russia. There are probably fewer than five hundred of this big bison existing. The North American buffalo, an equally splendid breed, is likely to become as rare as the aurochs before long, so wanton is the destruction of them by settlers and by sportsmen. If the American Government would inflict penalties as severe and certain as are incurred for meddling with the Russian buffaloes in Lithuania, there would be a chance of some of the American bisons of the prairies being yet preserved.

**Invention of the Lifeboat.**—A lifeboat memorial was lately unveiled on the pier promenade, South Shields, by Alderman Altringham, J.P. South Shields claims to be the birthplace of the lifeboat. In September, 1789, the ship Adventure was wrecked off the Tyne under distressing circumstances, and a committee was formed to take the matter of providing a lifeboat into consideration. Several models and drawings of boats were received. One model was presented by Henry Greathead, a boatbuilder, and another by William Wouldhave, a journeyman painter, and the committee took the necessary steps to get a boat built. Whether Wouldhave or Greathead was the actual inventor is a moot point; but locally Wouldhave is looked upon as the author of the model. The names of both men are given on the memorial. The first occasion on which a shipwrecked crew was landed by means of a lifeboat was on June 30, 1790. The memorial, a massive construction, including clocks and a drinking fountain, bears the following inscription:—"Erected in commemoration of the Jubilee of her Majesty Queen Victoria, June 21, 1887, and as a memorial of the beneficent work of the lifeboat, first designed and built at South Shields in the year 1790." The lifeboat memorial occupies a site between the two marine parks, which have been laid out by the Corporation.

**More Memorial Statues.**—In recent years the number of statues erected in commemoration of great and good men has multiplied so rapidly that it is not easy to keep accurate record of them. Of our own in London we hear, but not always of foreign memorials of the kind, although some are of world-wide interest. Such is the statue recently erected at Sebastopol to General Todleben, the gallant and successful defender of that city, and who, after peace was restored between England and Russia, became an honourable friend of his former foes, to whose efforts in the Crimean War he paid a genuine tribute of admiration. A more imposing ceremony, but with less historical proof of its being equally merited, took place at the inauguration of a statue of Joan d'Arc at Nancy, one of the many places that have raised monuments to her memory. The variety of personages in this way commemorated is almost amusing. About the same time a statue was erected to Vercingetorix, who fought for Gallic independence in the days of Julius Cæsar, and another to Monsieur Leblanc, who first obtained soda from sea salt in the time of the French Revolution.

**Medical Martyrs to Science and Humanity.**—The annals of medicine abound with instances of heroic and generous devotion and self-sacrifice in that profession which may be almost called "a sacred calling," the chief and head of it being the Lord Jesus Himself, in the days of His earthly life. Another noble example of devotion to his profession, and truly a martyr in the cause of humanity, was the late Dr. Cyril Jeeks, who died in the discharge of his duty as resident medical officer at University College Hospital, having previously held the posts of house surgeon and house physician. To a young student prostrated by diphtheria a few months previously, he had given the utmost attention, and was the means of saving his life. In examining the body of another patient struck down by the same fearful malady he met with an injury which proved fatal. By his colleagues, and by many men eminent in the profession, his loss is deeply felt, as well as by the many patients, who looked to him with respect and affection. A great company assembled at his funeral, and the example of such a man cannot but have good influence on all who knew him, or who hear of his career and character.

**Adam Mickiewicz.**—That the hopes of Polish nationality no longer exist, save among a few dreamers, seems to be shown by the permission of the Czar to have the remains of the patriot-poet, Adam Mickiewicz, transferred from Paris to the Cathedral of Cracow, the burial-place of the Kings of Poland. He was born in 1798, the year that the last King of Poland, Stanislaus Augustus, died as an exile in Russia. Mickiewicz now rests beside Kosciusko, Poniatowski, and other patriotic Poles, as well as among the rulers of the ancient kingdom.

**Bimetallism.**—The prize of 10,000 francs offered by M. Cermuschi last September at the Paris Monetary Congress for the best discussion of a problem of international bimetallism has been adjudged. There were thirty-nine competitors. The judges were Senor Moret y Prendergast, of the University of Madrid, formerly Secretary of the Treasury and the Colonies, and later Secretary of Foreign Affairs for Spain, and Mr. Manton Marble, of New York, who in 1885 was charged by the President of the United States, Mr. Cleveland, with a special mission on the silver question to the Governments of Great Britain, Germany, and France. The sealed envelope accompanying the successful essay was found to contain the name of M. Rochussen, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs and Member of the Council of State of Holland.

**Advertisements.**—In a single number of the "Scotsman" this summer there were nearly 4,000 advertisements, the exact number being 3,981. This is far the largest number ever appearing in a newspaper in the northern Kingdom. The next highest was also in the "Scotsman," 3,940. But it is pointed out by correspondents that in the same year, 1890, on May 25th, the "Chicago Tribune" contained 4,288 advertisements in its daily issue, besides numerous editorial advertisements, as against 3,940 and 3,981—the "Scotsman's" totals. The record of the "Scotsman" was also exceeded by the "Times" nearly thirty years ago, for Mr. James Grant, in his "History of the Newspaper Press," mentions that on June 22nd, 1861, there appeared 4,076 separate advertisements in that journal.

**Mercantile Marine in 1850 and 1888.**—The total tonnage cleared in and out of Britain in 1850 was 14,505,000 tons, and in 1888 it had increased to 68,519,000 tons. Fuel, which was used in 1850 at a cost of about 5 lb. to the indicated horse-power, is now reduced to 1½ lb. in the triple-expansion engine. Freights were reduced to a minimum. One of the most extraordinary reductions is the man-power required for sending our ships about the world. In 1850 the average crew to every 100 tons in sailing ships was 4·5 and in steamers 8. Now, on the average, our ships are sailed with 2·56 men to the 100 tons and our steamers with 2·9 men.

**Chinese Ideas of the Status of Woman.**—In a missionary periodical published in Shanghai, Dr. Faber, a well-known scholar, publishes a paper on the *status* of women in China. He refers especially to the theoretical position assigned to women by the Classics. These lay down the following dogmas on the subject:—(1) Women are as different in nature from man as earth is from heaven. (2) Dualism, not only in body form, but in the very essence of nature, is indicated and proclaimed by Chinese moralists of all times and creeds. The male belongs to *yang*, the female to *yin*. (3) Death and all other evils have their origin in the *yin*, or female principle; life and prosperity come from its subjection to the *yang*, or male principle, and it is therefore regarded as a law of Nature that women should be kept under the control of men and not allowed any will of their own. (4) Women, indeed, are human beings, but they are of a lower state than men, and never can attain to full equality with them. (5) The aim of female education, therefore, is perfect submission, not

cultivation and development of mind. (6) Women cannot have any happiness of their own; they have to live and work for men. (7) Only as the mother of a son, as the continuator of the direct line of a family, can a woman escape from her degradation and become to a certain degree her husband's equal, but then only in household affairs, especially the female department, and in the ancestral hall. (8) In the other world woman's condition is exactly the same, for the same laws of existence apply. She is not the equal of her husband; she belongs to him, and is dependent for her happiness on the sacrifices offered by her descendants. These are the doctrines taught by Confucius, Mencius, and the ancient sages. We give Dr. Faber's views for what they may be worth, but the authority exercised by the Empress-mother and other Chinese ladies in our own time is hardly in accordance with such statements. We should like to hear what Dr. Legge has to say on the subject.

**Lutheran Churches in America.**—We often hear of the increase of the Roman Catholic population in the United States, and of the multiplication of their chapels and priests. Less has been known as to the provision made for the German and other immigrants from countries of the Reformed faith. The recent opening of a Norwegian church in New Jersey City, the first in that State, has called attention to the statistics of Lutheranism in the Republic and the Dominion. Fifty years ago the Lutheran Church in America numbered 200 pastors and 900 congregations. At the present time it has 4,200 pastors and 7,400 congregations. It has also over 1,000,000 communicant members, among whom the gospel is preached in eight different languages. This Church has 32 theological seminaries, 25 colleges, 37 academies and other high schools, 32 orphans' homes, 8 hospitals, 3 deaconesses' institutions, 1 deaf and dumb asylum, and 4 emigrant houses, and publishes 96 periodicals. The total number of churches dedicated in the United States and Canada from 1883 to 1887 is 1,414. Of these 819 were German, 331 English, 167 Swedish, 108 Norwegian, 26 Danish, 3 Finnish, 2 Slavonian, and 2 Icelandic.

**Happiness within Reach of All.**—Very little is required, after all, to make men happy, and the prizes of life worth contending for are, generally speaking, within the reach of the great mass of mankind. Did you ever sum up these prizes, and think how very little the millionaire has beyond the peasant, and how very often his additions tend not to happiness but to misery? What constitutes the chief food of the world? Plain beef, common vegetables and bread, and the best of all fruits—the apple; the only nectar bubbles from the brook without money and without price. All that our race eats or drinks beyond this range must be inferior, if not positively injurious. Dress? What man, or rather what woman, wears is less and less comfortable in proportion to its frills and its cost; and no jewel is so refined as the simple flower in the hair, which the village maid has for plucking. All that women overload themselves with beyond this range is a source of unhappiness. To be the most simply attired is to be the most elegantly dressed. So much for true health and happiness in all that we eat, and drink, and wear. Nature has not provided a means by which any man can use riches for selfish purposes without suffering therefrom. There is only one source of true blessedness in wealth, and that comes from giving it away for ends that tend to elevate our brothers and enable them to share it with us.—*Andrew Carnegie's "Round the World."*

**Across Africa.**—The journey across "The Dark Continent" is no longer a rare event, many travellers having with ease and safety accomplished what was more hazardous in the days of Livingstone. The latest journey is that of Captain Trivier, a French explorer, who has been presented by the Municipal Council of Paris with a special gold medal, in admiration of his courage and enterprise, and also of his humanity, in having shed no blood in his journey.

The captain was handed the medal by the Chairman of the Council, who, amongst other things, said that this explorer had crossed the continent from the mouth of the Niger to Zanzibar with a following of four natives and a white. He did not make an enemy, and was never tempted into shooting a black, but on the contrary purchased a few young negroes to save them from being slain and eaten by their fellow-countrymen. The explorer returned thanks in a short manly speech. The medal has an intrinsic value of £30. On the obverse it has the arms of the city of Paris, and on the other side a suitable inscription. The box containing it is of ivory, and has engraved on it a map of Africa with the track marked which the explorer followed.

Another distinguished African explorer, M. Coillard, the Livingstone of France, as he has been called, was also noted for his humanity as well as his courage and enterprise. The Portuguese Major Serpa Pinto travelled for a time in his company, and expressed his admiration and wonder at this Frenchman never carrying any weapon, but only a cane or wand, like Gordon in China. M. Coillard, long in Basutoland, is now at a station on the Zambesi, agent of the Paris Missionary Society. He has received the medal of the French Geographical Society, and many other honours.

**Silchester.**—The most perfect example we have of a Roman walled town in England is Silchester. There the foundation of the forum, or market-place, is most distinctly seen; also of the Basilica, or Hall of Justice, and the Amphitheatre, or place of sports. The city was destroyed by fire after an occupation by the Romans of nearly four hundred years. A fortified British town with earthen ramparts existed long before, and within the British rampart was built the strong wall of the Roman city of Calleva, now called Silchester. The area enclosed is nearly one hundred and twenty acres. The walls are nearly twenty feet high, and fifteen thick, built with flint and sandstone courses. The only Roman Legionary Eagle ever found was at Silchester, evidently wrenched from the standard, and hidden for safety, when the city was about to be taken. It is now preserved at Strathfieldsaye.—*Hawkins's "Guide to Newbury and Neighbourhood," edited by F. G. Bennett, F.G.S., of the Geological Survey.* [A most interesting and complete local guide-book, with scientific as well as historical information, and a map on the Ordnance one-inch scale.]

**Police Orphanage.**—The 21st annual *fête* in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage was held at the Crystal Palace. This institution, which was founded in 1869, provides a home for 256 fatherless children, the orphans of deceased policemen. Besides these, provision is made for 669 children under parental care at their own homes. In this way the institution spent over £12,000 last year. The society is well supported by the officers and men of all the divisions, no fewer than 15,156 subscribing to its funds last year. A regular subscription of 1d. per week is paid by every constable in the force, and there is a divisional entertainment or excursion at least once a year in aid of the funds. In this manner £4,101 was raised last year, including over £1,200, as the profit of the two annual *fêtes*, and £383, the proceeds of the City Police Ball.

**The Emperor of China and the Late Marquis Tseng.**—The "Pekin Gazette" published an Imperial decree respecting the death of the Marquis Tseng, formerly Chinese Minister in England. It says that he was a man of tried capacity and far-seeing mind, devoted to his duty and able in the conduct of affairs. The decree gives a summary of the public services of the Marquis, with an account of his ancestors and of the offices he has held. The Emperor speaks in grateful terms of the services of the family, and in the most honourable way of the Marquis.

**Transatlantic Postal Service.**—When Queen Victoria came to the throne the mail service between Great Britain and America was still carried by sailing ships, and it need not be said that it was, in time, both slow and irregular. The recent death of Sir George Burns, of the Cunard line, at a great age, recalls the beginning of steam communication for the mails. In 1838, the Lords of the Admiralty, struck by the success of the steamer Great Western, issued circulars inviting tenders for conveyance of the mails by steam vessels. One of these came into the hands of Samuel Cunard, a merchant of Halifax. He could not raise the money in Nova Scotia, so he came to London, where his proposals were coldly received. Then he went to Glasgow, and taking a letter of introduction to Robert Napier, engineer and shipbuilder, from the Secretary of the Honourable East India Company, to whom he was known as the Company's agent at Halifax,

Robert Napier took him to a friend, and the three went to talk the matter over with George Burns, then already eminent as a shipowner. In a few days they arranged to send a tender to the Admiralty for carrying the mails fortnightly by new and powerful steamships. The first contract, for seven years, was signed by Samuel Cunard, George Burns, and his partner David MacIver.

**Carrier Pigeons.**—A census has been taken, under the auspices of the Minister of the Interior in France, of the carrier pigeons that might be available for public service. In case of war the Government would have at its disposal nearly a quarter of a million of these messengers. Their use during the Siege of Paris was notable, and was only superseded by the scarcity of food, and the establishment of the balloon-post service. The use of intelligent dogs also is being considered, which was initiated by the German army during the war, and is much applied on the frontier of both countries for smuggling purposes.

**Legion of Honour.**—An article by M. Bartholeym, in "Temple Bar" magazine, states that "the salary of a *chevalier* is £10 a year, that of an *officier* £20. A *commandeur* receives £40, a *grand officier* £80, while the reward of a *grand-croix* is £120, per annum. There is, after all, something more than mere distinction conferred on the *décorés* in France. Judging from certain returns published in 1874 there are probably at the present moment at least 55,000 members of the Legion of Honour of all grades, so that the cost to the State is far from insignificant. Here our various Orders of Knighthood, excluding the simple knights bachelors, number but two thousand, omitting royal personages.

**A Royal Sturgeon.**—Two fishermen this summer made a valuable capture of a royal sturgeon in the Dee. The fish was over forty-three inches in girth, and no less than seven feet in length. It was handed over to the Custom House officials, who forwarded it for presentation to the Queen at Balmoral.

**"In Search of Lost Sailors."**—June and July Nos., 1889. —A correspondent writes that, having from boyhood been interested in accounts of the sea, and sailors, he read with pleasure the description given of the loss of the General Grant on the Auckland Islands, and having a neighbour who had visited the scene of the wreck in 1868, he talked the subject over with him. His friend had formed one of the crew of a steamer which was despatched from Australia to search, not for "lost sailors," but for the lost gold which went down with the ship. The expedition was a failure, for fogs and rough seas prevented any operations being undertaken. There is no anchorage on the west coast, and the steamer would have to remain in one of the harbours on the east coast, generally in "Sarah's Bosom," Port Ross. Despairing of being able to do anything with the boats, an attempt was made to lower one of the crew (the engineer, a plucky Scotchman) over the cliff, but on arriving at the spot the fog was so thick that the eye could not pierce through it to the water. The castaways, in their narrative of the wreck, stated that the ship entered a huge cave; but the writer of "In Search of Lost Sailors," after a close examination of the coast from two whale boats, with ten experienced and sharp-eyed seamen, was unable to find this cave—only a deep "gulch," with overhanging cliffs, which might be magnified into a cave. Our correspondent's friend holds to its being a cave, and said that he had been in it. The five months spent on the island (no doubt the crew occupied their leisure days in "sealing") he describes as "the happiest time in his life."

**Cab Fares by Distances.**—The plan of regulating cab fares in Paris by the *course* has always been unsatisfactory. To the cabman a single course might imply a drive across the whole city for a small fare, while on the other hand a short drive with several stoppages would be reckoned as so many courses. To count by time is also often unfair, for "cabby" may, if he pleases, go at a snail's pace. A new system is to be tried in Paris, showing distance by an automatic apparatus; and the fare is to be seventy-five cents for the first kilomètre, and twenty-five for every further kilomètre or part thereof. If this succeeds, it may well be tried in London also, where few strangers know the distances.

**Ephemeral Newspapers.**—It is said that no country in Europe bears comparison with France for starting new journals. During the year 1889 no less than 950 new papers were introduced to the public, of which not one is at the present time in existence. On the other hand, the "Petit Journal" claims a circulation of 1,095,000 copies daily. In the United States it is probable that as many, if not more, ephemeral journals appear and disappear yearly.

**A Bicycle Feat.**—Frank Shorland, of the Southgate C.C., beat the coach record between London and Brighton and back by thirty-one minutes, or six minutes less than the time made by four riders changing mounts. Riding a geared Facile bicycle, Shorland left the White Horse Cellars, Piccadilly, at 7 a.m., reached the Ship, at Brighton, at 10.45, and got back to Piccadilly at 2.19, the total time occupied being 7 hours 19 minutes.

**Border Minstrelsy.**—At a recent social meeting of School Board officials at Hawick, a reverend gentleman, in proposing "Border Minstrelsy," said that "poetry had been all knocked out of the borderers by the Education Act and the introduction of steam-power."

**The Nizam Diamond.**—The Nizam of Hyderabad recently bought in Madras a magnificent diamond for 165,000 rupees, which is known as the Gordon-Orr diamond. The stone weighed before cutting 67½ carats, and after cutting 24¼ carats. It is described as being the best, purest, and most brilliant stone known to connoisseurs, and will be worn by his Highness in his puggaree or crown.

# Household Queries.

**Grey and Falling Hair.**—*Would you tell me if there is any genuine preventive of grey hair, or any real remedy for hair falling off? So many young people are now troubled with grey hair or loss of hair, and so many quack remedies are offered to the public, that I shall be glad of some reliable information.*—There is not the slightest doubt that premature greyness and baldness are mainly due to the excessive brain-work now imposed upon children. Nature meant all young animals to be chiefly exercising and growing in a healthy way: we put upon ours now, very often, a longer day's-work than a grown man performs in his business and profession. The scalp is too close to the brain to stand it—that is the case put in popular language. Another cause is the head-gear we wear, and hence women suffer less than men, upon the whole. The present fashion in bonnets—a few blades of grass and a rosebud—is quite in the right direction if one could only be sure there was nothing but the natural hair underneath; and if a fashion would only set in to go bare-headed, except in the hot sun, like the blue-coat boys, it would do more to promote a good mop than anything. Something may be done—sometimes a great deal. In precaution, use a soft brush only, and a comb with broad and smooth-pointed teeth. Keep the hair moderately short, but the constant cutting, and singeing, so often advised by hair-dressers, are

injurious. Then, for actual treatment—wash the head at least once a week with super-fatted soap and cold or cool water; and if extreme dryness shows want of nutritive material, rub the scalp with a mixture of equal parts lanoline and lard, scented to taste or not. Here are two of the best washes, the first being that of Dr. Shoemaker, a celebrated American authority. 1. Bicarbonate soda, 2 drachms; tincture cantharides, ½ ounce; spirit of rosemary, 4 drachms; oil of nutmeg, 15 minims or drops; made up with eau de Cologne to 10 fluid ounces (half a pint), and conspicuously labelled "Poison." It or the next is gently rubbed into the roots of the hair night and morning with a small bit of Turkey sponge. 2. Tincture nux vomica, 3 drachms; tincture cantharides, 6 drachms; tincture of capsicum, 1 drachm; spirit of rosemary, 1 ounce; distilled vinegar, 2½ ounces; made up with rose water to 6 ounces. This also is poison. The last is probably the best, and in some cases has been very effectual, the nux vomica, applied even in this way, appearing to act as a local nerve tonic.

**Gold on China.**—*I have been making crazy china, and find the ordinary saucer gold turn after a little while a bad colour. Can you tell me of some other gold I can depend on?*—At almost any good shop dealing with such materials, you can obtain bottles of gold prepared in liquid form. It is rather expensive, but poor stuff is really no use in these things. Gold is, however, always a ticklish point in amateur work.

**Yorkshire Pudding.**—*Kindly tell a young housekeeper how to make a successful Yorkshire pudding. I follow the cookery book, and my best efforts only produce something which looks delightfully light (rising three or four inches high), but when cut is quite hollow, with a heavy layer about half an inch thick at the bottom.*—It is not so easy to make a good pudding baked in an oven, as under the joint before the fire in the old-fashioned way. But if you have forgotten either of the following three points, rectifying them will probably put you right. 1. For a good pudding you must use eggs enough; one egg to two tablespoonfuls of flour is the least, and one to each not too much for a really light one. 2. The eggs must be whisked or beaten well, and the batter well beaten after the eggs are finally added. Some now add the flour to the well-beaten eggs, and the milk afterwards gradually. 3 and lastly (and this is where many books are wrong). The pudding is much lighter if the batter is made and beaten three hours before placing in the tin. Rising in a bladder is generally due to being done in such great heat, and without sufficient drip from the joint; before the fire a pudding is done much more gradually, and with no bottom heat, and no oven can altogether imitate this.

**Bed Linen.**—*What is the proper way to mark bed linen now? Is marking ink used or not? Should blankets be marked? And what is the proper width of hem for sheets, bolsters, and slips?*—There is no particularly "proper" way as to the linen; both ink and marking cotton are still used, and sometimes monograms are sewn on. Blankets should be marked with coloured wool. Sheets should have a narrow hem at the bottom, and a wide one—an inch to an inch and a half—at the top. Round bolster cases drawn at the ends are generally made with medium hems; flat buttoned ones and slips about an inch wide. To answer your other query would be a mere advertisement, and you can ascertain at any shop where the article is sold.

**Phthiriasis.**—*Do you know of any comb or preparation that takes nits or parasites out of children's hair?*—Such an occurrence as you hint at is so distressing, that every effort should be made to discover how it could have come about, and that cause (when discovered) effectually dealt with. For the cases themselves, rub into the hair dilute white precipitate ointment, telling the chemist what it is for; leave on some hours, then wash off with Wright's Antiseptic Soap, and use a small-tooth comb for some time. Nits may be got rid of afterwards by washing now and then with vinegar and water, and with water afterwards. Instead of the precipitate, many chemists sell a medicated eau de Cologne; and staphisagria ointment is also good, and not a poison as the precipitate is; but the latter is the most certain. If a servant is in fault, insist on radical treatment and reformation; but such cases often occur from school intercourse. Sometimes the question of infection in a given case will depend upon ill-health, and if so tonics may be advisable.

**Painted Walls.**—*Will you kindly tell me how to prepare a whitewashed wall for painting? Also, will anything besides varnish protect kitchen wall paper from the effects of the steam from cooking and washing?*—The only preparation needful is to scrape or wash off all the whitewash and to have the bare plaster made sound and smooth. The paint should be "flatted," or mixed with a great deal of extra turpentine, or the gloss will be unpleasant. Nothing but varnish will protect paper from damp.

**Pickled Walnuts.**—*Will you please oblige my wife by telling her the best method of pickling green walnuts? And is it possible to bake bread in a gas-stove?*—1. See that the walnuts are tender enough to allow a needle to go through them. Make a strong brine of 4 lb. of salt to 1 gallon of water. Prick the walnuts well with a fork, and put them in the brine for nine or ten days, changing it for fresh three times. Drain them off and lay in the sun two or three days, till perfectly black; then put them in dry jars, not quite filling them. Boil enough vinegar to cover them for ten minutes, adding to each quart, before boiling, 2 ounces whole black pepper, 1 ounce allspice, and 1 ounce bruised ginger; pour it over them hot, well above the walnuts, and tie down with bladder. Keep in a dry place, when they will be ready in about a month, and keep good two or three years. A few shalots may also be added to the vinegar if preferred, but pickle flavours are much matters of taste. 2. A gas-stove will bake bread perfectly if good enough, but there are stoves and stoves. A good and even heat is, of course, required.

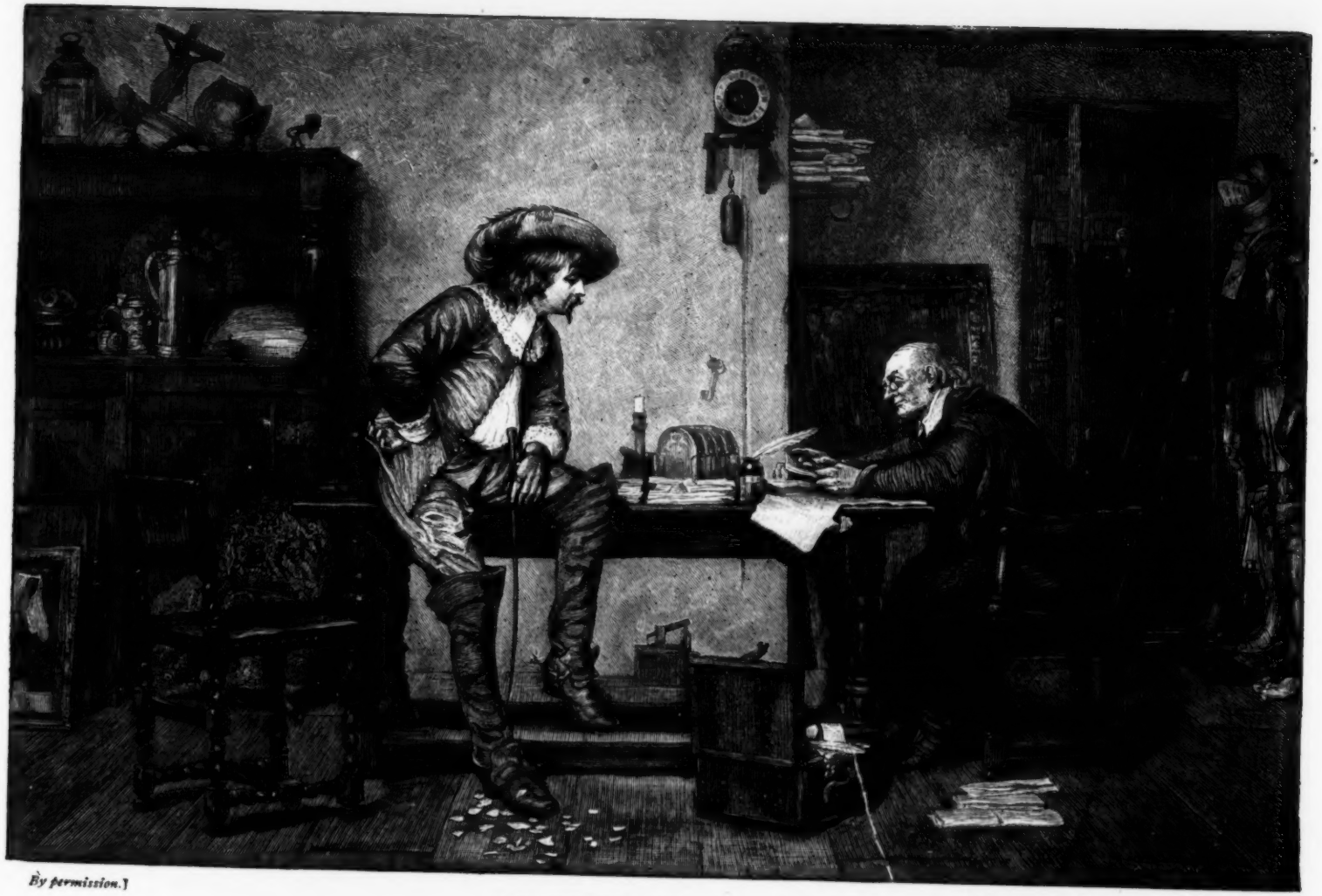
**Light Occupation.—A Good Suggestion.**—A correspondent writes: "Seeing that a lady wishes for an occupation that will not require exertion of the right arm, I venture to suggest that she might like knitting for the North Sea Mission, although tired of the ordinary fancy knitting. Not being from age strong enough for any work that requires exertion, I have for nearly ten years knitted mufflers and mittens for the North Sea Mission, which I am told are very much valued and sell very well, the men being glad to pay something for them, and the money being used by the committee to purchase medicine, plaister, etc., for the hospital ships, so making the knitted things doubly useful to the mission. The mittens are made by a recipe I made myself, as the one in the "Journal for Toilers of the Deep" I found too fatiguing and troublesome. If the lady wishes to try this knitting, on application through the editor I shall be most happy to send her the recipe for both muffler and mittens, and patterns of of the wool, and I think she will find knitting with a definite and useful object much pleasanter than fancy knitting, even for bazaars."

**Old and Worn Furniture.**—Another correspondent writes on this subject to say that she has entirely got rid of worms in furniture by painting once or twice with paraffin; and that for the worn leather she has several times used Harding's Morocco Reviver with great success.

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## Astronomical Almanack for September.

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| 1 | M | ☉ rises 5.14 A.M. |
| 2 | T | ☉ sets 6.43 P.M. |
| 3 | W | Venus sets 7.48 P.M. |
| 4 | T | Clock after ☉ 11m. 6s. |
| 5 | F | Hercules S. 6.6 P.M. |
| 6 | S | ☽ 3 Quarter 3.29 A.M. |
| 7 | ☩ | 14 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 8 | M | Draco in zenith 6.43 P.M. |
| 9 | T | Mars S. 6.8 P.M. |
| 10 | W | Length of Day 12h. 58m. |
| 11 | T | Aquila S. 8.22 P.M. |
| 12 | F | Jupiter S. 8.54 P.M. |
| 13 | S | Capricornus S. 8.41 P.M. |
| 14 | ☩ | 15 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| | | [New ☽ 7.53 A.M. |
| 15 | M | Jewish year 5651 begins |
| 16 | T | ☉ sets 6.12 P.M. |
| 17 | W | ☉ rises 5.40 A.M. |
| 18 | T | Daybreak 3.44 A.M. |
| 19 | F | Twilight ends 8.2 P.M. |
| 20 | S | Pegasus S. 11.0 P.M. |
| 21 | ☩ | 16 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| | | [☽ 1 Quarter 10.5 P.M. |
| 22 | M | Saturn rises 3.53 A.M. |
| 23 | T | Autumn Quarter begins |
| 24 | W | Aquarius S. 9.45 P.M. |
| 25 | T | Jupiter sets 0.17 A.M. |
| 26 | F | Clock after ☉ 8m. 43s. |
| 27 | S | ☉ rises 5.56 A.M. |
| 28 | ☩ | 17 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| | | [Full ☽ 1.0 P.M. |
| 29 | M | Michaelmas Day |
| 30 | T | ☉ sets 5.39 P.M. |



*By permission.*]

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

[*After H. Stacy Marks, R.A.* (*R.A. Ex.* 1877).

# SENIOR AND JUNIOR:

## A COUNTRY TOWN CHRONICLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "GREAT GRANDMAMMA SEVERN,' "THE CHILCOTES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XLI.—A MEETING AT HALLETT PLACE.



"WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?"

LAVINIA MOSS scarcely slept on the night that made her the mistress of so strange a secret. Could it be that the mystery that had set so many heads thinking and considering and so many tongues chattering at Melchisford tea-parties was to be revealed at last? Was there really an heir in the flesh, who was about in this most melodramatic fashion to announce himself at this late date and claim his own? Lavy had a fair share of intellect and a larger heart than her manner betokened, and in the darkness, while she lay at her aunt's side, she began to entertain all the consequences of this possible claimant's re-appearance.

If there were, indeed, a living representative of the Hallett line, he was like enough to have a

sorry reception. Surprises are unwelcome to most people, and this particular surprise would traverse too many schemes and hopes and plans to give pleasure to anyone.

"If he is coming at all," said Lavy, "he ought to have come long ago, when everybody was on the look-out for him."

In those early days when the advertisements had appeared and the registers had been searched, and all the mysterious machinery that is employed for the recovery of lost folk had been set in motion, everybody had been agape with expectation, and no male stranger of almost any age could arrive at the King William without a whisper going round that it was the young man come back to his own.

But these rumours had long died away, and the stranger's advent now would find nobody prepared to hail it; the scenery was pushed back and the lights put out, and there would be no audience for the hero when he came upon the stage.

Miss Mary Kelynge was the heroine, and everybody was prepared to applaud her when she came into her kingdom. She was no longer to be considered dull or stupid or uninteresting, or even plain, and that Gummidge-like propensity to tears, of which mention has often been made, was henceforth to be considered a sign of modesty, sensibility, and good feeling.

But it was when she came to consider her own share in this business that Lavy realised the full difficulties of the situation. She had promised this strange woman help, and how was she to give it?

"Shall I go to Hester or to Mary? He is sister to the one and lover to the other; they believe in him if other folk don't. Shall I go to the father and tell him what a fine rascal he has for a son? That would be a revenge for all slights."

A fine revenge, indeed! A certain nobleness or scorn held her back; now that power to hurt him seemed to be within her grasp she found herself strangely reluctant to pursue that once cherished scheme of vengeance against the man who had wronged her. Lavy was better—or, at least, less bad—than she had held herself.

The more she thought of it the more her project grew cold within her, till she was glad to grasp at the hope that the story she had heard the night before might be either the mere distempered fancy of a diseased mind or the cunning plot of a needy adventurer, who was led on by hopes of gain.

She rose at the first streak of dawn, and, softly dressing so as not to disturb her aunt, went to the outhouse. The visitor was still there, heavily sunk in sleep. Lavy shaded her light and looked long at the unconscious figure huddled in the straw. The face was turned upwards, and even in sleep it bore an evil record; it seemed scarcely likely that truth could issue from those lips. The little roll of papers had fallen from her grasp and lay within easy reach of Lavy's lantern. She stooped and glanced at it; the outermost paper was evidently the fragment of a letter, yellow and faded with age, but the illuminating ray clearly revealed the words "Avisia Hallett." Beneath, in newer ink and a bolder scrawl, was a name that was quite unfamiliar to her ear—"Owen Prideaux."

Was this the long-lost heir? And what manner of man could he be who was in association with a woman such as this? She did not yield to the temptation to examine the papers more closely, and the glimpse of them she had obtained had brought her no nearer to a solution.

But when in an hour or two she returned to the outhouse with some broken scraps of food on a plate her mind was made up.

The woman was still sleeping, but she shook her roughly by the shoulder.

"Get up," she said; "it is broad day, and you must be tramping."

The forlorn creature sat up and looked at her with dazed eyes, in which recognition gradually grew.

"Listen to me," said Lavy firmly, "and don't speak. You came here last night and asked for food and shelter, and I gave you both, and then you told me a strange tale—"

"It's a true tale, as I—"

"Hush!" said Lavy sternly; "if it's true, I'm not the more likely to believe it because you swear to it; it's not your word that will prove it. I promised to help you, and I don't see my way to it clear—not yet. I'm going to take a day to think of it; a day's delay won't hurt," she said, not knowing how nearly the year had revolved—the year that was to end Andrew's suspense and see him triumphant. "You'd better try to find some of those folks," she went on—"those people you spoke of who knew you long ago. They can't all be dead and gone; there are some that will remember you, and be willing to help you."

"There's nobody, nobody!" wailed the woman; "their names is gone from me. I can't get hold of them; they've slipped away, away! How can I get them back again? There's nobody but you—"

"You don't know my name either; you know nothing about me."

"But you hate him—you hate him! I saw it in your face last night!" She peered up with an evil cunning in her eyes. "You couldn't hide it! You hate him—like me!"

Lavy looked down on the speaker with a kind of cold scorn.

"If I had loved him," she said, "it would have been easy to go to him. Can't you understand that it's the hate that's keeping me back? But it's no use talking, you must clear out of this; you can't stop here hanging about all day and frightening my aunt. Where are you to go? That's your business. Here's money to get you food and a decent lodging if you can't find any of those folks you spoke of to take you in, and you may come back here to-morrow night and I'll see what I can do for you. If you come before to-morrow I'll do nothing. Now you be off; I'll do nothing more; I'll go no further than that!"

This was Lavy's ultimatum, and neither tears, reproaches, entreaties, nor threats could move her from it. She was extremely dissatisfied with it herself. What ought she to have done?—sent the stranger to a magistrate, or to that spiritual

counsellor Mr. King, the vicar of St. Peter's?—handed her over to the tender mercies of the police? That might have been the easiest solution, but Lavy had her own code of honour, and it forbade her to betray one who had thrown herself on her protection. There remained an appeal to Mr. Hallett, senior, who, if the woman were to be trusted, did not so much as know of her existence. He was the proper depositary of any secret connected with the Hallett estate, and yet she shrank, with an inward resistance that grew momentarily in force, from going to him.

Lavy was in straits, indeed, and knew not where to turn for guidance.

None of these brilliant suggestions came to her, however, till she had left the lonely roadside cottage far behind, and when they occurred to her they did little to illuminate the situation; her chief hope lay in the thought that the woman might never keep the appointment, or might find someone better fitted to champion her.

"If she doesn't come back," thought Lavy, making a compromise with conscience, "it will surely mean that I've no call to meddle in the business."

She had other cares that pressed on her almost as heavily. The temporary shelter which the compassion of a neighbour had allowed to her and her aunt in the wreck of their fortunes must soon be given up, and the perplexities of her future stared her in the face.

The unfortunate Mr. Moss, for whom a little fund had been gathered, was about to ship himself and his family to the other side of the world, under the sanguine belief that thus to suffer a sea change would make a new man of him. Lavy, whose skill as a worker was well known, had been offered a situation of trust upon a neighbouring farm, and her decision regarding this still hung in the balance. She was on her way now to discuss the arrangement with her employer, and while she walked in the early rawness of the spring morning, taking short cuts and by-paths that appreciably lessened the miles, her thoughts were given to this anxious business. There were many reasons for remaining in the old country, and the one to which she gave the greatest prominence in her thoughts was the helplessness of her aunt Hannah. Lavy's deepest pity and compassion were stirred for this wrecked and broken life, out of which hope and desire alike had died. No sea change could restore the balance that had been so rudely shaken, no new future make atonement for the past, and it was not in Lavy to forsake this bruised and helpless creature in her need.

While her aunt lived Lavy's place was at her side.

"She gave us of the best when she had it," the girl said to herself, "and she needs me most now; father and the girls must get on without me as best they can. She's not fit to be carried across the world, and I won't leave her."

Meanwhile, a pair of travellers had arrived at the sober and respectable little town of Slipperfield and had put up at the Lion and Lamb, there engaging a sitting-room that looked upon the High Street, and a couple of bedrooms above.

What could they possibly want? The dull, stupid little town could surely have no attractions for two London gentlemen who were clearly not bagmen, nor touters for anybody's beer.

The older of the two, who was white-haired and spruce, and who held himself erectly, had indeed a good deal of correspondence to conduct, and showed some anxiety as to the arrival of the mail. He carried the letters himself to the post, and on the morning after the travellers' arrival, while the younger was still abed, he hired a carriage and took a long drive all by himself before breakfast. On his return he strolled about the little town, looking at the monuments in the chancel of St. Mary's and giving a polite attention to the literature displayed in the stationer's window; but his curiosity seemed to be speedily satisfied, and he came back to the inn and sat down opposite his companion, who was lounging in an easy-chair and smoking by the open window.

"It occurs to me, Owen," he said, "that we have been a little over-generous in our estimate of the charms of Slipperfield. We are in danger of exhausting them in something less than a week."

"We've taken the rooms for a week?"

"I understood it was your wish."

"Yes," said Owen penitently, and then he laughed.

"I own it does seem rather an idiotic proceeding," he said, "to have taken out tickets for Melchisford, and to have divagated to Slipperfield. But there are extenuating circumstances; it's a jolly old inn, and the landlady has fair ideas as to a decent meal. There's some good old furniture too—genuine, and not sham antique. Have you noticed the andirons and the fiddle-backed chairs in the room beneath, where the gentlemen of the bag meet? I fancy there are farmhouses full of such treasures about here, where the connoisseurs haven't penetrated or destroyed the native simplicity; one might pick up gems for an old song. I feel the bargaining spirit rising in me already."

"So we've come to Eastshire to collect bric-à-brac?" said the Captain with a certain grim politeness, as he lighted his pipe.

Owen looked up with a whimsical face, at once mischievous and penitent, and with a smiling gaiety that disarmed resentment.

"I'm an invalid," he said; "I don't want to give up the privilege of having my own way."

Then his face sobered and became almost wistful.

"I daresay it's weak," he said; "I daresay that troublesome fever has left me a little more of a fool than I was before; but it seems to me too—too conquering a proceeding to go straight to Melchisford. What business have I to go as if—as if I had but to take possession? If I seem to hesitate it isn't because I've given up my right—my right which my love gives me to be heard, but only because I want to gather up all my forces to meet my fate, whatever it may be."

The Captain was silent. If he thought Owen a trifle lukewarm, he had love enough for him to make allowance easy.

Owen, indeed, had all the weakness of the imaginative temperament, sensitive to every breath that blew—sometimes morbid, sometimes unduly gay, at other times needlessly gloomy; but he was none the less likely to be loved on that account. It is not always the brave and the strong to whom the deepest affection is given—fortunately, perhaps, since these are best able to do without it.

He found, however, that he had miscalculated his own powers of endurance.

After a day or two spent in those open-air exercises which were part of his convalescent medicine, and which, curiously enough, always took the same direction, Owen came one morning with rather a shamefaced proposal.

"The landlady tells me that Hallett Place is to be seen by visitors who care to use a little palm-oil in the shape of a bribe. It has been shut up and left in charge of the housekeeper since the owner died, and this is our best chance, because the young lady who is his heir is likely to go back to it immediately—so she tells me. There is a good collection of pictures, and I should like to see that library—that library that somebody used to talk of."

The Captain gravely said that he should like to see the famous library too, though he manifested none of the impatience of the younger man to set out. Owen's head was always wagging from this side of the dogcart to that, eagerly scanning and searching the roads. For what or for whom was he looking?

"We are in a very fair way to stand a conscientious examination on this particular part of the country," said the sarcastic Captain. "I don't know whether you've noticed it, Owen, but all the roads from Slipperfield seem to lead in the direction of Melchisford, and yet they never reach it."

"The road we shall take to-morrow will reach it. Yes, to-morrow," he said firmly, and yet with a winning modesty too. "I've been a coward to delay, or else perhaps I'm braver than I gave myself credit for; at least, I think I can accept an unkindness from fate, if that is to be my lot, without whining over it."

Destiny or fortune, however, as he liked to call it, was preparing a very kind surprise for Owen. The Captain always steadily rebuked him when in after days he spoke of the coincidence that led Hester's steps to Hallett Place on that day too, as a happy intervention of fate in his favour.

"Fate, sir—fate? Do you refuse to thank Providence humbly for sending you the best wife a man was ever blessed with?"

"Was it Providence that sent you, Hetty?" this doubter would ask, "or Miss Mary Kelynge's sudden desire for a festive gown? And oh, my dear, if I had ridden over to the Red House the next day, would you—would you have sent me away? I used to have a great fear of it, and I think still I owe something to the moment that took us both at unawares. If you had been sitting at your window, like sister Anne, and had spied me coming, your heart would have hardened against me, and you would have had time to resolve on a very stern 'No.'"

"Very likely," Mrs. Hetty would answer; "and then I might have secured Sir James Hemmingway after all, whom papa used to hope I would marry."

But on the day when Hester set out on her solitary drive to Hallett Place love had very little room in her thoughts, which were wholly sad.

Surely they ought not to have been so sombrely tinctured, for the day was one of great triumph and rejoicing, in two hearts at least. For Andrew and for Mary Kelynge it was a festival, for it ushered in the beginning of their reign. Hester, who felt herself wholly out of tune with Andrew's unconcealed elation, was glad to snatch at any excuse to escape for a little from the need of smiling and listening to that long recital of hopes and fears, those "ifs" and "buts" with which Mary garnished her simple prattle.

"I wish I had something nice to put on," she said, her satisfaction longing to express itself in this truly feminine manner. "Andrew does so object to black. And I couldn't get a new dress ready-made, could I, Hetty? The skirts are made, but they never make the bodices, and I couldn't get a body made to-night, before dinner, could I, Hetty?"

"I'm afraid even such a great heiress as you couldn't compass that."

"I've got one at Hallett's that might do; it's at the bottom of the old black trunk in my room. I sent to London for it, but I never dared put it on when uncle was alive. I could not go for it, though. If I went for it to-day it would seem—" she paused and blushed.

"I'll go," said Hester, seizing her advantage. "Nobody can accuse me of being anxious to take possession. Tell me where to find your gown, Mary, and I'll bring it."

This was how Hester came to set out. As she drove up the fine old avenue under the tardy elms a stable clock chimed out twelve slow notes on the still air. They seemed to vibrate and linger there with a certain solemnity, or possibly the solemnity was in her own mind. The revolving year had told itself out to the last minute, and Mary was mistress now of all the dead man's possessions, of the big house, of the far-spreading acres—even of the little green things sprouting in hidden corners and preparing for Nature's great festival.

To be mistress of a world which spring was rejuvenating was surely a very fine thing; yet while Hester "drank of the strong vitality of sun and earth and sky," she felt that her imagination was cold over the picture of Mary's heirship.

Then by a revulsion of her mood, she fell to thinking of the family spectre, giving this mythical lady a kind of respectful consideration, and wondering with a little smile how she would like the new owner. Mary, at least, would not enjoy this embarrassing condition of her inheritance.

"She will have Andrew to protect her," said Hester to herself, and her smile grew a little hard.

Yet when she went upon her sunlit way the silence was peopled with far other ghosts—an old man was there angry and dissatisfied, and a young one too, melancholy and sad. "Good-bye, Frank, good-bye," said Hester softly to herself; "poor Frank, good-bye!"

She was surprised when she reached the hall door to find a dogcart drawn up there, the horse in the care of a waiting groom. He left his charge as Hester drew up and came to help her.

"It's visitors to see the pictures, miss—strangers," said the man. "They came Slipperfield way, but they wouldn't let me put up the beast. Do you want the pony unyoked, miss?"

"No, John, thanks; I've only come on a message. Rorie will stand quite quiet; you'd better look after the strange horse."

"It's only the old mare from the Lion and Lamb, miss; she hain't no vice in her. But the gents is Lunnon gents, I take it."

Hester scarcely listened. She went into the hall and up the wide shallow staircase to go to Mary's room. The family faces lined the hall and the staircase too, dark strong faces, most of them. She lingered on her way giving to each a momentary scrutiny, trying to look at them with Mary's eyes. The fire and the spirit of those bold, half-scornful faces had not descended to Mary.

"If you were mine—my ancestors by right of birth, or by adoption—how should I feel towards you? Should I feel that you might blush for me if I were less brave in the life to which I am called than you were in yours?—if I swerved from honour, from sincerity—if I failed in chivalry?"

"Will Andrew make a good husband?" was the question that lay at the bottom of her heart, but she gave it no voice.

When she reached the corridor she went straight to the portrait of Avisia Hallett. The light from the narrow window fell obliquely on it and on Hester too, and the two young and beautiful faces looked at each other. Hester's was grave and a little sad in its curves, but the face in the picture was full of an angry resistance and rebellion.

"Poor lady," thought Hester, "they used you hardly in your lifetime, and now your old home has passed from your line." But as she looked at the petulant, vivacious, angry face, her own changed curiously—a kind of incredulous surprise, passing swiftly into a settled certainty, crossed it.

"I know now—I know now," she said, unconsciously speaking aloud in her excitement; "it was your face that haunted me in London."

The sound of her own voice seemed to rouse her. She took a step back and looked round her with a quick startled glance, and her eyes fell on Owen Prideaux.

"It was you," she said—"it was you."

Then with a shock she realised that it was the young man in the flesh who stood before her, and no vision of her fancy, and she shrank away with a look of intense resistance

"Why—why have you come here?" she asked, and her voice was cold

He had been coming to her with a radiant face, but at her words and her look the joy seemed to die out of him.

"I came—I came—" he said, and then he paused miserably.

But she had gathered herself together by this time and had put on that armour of defence which a woman wears.

"You have come to see the pictures," she said, "and the books—has the housekeeper showed you the library? I remember now, Captain Prideaux said he would like to see the books. I was surprised and startled—it—it is a long time since we met."

"It is a lifetime to me," said the young man sadly, all his hopes fading and vanishing before him. "I have been ill," he said huskily. "I don't know why I should tell you that, except to explain. Oh, I am making a fine mess of it," he said with a sort of bitter self-irony. "If you didn't expect me or think me a dastard for my silence, what does it matter whether I explain or not? If I have had no place in your thoughts or —in your reproaches, I will bear it as best I may—only, I thought perhaps you knew that I loved you."

She made a little tremulous movement, locking one hand fast in the other.

"Have you been—very ill?" she asked.

"Ill enough, I suppose. What does it matter?"

"It matters to the Captain and to—your friends."

"Oh, I have pulled through," he said listlessly; "they've got me back again, such as I am—those friends of mine you spoke of. It was the hope of something to live for that kept me from death, I think; but now it seems I might just as well have made an end of it."

"Are you sure you are better?" said Hester, looking at him with a new sort of timidity.

"Why do you ask?" he said almost roughly; "you do not care!" Then a sudden light flashed into his face.

"Do you care?" he demanded. "Hester, tell me, would it have grieved you if I had died?"

"Oh," she said simply, "I missed you, and I wondered and was hurt."

"You were hurt—because I stayed away?"

She looked at him beseechingly. "Don't let me confess too much," said those beautiful eyes.

But he was imperious in his demand for an answer.

"And now that I have come," he said, "will you turn me away?"

She did not turn him away; on the contrary, she stayed with him in that gallery among the watchful portraits so long that the patient Captain, buried among the treasures of the library, began to look at his watch.

"It is an hour since she passed the window," he thought; "surely the dear girl could dismiss him in something under sixty minutes?" Then he pulled out a blackletter volume and straightway forgot the culprits.

But by-and-by they woke to a remorseful sense of their neglect, and began with lingering steps

to descend. But before they left the corridor Hester drew Owen to the portrait of Avisia Hallett.

"I used to wonder of whom you reminded me," she said, "and to-day I found out."

"Was that what you meant?"

"Yes, I had just discovered the likeness; do you not see it yourself?"

He looked at the picture curiously.

"Perhaps," he said, and a little shadow fell over his face, "if I had had such a home as this to bring you to, Hetty, or a history like that written on these walls—"

But she laid a finger on his lips.

"You have given me yourself," she said; "what more could I desire?"

"A poor self."

"It is mine now," she smiled; "don't disparage it. You will come with me to see my father and mother, and my home?"

"Yes, and now we will go to our other father who is waiting for his new daughter."

### CHAPTER XLII.—LAVY'S REVENGE.

HERE surely was stuff enough to keep tongues wagging for a year at the Melchisford tea-parties. The news of all that was happening behind the blinds of the Red House ran like wildfire through the little town; a hundred rumours were afloat as to what had occurred there, and as each new version differed from that which had preceded it, one was left, as it were, to select one's own background and fit the dialogue to it according to one's fancy.

Those who were supposed to have better opportunities of information than their neighbours suddenly rose in the popular esteem, and were much sought in private and button-holed in public, and naturally these flattering attentions tempted them to embroider their meagre store of facts. But the busy activity that set the teaspoons clinking and stirred the public imagination had to content itself with guesses after all, for the principal actors in the drama were reticent under question.

Out of the multiplication of nods, whispers, ejaculations, innuendoes, there arose finally a version that was probably as near the truth as any other. This story had it that Lavinia Moss (and here there was always a diversion, while speaker and hearers expressed a scornful wonder over Lavy as the chosen instrument), walking up the Red House steps and demanding an interview with Mr. Hallett, had encountered Miss Kelynge in the hall, who beamed upon her old acquaintance and kissed her affectionately.

"Have you come to congratulate me?" she asked brightly. "Have you heard the wonderful news, Lavy?"

"The news of—of your fortune?" asked Lavy, stammering and blenching from the rôle she was called on to play.

Was she not, for all she could tell, coming as an enemy to steal these new-won rights away?

"Something much more wonderful than that," said Mary, blushing; "I—I am going to be married, Lavy. A long time ago you—you warned me, you remember; but you were mistaken, you were all wrong, as I knew even then, though I could not tell you, and I have longed to tell you ever since. And now that I may speak, you—you will wish me joy, Lavy?"

But Lavy got up from the chair in the hall in which she had seated herself, stiff and erect. There was a hard look in her eyes, before which frightened Mary shrank. Lavy was steeling herself for the task before her.

"I have come on business," she said, "not to talk of marriage—not to wish you joy. I want to see Mr. Hallett on business—important business."

"I will go for him myself," said Mary, frightened and submissive. "Come into the dining-room, Lavy, there is no one there."

She came back presently with the father and the son. Mr. Hallett looked cruelly bored as he came in and nodded to Lavy. What could Moss's daughter want with him, unless it were to beg or borrow? The talent for borrowing, at least, she ought to have inherited.

Andrew, who had walked in behind his father, made Lavy a very low bow; there was an ironical glitter in his black eyes that gave them an evil look of laughter.

"You may as well stay too, Mr. Andrew," said Lavy quietly; "what I've got to say has to do with you too."

"I scarcely know how anything Miss Moss has to say can concern me," said Andrew, "but I'll be very glad to be one of her audience. Mary, you'll support me?"

He drew an easy-chair forward and led her to it with a smile.

"Better not," said Lavy, with a momentary yielding to pity; "better go, Miss Kelynge. The truth, as I have to tell it, will give you no pleasure to hear."

But Andrew said "Stay!" and frightened Mary obeyed, as she must always obey when he spoke in that voice.

Mr. Hallett began to show visible signs of impatience; he frowned and drummed with his fingers on the table. This melodramatic opening to what was no doubt a mere vulgar attempt to extort money annoyed him; he saw no humour in it. Vaguely and dimly he remembered to have heard that Andrew had once been foolish enough to admire this handsome young woman—perhaps even to carry on a silly flirtation with her. Doubtless he was to be called on to pay for that folly now.

"May I remind you," he said with asperity, "that my time is of some value? If you have anything to say—"

"Yes," said Lavy shortly, "I have something to say. I won't keep you."

She began her story at once, and told it with praiseworthy brevity and a sparing of needless detail that is rare when one of her sex is the narrator.

Mr. Hallett listened with a surprise that grew momentarily when he had disabused his mind of its preconceived idea. It was not, then, her

own wrongs she had come to plead. His surprise, however, was not in the least the surprise of conviction. He did not believe in the story she told, but he found it curious—curious that a claimant should appear at the final moment, after a year of unbroken silence. If there had been any truth in this tale, it might even have been tragic in its way—this appearing of the heir when the inheritance had passed beyond his grasp.

"You did quite right to come to me," he said, beginning to discover that Lavy was really a very handsome young woman; "but I must tell you frankly I put no reliance whatever on this person's very remarkable assertions, which, as you no doubt know, are entirely valueless without proof. I might, however—I certainly should—have felt it to be my duty to investigate these claims, however improbable they seemed, had they been made in time. It is now too late; by the terms of the will Miss Kelynge is now the owner of Hallett Place." He glanced at the clock as he spoke; the year had revolved and Mary's rule had begun.

From the other side of the room came young Andrew's laugh. He was leaning on the back of Mary's chair.

"A pretty story, isn't it, Mary?" he whispered—"a nicely got up tale; and a fine fright it might have given us if we had heard it a day or two ago."

"It's a very extraordinary story, very," Mr. Hallett was saying, "and I daresay, my dear Miss Moss, you have told it just as it was repeated to you; but you must be aware that the natural course would have been for this person who claims to be Lydia Marsh to come to me. She must be aware that we have been making every effort to discover her; her testimony was of the utmost importance; if she believed the truth of her statement, why did she not come here? I fail to understand how she came to appeal to you."

Then Lavy levelled her shaft. She spoke in a cool, clear voice, and she looked straight at Andrew.

He met her gaze with a look of hatred, but she did not falter before it.

"I can explain that very easily," she said, "or rather your son can."

"My son?"

"She came here and she saw him, and not so long ago either that he can have forgotten. She showed him her papers, but he refused to listen to her. He shut the door in her face; he turned her out in the street; he threatened her with the police in case she should trouble him again. He will tell you so himself."

Mr. Hallett looked up with a deep furrow between his eyes.

"Is this true?" he said to his son harshly; "you can deny it, I suppose?"

He was still as remote as ever from belief in the story, but he was sharply annoyed that Andrew's name should have been brought into the matter at all, or that his conduct should have had even the appearance of dishonourable intention. In his circumstances, as the affianced husband of Miss Kelynge, he ought to have sifted every scrap of evidence, however wildly improbable it might seem. Mr. Hallett was smarting already under the comments of his fellow-townsmen, and at this glimpse of a new scandal his wrath broke out.

"Is this true?" he asked once more.

Andrew met the charge quite easily. He looked at Lavy with an intense inward hatred, but he was not afraid of her accusations. There had been no witness of the scene in the little back room, and was the word of a depraved and disreputable woman to be believed before his?

"If Miss Moss refers to a drunken sot who came here a night or two ago, at dinner time, as you may remember, it is quite true that I had such a visitor. She was scarcely in a condition to make her story plain—if, indeed, she had any story to tell"—he allowed himself the sneer—"and I certainly got rid of her as quickly as I could; I—" He was proceeding fluently with his own version of the interview, when he was interrupted by a suppressed cry from the chair on which he was leaning.

Mary Kelynge got up with a scared look on her face. She supported herself by the arm of the chair; her voice was tremulous; she looked at them all with a wild appeal in her light staring eyes.

"Don't say it is true," she said. "Oh, don't say it! He couldn't do it!" Then she turned to her lover and addressed him directly. "You know how I always longed for the poor young man to come home," she said; "how I prayed up to the last day that he might be found; how I hated the burden of all that money. You had given me your love, and I never wanted to be rich, unless to make you so," sobbed the poor girl, breaking down under her agitation. "And oh, Andrew, you wouldn't turn her away—this poor creature who might have helped us to find my cousin—say you didn't do it; tell Lavy it is not true!"

A curious look of hardness crossed Andrew's face as this piteous, incoherent appeal was made to him.

"Sit down," he said sternly, pressing her shoulder and forcing her back into the chair—"sit down, and don't make a fool of yourself. My mother is in the next room; do you want to frighten her to death?"

In the middle of this unexpected outburst Lavy got up. She cast a look of great compassion at the girl sobbing helplessly and cowering under Andrew's restraining hand with hidden face, and then she turned stiffly to Mr. Hallett.

"I've told you all I know," she said. "I've done with this business; I wash my hands of it. You know where to find Lydia Marsh if you want to see her."

Even when Hester came home with her lover, all innocent of the stake he had in the strange game that was being played in her father's dining-room, even when it was proved to the satisfaction of the wildest unbeliever by a curious chain of circumstances that he was the long-lost heir—the veritable grandson about whom so many conjec-

turers had busied themselves in vain—Melchisford had again to content itself with filling in the slender outline with details of its own invention.

Captain Prideaux and Owen—for he still went by that name—came and settled themselves at the King William, and there were many meetings and consultations, and much sifting of evidence and journeyings here and there in establishment of proof that kept the excitement alive.

Owen, indeed, escaped when he could, and spent all the time not claimed by business in an old garden where spring was making a new Eden for young love to wander in; and there, when the talk was allowed to lapse for a moment from the one great theme immemorially sacred to lovers, it sometimes fell upon the strange chance that had linked their lives and woven the threads together before they met, and sometimes upon the still stranger chance that had kept the secret of Owen's birth so long unrevealed.

"If that poor wretch, when she came to me in Brighton, had been but able to tell her story coherently, and if I had had the patience to listen to it," he added with a smiling candour, "the mystery might have been settled good months ago."

"But it would not have been Owen Prideaux whom I met at Chelsea if that had happened; it would have been—"

"It would have given me a better claim. If you had not been summoned home to your mother's sick-bed, Hetty, you would have listened to me that night—you would not have scorned me?"

Did he need her assurance? Was it not the Owen without a history to whom she had given her love? not this new Owen with a name and a place in the world. But was there ever lover yet since the world began who did not relish the sweet flattery of reiterated vows?

She had told him of that Frank whom she and Mary had conjured up, and for whose avatar they had mutually longed; and had he not come, a hero in very truth as she fondly and proudly believed him?

Owen did not reckon among the chances that were missed by him that other interview between Andrew and Lydia Marsh, when the truth was so nearly revealed; he had his own opinion of the way in which that dirty bit of business had been managed by the young lawyer; but Andrew, if he were a rascal, was Hester's brother too, and Owen's lips were sealed.

Yet the thought was in her mind too, and it lay there a little uneasily. A shadow of trouble crossed her sweet face.

"Do you regret all those missed chances, Owen? Do you regret that you came too late?"

"Never," he said—"not once. It was not too late for you, and that is all I care about—that and the fact that I have a respectable history on one side at least to offer you."

"Papa thinks you could claim the estate."

"And turn Mary out?"

"If it were right" (she spoke unsmilingly), "I suppose Mary would wish it."

"Right or wrong, I think matters must stand as they are—for the present, anyhow. Don't you think it would be Mary's turn to haunt us, Hetty, if we sent her adrift—poor Mary, who has nothing or little but her money-bags to recommend her? To be sure," he added, with conscious haste, "she would have your brother to look after her."

Hester's head drooped. Would Andrew cleave to Mary poor and unadorned—Mary without those acres and those shares before which all Melchisford was bowing down? She put the answer from her, for Owen was asking her a question.

"Would you mind very much—would it be too great a sacrifice if I asked you to live in London, Hetty?"

"Oh," she cried, as one whose burden falls off from her, "it is what I should like best of all—it is what I hoped for! I could not live here if—if there was to be dispeace, or if we robbed poor Mary of her happiness, for it would make a difference to her, you know, Owen—a difference in every way. And now she will stay here and be a comfort to dear mother—a daughter to her instead of me."

"You will feel that parting, Hetty."

"Yes," she said simply, "but mother would not have me choose differently, and Mary will take my place. And in London, with the dear Captain, it will be a beautiful life! You can study men and women there, Owen, as you could not here!" cried foolish Hetty; "and you will be in touch with all that goes on and with other writers; and you will write better and braver books than any of them!"

"If ever I write anything that is worth the reading it will be your faith in me that has been its inspiration," he said, touched and moved by her love and tenderness.

Surely the finest inheritance in the world was but a little thing to give up for her sweet sake.

So the fond and foolish pair settled their future out in the sunny garden while the elders were examining each link of evidence within, and young Andrew was shaking in his shoes lest the prize should slip from his fingers after all.

Mr. Hallett had formally offered the hospitalities of the Red House to the two gentlemen, but the Captain had somewhat stiffly declined the invitation.

The two did not get on very well together, and though the Captain loved Hester every day more and more, he did not find it possible to be very cordial to her father and brother.

"Hester is like her mother," he said to Owen, "who has a very simple, sincere nature. She is a very sweet woman, Owen; she reminds me of—of—"

Owen pressed the old man's hand; it was his long dead wife he was thinking of.

"She is a dear mother," he said, "and she has adopted me as a son. As for her own son, he is a cad, and would be something worse if he dared. He scowls at me because he thinks I want to supplant him. He may set his mean fears at rest. He is welcome to the heiress and her shekels—my poor cousin, who seems to me a great deal too good for him. It's my name I'm fighting for; if I've that to dower Hester with, we can do without

the money-bags. Haven't I got my pen? We can live by that, I daresay, and—you won't let us starve?"

The Captain laughed out gleefully; this was what he had been secretly hoping for.

"The country is a little dull, eh, my boy? We found Slipperfield a trifle too calm and peaceful, didn't we, after London and the club?"

Owen got up and laid his arm round the old man's shoulders.

"Did you think I was going to turn my back on you and the dear old barrack at Chelsea?" he said, with a hint of reproach. "Hetty and I are coming to live with you there, we've settled all that; and young Andrew is to play the country squire and head of the family. He will do it infinitely better than I, and he will have the satisfaction of thinking me a precious fool. As for my cousin, the place is hers by every sort of moral right, and that's the only right we have to consider. If she thinks I have the best claim, I yield it to her with all my heart. I suppose I can do what I will with my own?"

But upon this curious question Mary, too, had her word to say. She was for meekly giving up everything at once and falling back on that humble annuity for which provision had been made in the will. There was a very pretty display of generosity on both sides; Mary cried a great deal, and was very unhappy, but she clung to her decision with all the obstinacy of a weak woman who has at last, by a supreme effort, made up her mind to a course of action.

Rumour had it in Melchisford that there was a great quarrel between Andrew Hallett and Miss Kelynge, and even when, upon close pressure, Mary yielded so far as to accept the honours for her lifetime, on the condition that the estate was to pass to Owen Prideaux's heirs, it was a moot point whether the marriage would go on.

Mrs. Smee, however, was not among the doubters.

"Mr. Andrew will accept the condition," she said; "he will take care to be life-rented in the estate, and if his comfort is secured for his own day, he will care very little what happens to those who come after him. And as for her, I suppose she really cares for him, and would be miserable if she didn't marry him; so we needn't pity her for consulting her own happiness!"

And it may here be said passingly that the lovers' difference was healed, and that Andrew and Mary did marry. Much also of what the doctor's little wife so shrewdly prophesied came to pass.

Andrew, sleek and prosperous, a power in the county, was accounted a very respectable husband. He hunted, shot, fished, attended quarter sessions, sat on all the local boards, and was diligent in a country gentleman's pursuits and amusements. He had early established a perfect independence in his pleasures and occupations, and though he did not neglect Mary, and was tolerant and good-natured after his fashion, he gave her but little of his society.

She consoled herself for this loss with the companionship of her only child, a daughter, who was good and plain and humble like herself, and whom she secretly hoped Owen Prideaux Hallett the younger would one day marry.

The particulars of Andrew's little encounter with Lydia Marsh never became public property, and even his mother did not know the history of that interview. Lydia Marsh, whom Melchisford suddenly remembered, and provided with a copious and possibly fictitious history, disappeared with the coveted reward in her possession, and spent it in a debauch of such magnitude that it suddenly ended her career.

As for Lavy Moss, having done what she held to be her duty, she maintained a proud silence which no efforts on the part of her townsfolk could break, and there was scarcely one who knew how she and Andrew had been lovers first and bitter enemies after. The day had been when she had thought that no dearer pleasure could be hers than that of avenging the slights Andrew Hallett had heaped on her, but when opportunity gave her the power to hurt him she could scarcely avail herself of it. Revenge had lost its sweetness, or else perhaps the higher nature in her had triumphed over the baser.

"I did it because it was laid on me—for right's sake," she said a little doggedly, and she would say no more.

And yet the right had not triumphed, and instead meanness and base selfish calculation had won the field and claimed all the honours; it is so often in this life, where poetic justice is not dealt out to everybody, and where, as we all must admit, the wrong people frequently have the best of it.

Lavy—her duty accomplished, her last watch faithfully kept—went across the seas to take the burden of the family incompetence on her strong young shoulders, and was known in Melchisford no more.

Perhaps the person who chiefly regretted her was the doctor's little wife, who had the grace to recognise a fine nature when she saw it, and who had a very genuine respect and liking for the farmer's daughter. "Really, I could wish Mr. Andrew's mean insinuations had for once been true," she said to her husband, for whom she kept her more private opinions, "and that Sir James had had the sense to think of her as a wife. It would have been a splendid field for her energy, and I'd have begun to respect Sir James if he had been able to accept what was so eminently for his good."

"My dear, you talk as if—"

"As if Lavy were a drug out of your surgery, to be taken as directed! She would have been the best medicine in the world for that excellent goose!"

"She's Moss's daughter, Emmy," remonstrated the doctor.

"Mr. Moss has gone to the land of inconvenient relations, Henry, and unless he becomes a potentate over there we shall hear no more of him. Even poor, embarrassing, unhappy little Hannah Mellish is dead; the ground could not

have been more considerately cleared. If only Sir James had had the ability to perceive it, if Lavy had not been in such a hurry to leave us, I certainly should have tried to put the notion into his head."

"His mother would have thanked you, no doubt."

"Yes," said Emmy, with sparkling eyes, "it would have been a battle royal; but with so good a cause I must have won in the end, and poor Fanny would have lived to be grateful to me. But there, since that pretty little scheme has fallen to the ground, I suppose we must be content with our other lovers."

"Aren't two weddings enough for you, you immoderate woman? They are two too many for me; I hear of nothing else from morning to night. If events go on multiplying at this rate we'll have to go to Harley Street after all, Emmy, for the sake of a little peace and quiet."




"I USED TO THINK IT WAS THE FINEST THING IN THE WORLD TO BE AN AUTHOR."

The second wedding, the news of which kept tongues wagging, was that of young Tom Rose, the doctor's cousin, and the little London governess, who was known to everybody in the town as Hester's friend.

Hester and Owen, who held themselves to owe a great deal of their happiness to young Tom, had set their hearts on this double function, and had worked in secret for it. Owen—who was somewhat of a personage now, and whose romantic history had leaked out and been handsomely embroidered in the literary prints by that faithful chronicler of all his triumphs, Mr. Broad of the "Mirror"—found many people ready to do him a good turn now that the sun shone on him.

Happiness had made Owen less cynical, or he might have found food for satire in this eagerness of his world to serve him; but instead, he turned it to his friend's use, and secured such a post for Tom as allowed him to keep Dot in modest comfort.

Mary, too, who certainly reaped something from Tom's incapacity as a detective, and who was bubbling over with a distressed desire to do something for her cousin's pleasure, begged and prayed

to be allowed to furnish the little suburban villa where Dot was to reign as mistress; so that though the wicked hero flourished and went unpunished, some of the deserving people were rewarded too.

But perhaps that which pleased Hester most on her wedding day was the circumstance that both Mr. Henry Spenceley and Mr. Wilfred Somers were among the invited guests, and that from the hour she became Owen's wife she secured two constant friends. And so, at peace with all her world, she passed on a summer's day from the Red House, and from all its tender, sad, and sacred associations to begin the new life.

Margaret Chester leaned upon the Captain's arm, but her eyes were so dim she could scarcely see the vanishing carriage.

"I think our dear Hetty has gone into the happy-ever-after country that so few reach," she said.

And in so far as it is given to any of us in this life, lasting happiness promises to be Hester's. She looks up to her husband, and is year by year more proud of him and fond of him and he of her.

Owen—for he has kept his adopted name—works hard, and has lived to acquire some fame and popularity as a writer, to the secret pride and delight of his wife and the Captain. He has the good luck to be read by most of the young ladies of Great Britain and the Colonies, and to be treated with indulgence by the critics, which ought to content any man; but he has humour enough not to take these honours too seriously.

"I used to think once it was the finest thing in the world to be an author, and to see one's name in the prints," he said not long ago, in a moment of confidence, "but now—"

He picked up his boy from the floor and tossed him in his arms. Hester, who was seated by the Captain's side, looked up from her work, and their eyes met in a smile.

Owen did not finish that sentence, or tell them what it was he had found more precious than the praise or applause of the world, but perhaps his little audience understood him, and filled in the pause for themselves.

## PROFESSOR ADAM SEDGWICK OF CAMBRIDGE.

AFTER the death of Professor Sedgwick in January, 1873, there was a very general desire and hope that a biography might be written worthy of the man, and of his high reputation. In due time it was announced that the work had been undertaken by a Cambridge man—well qualified in some respects for the task—Professor Hughes, successor of Sedgwick in the Woodwardian chair of geology. Year after year passed without any sign of the promised memoir, or any reason given for its not appearing. The long delay sorely tried the patience of Sedgwick's many friends and admirers; and in waiting we have often recalled the plaintively touching words of Dr. Johnson, in the preface to his dictionary, about the work being protracted till most of those he wished to please have sunk into the grave. At length, in the late summer of 1890, the expected memoir has been published,[1] and a satisfactory explanation given of the long delay.

Any regret for the delay in the publication is more than compensated on seeing the thorough way in which the work has now been carried out. No one could have given with greater fulness and clearness the accounts of Sedgwick's labours as a geological explorer and as a teacher of geology than Professor Hughes. By scientific readers these chapters will be welcomed as valuable contributions to the facts and the history of geology. In regard to the discussion and controversies on geological questions in which Sedgwick took part, Professor Hughes has presented detailed statements in an impartial and appreciative spirit. It must suffice, in regard to the geological portion of the memoir, to quote a few sentences from the address of General Sir Edward Sabine, President of the Royal Society, in presenting the Copley medal, the crowning recognition of Sedgwick's scientific labours.

"The Copley medal," said Sir Edward Sabine, "has been awarded to the Rev. Adam Sedgwick for his observations and discoveries in the geology of the palæozoic series of rocks, and more especially for the determination of the characters of the Devonian system. . . . . His arrangement and the nomenclature of the Cambrian rocks in North Wales (the lower silurian of Sir Roderick Murchison) are given in his 'Synopsis of the British Palæozoic Rocks.' He first, by his own labours, solved the great problem of the physical structure of the district.

"Since he was appointed Woodwardian Professor, for upwards of forty years he has devoted himself to geological researches with an ability, zeal, and perseverance which places him among the foremost of the men by whose genius, sagacity, and labour the science of geology has attained its present high position. To duly appreciate his work we must recall to recollection the comparative ignorance which prevailed forty or fifty years ago, to the dispersion of which his labours have so largely contributed."

But outside of the sphere of geological and scientific interest there is a far more numerous

[1] "The Life and Letters of the Reverend Adam Sedgwick, F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Prebendary of Norwich, Woodwardian Professor of Geology 1818–1873." By John Willis Clark, M.A., and Thomas McKenny Hughes, F.R.S. 2 volumes. Cambridge University Press.

body of "general readers" to whom the story of Sedgwick's life will appeal with warmer and more varied feeling, as it is told by Mr. Clark. He knew him, and admired him, as he appeared in the latter part of his public life; and he has shown intelligent industry in collecting, and sound judgment in selecting and presenting the chief events and experiences of Sedgwick's earlier years.

Among those who personally knew Sedgwick, there will be no dissentient opinion when we say that he was one of the greatest and best men whom our age—rich in illustrious names in every department of knowledge and of life—has produced. To him the advance of the science of geology, as a science, has been largely due. The extent and variety of his observations and researches; the number of his published papers and reports; his speeches and addresses at the Geological Society and in the geological section of the British Association, fill a large space in the history of the science. By his influence, through his museum and his class-room, successions of zealous and able cultivators of his favourite studies have been trained.

But it was not solely or chiefly as geologist or as professor that Sedgwick's name was great in Cambridge. For the larger part of half a century he was the most conspicuous and honoured representative man of the University. This he owed not to high official position, but to personal character. He might have been Master of Trinity, but he generously stood aside, because he thought his friend Whewell was a fitter man for the office. When appointed Vice-Master he gave all his service to the college of which he was so proud. In the University he was by all held in high honour. His intellectual powers, his sound judgment, his bright wit and genial humour, made him a universal favourite. Men loved as well as admired him. There was never a time after his middle age when he was not spoken of as "dear old Sedgwick," or more briefly, "Old Sedge." The phrase "*Old* Sedgwick" was used not in regard to years, but in its familiar colloquial sense of affectionate regard. When the time came that the epithet was literally true of him, it was applied with deeper meaning and fuller force. *Vir pietate gravis* he truly was, in his latter years of mature wisdom and ripe piety; yet never losing his youthfulness of heart, and his bright genial spirit. When he became Prebendary of Norwich, he was occupied more closely with religious and ecclesiastical matters; but he always returned with delight to his loved Trinity, and all Cambridge men were delighted and proud to have him amongst them. He died amidst the scenes where the chief part of his life had been passed.

Of his last days a most touching account is given by one of his nieces, who hastened to him on receiving a telegram from his physician, Dr. Paget, that his strength seemed to be ebbing away. He welcomed her with his usual bright smile and loving words, told her of his increasing weakness, and then said, "I shall not be long here, now; you must stay and be with me to the last." She did stay, and had the privilege to be with the beloved old man for the few remaining days of his life. He had no pain, complaining only of extreme weakness; and he was clear in his mind and his speech to the last. He spoke of old times, of his father, and mother, and sisters, who, he said, had all gone home before him. Then he spoke of the younger generations of his family; and of other friends he hoped soon to meet again, and of his Cambridge life and work, and the deep affection he had always felt for his college and University. She also tells what portion of Holy Scripture he specially desired to be read to him—the 51st Psalm, which was the favourite Psalm of his father in his extreme old age; the 130th Psalm, which he read to his dear friend of early years, Dr. Ainger, of St. Bees College; and last the 17th chapter of St. John. When the reading of this was ended, after a pause he spoke of his own hopes of salvation, alluding to himself in words of the deepest humility; saying that his whole trust was in the atonement which his Saviour had made for him, and in the mercy and love of his Father in Heaven.

On the Sunday, which was the last day of his earthly life, his words and his prayers are spoken of; and the following sentences were the last utterings of his lips that could be heard: "*Wash me clean in the blood of the Lamb—Enable me to submit to Thy holy will—Sanctify me with Thy Holy Spirit.*" In this attitude of humility and of faith the good man passed away in the evening of the 26th January, 1873.

To give in brief space any summary or outline of the Life of Sedgwick—the two bulky volumes of the memoir numbering above twelve hundred pages, of which fifty are filled with the index and the titles of published works and papers—it would be vain to attempt. We can merely give a few dates and facts out of the long record of eighty-eight years.

Adam Sedgwick was born on the 22nd March, 1785, at the Vicarage of Dent, in Yorkshire. Dent is in the extreme north of the county, an outlying district of hill and dale, wedged into the adjoining county of Westmoreland, and partaking much of the same nature and life. It is a rugged region, and the inhabitants are also of comparatively rough and primitive character. The people of those northern districts a century ago were a sturdy independent race; the "statesmen," as they were called, being all yeomen freeholders, and the "dalesmen," or labouring classes of all sorts, of a spirit little akin to the same grades in southern counties. In the opening chapters of the Life of Sedgwick are given very interesting accounts of the customs and manners, the occupations and amusements, of these dalesmen in former times. From the rugged country of Dent, Sedgwick got his strength of constitution, and from the same place, where he spent his early years, he probably derived much of the energy of character and sturdy independence for which he was distinguished. The dale itself was rich pastureland, but the mountains rose all round, and from the vicarage, looking down the dale, could be seen, blue in the distance, the crests of the Lake Mountains which rear their heads near the top of Windermere.

Of the home at Dent he thus wrote to Lady Augusta Stanley in July, 1865. "All around me," he says, "is endeared by the sweet remembrances of early life, for here I spent my childhood and my early boyhood, when my father and mother and my three sisters and three brothers were all living in this old house. Our home was humble, but we were a merry crew; and we were rich in health and rich in brotherly love."

Thus we see that to the end of his days Sedgwick thought with fond recollection of his father's house. All through his busy life his heart turned to Dent, and there he always hastened to spend his vacations while the family remained in that place. His chosen friend and companion in early years was his sister Isabella, two years younger than himself. She died in 1823, and passionately Adam mourned her loss. The father, the Rev. R. Sedgwick, M.A., in the same year resigned his living, and resided with some of his family in a house not far from the vicarage. He had for some years been almost blind, and unable to read, but from memory he conducted the service in church with perfect efficiency. He died in 1828. Writing to his friend Ainger, who knew well what the home life at Dent Vicarage had been, he says, in telling of his father's death: "If I could feel as I ought to do I should rejoice and not mourn at this event, for surely no man could be better prepared for this great change. His mind was spared though his sight had gone, and his kindly affections remained warm to the last. For years past I have never visited the old man without feeling better for it."

Many are the references to Dent in the Life and in the Letters. The latest visit was in 1870, when he was eighty-five. In the next year he wrote with regret that he was unable to come, but he sent a larger gift to the poor than that he was yearly in the habit of giving. He always responded to any appeal for help that came from the old place, which to the last he regarded with fondest feeling. A memorial to him has been erected there, and singularly appropriate it is. He had often spoken of the defective water supply, and so it was decided to bring a stream from one of the adjoining hills, and to erect a memorial fountain in the market-place. The money (£200) was subscribed by the "statesmen," by members of the Sedgwick family, and friends; and over the fountain is a massive block of Shap granite, with the plain inscription ADAM SEDGWICK. He is further commemorated by a tablet in the parish church, with an inscription by Professor Selwyn. The church was restored at the beginning of the present year (1890), a large portion of the necessary funds being given in memory of Sedgwick.

His early education was obtained first at the grammar school of Dent, and afterwards at the grammar school of Sedbergh, where he went at the age of sixteen. One of his schoolfellows at Sedbergh was William Ainger, who became his nearest friend in after years. He remained at school several years, when, by the advice of the vicar of Sedbergh, he was sent to Cambridge, and was entered as a sizar at Trinity College, 18th November, 1803. During the summer months of 1804 he became a pupil of Mr. John Dawson, the village doctor, who was also a most able mathematician, and who, having brought Adam into the world, now in his other line of skill prepared the lad for his University career, as he had done to Sedgwick's father nearly fifty years before. The life of Dawson was one of romantic incidents, the story of which is told by Sedgwick's biographer. He died in 1820, at the age of eighty-six. Sedgwick's tutor at Trinity (Thomas Jones) was also a remarkable man. He had been Senior Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman in 1779, and was elected Fellow in 1781. For twenty years he was Head Tutor of Trinity, and had more pupils than any of his predecessors, but he never could save any money, his great beneficence to others always keeping him in poverty.

By the help of Thomas Jones during term times, and of old John Dawson during the long vacations, Sedgwick passed through college with much distinction. At the June examinations in 1805 and 1806 his name appears in the first-class, which shows that at those years he must have got up the classical subjects with thoroughness as well as the mathematical.

Early in 1807 he began to prepare in earnest for his degree. It is curious now to read of the usages then in vogue as to graduation; of the Acts in Lent term, and the Opponencies in the Michaelmas term, relics of the ancient system of public "disputation."

In the early years of this century there was still the formal appearance of the "respondent" before the "Moderator," before whom he maintained the truth of three theses, or "questions," against "opponents" chosen by the Moderator. It was not till 1839 that this mediæval exhibition was abolished. Sedgwick came honourably through this trying ordeal. After the Senate-house examination in January, 1808, his name stood fifth in the first-class, or Wranglers, Bickersteth, Lord Langdale of after years, was the Senior Wrangler that year.

The next two years were passed in preparing for the Fellowship examination at Trinity College. His own ambition at this time was to read for the Bar; but his father's failing health, and the thought that there were others at home to provide for, led him to abandon the idea of the law, and to look out for some way of being independent as soon as possible. He got his Fellowship in 1810, and was soon after busily at work with pupils, an occupation greatly against the grain with him, but which he was compelled to follow for several years. He had himself no love of mathematics, and when he had to teach them for money to youths equally averse to such studies, he felt it a sad service, though diligently and conscientiously persevered in as long as his health allowed him. In April, 1811, he had proceeded to the degree of M.A., when he had the privilege of dining at the high table in the hall, and of taking active part in elections, of which there were several to break the uniformity of University life in those times.

Sedgwick had already commenced his theological studies, having decided to take holy orders, while as yet feeling little interest in serious sub-

jects. He writes in a tone of levity about his beginning "to read divinity;" and having got twenty folios out of the library, which would be encumbrances if he wished to travel, for he could not carry them with him. It was not till long afterwards he learned that his Bible was the best as well as the most portable "library of divinity." "Bonus textuarius bonus theologus," said Luther, and the Holy Spirit is the best interpreter and teacher. The next season, when at Dent, he enjoyed shooting on the moors, but he also taught a class in his sister's Sunday-school; and he wrote to his friend Ainger to get some reward books from the National Society, and asks him to propose his name as a member of the Christian Knowledge Society "if they will admit such a heretic." He made many expeditions, sometimes with pupils, to the Lakes and elsewhere in England, and in after years to Switzerland and other parts of the Continent.

Early in the Lent term of 1818, Hailstone, of Trinity, who had been Woodwardian Professor of Geology since 1788, resigned, and Sedgwick at once resolved to be a candidate for the vacant post. There were several competitors, one of them being Gorham, of Queen's, afterwards celebrated for his long doctrinal controversy with Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter. Neither Gorham nor Sedgwick knew much about geology, while another candidate (Evans) was reported to have studied mineralogy. The canvass showed Sedgwick to be the favourite candidate, and he was elected by a large majority of voters. Crude speculation on "the theory of the earth" had hitherto been the only subjects of the Woodwardian lectures, and with these Sedgwick made himself familiar. But he soon ascertained that there were more fertile and practical topics for a professor of geology to take up, and with all the energy of his intellect he devoted himself to their study. One of his earliest pupils, the Rev. Leonard Blomefield, who still survives as the venerated Leonard Jenyns, attended the class in the second year of Sedgwick's professorship, and testifies to the able teaching of the young professor. "He seemed," says Mr. Jenyns, "a master of the subject, and his lectures were earnestly listened to as well as earnestly delivered." This is a remarkable testimony from a distinguished man of science, given as a recollection after upwards of sixty years. It is at the same time true that Sedgwick had at first little practical knowledge of what he taught, and it was only gradually that he acquired that reputation as a geologist which made him illustrious in the annals of this science.

With regard to his Woodwardian lectures, although attendance was not in those days necessary for any practical advantage in view of examination, he always had a large class of voluntary students. To all of these he imparted some of his scientific enthusiasm, and many of them became distinguished geologists in after life. The "Field Lectures" were looked forward to as enjoyable events in the town, and generally brought very large audiences, horse and foot. Of the lecture to which the foregoing notice refers, a full report was given in the "Cambridge Chronicle" of 10th April, 1835. There were about seventy mounted pupils, and after a ride of about forty miles, halting at various places to listen to the professor's exposition, they did not get back to Cambridge till half-past eight.

All this helped on the movement for enlargement of University studies, in which Sedgwick, as representative of science and of the Philosophical Society of Cambridge, took a leading part. The old routine system of scholastic education, regardless of the diffusion of useful knowledge and the progress of modern science, was passing away.

In November, 1833, first appeared in print the celebrated "Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge." Perhaps nothing in the long career of Sedgwick had more lasting and important influence than this publication. To this able and eloquent plea for a more enlightened education, including moral and physical science, as well as mere mathematics and classics, may be traced the great Academical reforms that have been introduced in both Universities, and subsequently in the whole views and usages of national education. It was the beginning of a revolution rather than a reform, the necessity for which had been gradually forcing itself on public attention. From the first this discourse was popular with all enlightened and thoughtful men, and in due time bore ample fruit.

It was not to be expected that the inveterate prejudices and the time-honoured usages of University education could be readily or rapidly overthrown. It was only after long inquiries and frequent discussions that Sedgwick's ideas as to improved studies could be effected. The appointment of the "University Commission" was one step towards the desired end; and the influence of Sedgwick on its proceedings, and the assistance afforded to him by the lamented Prince Consort, when he became Chancellor of the University, are familiarly known. But we may see the spirit by which from the beginning he was actuated from the words used by him afterwards, when at length he succeeded in obtaining the introduction of the new Triposes at Cambridge.

In 1850, when now sixty-five years of age, he thus wrote: "Some men fear that our old and severe intellectual discipline may suffer by these changes. Had I partaken of these fears and believed that our stern mathematical studies, which ever since Newton lived amongst us have been the glory of Cambridge, would descend from their high place as a natural consequence of the Graces last year passed by the Senate, I should then have been almost willing to cross England barefoot to record my vote against them. But we have nothing to fear from this quarter. Our highest prizes will still be carried off by those who reap their honours in the Mathematical and Classical fields." Then he goes on to say that it is not in excessive activity but in unhealthy stagnation that the chief danger to the Academic body lies. He speaks of the beneficial influences of the Philosophical Society, and their practical results in Professor Airy's astronomical work at Greenwich Observatory;

of the extension of the museums belonging to the University and to the colleges, and the immense impetus given to the pursuit of science and the study of nature; of the increase in the number of the undergraduates, and the great changes for the better in their pursuits and their habits since he went to Cambridge in the beginning of the century. The whole world knows the improvement that has been witnessed, but the causes that led to the change are not known to all, and it must not be forgotten that the prime mover and most influential agent in academic reform was Adam Sedgwick. Long may his name be remembered with honour for this good work in the history of education in the nation, as well as in his own University.

The year 1847 was one of the busiest and most exciting of all Sedgwick's time at Cambridge. Early in February the University was startled by the news of the sudden death of the Chancellor, the Duke of Northumberland. The Master of Trinity, Dr. Whewell, happened to be absent in London at the time, so that the conduct of affairs in Trinity devolved mainly on Sedgwick as Vice-Master. It at once occurred to him that Prince Albert should be invited to accept the vacant office. He threw out the suggestion for others to carry out, because he, as Vice-Master, was obliged to observe, to some degree, an official neutrality. His proposal and known wishes largely influenced the other resident Fellows, most of whom warmly supported the Prince. But the appointment was not to be obtained without a contest, for many of the resident and more of the non-resident Fellows supported Earl Powis as candidate. Sedgwick was grieved at the opposition, but had to put the best face on it, and discharged his duties with admirable tact and judgment. On the first day of polling, at the dinner in the hall, Sedgwick proposed the health of the non-resident voters, for which Earl Nelson, the London chairman of Lord Powis's Committee, returned thanks; proposing the health of Sedgwick, which was received with great applause. His reply was admired for its impartiality and good taste. On the following day he again presided; and on the third day, when the result of the poll was announced, he made a speech in the Combination Room, in which he expressed an earnest wish that all opposing feelings would be merged in a general resolve to support their new Chancellor.

This contest was the beginning of a closer connection between Sedgwick and the Prince, who soon after the election invited him to undertake the duties of his Secretary at Cambridge, as Chancellor, an offer which was accepted with hearty good will. He knew the enlightened views of the Prince on all educational matters; he admired his personal character, and he was animated by the most chivalrous loyalty to the throne and the person of the Queen. It was truly a gratification to him to serve the Queen and her husband, and the duties of his office as Secretary he performed with the utmost zeal and efficiency. The office was no sinecure. It involved much labour, and made considerable demands on his time, but he felt that he was employed in useful as well as honourable service.

Many visits to London were made, and the preparations had to be completed for the installation at Cambridge. Hoping to have a few days of comparative quiet before the day, he returned on the 29th of July, but next day was invited by the Dean of Ely to meet Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal, who was a loved friend of Sedgwick, since his boyhood, when they used to meet at Whittlesea, where Harry Smith's father was surgeon. At Ely and at Whittlesea the African and Indian soldier had a triumphant reception, Sir Harry mounted on the Arabian charger he rode at the battle of Aliwal. On July 2nd, Sedgwick returned to Cambridge, hoping still to get rest, but the evening post brought a summons to London for further consultation with the new Chancellor. Early on Saturday he went, and after much talking, and writing many letters, at Buckingham Palace, he returned to his room at Trinity late that night. Having mentioned to the Prince that Sir Harry Smith was coming on the Tuesday to see the installation, the Prince said that the Queen would wish him to be there on Monday, to take an honorary degree. Sir Harry was the most popular of all the visitors at Cambridge, after the Duke of Wellington, and great was the cheering when this degree was given. In a letter to one of his nieces, Sedgwick says, "After the honorary degrees were over, the Chancellor went to visit several colleges, and he told me that in all these visits I must go with him as his official attendant. So I found myself before long in an open carriage with the Prince, and the Duke of Wellington sitting opposite. This was a rather novel position, but I found it quite comfortable. The Vice-Chancellor that day had a dinner; the Queen attended; a party of about sixty. I presided in Trinity College Hall over a party of more than three hundred, and a right merry party it was. Sir Harry Smith was at my right hand as the Vice-Master's guest. Among the distinguished foreigners were Le Verrier of Paris, and Struvé of Pulkowa Observatory. If we had not so much dignity, we had more numbers and more fun." On Tuesday the installation was a successful and imposing ceremony. "The installation ode was given in full chorus, and of all the cheers I ever heard, the cheers after 'God save the Queen,' in full chorus and joined by a thousand voices, were the most enthusiastic." There was a Hall dinner, the Queen present, and after dinner a drawing-room. "When all was over I had the honour of a short conversation with the Queen. She told me that she was delighted with the reception, and wished to express herself in the strongest terms. I told her that the value of our cheers was that they were given in all loyalty, and with the whole heart."

In December Sedgwick was honoured with an invitation to visit the Queen at Osborne. In his letters a full and very interesting account is given of many incidents of this visit, and a charming picture it is of the home-life of the Queen and the Prince, who both paid marked attention to Sedgwick. Of the conversations he gives many recollections.

In one of these with the Prince, the deep interest of the Chancellor in University affairs is referred to. "He takes the deepest interest in the well-being of Cambridge. He is a well-read man, whose mind is admirably cultivated in many departments of learning little studied by our young noblemen, and he is often undervalued by stupid persons who have no true conception of his real character, and no power of estimating his sound and very extensive knowledge. He is called proud and formal. I have not found him so, but, on the contrary, kind, frank, and courteous. Our discussions lasted nearly two hours."

Again in the spring Sedgwick was at Osborne. "I had a charming visit," he says, "and was treated with a kindness which has made me very grateful as well as very loyal. There was no state. Everything savoured of domestic peace and love, and the Queen and Prince seemed as happy as human beings can be in this world." Of subsequent visits there are many pleasant notices. We are not surprised that when her great sorrow came upon the Queen the Prince's Cambridge friend was one of the first to receive the messages of the bereaved wife, and that he was also one of the first to be sent for by the Queen to come to Windsor.

When the time came for Sedgwick's own departure, in ripe old age, the Queen telegraphed, "I am deeply grieved to hear of the death of our kind old friend Professor Sedgwick. He was a most valued friend of the dear Prince."

When the Melbourne Ministry was breaking up in 1834, one of the last acts of Brougham, as Lord Chancellor, was the appointment of Sedgwick to a prebendary's stall at Norwich. There were six prebendaries, each with two months' residence. Preaching was not compulsory, but Sedgwick was a frequent preacher, and zealously performed all other official duties at Norwich. With the stall, producing at least £500 year, the professorship, and the Senior Fellowship of Trinity, Sedgwick was in the latter part of his life free from all worldly care. He never married, though the biographer has two or three romantic but transient approaches to matrimony. His warm and affectionate relations to his sisters and nieces appear in the memoir, and some of the most pleasant letters are to young American cousins who bore the same name and claimed kinship. Of the Norwich life many most interesting recollections are given, and many were the notable personages met with. The visit of Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt in 1856 delighted him. "Sweetest of all singers," he calls her, and "in those passages [in the 'Messiah'] which called forth the powers of her voice and the expression of her feelings she became absolutely sublime."

Lady Smith, the centenarian widow of Sir J. E. Smith, of Linnæan memory; Amelia Opie; J. J. Gurney, brother of Mrs. E. Fry; the Stanleys (the bishop and the dean); and many other notable people, were known to Sedgwick through his prebendal residence in the Eastern Counties. Of all of these charming notices appear in the Life; and, indeed, this is one of the most interesting features in the somewhat ponderous work, and gives to it much of its brightness. Few men could have come in contact with so many or so diverse people of mark as did Sedgwick in his long public life, from the time when he knew Henry Kirke White, "simple, earnest, winning, and unaffected," and often heard Robert Hall preach, of whom he long after said, "I have heard many orators in Parliament, and many good and heart-moving preachers, but I never heard one who was, in my mind, on the same level with Robert Hall."

A mere list of names of some of the people known to Sedgwick will show how much pleasant reading may be culled from the big book of his biography. Walter Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and other late literary worthies; Brewster, Owen, Herschel, Dalton, Mrs. Scherville, Forbes, Airy, and all the leaders of science; Humboldt, Arago, Laplace, Cuvier, and the greatest of foreign savans; these are but few of the persons of whom notices occur in the record of the "Life and Letters;" Sedgwick's own correspondence and comments being always the chief element of interest. No incident is more touching than the visit of Livingstone to Cambridge in 1857, when he was the guest of Sedgwick, and delivered the famous address on African missions. His love of Livingstone continued to the last, and they met again at Norwich in 1865, Sedgwick then being eighty years old.

Our space compels us to pass many subjects which had occupied Sedgwick's time and thoughts; but we must not conclude without reference to the vehement opposition made by him to what he deemed dangerous innovations both in religion and in science. Of the Protestant Church of England he was a zealous defender, and in no measured terms denounced the Oxford movement, which led to the secession of Newman and many of his co-religionists. Of those who remained in the church, as he affirmed, with treacherous purposes, he said that it showed that "fanaticism and honesty can seldom shake hands and live together. I pity their delusions, I despise their sophistry, and I hate their dishonesty."

Not less emphatic was he in his denunciation of the revived theories of Lamarck by the author of the "Vestiges of Creation." It is well known that the powerful criticism of this plausible and popular but superficial book in the "Edinburgh Review," and his exposure of the ignorance displayed by the writer, caused the concealment of the author's name. When in later years Darwin, with more knowledge of facts but equal deficiency of philosophic spirit, commenced the advocacy of what is now known as "evolution," Sedgwick wrote to Sir Richard Owen a strong protest. His letter closes with these words: "I think that (whether he intends it or not, or knows it or not) he is a teacher of that which savours of rankest materialism, and of an utter rejection of the highest moral evidence and the highest moral truth." To Darwin himself, his old friend and his pupil in geology, he wrote (vol. ii. p. 356-9) with equal frankness, saying that he had read his book on the "Origin of Species" with more pain than pleasure. "Parts of it I admired greatly, parts of it I laughed at till my sides were

almost sore; other parts I read with absolute sorrow, because I think them utterly false and grievously mischievous. . . . There is a moral or metaphysical part of nature as well as a physical. A man who denies this is deep in the mire of folly. It is the crown and glory of organic science that it does, through final cause, link material to moral. You have ignored this link; and, if I do not mistake your meaning, you have done your best in one or two pregnant cases to break it. Were it possible (which, thank God, it is not) to break it, humanity, in my mind, would suffer a damage that might brutalise it, and sink the human race into a lower grade of degradation than any into which it has fallen since its written records tell of its history." The old playful humour comes out even in this letter, for he writes as "a son of a monkey," as well as "your true-hearted old friend." The whole letter, and Darwin's honourable reply, are well worth reading.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

## IRISH FAIRIES.

WHEN I tell people that the Irish peasantry still believe in fairies, I am often doubted. They think that I am merely trying to weave a forlorn piece of gilt thread into the dull grey worsted of this century. They do not imagine it possible that our highly thought of philosophies so soon grow silent outside the walls of the lecture room, or that any kind of ghost or goblin can live within the range of our daily papers. If the papers and the lectures have not done it, they think, surely at any rate the steam-whistle has scared the whole tribe out of the world. They are quite wrong. The ghosts and goblins do still live and rule in the imaginations of innumerable Irish men and women, and not merely in remote places, but close even to big cities.

At Howth, for instance, ten miles from Dublin, there is a "fairies' path," whereon a great colony of other-world creatures travel nightly from the hill to the sea and home again. There is also a field that ever since a cholera shed stood there for a few months, has broken out in fairies and evil spirits. The last man I have heard of as seeing anything in it is an industrious fisherman of great strength. He is a teetotaler; his sister indeed has told me that his wife and wife's sister often sit and talk of him and wonder "what he would do if he drank." They half regret that sobriety should make so strong a man hide his light under a bushel. One night he was coming home through the field, when he saw in front of him a small white cat. While he looked at it the creature began to swell bigger and bigger, and as it grew in size he lost in strength, as though it sucked out his vitality. He stood for a time motionless with terror, but at last turned and fled, and as he got further away his strength came back. It was, a peasant would tell you, a fairy animal, for not all the fairies have human shapes.

Everyone has heard of changelings, how a baby will be taken away and a miserable goblin left in its stead. But animals, it is not generally known, run the same risk. A fine fat calf may be carried off, and one of the fairies of animal shape left in its stead, and no one be the wiser until the butcher tries to kill it; then it will rush away and vanish into some green hillside. The fairy kingdom has everything we have, cats, dogs, horses, carriages, and even firearms, for the sounds of unearthly volleys fired by troops of spirits embattled on the winds have been heard by a Munster seer who lived about twenty years ago.

It is, however, further afield than Howth, down westward among the deep bays and mountain valleys of Sligo, that I have heard the best tales and found the most ardent belief. There, many a peasant dreams of growing rich by finding a fairy's crock of gold, and many a peasant's daughter trembles as she passes some famous haunted hillside, and goes over in her mind the names of men and women carried off, as tradition will have it, to the dim kingdom. Only very recently one of these fabled robberies is reported to have been attempted. A little girl, who is at service with a farmer in the village of Grange, suddenly disappeared. There was at once great excitement in the neighbourhood, because it was rumoured that the fairies had taken her. A villager was said to have long struggled to hold her from them, but at last they prevailed, and he found nothing in his hands but a broomstick. The local constable was applied to, and he at once instituted a house-to-house search, and at the same time advised the people to burn all the *bucalauns* (ragweed) on the field she vanished from, because *bucalauns* are sacred to the fairies. They spent the whole night burning them, the constable repeating spells the while. In the morning the little girl was found, the story goes, wandering in the field. She said the fairies had taken her away a great distance, riding on a fairy horse. At last she saw a big river, and the man who had tried to keep her from being carried off was drifting down it—such are the topsy-turvydoms of fairy glamour—in a cockle-shell. On the way her companions had mentioned the names of several people who were about to die shortly in the village. Such is the story. I will not pretend to find out what really did happen. I at any rate have not the heart to break upon the wheel so quaint a butterfly.

Sligo is, indeed, a great place for fairy pillaging of this kind. In the side of Ben Bulben is a white square in the limestone. It is said to be the door of fairyland. There is no more inaccessible place in existence than this white square door; no human foot has ever gone near it, not even the mountain goats can browse the saxifrage beside its mys-

terious whiteness. Tradition says that it swings open at nightfall and lets pour through an unearthly troop of hurrying spirits. To those gifted to hear their voices the air will be full at such a moment with a sound like whistling. Many have been carried away out of the neighbouring villages by this troop of riders. I have quite a number of records beside me, picked up at odd times from the faithful memories of old peasants. Brides and new-born children are especially in danger. Peasant mothers, too, are sometimes carried off to nurse the children of the fairies. At the end of seven years they have a chance of returning, and if they do not escape then are always prisoners. A woman, said still to be living, was taken from near a village called Ballisodare, and when she came home after seven years she had no toes—she had danced them off. It is not possible to find out whether the stolen people are happy among "the gentry," as the fairies are called for politeness. Accounts differ. Some say they are happy enough, but lose their souls, because, perhaps, the soul cannot live without sorrow. Others will have it that they are always wretched, longing for their friends, and that the splendour of the fairy kingdom is merely a magical delusion, woven to deceive the minds of men by poor little withered apparitions who live in caves and barren places. But this is, I suspect, a theological opinion, invented because all goblins are pagans. Many things about fairies, indeed, are most uncertain. We do not even know whether they die. An old Gaelic poem says, "Death is even among the fairies," but then many stories represent them as hundreds of years old.

There are a number of Gaelic songs and ballads about them, and about the people they have stolen. Some modern Irishmen also have written beautifully on the same matter. An Irish village schoolmaster, named Walsh, wrote the following. It is supposed to be sung by a fairy over a child she has stolen:

"Sweet babe! a golden cradle holds thee,
And soft the snow-white fleece enfolds thee;
In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
Where branchy trees to the breeze are sweeping.
Shuheen, sho, lulo, lo!

When mothers languish, broken-hearted,
When young wives are from husbands parted,
Ah, little think the keeners[1] lonely,
They weep some time-worn fairy only.
Shuheen, sho, lulo, lo!

Within our magic halls of brightness
Trips many a foot of snowy whiteness;
Stolen maidens, queens of fairy,
And kings and chiefs *a sluagh shee*[2] airy.
Shuheen, sho, lulo, lo!

Rest thee, babe! I love thee dearly,
And as thy mortal mother, nearly;
Ours is the swiftest steed and proudest,
That moves where the tramp of the host is loudest.
Shuheen, sho, lulo, lo!

Rest thee, babe! for soon thy slumbers
Shall flee at the magic *koel shee's*[3] numbers;
In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
When branchy trees to the breeze are sweeping.
Shuheen, sho, lulo, lo!"

The poor schoolmaster has perfectly given the fascination of the mysterious kingdom where the fairies live—a kingdom that has been imagined and endowed with all they know of splendour and riches by a poor peasantry amid their rags. As heaven is the home of their spiritual desires, so fairyland has been for ages the refuge of their earthly ideals. In its shadow kingdom they have piled up all they know of magnificence. Sometimes there is a quaint modernness in the finery. One old man said to me, "It is full of beautiful drawing-rooms and parlours."

The fairies are of course not merely feared as robbers, they are looked up to and respected for their great wealth. If a man always speaks respectfully of them, and never digs up one of their sacred thorn bushes, there is no knowing but he may some day dream of a crock of gold and the next day go and find it, and be rich for ever. A man once confessed to me that he had gone at midnight into my uncle's garden and dug for a treasure he had dreamed of, but there was "a power of earth" in the place, and so he gave up the search and went home.

The finest treasure tale I have, however, comes from Donegal. A friend was once at a village near Sleive League. One day he was straying about a rath called "Cashel Nore." (Raths are small fields encircled by earth fences; they were inhabited by the ancient races, and are now great haunts of fairies.) A man with a haggard face and unkempt hair, and clothes falling in pieces, came into the rath and began digging. My friend turned to a peasant who was working near and asked who the man was. "That is the third O'Byrne," was the answer. A few days after he learned this story: A great quantity of treasure had been buried in the rath in pagan times, and a number of evil fairies set to guard it; but some day it was to be found and belong to the family of the O'Byrnes. Before that day three O'Byrnes must first find it and die. Two had already done so. The first had dug and dug until at last he got a glimpse of the stone coffin that contained it, but immediately a thing like a huge hairy dog came down the mountain and tore him to pieces. The next morning the treasure had again vanished deep into the earth. The second O'Byrne came and dug and dug until he found the coffer, and lifted the lid and saw the gold shining within. He saw some horrible sight the next moment, and went raving mad and soon died. The treasure again sank out of sight. The third O'Byrne is now digging. He believes that he will die in some horrible way the moment he finds the treasure, but that the spell will be broken, and the O'Byrne family made rich for ever, and become again a great people, as they were of old. A peasant of the neighbourhood once saw the treasure. He found the shin-bones of a hare lying on the

[1] The keeners are those who raise the funeral cry over the dead.
[2] *A sluagh shee* means "fairy host," and "airy" is the peasant's way of saying "aery."
[3] *Koel shee*, fairy music.



THE FAIRIES' PATH.

grass. He took it up; there was a hole in it; he looked through the hole, and saw the gold heaped up under the ground. He hurried home to bring a spade, but when he got to the rath again he could not find the spot where he had seen it through the spell-dissolving bone.

This tale of the O'Byrnes is right full of Celtic intensity. The third O'Byrne, at this moment in all likelihood digging, digging, with ragged hair blown in the wind, and growing old amid his resolve, deserves some more permanent record than this ephemeral article and will perhaps find it some day. Some poet looking for tales in Donegal, long decades hence, may hear the story of the life and death of the third O'Byrne. Tradition is sure to make him find the treasure.

There is one well-known Cork family, all of whose riches are traced back by the people to the days when an old henwife dreamed of a certain field where an iron pot full of gold lay hidden. She is well remembered, because a Celtic poet of the last century, who had come down in the world through the great quantities of whisky he had given away to other Celtic poets, was employed in minding her hens and chickens. He wrote a well-known Gaelic song about her, called "The Dame of the Slender Wattle."

I have spoken, so far, entirely of the malice or kindness of the fairies, and said nothing of their mere wantonness. They are as little to be trusted as monkeys and jackdaws. The worst among them may be known, however, by their going about singly or in twos and threes, instead of in tumultuous troops like the more harmless kinds. The best known among the solitary fairies is the Lepricaun. He is something of a dandy, and dresses in a red coat with seven rows of buttons, seven buttons on each row, and wears a cocked-hat, upon whose pointed end he is wont in the north-eastern counties, according to McNally, to spin like a top when the fit seizes him. His most common pursuit, as everyone knows, is cobbling. The fairies are always wearing out their shoes and setting him to mend them. At night he sometimes rides shepherds' dogs through the country, leaving them muddy and panting at the dawn. He is constantly described as peevish and ill-natured. His mischief, for all that, is much less gruesome than that of the Fir Darrig or Red Man, the most unpleasant joker of all the race. I heard a grim story from a one-armed Sligo man that is probably a chronicle of one of his practical jokes. It is a type of story always told in the first person:

"In the times when we used to travel by canal," said the one-armed man, "I was coming down from Dublin. When we came to Mullingar the canal ended, and I began to walk, and stiff and fatigued I was after the slowness. I had some friends with me, and now and then we walked, now and then we rode in a cart. So on till we saw some girls milking a cow, and stopped to joke with them. After a while we asked them for a drink of milk. 'We have nothing to put it in here,' they said; 'but come to the house with us.' We went home with them and sat round the fire talking.

"After a while the others went, and left me, loth to stir from the good fire. I asked the girls for something to eat. There was a pot on the fire and they took the meat out and put it on a plate and told me to eat only the meat that came from the head. When I had eaten, the girls went out and I did not see them again.

"It grew darker and darker, and there I still sat, loth as ever to leave the good fire; and after a while two men came in, carrying between them a corpse. When I saw them I hid behind a door. Says one to the other, 'Who'll turn the spit?' Says the other, 'Michael Hart, come out of that and turn the meat!' I came out in a tremble, and began turning the spit. 'Michael Hart,' says the one who spoke first, 'if you let it burn we'll have to put you on the spit instead!' and on that they went out. I sat there trembling and turning the corpse until midnight. The men came again, and the one said it was burnt, and the other said it was done right. But having fallen out over it, they both said they would do me no harm that time; and, sitting by the fire, one of them cried out, 'Michael Hart, can you tell us a story?' 'Never a one!' said I, on which he caught me by the shoulders and put me out like a shot.

"It was a wild, blowing night; never in all my born days did I see such a night—the darkest night that ever came out of the heavens. I did not know where I was for the life of me. So when one of the men came after me and touched me on the shoulder, with a 'Michael Hart, can you tell a story now?' 'I can,' says I. In he brought me, and, putting me by the fire, says, 'Begin!' 'I have no story but the one,' says I, 'that I was sitting here, and that you two men brought in a corpse and put it on the spit and set me turning it.' 'That will do,' says he; 'you may go in there and lie down on the bed.' And in I went, nothing loth, and in the morning where was I but in the middle of a green field!"

In spite of such horrible doings as this, the fairies are in the main innocent and graceful and kindly. The English peasantry have forgotten their fairies. The Irish peasant remembers and believes—and the Scotch, too, for the matter of that.

We will not too severely judge these creatures of the imagination. There are worse things after all than to believe some pretty piece of unreason, if by so doing you keep yourself from thinking that the earth under your feet is the only god, and that the soul is a little whiff of gas, or some such thing.

The world is, I believe, more full of significance to the Irish peasant than to the English. The fairy populace of hill and lake and woodland have helped to keep it so. It gives a fanciful life to the dead hillsides, and surrounds the peasant as he ploughs and digs with tender shadows of poetry. No wonder that he is gay, and can take man and his destiny without gloom, and make up proverbs like this from the old Gaelic—"The lake is not burdened by its swan, the steed by its bridle, or a man by the soul that is in him."

W B. YEATS.

# THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

## THE ROYAL COUPLE OF ROUMANIA.



THE KING OF ROUMANIA. [*From a Photograph by F. Mándy*

ONE of the youngest among the new kingdoms that have arisen in Europe during the last half century is the kingdom of Roumania. As in all these newly established realms, some difficulty arose in finding a ruler willing to undertake the somewhat thorny task of shaping a constitution and organising a nation. After various rebuffs, M. Bratiano, the Roumanian delegate, was in despair as to whither he should address himself in his search for a royal ruler. It happened that he narrated his perplexities one day at the Tuileries, while conferring with Napoleon III. The monarch for a moment thought of his cousin, Prince Napoleon; but, after consideration, decided that Prince Plon-Plon would feel too much out of place at Bucharest. Then it appears that a lady of the Imperial Court, one who had known the Emperor since his boyhood, ventured to ask whether the Catholic Sigmaringen branch of the Hohenzollern family had ever been thought of. With this family the Emperor had passed many hours of early youth, when he lived with his mother in the castle of Arenberg in Switzerland. The suggestion struck Napoleon as singularly happy, and he encouraged M. Bratiano to set out for Dusseldorf, where dwelt the mediatised Prince Antony, head of the house. This Prince—whose relations with his cousins, the ruling House of Prussia, were somewhat strained owing to his pronounced Liberal opinions—was able to give his sons handsome allowances, so that they could live in a style not common to Prussian princelings or lieutenants. This fortune the father had acquired by stock exchange speculations in association with the notorious speculator Strousberg, the European railway king, whose hazardous business ventures were the talk of the Continent in the sixties and seventies. The eldest son of Prince Antony was the Prince to whom later was offered the throne of Spain, and whose candidature formed the pretext for the outbreak of hostilities between France and Prussia.

Thus—curious irony of history—it was reserved for one brother to dethrone his former playmate; while the other—thanks to this same playmate—was raised to royal dignity. For Charles, now King of Roumania, is the second son of Prince Antony. He, unlike his father, was a favourite at the Berlin Court, and at the time M. Bratiano came to him with his offer he was at Coblenz,

serving as captain in the First Regiment of Dragoon Guards, where he was known as an officer of conspicuous merit and a shining example of good conduct in public and private life. It was his twenty-seventh birthday when M. Bratiano presented himself before him with his important offer.

All the Roumanian Minister's eloquence was employed to paint to the Prince in glowing colours the brilliant destiny that awaited him upon the banks of the Danube. He even ventured to promise—a promise fulfilled—that the princely diadem should be speedily converted into a royal crown. Prince Charles was tempted and dazzled, but before deciding he wished to consult Prince Bismarck.

This is the Iron Prince's own account of the matter:

"People impute to me," he said one day to a friendly diplomat, "many things of which I am perfectly innocent, and it is only by reading the newspapers that I learn that I am the cause of this or that event. It is true that, on the other hand, I get credit for merits which I do not possess. For instance, it was considered a clever stroke on my part having placed Prince Charles of Hohenzollern on the throne of Roumania before the opening of the Austro-Prussian campaign. And yet I had very little to do with it. The Prince came to see me one day, and, to my great astonishment, told me that the Roumanian Boyars had offered him their sovereignty. As he asked my advice, I said, 'That is good promotion for a Prussian lieutenant, and there is no reason why you should not give it a trial. Although Roumania is a difficult country to govern on account of its semi-Asiatic customs, don't forget that you are a Hohenzollern. If you see that you can do no good there come back, but don't allow yourself to be treated like a Couza.'

"The Prince then said that he had no time to obtain permission to resign his commission, and that he was afraid of being looked on as a deserter. 'I will undertake all responsibility with his Majesty,' I replied. And that is all I did in the matter."

Why there was such pressing haste to carry out this transaction does not appear, but in consequence King Charles's enemies to this day make out that he was degraded in the Prussian service as a deserter. This is untrue.

For reasons also not quite obvious, the Prince mistrusted the Austrian police. He, therefore, travelled *incognito* and second-class across the realms of Francis Joseph, assuming the common name of Lehmann, the same name, curiously enough, that the late Emperor William I of Germany had taken when flying from Berlin in 1848. It was not until he had disembarked from the Austrian company's steamer that the young Lehmann, commercial traveller, dropped his disguise and appeared as his Royal Highness Prince Karol I of Roumania.

This was in 1866. The fine soldierly bearing, the personal courage, the dark skin, eyes and beard of Prince Charles, who, strange to say, though a Hohenzollern, is not fair, impressed his subjects favourably, and so did the energy he at once displayed in setting his realm in order. Still after a while the people fretted a little under his Prussian rigidity, and it was felt instinctively that a softer influence was needed to mitigate the monarch's involuntary harshness, which springs from no innate hardness, but from inborn northern inflexibility of temperament.

After three and a half years of struggles with great political difficulties, struggles in which he was nobly victorious, Prince Charles set forth to woo, in order that the softer elements might also be introduced into his reign. His aim was to obtain the hand of one of the most highly gifted princesses in all Europe, who years before had fallen involuntarily into his arms. If it be true to say *cherchez la femme* wherever a domestic tragedy occurs, may it not be equally true to apply the saying when we see a country well ruled, content and prosperous? The moral and social development of a country is largely due to woman, especially in these latter days. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania has certainly proved the good genius of her country, so much so indeed that her renown has almost swamped that of her husband. When the world speaks of Roumania, it thinks rather of its Queen than of its King.

And the truth of this is beyond question. That the Prince of Hohenzollern, an alien, an unimaginative and inflexible Prussian, has been able to retain the throne, that he has overthrown intrigues, confounded conspiracies, that he has gained, if not the love, at least the sincere respect of his subjects, is due in great part to the lady who sits beside him, and who, a queen in the best and richest sense of the word, has made his paths smooth and has won the hearts of all that come in contact with her. A lovable woman truly; one of those magnetic presences to whom our hearts go out at first sight, we know not why; in whom a true and noble womanhood rises above the factitious dignity of royalty.

Nor is it only her qualities of heart that make Queen Elizabeth remarkable. Under the pseudonym of Carmen Sylva, she has made for herself a certain position in German literature as poet and novelist. The story of her life is full of interest.

Born in 1843, a daughter of Prince Hermann of Wied and his wife, a princess of Nassau (a couple of very superior intelligence), the little Elizabeth belonged to one of that innumerable class of petty German princes whose estates are often invisible. Her father, however, was regarded as a ruler, his realm the little area of Wied-neu-Wied upon Rhine, where his kindliness and culture had made him and his clever wife much beloved.

Their only daughter was a robust bright-eyed little girl, who had to be taught to read at the age of three in order to keep her occupied, and whose alert intelligence was afterwards trained with care both by her cultivated parents and by able tutors. She early distinguished herself by her knowledge of languages, her passion for poetry and music, and

her genuine love of the fine arts. Nor were the strictly feminine branches of education neglected. Princess Elizabeth learned to ply her needle as deftly as her pen, her cooking-spoon as well as her drawing-pencil. But she was by no means a merely studious child. Her lively animal spirits needed constant vent, and many a time would she manage to get outside the park, gather the village children about her, and prove the ringleader of wild and merry games. From the age of five it was her ardent desire—her ideal—to be a national schoolmistress; and when she was not romping with them it was her delight to gather the village children around her and teach them what she had just learned herself. There was not much etiquette in her father's little Court, where sorrow and sickness had early taken up a permanent abode. The father was a chronic invalid, and the mother was prostrated for five years, while during the whole period of Princess Elizabeth's intellectual development, for eleven years, her youngest brother struggled wearily with a life of pain to which death hourly held out hopes of release.

To succour those in distress—to aid the poor and nurse the sick—was early taught her by precept and example, and with her ardent temperament, which is apt to exaggerate everything, there seemed at one time some danger that she would not have a dress to her back, so liberally did she dispose of her wardrobe to all who asked. Meanwhile, to roam the woods that surrounded the country seat of the family—if possible accompanied only by her big dogs, so that she might dream her dreams undisturbed—remained the chief pleasure of the little girl. Day by day her German home grew dearer to her, and even among the more stately Carpathians she has not forgotten the vine-clad hills of the Rhine. She too has given her poetical tribute to that much-sung river, and in introducing her translations of Roumanian folk-songs to her native land she invokes the stream in terms of endearment, while with a certain regal pride she presents to Father Rhine her battalion of Roumanian poets, all citizens of the land over which she reigns. Her very *nom-de-plume* is compounded from her fondness for song and forest.

This open-air life, this rustic simple training, united to a refined intelligence and careful mental nurture, has produced an original and charming result. To this day the Queen retains some of the unsophisticated directness of the tiller of the soil, while there is an aroma of the woods and fields in her poetry and her speech. As a mere child her instincts were towards independence and freedom, and to this day conventionality irks her. Many are the tales told of her wild exploits while in her Rhenish home.

Journeys to the Isle of Wight, to various German towns, and even to Paris, for the purpose of seeking change of air and surgical aid for her invalid brother, had broken the monotony of the Princess's life, but not until she was seventeen did she make acquaintance with the great world. She then paid a visit of several months to the Court of Berlin. Here an adventure befell her, and if (as Lord Beaconsfield asserts) adventures are to the adventurous, it was but right and proper that a romantic accident should befall the mercurial Princess Elizabeth. Rushing down the stairs one day with her usual impetuosity, she slipped, and would have fallen to the bottom had not a gentleman who was ascending at the same moment caught her in his arms. It was a fall laden with unexpected consequences, for she had fallen into the arms of her future husband. But as yet she was not to rest in them for good. The young Princess evinced an almost savage dislike to matrimony, and in response to all proposals of marriage made to her replied, "I do not want to marry unless I can be Queen of Roumania, for down there there is still something left for me to do." This remark was meant to silence her friends, for at that time there was no Kingdom of Roumania.

A sad time were the next years, in which Death was busy in the household, removing the brother, the father, and Elizabeth's most intimate girl-friend. Music and the writing of verse were the Princess's only sources of consolation in these bitter trials. Little note did she take of the changing aspect of European events, which were nevertheless so powerfully to affect the "wild rosebud of Wied," as her friends loved to call her. We cannot know if she ever gave a thought to the gallant cavalier who was the hero of her staircase adventure, and who had been suddenly called to fill the one throne she professed to covet. But Prince Charles had not forgotten her, and a year after his election as ruler (in October, 1869) he unexpectedly appeared at the castle on the Rhine and reminded Princess Elizabeth of the desire once expressed to reign over Roumania. If she still cherished that wish, it was in her power to gratify it—his hand and heart were hers. Thus it came about that one of Princess Elizabeth's fairy tales assumed real shape. But even so, though she had long felt sympathy for the Prince, and though he offered her the kingdom she had predicted, she hesitated a while before she could consent to resign her fiercely-cherished independence.

"Yours will be a noble mission," Prince Charles said to her on the day of their betrothal. "You must comfort tenderly when I have been too harsh, and you may petition for all."

These words show that the King knows that his uprightness is coupled with Hohenzollern lack of sympathy—that hence he often offends against the prejudices of his less sternly moulded subjects, even when it is his desire to act purely for their good. He rightly divined that his wife would furnish the emotional element to his excellent but rigid deeds.

"Ours is not an easy throne to fill," she once said to a friend. "We are not old and firmly rooted, but have to try and gain the general favour and good-will."

A short engagement was theirs, for the Prince could not long be absent. Two months after the engagement the wedding was quietly celebrated at Neu Wied. Four times over were the couple married—that is, according to the German civil

code, according to the Lutheran (her) religion, according to the Roman Catholic (his), and according to the rites of the Greek Church, which is the creed of their kingdom.

Three days after the marriage the pair left for Roumania. They entered their kingdom, as the commercial traveller Lehmann had done, on board a common steamer, and, like that traveller, *incognito*. The first thing that struck the Princess as they passed the confines of her new home were the coastguards, resembling in feature and dress those Dacian prisoners depicted upon Trajan's column in Rome. It made her feel she had indeed come into a strange land—a land in which barbarism has overlaid ancient culture, but of which the foundations were good—foundations, she resolved, it should be her task to disinter and vivify into new life.

At the same spot where Prince Charles had landed a year ago the bridal pair descended; and vast was the amazement of all on board the steamer to behold a large crowd eagerly greeting the quiet handsome tourists, acclaiming them as their sovereigns, and offering them the traditional bread and salt upon silver platters, while on a velvet cushion were presented the keys of the town.

From here to Bucharest the entry of the royal couple was a joyous progress, in which Princess Elizabeth was dazzled and interested by the Oriental splendour, barbarism, *naïveté*, and grace of her new subjects, and during which she already won the hearts of these people, instinctively averse to foreigners, by her sweet smiles and pleasant words.

Arrived in her new home, the Princess at once threw herself with native ardour into all her new duties. She learned to read and write Roumanian, she made herself acquainted with the needs and requirements of the land, and soon saw that she had not been wrong when, years ago, she had aspired after this throne as one which would give her a noble work to do. While keeping herself aloof from the entanglement of politics, the result of her endeavours was soon felt more beneficially than those of cannon or diplomatists. She founded schools, hospitals, soup kitchens, convalescent homes, cooking schools, and *crèches;* she encouraged popular lectures; she inculcated respect for sanitary laws, most needful in an Eastern land; she founded art galleries and art schools. These institutions now bear practical testimony to the Queen's energetic love for her nation and her kind. It was her endeavour from the first to be a mother to her people in the best sense of the word, and "little mother" has long been the tender name by which her people call her.

To give but one instance, a small matter and yet one that has had much influence and greatly contributed to her popularity. It seems that Roumanian women have ever been famed for spinning and weaving, and their deftness in embroidery; but the new Queen found that a love for tawdry West-European clothes and Parisian fashions threatened to extinguish their national art, and to render the picturesque costume of the country a thing of the past. Out of her own private purse she founded a school of embroidery, in which the old Byzantine patterns were carefully reproduced. She encouraged the peasants to bring to her the robes they had embroidered, and when in the country she donned the national costume, and made her ladies wear it too, the only difference between her dress and that of peasants being that she wears the veil, which in old Greek costume, as we may learn from the story of Helen, is the mark of queenly dignity. She further made it obligatory that at the annual charity balls in Bucharest the national costume should be worn.

In 1870 the Queen became a mother, and though her child was only a little girl, and hence of no value to the land as heir, she was none the less precious to her mother's heart. For four years—four precious years—all the Queen's happiness was centred in this child; in her babe's beaming eyes she forgot all grief, all worries. Joy, of which she had known so little in her life, had taken up its abode beside her, and for a time banished sorrow, her too faithful attendant. There is a most charming portrait extant of the Queen, in all the pride and joy of young motherhood, carrying her child pick-a-back upon her shoulders.

Alas! her happiness was as short as it was intense. Death, who had already taken from her so much, dealt her the hardest, bitterest blow of all—a blow from which she will never recover. An epidemic of scarlet fever raged in Bucharest, and to this scourge the little princess fell a victim. "Other mothers had to give up all their treasures," said the Queen, "why should I hope to escape?" But it was her ewe lamb that had been taken.

"God gave me much," she wrote in a private letter about this date, "a father, mother, brother, husband, and child, such as are rarely seen."

And she strove to resign herself to the Divine will that had given and taken. True to her own doctrine, that "In work—in great rich work—must be sought the comfort for all sorrows," the Queen applied herself yet more strenuously to promote the welfare of her people. She now, too, first began to take up authorship seriously as a profession. From her childhood she had written verses in secret; her thoughts naturally took shape in metric speech, but she had never thought of publishing, or indeed of showing her verses except to near friends. Now, after this sore blow, her pen became her loved companion and trusted friend. She poured out her woe in song; she versified the tender sayings of her babe, she translated into German the favourite Roumanian folk-songs of her little one. This book she published, in the hope that what had given pleasure to her darling would also please the little ones in her distant German home among the vineyards and oak forests. All these early poems, as indeed her poesy in general, are characterised by a tone of deep melancholy. Experience qualified her to write the cycle of "Sorrow's Earthly Pilgrimage," which is accounted

one of the most charming and delicate of her works. After having years ago resigned all such hopes she was to find that sorrow had made her an artist and that the world cared to listen to her speech.

It was not, however, until 1880 that the Queen first published, and meantime she had to make close acquaintance with the dread horrors of war. The Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877-8 broke out and Roumania was deeply involved, taking part with Russia against the Turks. The country suffered cruelly. Its soldiers, the army organised and trained by King Charles, fought bravely, and he himself was ever at their head and in the thick of battle. Indeed, but for this Roumanian army, the creation of Prince Charles, great disaster might have overtaken the Russian arms. How Russia showed her gratitude for this timely and efficient help is a matter of history. Meanwhile, notwithstanding Russian faithlessness, the war had brought Roumania into knowledge. It proved to Europe that the country was self-sufficing, that it owned a ruler who was sagacious and steadfast and an army that could make its deeds felt. To this war Roumania owes her emancipation from Turkish guardianship and Russian patronage.

While her husband fought thus bravely, it was the Princess's task to stay at home and succour the wounded and comfort the distressed. She maintained out of her private purse a lazaretto for a hundred patients, and was constantly found here or in the other hospitals, personally tending the patients; and often her persuasions alone induced the soldiers to submit to painful operations. Again and again was she present cheering and encouraging while the surgeon wielded the knife, and many a death-bed did she solace. No wonder the sick adored her as a saint; no wonder the coldly egotistical *haute société* of Bucharest were shamed out of their indifference, and accorded the Queen pecuniary and even personal aid in her noble work. There stands to-day, in the public place of Bucharest, a fine monument representing the Queen in the act of giving a drink of water to a wounded soldier. This statue was subscribed for by the wives of the Roumanian army as an enduring testimonial of their love and gratitude for her whom the popular voice now christened "the mother of the wounded."



THE POET QUEEN.

What she did during this war is unforgotten—unforgetable by her subjects. "She is good, like the bosom of her mother," they say in their picturesque and Oriental imagery of speech. This is what she writes of it herself in a letter to her mother at the moment Prince Charles, the hero of Plevna, returned in triumph to Bucharest, the people singing in his honour a song composed by his wife—

"What a year draws to its close!"

"I had at first courage for all, and I sustained everybody by my confidence. I can assure you that it was a very difficult position for a lone woman. But work made me forget my anxieties. Thank God, Charles is here! I can retire back gradually into my shell—return to my flowers, my birds, my books, and my papers. I consider it an anomaly and a misfortune for a woman to be

obliged to enter public life. . . . There were, however, some bright periods in these troublous times. May God soon grant a lasting peace to remove the gnawing anxiety from our hearts, and that these stirring times may belong to the past, which dims both our joys and sorrows, leaving only the bright impression of the results achieved! . . . . Charles is splendid! . . . . He shrugs his shoulders at ingratitude, and then forgives it. If people are unthankful it is all the same to him. When he is no more they will call him the Wise."

This pride in her husband reappears again and again in the Queen's letters to her old home. Meanwhile Prince Charles's warlike abilities, the complete independence he had obtained for his country, drew his people nearer to him and his good consort.

In 1881, by popular desire, the princedom was raised to a kingdom, and in May the couple were solemnly crowned, the royal diadem being fashioned out of iron made from Turkish guns taken at Plevna.

In graceful allegorical fashion Queen Elizabeth has told the story of her country—the struggles and difficulties it underwent before it could take its place among its jealous elder brethren. The little tale is called "Puiu!" that word being Roumanian for "My soul, my darling!" and is the name those proud Latins of the East give to their cherished country.

Nor are the struggles and difficulties of the land ended. It has ever to guard itself against Russian influence desirous of interfering with its national independence, and to be attentive lest the party of the pretender Couza, the dissolute former ruler of the State, regain preponderance. King Charles has lain on no bed of roses, especially in these latter years. The question of an heir, too, had to be considered, since further children were denied the couple. The successor chosen is Prince Ferdinand, second son of King Charles's elder brother, Prince Leopold, a prince now twenty-three years of age, who has been educated almost entirely in Germany. He is now about to take up his abode at Bucharest among his future subjects. That he did not do so before, so long as any hope remained of direct heirs, was due to a certain delicacy of feeling. Latterly, however, the agitations of the anti-dynastic party in Roumania have shown it to be a necessity of State that Prince Ferdinand should reside in the country.

The life led by the royal couple is one of constant hard work. In winter they live in Bucharest, in summer they retire to Sinaïa, a health resort in the Carpathians that combines the grand scenery of Switzerland with the more lovely and romantic features of the Italian Alps. Here they have built for themselves, after their own designs, a quaint castle, whose architecture is a fantastic medley of the Roumanian and mediæval German styles. But even here they get little rest. The conditions of the land require that the sovereigns should always be *en évidence*, at the beck and call of anyone who likes to ask for them. In this semi-Oriental country Oriental customs prevail; the sovereign cannot live in peaceful seclusion.

The Queen usually rises early—often as early as four—and works until eight, the only hours in the course of the day when she can be, as she phrases it, "woman and author;" the rest of the time she must be Queen. Both sovereigns have often to talk for twelve, or even fifteen, hours at a stretch, and from this cause the Queen once temporarily lost her voice. When she and the King sit down to dinner they are sometimes so tired they cannot speak a word. Yet early sleep is not theirs. Bucharest, it is said, is a very gay capital—the City of Pleasure it has been called—and a very late one. Gala performances, for example, do not begin till ten or twelve at night.

The strain upon the physical and mental organisations of the sovereigns is great, and especially upon the Queen, who is indefatigable. "Whirlwind" was the nickname she had at home, and which she has not lost. Never inactive herself, she will permit no idlers about her. She loves to surround herself with young girls, and incites them to utilise their talents by precept and example. In her *salon* a republican spirit reigns; she admits of but one aristocracy—that of the heart and mind.

Such are these rulers of Roumania, both in their way out of the common run—he for the clearness of his intellect and the sterling qualities of his character, she for her genius, her sweetness and elevation of soul. Between them they have developed the institutions and internal resources of their land, and raised it to an honoured place among the nations.

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We have now brought to a close our series dealing with the European royal houses. It is true there are yet a few other kings of whom we have not spoken, but they are kings more in name than in influence. Of the old German petty States, now all incorporated under the collective style of Germany, a few remain, but their rulers have no influence on European politics, and even within the limits of their own States their autonomy is a restricted one. Sooner or later these also will cease to exist, and the more probably seeing that in all the three kingdoms the rulers are childless. On the throne of Bavaria sits a hopeless maniac, whose days are passed in strict confinement, and who is not even conscious of his dignity. The King of Wurtemberg, a well-intentioned but weak and colourless character, has no direct heirs. The same applies to King Albert of Saxony, a brave soldier, a mere cypher as an administrator. In Eastern Europe kingdoms and principalities may be made and unmade with great frequency, but these lands have less influence upon the general course of politics by reason of the rulers who occupy their thrones than by reason of their geographical position. This, for example, is notably the case with Servia, which plays the part of a pawn upon the European chess-board, but a pawn whose position might at any moment bring about

a check to some of the greater Powers. On this throne sits a poor little boy King, ruled over by three regents of mind and character little refined, abandoned by his father, forcibly separated from the mother he adores. In Bulgaria especially rulers succeed each other with rapidity. Prince Alexander of Battenberg, kidnapped and deposed by order of Russia, has been followed by Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, whom Russia and all the other European Powers refuse to recognise as legitimate sovereign. In Montenegro there commands a warlike chieftain, Prince Nicholas, a mountaineer, a mighty hunter before the Lord, a man whom the Czar of Russia has honoured with the distinction of calling him publicly "his only friend," but who outside his territory exerts no power over the councils of nations or the general course of events.

The future of Continental Europe is certainly for the moment in the hands of those countries which form the Triple Alliance, its far distant future perchance in the hands of the peoples, who will beyond question put down the crushing burdens of standing armies and giant navies, and who under a federation of allies will inaugurate a more peaceful and civilised era than that in which we now live. But that day is not yet. Even the first signs of its dawn are barely seen upon the horizon. And until these indications are stronger the rulers of the various lands must and will exert a great influence over their respective countries, as indeed we can daily judge for ourselves from even the most superficial study of contemporary events. Even in the brief space that has elapsed since these papers were commenced, various important changes have taken place, notably in the actions of the German Emperor, that aspiring personality whose unexpected metamorphosis of character may go far within a decade towards changing the aspect of European affairs. These matters still "lie upon the knees of the gods," to use Homeric phraseology. But, as we said at the outset of our series, the time has not yet entirely gone by for kings to play a large part in making the story of their times.

## LAKE TCHAD.

THE French have achieved a triumph truly French. They are now masters of Lake Waterloo! No Frenchman had seen this lake except on a map, but the nation longed for it, and it is theirs. In the amusing game of rounding off African boundaries and dividing up territories belonging to other people, in which our eminent diplomatists have been recently engaged, it appeared that French susceptibilities would be soothed by a gift of the objectionably-named sheet of water, and to France it now belongs.

And yet the name was but a jest after all, and not an ill-natured one, though somewhat weak. When in 1824 Major Dixon Denham journeyed from Tripoli southward to Kuka, he found his way to the great freshwater pool. Asking its name, he was told, "Tchad." But Tchad simply means water in the longshore dialect of the district. It was a case of Nyanza over again. What honour could an explorer expect for having discovered a Lake Water? And so the major, in remembrance of his campaigning days, pleasantly and patriotically lengthened the Water into Waterloo.

A wonderful tale was Denham's. "It reads like a dream," says one of his biographers. He struck the line of desert and toiled through it; he was a fortnight or so without animal food; he lost his camels, and seized others, and went through adventures innumerable. At last he reached Kuka. Kuka, he told the world, was the capital of Bornu, and Bornu was nothing less than Bur-Noah, the land of Noah, owing to the patriarch having first touched ground there in the ark after drifting about the Tchad! And yet Denham is not the only man who has returned with strange intelligence from the midst of Africa.

Denham's discoveries were duly published and pigeonholed, and nothing was done to turn them to profit until a quarter of a century afterwards. Then the British Government sent out an expedition to make treaties with the Sultan of this curious land of Noah. The explorers were Richardson, Barth, and Overweg, and a sailor whose name we need not record, as he turned out badly and had to be sent back. But the sailor caused more astonishment in Africa than Africa had experienced for a very long day. He took with him a boat to launch on Lake Waterloo! This boat, the Lord Palmerston, was carried on camel-back from the Mediterranean through Murzuk, Ghat, Air, and Zinder, "to the wonder of all the tribes of the interior." And in 1851 it was launched under the British flag on the placid bosom of the Tchad.

In her went Overweg in place of the sailor sent homeward; and the cruise of the Lord Palmerston among the pirate islands of Lake Tchad, or Tsad, or Chad (it is all the same thing), would really make out a modern African romance. And the chief character of that romance would assuredly be the Grand Vizier of Bornu, Haj Beshir.

Such scientific Mussulmans are rare. His creed giving him the privilege of a harem, he devised his harem so as to make it a sort of ethnological museum. Every wife was a specimen of a different race, selected on scientific principles. He scorned to have duplicates in his collection. "I have often observed," wrote Dr. Barth, "that in speaking with him of the different tribes of Negroland, he was at times struck with the novelty of a name, lamenting that he had not yet a specimen of that tribe in his harem, and giving orders at once to his servants to endeavour to procure a perfect

sample of the missing kind!" He had "specimens," African, Asiatic, European — Irish, of course—and his "collection" numbered nearly four hundred. But alas! poor Haj Beshir lived to discover the ingratitude of princes, and was put to death in 1853.

Haj, who looked upon womankind much as he did upon beetles, had curious tastes in an entomological direction. In his day Kuka was grey "with countless swarms of fleas;" and the silence of the night was broken by the bold footfalls of armies of *Cimex lectularius*, "whose odour the natives considered aromatic."

Richardson died at Kuka. Overweg, a promising young geologist, died after navigating the lake, and was buried by its shore "under the shade of a fine hajilij-tree." Barth went on to Timbuktu, and after strange experiences in that mysterious capital—where the natives never go to bed till next morning—returned in safety to civilisation.

Again did Bornu and Tchad sink into silence for twenty years or more. Then, finding the British had stepped aside, the Germans "took up the subject." Rohlfs went to Bornu; so did Nachtigal, who journeyed all the way—merely out of politeness, of course—to present Sultan Omar with a portrait of the Emperor William. Nachtigal lived in the Tchad country for months, and, like all hardworking Germans, "combined his information," so that all who would know everything known about Lake Tchad should refer to the doctor's book.

There was once a gentleman who spent a day in Verona, and it rained all that day. Five years afterwards the gentleman spent another day in that fair city, and it rained all that day. And the gentleman afterwards wrote a book, and on the ground of his experiences asserted that it always rained in Verona! As with Verona, so it has been with the deserts of the globe. The great Australian desert shrinks every year it is better known. On the presumed desert land of a lifetime ago the finest sheep in the world are now raised. The desert was mapped on hasty generalisations on insufficient samples. So it was with the American deserts; so it is with the Asiatic deserts; so it is with the African deserts. Thirty years ago the map of the Sahara showed an unbroken stretch of sand. The map of to-day shows a tract of country with patches of sand, but diversified with hills and watercourses, and even in places consisting of light, airy park-land, with widespread grassy tracks interspersed with forest.

Tchad is a sweetwater lake of triangular shape, covering in the dry season an area about as large as that of the island of Sicily. Roughly speaking, north latitude 14°, east longitude 15°, will give its position. It begins to swell in the month of August with the tribute of the Shari, and it swells and swells till the middle of November, when it stands at a level of five-and-twenty feet above its summer height, and extends over an area five times as great. It is fed by a number of rivers, whose map names, like its own, are merely the native terms for water. Two hundred years ago its waters used to flow away down the Bahr-el-Ghazal, but, according to the local historians, there came a day when a holy man (Sidi Barca by name) was killed at the point of emergence, and suddenly the river dried up, and the bed became the valley still strewn with fishbones and aquatic remains.

Tchad now loses its waters by evaporation alone, but every year it shifts its boundaries, throwing out a finger here and a finger there, and drowning out the towns on its banks; and even Kuka is doomed, and a new city has been laid out to take its place.

Kuka, which at some more or less distant date is to be a station on the Trans-Saharan Railway, is a city of 60,000 inhabitants, built in two oblongs, each surrounded by a wall twenty feet high. The oblongs are a mile apart. In one is the palace, with the barracks for the troops; in the other live the populace, in conical houses, like haycocks, built of reeds and straw. Kuka market is one of the greatest in Africa, and its streets are crowded with cattle, and goats, and sheep, and camels, and horses, who, strange to relate, are "sold by auction." Asses, ivory, ostriches, indigo, wheat, leather, lion skins and leopard skins, are among the other exports of Kuka; and in the vicinity are enormous herds of elephants, one of which is on record, ninety-six strong, with the males in front, the youngsters in the middle, the females in the rear, "advancing in regimental order."

Bornu is a fruitful Mohammedan kingdom, considerably larger than England, splendidly tropical in climate, inhabited by the Kanuri. North-east of Tchad is Kanem, peopled by the Kanembu, the original cultivators of the soil. Also bordering on the lake are the Baghirmi, who cling to the banks of the Shari, which is the largest river of Africa that does not reach the sea.

In the lake itself is an archipelago haunted by hippopotami, elephants and crocodiles, and inhabited by the Yeddina, an independent pirate race who terrorise the shores in their flat-bottomed ships manned by sooty negroes armed with lances and throwing-spears, and bearing shields of phogu wood. A smaller archipelago is inhabited by the Kuri, the born enemies of the Yeddina, who fight them in naval actions in which hundreds of vessels take part on either side.

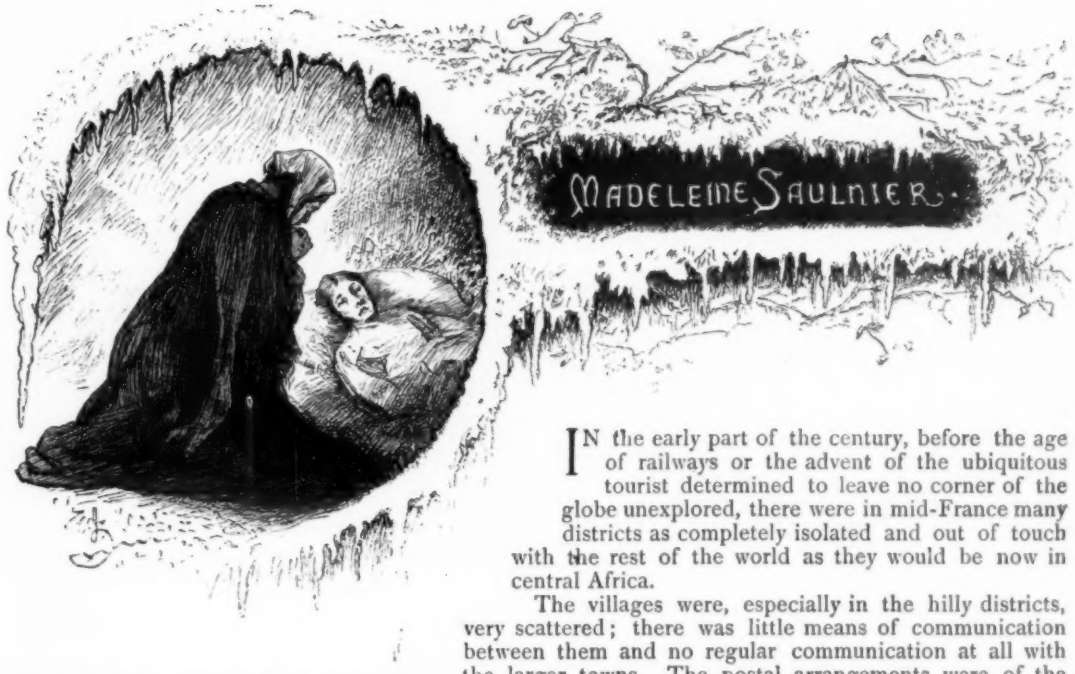
To battle with these sea-kings Bornu can put in the field an army of a thousand bearing flint guns, and twenty-nine thousand bearing other weapons; and the Sultan supports a body-guard clothed in yellow padded armour, and wearing helmets similar in shape to useful culinary utensils. These warriors in padded dressing-gowns are mounted on miserable horses, also clothed in padded garments, and altogether form the grotesquest life guards that even Africa knows.

Every year Tchad, like Heligoland, grows smaller and smaller. Our diplomatists have indeed been most impartial. They have given to Germany a small island gradually being worn away by the sea, and to France a large lake rapidly being encroached upon by the land.

W. J. GORDON.

# THE MONTYON PRIZE.

## ITS HEROES AND HEROINES.




IN the early part of the century, before the age of railways or the advent of the ubiquitous tourist determined to leave no corner of the globe unexplored, there were in mid-France many districts as completely isolated and out of touch with the rest of the world as they would be now in central Africa.

The villages were, especially in the hilly districts, very scattered; there was little means of communication between them and no regular communication at all with the larger towns. The postal arrangements were of the most primitive kind. Very rarely indeed was there any necessity for considering such questions at all, for letters at that time among the peasantry were almost unheard of. Few could read to begin with, fewer still could write, and if by chance some private news of extra importance found its way into a despatch from Paris or elsewhere, the news waited at the nearest post town until it grew stale, or until some chance messenger could be found to convey it to its destination. Public news filtered somewhat more rapidly, but as we should now think slowly enough; so that in the year 1810, when Madeleine Saulnier and Claude Pagnon were born in the little mountain hamlet of St. Etienne-la-Varenne, on the slope of the steep Anguela hills, in the Department of the Rhône, very little indeed was known among the simple hard-working villagers of the great events which had shaken and were still shaking France and the world. They had been properly instructed, of course, by this time about the great Republic one and indivisible, and had heard a good deal of liberty, equality, fraternity, or death. They had possibly been just about awaking to the sense of their own glorious political rights at the time when those rights were merged altogether in a no less glorious military despotism.

But in truth, monarchy or "freedom," equality or imperialism, made little difference to the hard and even tenour of these humble lives, which were from first to last a mere struggle to extract a bare existence from the unwilling soil; and the only practical result to them of the new glories and successes of their country was that from nearly every homestead some familiar face would be missing, called to fill up a gap in the grand army of conquest—that the strongest arms and most able-hands were wanting from the cultivation of the family corn plot or vineyard.

When once more the political wheel rolled round to find monarchy in the ascendant, it was not the form of actual government which concerned these simple village minds so much as the happy fact that, for the time at least, wars and commotions were over.

While the world had been quaking at the terrible name of Napoleon, Madeleine and Claude, poor little village children, had been playing happily enough together on the mountain slopes, making mud-pies or gathering daisies outside the hovels where they lived side by side. Sometimes, indeed, there would be the great excitement of a march of troops through the hamlet—half a dozen soldiers at least and a drum. This would make a tremendous stir, wakening, as it seemed, all sorts of echoes from the great world in the quiet nooks and corners of rural life, and setting the boys to play at soldiering; whereat little Claude and Madeleine would stand hand in hand and thumb in mouth gazing,

but not attracted beyond the point of admiration. The mud-pies and the daisies never lost their charm for them.

A little later on, as the two village children left their childhood behind them, there were no disquieting echoes to turn them from the simple occupations of their country life. They worked in the fields, they led the cow to pasture, they watched the sheep on the bare hillside; they worked hard, but they had many moments of leisure, when, without any special arrangement, they were always together, as though they had been brother and sister.

On Sunday they walked to the church side by side; on summer evenings they wandered along the lanes looking for blackberries, or in the woods searching for wild strawberries or nuts. Sometimes Claude would climb the trees for eggs, or sit beside the stream fishing; and Madeleine, watching him, was happy in his happiness.

Time passed on. Claude at twenty years of age was a strong, well-built young man, steady and hardworking. Madeleine, a pretty, buxom girl, active at all kinds of work, equally at home in the house or in the farm, equally able to make the bread with a light hand, or to yoke the oxen to the plough. She was by this time an orphan, employed as a servant in a neighbouring farm, earning decent wages and saving money. Claude was the manager and head workman on his father's bit of land, he being the only son.

The time of the blackberrying and bird-nesting had gone by for Claude and Madeleine, but the two, by a tacit consent, still walked together on summer evenings just as they had done ten years back. During one such walk in the pleasant July dusk, a certain weight of silence seemed suddenly to fall upon them. Claude was sauntering along with the little finger of Madeleine's left hand in his. Presently he looked at the hand, and then, turning, looked at Madeleine; but she did not speak, and for some little while not a word was said by either, yet to both it seemed as though a certain crisis in their lives was approaching.

As the light faded out of the west Claude stopped abruptly.

"Have you ever thought about marrying?" he asked.

"I suppose every girl thinks of such things sometimes," says Madeleine, not looking at him.

"Who do you think about when you think of these things?" asks Claude.

Madeleine raises her shoulders, her colour deepens a little, but she looks resolutely forward and says nothing.

Claude hesitates a moment and takes a deep breath.

"Madeleine, will you marry me?" he asks.

Madeleine turns now and looks at him.

"Is it likely," she asks simply, "that I should dream of marrying anybody else?"

"That is right. I thought not," says Claude. "So now kiss me, and to-night I will speak to my father and my mother. I am sure they will consent, and after harvest I will take you home to them, and we shall all be happy together."

Then, hand in hand as before, the walk is finished.

That night, after supper, while his mother was knitting, and his father sitting by, Claude said, looking very fixedly at nothing, "I have something to tell you, father and mother, and I hope you will not be displeased. Madeleine Saulnier and I talk of getting married."

"Well," said the elder man, "Madeleine is a good girl; there is nothing to be said against her."

And the mother added, "Yes, and an industrious girl too. She will make a good wife."

"You do not refuse your consent, then?"

"By no means. When do you want to be married?"

"After the vintage."

"Very good."

The next day Claude walked six miles to the quaint town of Macon, with its cavernous houses, broad flowing river, and long rows of poplars, quainter and quieter, and even more pervaded with the odour of casks, than it is at the present day, and there, at the jeweller's shop, bought a silver ring, of tolerable size and thickness, fitted for Madeleine's firm finger.

So far all was well; but there is an old Hindoo proverb which says, "The moment of greatest happiness is the moment for fear."

This was exemplified in the case of Claude and Madeleine, for just as the day of their marriage was being settled, and after Claude had spoken of the matter to Monsieur le Curé, a notice was posted upon the church door announcing an immediate conscription of thirty thousand men to fill the blank made in the army in connection with the invasion and occupation of Algeria. This was in 1830. The announcement came as a cruel blow to the little family at St. Etienne, since it involved the terrible possibility that Claude might be swept off from their midst.

"God protect us!" said his mother, when the news was told to her. "If it had only come three months later, he would have been out of danger."

A few days after this Claude was once more trudging away to Macon on a less agreeable errand than on the last occasion. The mistress whom he was now about to court was, he would find, of sterner and more fickle nature than poor faithful Madeleine; and though he was by no means a coward, it must be confessed that when he dipped his hand into the fatal urn, his heart beat loud and fast, and the brown of his cheek blanched. Yet at this supreme moment he was unselfish enough to think more of his father's and mother's need of him, than of his own personal wishes and hopes.

That evening, towards sunset, Madeleine, escaping from her work at the farm, walked along the road in the direction of Macon to meet her lover, a great hope, and a great dread, striving together for victory in her heart. She waited, as it seemed to her, a long time, and was almost beginning to think that she had missed Claude, and had better return to the village, when, in the distance, now growing dim, she caught sight of him. One glance sufficed to tell her what had happened. His head

was low, his arms hung listlessly by his side—fate had not been kind to him.

Madeleine ran to meet him, and he took her hand; but not a word was spoken between them. Hand in hand, as when they were children, they walked along the quiet highway, but the joyous days of the blackberrying and daisy-picking were past for ever.

"It is hard, for everyone," said his father when he heard the news. "A hard trade for our boy to follow, and hard for us who are left behind; but, after all, years pass away quickly enough, and Claude will come back."

The poor mother could not bear up so bravely. She ran away into a little out-house to cry more at her ease. Her whole heart was in rebellion against the decree which tore her son away from the home where he was so much wanted.

"Is it fair, is it right to take our only child—the support of our old age, from us?" she kept repeating—thinking mostly of his danger, though she talked of her own wrongs.

"That is my fault," returned her husband at length. "If I were dead you would be able to keep him with you; I ought to have gone before now."

In a moment the wife's love conquered the mother's anguish.

"My man, don't talk so," she said, and wiped her eyes. "We will not rebel against the will of God."

"The only chance is that the doctor may find some flaw in him," suggested the father. But both the mother and Madeleine shook their heads. That there should be any flaw in Claude was to them a very remote possibility indeed.

Claude bared his brawny arm and doubled it. "Too much muscle, I am afraid," he said smiling, and yet sadly.

There was no escape this way.

The next day after examination Claude Pagnon was reported "fit for military service."

Marching order came quickly. Both father and mother as well as Madeleine accompanied the recruit as far as Poussan, where the new levy of the Commune was assembling under the charge of a sergeant. The elder Pagnon was very silent, but the involuntary twitching of his face showed with what difficulty he was restraining his emotion. Madame Pagnon wept bitterly, leaning for support upon Madeleine, whose tears coursed silently one after another over her cheeks.

All too soon, the dreaded word of command—"Conscrit, en route!"—was given, and Claude, pale but resolute, pressed the hands of his dear ones in turn, and took his place beside his comrades. Suddenly, however, and with irresistible impulse, he once more sprang forward, and taking Madeleine in his arms pressed her to his heart. Glancing at his father and mother, he said, with a sob that almost choked him,

"I leave them to you. You will take care of them for me."

In another moment the little detachment was on the march, a drummer leading the way, and beating such courage and consolation as was possible into the hearts of the newly-made soldiers with his ceaseless measured "te-rat—te-rat—te-rat-tat-tat."

As long as they remained in sight, Claude's father and mother and Madeleine stood watching. When at last a cloud of dust which their feet had raised hid the little column from view, the watchers turned away.

Madame Pagnon, whose words were choked by sobs, said to Madeleine, who was sobbing beside her, "My child, you must not fret;" and Madeleine, turning to the old woman, whispered, "Do not grieve so, mother, the years will soon pass."

Père Pagnon blew his nose very frequently on the road home with a large red cotton handkerchief, and said nothing. But when the old couple re-entered their cottage they shivered. It seemed to them both as if the place looked big and empty.

Time does pass on, however, no matter how lagging and uneventful its course; and to the Pagnons and to Madeleine there were not wanting, as the years rolled by, the grand event of an occasional letter from Claude, with the exquisite hope of a happy return.

He was well, was fairly happy in his new life, and as affectionate as those who loved him could desire. There was no special cause of anxiety on his account, as peace was universal, and time and patience would doubtless in due course restore him to his home. Father and mother were, in the meantime, working as hard as they possibly could to keep matters straight at the little farm; and Madeleine was saving up money for her trousseau from her earnings, never going out on her own pleasure, but running in at any spare moment to give a hand to Mère Pagnon.

Four years had passed when—from one of the journeys which he was in the habit of taking to Macon to inquire for news of Claude—Père Pagnon returned with a letter which created more than usual excitement. It had first been opened and read for him by the postmaster at Macon, and now Père Pagnon, with the exception of a few proper names, had got the whole matter in his head ready to pour out on his wife or any other interested person. The letter was addressed to "My dear parents and Madeleine," and contained important news. It was dated a month or two back, from a place with a name which was generally found so difficult to decipher that Monsieur le Curé was called into council. He pronounced it, when he had carefully examined the postmark, to be in foreign parts—in that new country across the sea which France had recently acquired.

"Ah," said Père Pagnon complacently, "I am glad they have conquered those English; they were thinking about it when I was a young man."

Monsieur le Curé explains: "This is in Africa, not England."

"Bah!" exclaims the mother; "begging Monsieur le Curé's pardon, what does it matter, Eng-nd or the other place; they are both a long way off. What I want to know is about my boy."

"I have read to you, mother," puts in Madeleine, who, being able to spell through a letter, is reckoned a good scholar—"I have read to you the real truth, that Claude is soon, very soon, coming home."

"Every year passed in Algeria counts for two in France," explains Monsieur le Curé, "so that—"

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé, *so that*—" repeats the old woman, impatient to hear once more from clerical lips the news which seems to her too good to be quite correct.

"So that by next year he hopes to get his discharge."

"Ah! that is good. It is something to live for, is it not, Monsieur le Curé? Is it not, my old one? Is it not, my little cabbage?" she asks, addressing each of her hearers in turn.

The Curé, the old one, and the little cabbage—to wit, Madeleine—all agree in the heartiest manner, and Madeleine and she kiss one another on all four cheeks.

The faithful hearts live for a long time joyfully on this hope, working and saving harder than ever, as every month seems to bring them nearer the hoped-for end.

Six or eight months after this happy news, a neighbour, whom business had taken to Macon, comes back with a letter directed to the father of Claude Pagnon, a big official-looking letter, which seems as though it ought to contain news of importance; "for which reason," says the neighbour who brings it, "Monsieur the postmaster begged me to deliver it to you at once, seeing it has already been lying at the office for some time."

Père Pagnon turns the letter over and over and looks at the seal a good many times; then finally decides to send for Madeleine before opening it, so that the contents may be communicated to all at once.

Madeleine comes in all haste, and the ceremony of breaking the seal is gone through. Madeleine reads. The writing is big and plain, and her scholarship is quite equal to the task; and there is besides only one sentence. Yet she says nothing. Her eyes are riveted on the paper.

"Well, what is it, child? Can't you read it?" cry the parents.

The paper falls from her nerveless hand.

"Yes, I can read it, only too well," she says. "How can I bear to tell you!"

"Read! Read!" they cry.

Then stooping to pick up the paper again she reads aloud the cruel words, "This is to inform you with regret that Claude Pagnon, of Etienne, levy 1830, has died in hospital of fever at Boufarik, Algeria."

After this nothing is to be heard for some minutes but the sound of low stifling sobs.

Then, at last, the mother's voice wails out, "Alone, alone; desolate in our old age!"

"No, mother; no, father," says Madeleine, pushing aside her own grief with a strong hand; "never alone, never desolate, so long as I, Claude's widow, am left to love and serve you."

The father and mother take the girl's hands in theirs, but the sobbing does not cease; only Madeleine, by an intense effort of self-control, is calm and collected, ready to soothe, advise, and uphold.

The sudden shock of his son's death, coming as it did upon a frame already overtaxed, completely broke down the health of the elder Pagnon. Scarcely a month after the receipt of the sad news Madeleine, coming in as usual to help Madame Pagnon, found her with her apron to her eyes, rocking and moaning bitterly.

"What is it, mother?" she asked. "Don't fret."

"How can I help fretting? Here is Claude dead, and now my good man so weak and ill that he can't stir out of his bed; and I, left alone, with no more sense or spirit in me than a mole, to dig the field and weed the vineyard and see to everything."

"Not you, mother, not you; I will do it all," returned Madeleine. "I have already given notice to leave my service. And till I can come to you—see! I have plenty of money put by—I will pay big Jean, who is only working half time at the farm, to come and do all you want."

In the end all Madeleine's carefully hoarded earnings went to ease the declining years of Claude's parents, whom from this moment she adopted as her own, and to whom she devoted herself absolutely. She was still at this time a handsome as well as a clever girl, and when the death of her lover became known, various suitors were found anxious to fill the place of Claude Pagnon. But to all Madeleine turned a deaf ear. "I shall always be Claude's widow," she would say, "and I promised him I would be a daughter to his parents. I have no time to think of anything else."

In truth, however, though Madeleine worked early and late, with the strength and ten times the good will of a day labourer, on the Pagnons' little farm, she found time for many acts of kindness and charity among her poor and afflicted neighbours. So valuable and necessary did her ministrations become, that at last it was a recognised custom for any who were in special trouble or who were visited with sickness of more than ordinary severity, to send for her; and rarely did Madeleine refuse to answer such a summons, receiving, of course, as her only reward, the gratitude of those she befriended.

In the spring of 1840, the Rhône and the Saône both being in flood, all the country watered by the two rivers was submerged, causing much havoc to property, as well as loss of life in the low-lying villages. St. Etienne being situated higher up on the rising ground escaped this calamity; but Madeleine herself was nearly drowned while attempting to carry food to a lonely cottage which had been cut off by the sudden rise of the waters, and in which lay a poor sick woman. The circumstance, however, which has made her name conspicuous among the heroines of humble life occurred a year or so later.

In a deserted tumble-down hut standing at the edge of a wood about a mile from the Pagnons' cottage lived, or perhaps it would be more correct to say existed, a poor woman suffering from a disease something akin to leprosy, which made her an object of aversion and even fear to almost everyone. She lived quite alone. Her husband had been dead many years, and she had neither relations nor friends. Occasionally some village dame, passing near the lonely hut, would compassionately leave a basket of broken victuals on the doorstep, but with one exception no one cared to cross the threshold of the miserable abode or to come into actual contact with the afflicted woman. That one was Madeleine Saulnier.

For many months Madeleine had made the desolate creature her special care, the more so, as the malady from which she was suffering increased in virulence. Evening after evening, when the day's work was done, and father and mother were seated comfortably at their evening meal, Madeleine would steal away with her own portion, not to eat it in privacy, but to bestow it on the poor suffering woman who would otherwise have gone supperless; to feed her with her own hands, and perform such kind offices as she seemed most in need of.

This had been going on for some months, and it was now mid-winter, and a more than usually severe season. Hard frozen snow lay upon the hills, and down in the valleys, with here and there a drift of uncertain and dangerous depth, where the tempest had tossed it as it fell, but where it now laughed to scorn all the efforts of the still angry wind to dislodge it.

"Surely," said Mère Pagnon, as Madeleine tied a shawl over her head and prepared for her usual evening visit—"surely, my dear, you are not going out to-night. Hark to the wind; it is a fearful night."

"Not so very bad, dear mother; the moon is rising, and, besides, poor Mère Moucel needs me badly, if indeed she is still alive. I shall not make many more journeys there; she was very low last night."

"I think I ought to come with thee to protect thee these wild nights, my daughter," says Père Pagnon, but drawing himself, as he speaks, a little nearer to the wood fire, and spreading his hands to the blaze with a shiver.

Madeleine went and tapped his cheek playfully.

"Dear good little father, do not be anxious for me. Look you, I know well how to protect myself, and I am strong; nothing hurts me. Only do not wait up for me, and then I shall not feel that I must hurry away from that poor suffering soul."

"Good, my child, and may God protect thee," return the old couple, and with a parting smile and nod Madeleine opens the cottage door, letting in a rush of icy wind which fights with her as to the shutting of it again. But Madeleine conquers and goes on her way.

The lonely hut seems more lonely and desolate than ever on this wild night, plunged as it is in densest darkness and absolute silence. For a moment even Madeleine's stout heart gives a throb of half-superstitious fear, as the feeling is borne in upon her that on entering she will come face to face with death. As, however, the light of the little lantern she carries falls across the threshold she is relieved to hear a faint sound of life, although the life can only find its expression in a moan. The unfortunate woman is, in truth, almost at the last stage, and can only greet her kind visitant by a feeble pressure of the hand. Madeleine hastens to raise the sufferer's head a little, to arrange her rude pillow, and to put a spoonful of food to her mouth. But the poor woman has now passed beyond the possibility of nourishment, and makes a faint sign of refusal.

Madeleine moistens her lips with a little water; and presently, as the dying woman leans back with closed eyes, breathing heavily, Madeleine, kneeling beside the pallet, prays. More than once it has occurred to her that she ought to make her way back to the village and summon the Curé to soothe the sufferer's last hours by religious consolation; but the lateness of the hour and the inclemency of the weather make her fear that an appeal in that direction would not be responded to; and before morning, as it seems to her, the sufferer will be beyond the reach of human help. Besides, how can she be left alone, to die like a dog? On the whole, therefore, Madeleine resolves that she will not leave her, but that if the unfortunate woman lasts till morning, her first care shall be to call on Monsieur le Curé, and beg him to lose no time in coming to her.

In the meantime Madeleine, in a low clear voice, recites the prayer for the dying, as much for her own consolation as for that of the poor sufferer, who shows by no sign or movement that she is conscious of what is passing around her.

It is a terrible scene of misery. The ruined cottage, with damp, mouldering walls and a great gap in the roof, through which the frosty stars look down; no furniture of any kind, the sick woman lying on a heap of dried leaves in one corner, and an overturned box beside her holding a cup, pitcher, and a plate—supplied, of course, by her good angel Madeleine. Nothing else, except some dead sticks on the hearth and a few miserable rags which cover the poor bed. This is all. It is intensely cold, and yet the atmosphere of the place is fœtid almost beyond endurance.

After a little while, as the sufferer still lies moaning, with closed eyes, in a half-unconscious state, Madeleine rises from her knees, and, going to the hearth, tries to kindle a little fire, more for the sake of purifying than of warming the hovel. She is bending over the hearth, blowing the damp sticks not very effectually into a glow, when a noise at the door of the hut makes her look round suddenly. It is a crazy, half-unhinged door, without any means of fastening, and she concludes, almost before she has time to look, that probably the wind is driving against it and making it creak. Little chance is there of any human hand attempting an entrance into this abode of misery! She glances at the dying woman, who has not stirred, and once more turns to her work of chafing the

embers. Once more comes from the door the curious sound which had startled her before. Her heart beats, she scarcely knows why, and an indefinable fear of something not human creeps over her.

"This is foolish," she says. "I will see what it is and satisfy myself."

Taking up the lantern, she pushes aside with her foot a big stone which serves as a barrier against wind and weather, and looks cautiously out. No human being is in sight; no fiend or goblin is in waiting for the departing spirit. But the object which meets her gaze fills the practical soul of stout-hearted Madeleine with almost more terror than any spectral apparition might have done. On the snow the lantern shows her a long double trail of paw-tracks, crossing and re-crossing; and just a few yards in front of her there stands out in the moonlight, clear against the white background, the form most dreaded by all French peasants—that of a large yellow wolf, its head in the air, its ears erect, its eyes glaring!

The recognition between the two—the woman and the wolf—was but the work of an instant. Madeleine with a cry dropped the lantern and banged to the door, the wolf at the same moment making a spring towards it, to find it closed against him. He drew back with a howl of disappointment, but only to make another and fiercer charge. Madeleine prepared for the attack—held the crazy door against him with all her strength.

With a yell of defiance the creature hurled himself against it once more, driven on by hunger and allured by the terrible odour of decaying mortality.

Madeleine bravely holds the citadel against the enemy, but unhappily the crazy unhinged door serves but poorly as a rampart.

There come one or two more fierce bounds, the furious animal throwing his whole weight against the rotten woodwork, and the door cracks, it yields, and in another second Madeleine finds herself absolutely face to face with the wolf, alone in the darkness, for the lantern which she threw on the ground had been extinguished in the fall.

Half in defiance, half in despair, Madeleine gives a shriek, which for the moment has the effect of scaring the beast and making him fall back. But with a howl of hunger he returns to the attack. Madeleine resolutely plants herself in front of the dying woman's pallet, and seeing that her voice has an effect upon the animal, she continues to utter the most piercing shrieks and yells, with which she manages to keep him at bay. He disappears for a moment and she barricades the shattered door as well as she can. She now leans all her weight against it, when at intervals he makes a rush, and tries to take it by storm

All through the night this terrible struggle is continued—a night which seems a very age to Madeleine; but with unflagging determination and unceasing outcry she maintains her post, until at length, when the lagging dawn of the winter's morning slowly brightens the sky, and sounds of life begin to wake on the outlying farms, the disappointed beast, balked of his prey, slinks away into the wood to couch in his lair, and to wait for the darkness to come again.

When daylight once more illumined the miserable hovel it showed Madeleine that during her hours of combat with the ferocious beast death had come to release the suffering woman whom she had so bravely defended with her own life.

The moment the sun was up Madeleine hastened to the nearest farm and entreated permission to remove the corpse into an outhouse. Permission was obtained, but Madeleine was unable to persuade anyone to perform the charitable office of conveying the remains of the dead leper. Undeterred, and resolved that the poor woman's body should not after all become a prey to the wild beast, she carried it on her own shoulders for nearly a mile, and never rested in her work of charity until she obtained for it decent Christian burial.

The wolf, as Madeleine had anticipated, did not fail to pay a visit to the same spot on the following night; but watch was laid for him, his footsteps were tracked in the snow, and he was destroyed.

The singular bravery and self-devotion of Madeleine Saulnier, and the striking circumstance of her encounter with the wolf, were naturally much talked about in the neighbourhood. And the story coming at last to the ears of the Préfet of Lyons, he thought it worth communicating to Queen Marie Amelie, the benevolent and noble wife of Louis Philippe.

The Queen was so much interested in the recital that she herself wrote a letter of congratulation to Madeleine Saulnier, accompanying the letter with a handsome present; and through her the case was, in the year 1842, brought under the consideration of the French Academy, who at once adjudged a sum of three thousand francs as an acknowledgment of so singular an act of courage.

This money was gratefully accepted by Madeleine, since by its means she was enabled to maintain her adopted father and mother in greater ease and comfort during their declining years. Père Pagnon, whose health had been for some time feeble, died some few years after this adventure, and the whole work of the little farmstead then fell upon Madeleine, who undertook it cheerfully, together with the care of the widowed mother, who had become by this time completely blind. Before her death she was also attacked by the painful and terrible disease of cancer in the face. Through all these trials Madeleine was her faithful attendant and untiring nurse, and when sometimes in her suffering and distress the poor woman would cry, half querulously, "Don't leave me, Madeleine! Promise me that you will never leave me?" Madeleine had always the same sweet answer to make—"Do not trouble yourself about such a thing, mother; I promised Claude long ago, and I wear his ring still."

It was the only possession which she ever claimed as her own.

L. G. SÉGUIN.

# RANDOM NOTES FROM NATURE IN THE AUTUMN TIME.

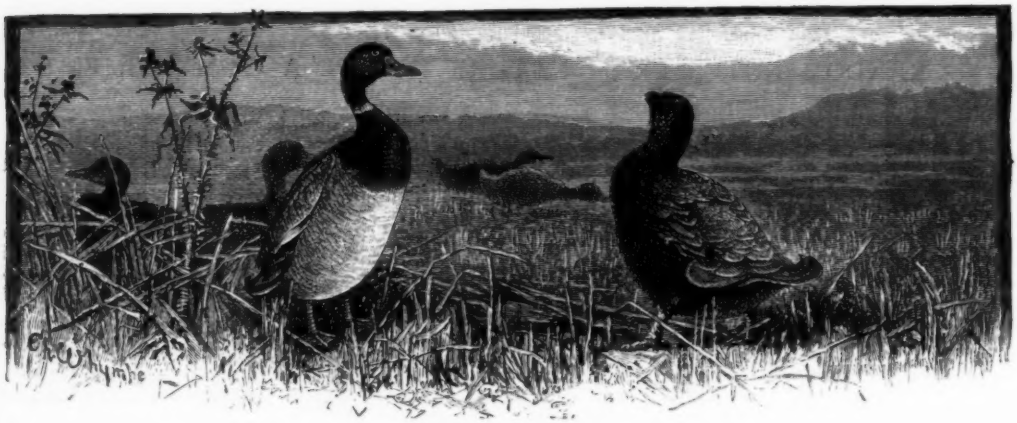


THE LAST PITCH OF CORN.

MANY have been the laments which have arisen from poet and painter, and even from the public who care for the picturesque, over the wholesale introduction of machinery into all the various branches of agriculture. There have also been heard voices from one division of the economists who put down much of the peculiar trouble that has arisen among the agricultural classes to this same cause. But it will probably be new to many that the introduction of machinery into the various farming operations should be hated, detested, and dreaded by all the true children of the soil—by animals and birds alike. Such, however, is the case; and no wonder, for these cruel unthinking things come on over the field and never swerve a hair's breadth to save a plover's nest or a partridge's head.

Over and over again have we heard of mowers in the good old days seeing a partridge sitting close where they must mow, gently driving her off and moving the eggs away; but now the man or boy who drives the machine sits high and looks more to keeping his horses straight than aught else. And in ploughing of course they have done away with horses and man altogether, and the cold shiny steel share goes ploughing through the earth, with no human hand close holding it, and cuts alike clean through the clammy clods of soil and the mother-bird's warm heart with absolute indifference. And when autumn comes round, and the corn has to be cut and gathered in, the timid creatures' dread grows into a perfect panic. Sometimes as they hear the whirr and rattle of the "reaper" as it goes round and round the field first here and then there, with ever narrowing circle, they give up all idea of escape, and, seeking the very centre of the field, await with panting sides and fast beating hearts their sure destruction.

Time after time have we heard how, when the farmer and his men came to the last bit of the uncut crop, they found it full of creatures who seemed to have lost all power or desire to escape, completely cowed with fear. In one case we heard of fifty-seven rabbits who were thus herded together in one small patch, in a bean-field that was being cut. In another a squirrel was caught who had come into the field to gather some few grains; and in another (and in this case perhaps the reality of it will be by all at once perceived, since no such animals would be found all close together naturally and of their



WINGED GLEANERS.

own free will), a fox, seven hares, and three pheasants, all had to be literally driven out. So scared were they that they would not move even when the machine was stopped and the men showed themselves.

It may be said by some, "Well, but this is not peculiar to the present system. When they cut by hand, as you yourself have said, the mower sometimes came on a setting bird; and, again, in the harvest-field there must have often been cases where creatures were caught unawares." Which we would at once allow, but we are also certain that nothing like the cases we have quoted could ever have happened under the old manual method. Men advanced straight across the field and drove the game and birds away to the distant hedge, without perhaps meaning it. It is well known no animals can master the idea that a thing going round them is getting nearer them.

Far away in Africa and here in rural England the wild creatures all are alike; and the hunter, be he black or white, adopts the same plan, when he has marked down his quarry slowly with his eye, of ever watching the spot, walking round and round, while every circle brings him nearer and nearer, and yet the poor frightened thing always fancies the enemy is walking past him, till at last he gets so near that he can secure his prey. So now the machine, going round and round the field, gives them at first faint hope it may be passing them by, and they squat down. But nearer and nearer it comes, and noisier and noisier it gets, till they become unable to do what at one time they might have done—namely, face the open and flee. And so they all draw in closer and closer, and finally get, as we have said, almost petrified with fright.

For ourselves, we have been so often shocked by modern inventions that we did not expect to be moved again by anything of the kind; but we were conscious of the last straw having been put on our burden of sorrowful memories when, walking through a great field of cut corn, set up in picturesque rows of sheaves, we found that every sheaf was tied with *string*. We had certainly heard often before of self-binding machines that bound the corn as they cut it, but we had not considered the question thoroughly, nor thought of any other binding save of the twisted stalks of corn; and to see this mean string—dirty, for it was dirty, being tarred string—tied by a machine round our picturesque sheaves in place of the comfortable broad band that bound them of yore, was quite too much for a lover of the picturesque to endure.

It is pleasant to note, in spite of the many alterations in the manner and method of modern harvesting, that some of the good old customs survive. Gleaning is one of these. Now, as in the far-distant days of Bible times, the women and feeble folk have their lesser harvest after the crops are carried, and many a quartern loaf is eaten in the winter which is the direct result of the family gleanings. Very charming it is to see how even the baby, just able to toddle and grasp things with her chubby hands, eagerly sets to work with her brothers and sisters to help add to the common store. Her wee hands can hold but very little, but we think that little must be very precious to the mother, as she binds it all up with the rest and sends it to the old-fashioned miller, who has his mill on the highest rising ground available, and who has ground the gleanings of all his neighbours for generations past. The amount they get is never enough to justify their sending it to the large millers with steam mills, who would not like to be plagued with such homœopathic orders; and so they send it always to be ground at the local wind or water mill; and though it may be ground rather crudely, the bread will nevertheless taste very sweet.

But besides these human gleaners, the fields are visited by all sorts of four-legged creatures, and birds of a kind that one would not have expected to find in the dry stubbles. Wild duck are very partial to midnight feeding, and will come from a long distance to make a hearty supper from the stray ears of corn that they with their fine sensitive bills discover as well in the darkest night as we should in broad daylight. Blackgame and grouse, too, are fond of varying their diet, and haunt the few fields that adjoin their moorland

homes until the very last kernel has been picked up.

The bright and golden autumn are terms we hear so often that it is sometimes overlooked that the autumn is nevertheless the time when the very air seems to say "Good-bye, good-bye." The corn-fields are cut, and their rich crops all gone, leaving a most barren waste. The leaves are changing colour and quaking on their now sapless stalks, ready to fall at the first frost. The swallows are going or gone, and night and day birds are passing overhead, who, having nested here, are going to a warmer wintering-place; or others who, having lived the summer through in some yet higher latitudes, have now come to comparatively temperate England to cheer us for the loss of our own sweet songsters.

It is the growing impression of all those who study "bird life" out in the open air that there is a continual changing of all our winged tenants; that birds, even like blackbirds and thrushes, whom we have been wont to regard as most constant, do, if they have nested with us, almost invariably winter elsewhere; and that the blackbirds that we have in the winter, though similar in every respect to our home-grown ones, most probably were grown in Norway or far-distant Russia. Our skylarks, too, migrate; indeed, we believe that as facts are patiently collected and noted, it will be found that, with very few exceptions, the whole country is inhabited in winter with a different set of birds to those we had in summer.

All the way round our coast at the various lighthouses, facts are gathered year by year that are bringing to light most interesting glimpses of birds' methods of life. Earnest enthusiastic naturalists have literally gone to the trouble and expense of having papers prepared for the lighthouse men to fill up. They are requested to note not only the kinds of birds, but the hour at which they notice them, and to add any comment they may think peculiar or interesting; and already by this simple means we are in possession of much new information on this amazing phenomenon of migration.

The majestic swan with huge wings slowly beating the air as he passes overhead to some southern estuary that he has been taught by his parents will never freeze, is a wonderful sight; but to our minds it is more wondrous still to think of the little chiff-chaff and all the countless host of feeble folk who voluntarily set out some chilly evening on their long, long journey across the seas, whose damp mists must soak and saturate their delicate plumage—across mountain passes that must scare them by their ghastly sterility, travelling night and day, till at last they reach their journey's end. We even, when surrounded with every luxury of modern travelling—great-coated, rugs on knees, and warm water-bottles for feet—still think twice before taking long journeys in cold weather. Now, think of that little bird, shy, timid, delicate, with wings so fragile that in simply handling them they are damaged, starting off alone, save perhaps for a brother or a sister equally as fragile, on this dreary journey. No one drives them away; no one forces them to start; of their own free will they follow their inherited family instinct.



FLYING OVER THE CITY.

London, in the autumn, is visited by all sorts of strangers and country cousins; but we think none are so cheering as the swallows and the divers small birds that swarm our parks and gardens at this time. Those papers and publications that deal with natural history are always in

September and October full of notices of rare visitors in places you would hardly expect to find them. Woodcocks, tired of their long journey, have dropped down in the very centre of bustling thoroughfares; one was found, not so long ago, on a raw morning sheltering behind a lamp-post in Albemarle Street. Coot have been seen on the Thames, even at Westminster; blackbirds and thrushes and redwings have all been seen in the large squares, whilst, too frequently to specify, martins and swallows for a few days each year make nearly every street and road merry with their simple twittering song.

But enough on this most interesting topic. Volumes might be written upon it alone. Each year new knowledge is being given to the world on it—and by itself it would give a lifetime's profitable amusement to any who would thoroughly take it up.

The tailors advertise autumn suits, and those of us who can afford the luxury annually bedeck ourselves in new clothes; but with the birds all are alike—the meanest is as the lordliest, and all sport a new dress in the autumn. The moulting time is a time of silence; at no period of a bird's life is he so quiet. The time that is taken by various orders of birds to moult is very interesting. Swallows, falcons, and kindred birds who in mid-air have to seek their daily food, clearly would be in a terrible plight if at one given week all, or even half, their feathers were to be shed. They would most certainly, unable to fly and pursue their prey, simply die a miserable death of starvation; and so we find that with these birds moulting is an exceedingly slow process, extending over months; indeed, they might be almost said to be gradually moulting the year through. Their feathers are shed in pairs, right and left at the same time, so that the just equilibrium should be preserved, and their flight not be impeded in the slightest. With birds, however, that do not have to earn their daily food by their dexterity in




IN THE NEW FOREST.

mid-air, the course of moulting is very different. All must have seen the turf of the commons covered with the white shed feathers of the geese; but travellers from far Siberia tell us that the way in which these birds in a wild state shed their feathers is truly marvellous; so complete is the denuding that for days and days they may be seen with practically no wing feathers at all. Totally unable to fly, they have to walk, and the people of those parts are in the habit of, at that time, making a rich harvest off these geese, which they catch and kill by running after them and knocking them down with a stick. Ducks also are very similar in the complete moult which takes place in a short time; the reason of this being that they, too, are land and water feeders; on both they are equally at home, and able to secure without need of flight their daily food.

In deer the period of the growth of the new horn is very similar to that of a bird's moult; both are considerably weakened and lowered by the process. A familiar example of this to all are our cage birds and canaries, that at that time require a little tonic, which one gives them in the shape of iron by putting a rusty nail in their drinking water.

It is asserted that pigs will not, if food be provided for them, exercise their mischievous propensity of rooting up. It may be true in general, but we have a vivid recollection of coming to a spot in the New Forest, where, although autumn acorns lay thick around, some insolent-looking rather lean hogs were turning the turf upside down, so that a fair sweep of sward soon looked as if half a dozen steam-ploughs had been zigzagging across backwards and forwards to see if it were not possible to uproot every single blade of grass. We remember it, as we intended that this said sweep of turf, extending like a well-kept lawn, should be our foreground to a picture we wanted to make, and our disgust was great.

All woodland scenery looks its best in autumn. We have allowed ourselves in this short paper the privilege of growling at some of the innovations that have swept and are sweeping some of the old-time charms from country life; but let us also freely acknowledge that there is abroad now a wiser and altogether better spirit, shown conspicuously by those who have the management of our great national woods and forests, and of our parks, commons, and open spaces. From north to south you see it. Taste, knowledge, judgment, and a right appreciation of the natural charms of respective places are now general. Londoners have most lovely spots secured to them for ever in all their loveliness. The Burnham Beeches are famous. In Epping Forest may be found many a ready-made picture, which few would believe could be found in a spot so near the modern Babylon; and it has its nooks and spots of woodland beauty now well protected, which probably not more than one in five thousand of those who visit it have ever yet penetrated. Richmond Park, too, is most rich in lovely bits of unspoilt natural beauty. Indeed, we fancy that if the process of so-called agricultural improvement goes on at the rapid pace that it now does, there will soon be nothing at all left in many parts of beauty or picturesqueness in English country life, and that it will be only possible to find such qualities in these preserved forests, parks, and commons.

C. W.

## CHAMPION COUNTIES.

NINE or ten miles to the northward of Havant, on the railroad to Portsmouth, is Hambledon, which, as far as we know, is famous only in the history of England's national game. As the annalists of England begin with Cæsar, and those of Scotland with Alexander III, so do those of cricket with this quiet Hampshire village. According to the majority it was here that the game assumed much of its modern shape, and from the days when its laws were discussed in the inn close by the stages of its development are tolerably clear. There is not much in the place to attract a visitor, but the walk hither and on to Petersfield is a pleasant pilgrimage which some have thought it worth while to adventure even on a Bank Holiday.

Let it not be supposed that cricket originated at Hambledon. The game is far older than the village club, which was formed no further back than 1750. All around Broad Halfpenny Down, on which the club played its first matches, there are claimants to priority. To the north-east are the "Three Parishes"—Farnham, Godalming, and Hartley Row—where cricket flourished quite as early as in the classic village; and there away is another Hambledon, of which as a cause of confusion the least said the better; and beyond it is Guildford, where in the thirty-fifth year of Elizabeth the legal records tell us of a cricket-field diversified with saw-pits—of all things unexpected. To the eastward, too, is the great county of Kent with many claims; and in short, if we listen to all that can be said on all sides, we shall have to give Dryasdust first innings in this paper and fail to get him out. Sufficient for our purpose be it that when George III was crowned the Hambledon Club was the M.C.C. of the cricket world, and equal to challenging and defeating All England.

Very different is cricket now to what it was then. The bat, the ball, the stumps; the batting, the bowling, the scoring—if we go into detail we find that in every particular there is a difference, except in the ground the game is played on. But we need care for none of these things. To us the Nestor of Hambledon, old Nyren—or Nairne as he said his name should be spelt—can be as remote as

Chaplain Tonge, who in 1676 tells us how the seamen of the British fleet landed and played cricket at Aleppo on the coast of Syria. Our concern is with county cricket, now proposed to be officially recognised as classified into three grades, with a means of ascent and descent from one to the other not hitherto admitted and even deemed to be revolutionary by some of the pavilion fathers. What constitutes a first-class county? a second-class county? a third-class county? It would be difficult to say; but in Nyren's day there was no difficulty, for there were simply no county clubs properly so called, although from Hambledon sprang county cricket. Not entirely, however, for in 1746 Kent played All England, a premature effort valuable as a precedent and nothing more.

It is in 1771 that we first hear of a Hampshire eleven, the team consisting of Hambledon men; and since then county contests have become increasingly frequent; but for over seventy years the teams contending were merely scratch elevens brought together for the match and claiming membership of no club. In fact they were on much the same footing as those engaged at White Conduit Fields in 1786, when Married Ladies played Single Ladies, and afforded Rowlandson a subject for a picture; which match was not the first of its kind, inasmuch as a similar one had been played on Moulsey Hurst in 1775, two years after Surrey had beaten Kent at Canterbury in the famous contest for £2,000.

The oldest of existing county clubs is Surrey, founded in 1844; the youngest of those now reckoned first-class is Gloucestershire, founded in 1870. Derbyshire began in the same year, but though once in the higher circle, it has dropped into the second group. Kent, though often appearing as a county, and from 1842 to 1854 playing England during the Canterbury week, dates its county club from 1859. Middlesex and Yorkshire date from 1863, Sussex from 1857, Lancashire from 1866.

For comparative purposes we cannot well go further back than 1864. For the few years previous to then let it be granted that Surrey was champion county, a position held in turns for many years by Surrey, Kent, Hampshire, Sussex, and Nottinghamshire, which very early attained to eminence. One of the most interesting of the old matches was that in 1835, when a Sussex team journeyed all the way to Nottingham to be defeated, and a pigeon was released from the cricket ground and flew all the way back to Brighton with a red ribbon tied to its tail in token of the failure of the expedition; a noteworthy expedition, considering that the team had to drive the distance, which is quite three hundred miles out and home.

But enough of this ancient history. Taking 1864 as our dividing line, we find that up to 1890, inclusive, Nottinghamshire was champion ten times; Surrey five; Gloucestershire and Yorkshire each four; Lancashire and Middlesex twice. Kent has not reached champion honours since the foundation of its present club; neither has Sussex; but Kent has once or twice been very nearly top of the tree, while Sussex has had a long record of discouragement. Derbyshire made a stubborn struggle to remain first-class, but retired after being outplayed season after season.

Hampshire formed a new club in 1863, and tried a few first-class engagements unsuccessfully, to retire and try again a few years afterwards, to again retire owing to the failure of resources. And Somersetshire for a brief period was tolerated in the inner circle, but soon found itself passed by.

This year, as in 1888 and 1889, there have been eight counties reckoned in the highest rank:—Surrey, Kent, Notts, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, Middlesex, and Sussex. Their "mandate" to constitute themselves an aristocracy was their mutual opinion. Finding they were all strong enough to contend on tolerably equal terms, they arranged a series of matches amongst themselves, which they held to be of greater importance than their other engagements. When a county was beaten season after season, so as to be obviously too weak for the endeavour, it quietly ceased to belong to the set. In this way Derbyshire was dropped, and Hampshire, and also Somersetshire, which was never fully recognised. On the other hand, when new clubs were started and proved strong enough to hold their own in first-class company, they joined the ring. In this way Middlesex, Gloucestershire, and Lancashire secured their position. But in the case of a county starting modestly and improving in its play season after season the path to fame was not easy.

Every year the representatives of the first-class counties met at Lord's on the second Tuesday of December to arrange their matches; and of late there met there at the same time representatives of eight counties who were passably content to consider themselves second-class, these eight being now Derbyshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Hampshire, Somerset, Stafford, Cheshire, and Essex. But the rest of the counties held no meeting, and having no recognised position were bulked together as third-class. Now cricket has increased enormously of late, and almost every English county has its club. Some of these young clubs have unmistakably shown themselves to be as strong as one or two of the second eight; just as some of the second eight have this year proved to be as strong as the weakest member of the first eight. Why should there not be a recognised way of coming to the front without having to wait for an invitation? In short, if there be a championship, why should it not be open by right to all the counties of England?

But there never has been a championship in the true sense of the word. Owing to the uncertainties of the game and its dependence on weather and contingencies, the most successful team of the year has probably owed its position as much to luck as to merit. For this reason the word championship has been looked upon unfavourably by many of those who know cricket best. It is from the outside public that a cricket championship has been forced into recognition, and it is only during the last few years that the outside pressure has become too strong to be ignored. For good or evil a "championship" is

now inevitable, and the use of the word retrospectively has passed into everyday parlance. It is in deference to this popular pressure that the conditions of county contests are to be changed. After next year the upper eight are to play certain matches with the second eight, and these again are to play certain matches with the third division, and on the result of these matches promotion will depend. To start with, the first and second-class counties are to be those we have mentioned, and to form the third-class a selection has been made of eight, these being Hertford, Northampton, Norfolk, Lincoln, Northumberland, Durham, Devon, and Glamorgan.

That any startling change in the position of the counties will take place is hardly to be expected. So long as Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire can produce cricketers for home use and export, those two counties are bound to remain in the first rank. So long as Surrey and Lancashire are wealthy enough to import cricketers from other counties, so long will they have the pick of the rising talent of England.

In this, in fact, is the key of the position. In counties where cricket is supported by gate-money and subscriptions, there are funds to pay professionals, and the new arrangement of county contests will require a level of excellence all through a season that can only be secured by an eleven consisting chiefly of men who make it their business to play in every match. That professionalism is essential to success is clearly shown by the record. Since 1864 the four counties last named have shared the championship amongst them twenty-one times. The exception to the rule is, of course, Gloucestershire, which carried all before it when an entirely amateur eleven, and has gradually dropped back in proportion to the number of professionals it employs. But Gloucestershire has always been exceptional; nowadays its best eleven consists of the Graces and a tail of schoolmasters and school-coaches, so that, to the confusion of the multitude, it loses its earlier matches, and plays up astonishingly as soon as the midsummer holidays begin.

The truth of the general contention is confirmed by that curious phenomenon in the cricket world—the long eclipse of Surrey. In 1864 and 1865 Surrey was champion county; then it lost its position and sank to the bottom of the list. Year after year for one-and-twenty years did Surrey remain in the crowd, and now it is to the front again, owing much of its rise to colonial enterprise. For it occurred to the Australians to visit this country, and it happened that crowds went to see them at the Oval, so that gate-money poured into the Surrey treasury and enabled the committee so "to widen their area of choice" that they can now defeat all comers with a team drawn from Surrey, Notts, Kent, Middlesex, Yorkshire, and South Wales—a "widening" as great as Lancashire's eight or nine years ago, when the champion eleven displayed in the field a Scotchman bowling, a Bedfordshire man at the wicket, an Oxfordshire man at slip, a Yorkshireman at long-on, one Nottinghamshire man at mid-off, and another at cover! Easy as it is, however, to ridicule the results of the residential qualification, there can be no doubt but that much of the recent spread of the game is due to the rule which allows a cricketer to play for any county in which he may have resided two years, and gives him the option of playing for the county in which his family home is so long as it remains open to him as an occasional residence.

The present Nottinghamshire men were all born in their county; so were the Yorkshiremen; but these were exceptional cases. Even in the old Hambledon days, the Hampshire eleven were not all natives of Hampshire. And there have always been cases of change from county to county. When the Middlesex eleven was formed in 1864 it contained Pooley, who is almost entirely known as the Surrey wicket-keeper; another of the Middlesex men was W. R. Gilbert, who is identified with Gloucestershire; even this year we have Mr. A. P. Lucas playing for Essex, after having in the past played for both Surrey and Middlesex.

The position of Middlesex in the cricket world has always been a mystery. With a population to choose from as large as that of all Australia it has only twice succeeded in carrying off championship honours; and both these occasions were in the first five years of its existence. In the year of the club's formation it beat Sussex once, and Hampshire, and also Buckinghamshire, which then was almost first-class in form. That year Surrey was champion county, and played and beat All England. Next year Middlesex challenged and defeated Surrey in one match, and drew against it in another; and that year, though Surrey was champion county, it merely drew against England. Next year, 1866, Middlesex was champion. In 1867 Yorkshire took first place; next year, 1868, Middlesex resumed the position of honour which it has never held since. One reason of the ill-success of Middlesex has been the want of a ground. When the club started, a ground was obtained near the Cattle Market, a pavilion was built thereon, and all looked promising; but soon the enterprising builder displaced the placid cricketer, and Middlesex county club found itself without a home. It went to Lillie Bridge, but that was so obviously a mistake that it only remained there for a season. In 1872 it went to Prince's; but here again the builder came in and the cricketer moved out. Now it plays at Lord's, while it waits in vain for that sweet patch of greensward which is only likely to be obtained by unusual self-denial on the part of the lessor. For who but a public body or an enthusiast can resist the temptation of ground rents? One chance there is which does not seem to have been tried. If it pays a great railway company to foster exhibitions, and even to build thousand-feet towers for the sake of traffic, might it not answer their purpose to reserve ten acres of their spare land as a cricket ground, on condition of their carrying passengers thither at inclusive terms?

Yorkshire succeeded Middlesex as champion county. In 1867, 1869, and 1870, Yorkshire was top of the tree, and then came a falling off till 1883. Since then Yorkshire has always promised

much and performed little. At the outset of every season its prospects have seemed most cheering; at the end its results have been most dispiriting. Unlike Middlesex, Yorkshire has many grounds, and, with Nottinghamshire, it supplies cricketers for the world. As there is no colony without a Scotchman, so there is no cricket-ground without a Yorkshireman. A list of the famous cricketers of Yorkshire birth would fill this column; and yet the county claims only four championships in six-and-twenty years!

With Nottinghamshire the case is different. The Nottingham men are old hands at winning, and since William Clarke, the slow bowler, made Trent Bridge Ground in 1838, cricket in the lace county has flourished amazingly. In 1871 and 1872 Notts was champion county; it was champion county in 1875, 1878, and 1879, when it defeated the Gloucester men on their own ground, a feat the first-class counties had been trying in vain to do for nine years. In 1880 Notts was champion county; as also in 1884, 1885, 1886, and 1889. But good as it is now, its play was far more taking in the days of Daft and Shaw and Morley, when the bowlers bowled not for "maidens," and the batsmen excelled not at "stone-wall." As a rule, Nottinghamshire cricket is far more pleasant to read about than to see, excepting, of course, the day be very warm, when the less movement there is to distract the attention, the greater is the enjoyment. It is in a second innings against the Australians that Nottinghamshire is at its best, and it is then that it almost invariably plays the finest cricket in England.

Gloucestershire County Club came into existence in 1870, and held the championship in 1873, 1874, 1876, and 1877. In those days it was a wonder. An entirely amateur county team had never before been known to carry all before it. And it won matches wholesale, not by close shaves, but by thumping majorities. With Dr. W. G. Grace making hundreds of runs and taking scores of wickets; with Mr. G. F. Grace always to the fore when his brother failed; with Dr. E. M. Grace in full activity, Mr. Frank Townsend the best left-handed batsman in England, Mr. J. A. Bush the best wicket-keeper of his day, and Mr. Fenton Miles, whose peculiarity it was to bowl just wide enough to tempt the batsman, in spite of himself, to step out and tip up catches—a match was really worth looking at. The fielding was perfection, and when the team were in the rate of scoring was tremendous. Sixty runs an hour—seventy, eighty, even ninety! The mainstay of the eleven was of course Dr. W. G. Grace. What he has done for his county may be judged from the fact that up to the end of the past season his grand total in these county contests was 15,107 runs! Nowadays Gloucestershire has gone off considerably, though with the opening of its new ground a steady advance seems to have set in. Two things regarding its present circumstances are noteworthy; all its professionals are of native birth, and, as hinted above, it is unable to put its full strength in the field until the last month of the cricket-season.

The Lancashire County Club started in 1866, but it was not till 1881 that it made its way to the championship. Next year it was almost equalled by Nottinghamshire; indeed, some bracketed the counties together. Both lost but one match, but Lancashire won twelve, whereas Notts won eight. At the same time Notts beat Lancashire in one match, and made an even draw of the other, thanks chiefly to a thunderstorm. It used to be the fashion to test the success of a county by the fewness of its losses. As both teams had lost but one, the sticklers for precedent made a reasonable claim for equality; but in face of the majority of wins the claim could hardly be recognised. Thereupon set in a flood of discussion as to the method of assigning the cricket supremacy, and every season afterwards the flood re-appeared, until, at the last December meeting at Lord's, the subject was dealt with and settled. This year the county championship is arrived at by taking no notice of draws, and deducting losses from wins. A team with one loss and twelve wins thus ranks higher than one with one loss and eight wins, owing to the number of points being greater. It is inevitable that some counties will come out with minus points; but it is also inevitable that no minus county can be champion. In 1881 Lancashire did not lose a match. The same triumph had already waited on Gloucestershire, and afterwards on Notts, but it has not yet fallen to Surrey in these days of its brilliant revival.

That cricket is the best of the outdoor exercises now held to be necessary for our health there can be no question. And it is on this account that the emulation due to these contests of county against county receives encouragement on all sides. A county club is not as other clubs. Its object is to select from the ordinary clubs the most skilful of their players, and so put in the field the best men the district can produce. The existence of a championship gives the counties a something to strive for, though it be but a name. The standard of skill is thus raised; by raising the standard the honour of being "chosen for the county" is increased; and by increase of the honour an interest is excited which, though it may lead through professionalism, must help on the cause of sensible, wholesome recreation.

W. J. GORDON

# OTAGO FIORDS AND STEWART ISLAND.

## THE SOUTHERNMOST OF HOLIDAY TRIPS.

IN the days of the dandies, and even of the grand tour, the enterprising traveller contented himself with a leisurely trip to the countries of the Mediterranean; to the rank and file Naples was then the end of the visitable world.

Nowadays our tours last as many weeks as the ponderous expeditions of old did months; and in these weeks the world is surveyed not only from China to Peru but from Norwegian fiords to New Zealand sounds. Of the North Cape and the more or less hardy Norseman we have heard much, and the brave doings aboard the "ocean steam yachts" that give their passengers a glimpse of the midnight sun have had many chroniclers; but ocean yachting from Australasian ports is a less familiar subject, and the following notes of a pleasure trip to the Fiord and Lake counties in Otago and to Stewart Island, in the extreme south, may not be uninteresting as indicating that Britons need not go beyond their own territory for scenery as ruggedly picturesque and air as pure and exhilarating as the world can show.

We had gone out in the Tongariros on a nine months' round in Australasia, and had timed our arrival at Dunedin so that we might be able to visit the wonderful fiords which are becoming yearly more attractive as a tourist resort. For some years the Union Shipping Company of New Zealand have arranged for one of their steamers to make to them two excursions of ten days each in the middle of summer. All the rest of the year the district of the Sounds is shrouded in storms, fogs, and snow, which practically prevent all access to that part of the coast. The mountain ranges into which these inlets penetrate extend through the back country for 120 miles or so, and amidst them are the great lakes of the south—Te Anau, Manapouri, and Wakatipu. We visited the Sounds, crossed Foveaux Strait to Stewart Island, which is out of the regular tourist tract, and afterwards spent a few days at the last-named Lake. It was a delightful experience, but all that need be said of it here can be conveniently restricted within the limits of a few extracts from letters home.

### THE SOUNDS.

*Preservation Inlet, Jan. 28th.*—It is raining in a steady, persistent way, which promises to last all day, and may last a week. However, we are making the best of it. Some of the young men are out fishing, in oilskins, and as there are enormous quantities of rock cod, trumpet-fish, Maori chief, etc., they will have good sport. Yesterday afternoon and this morning they were pulling up fish at four and five a minute, two at a time sometimes.

Quoits and bull-board are going on, and two or three enthusiastic sportsmen fire at a gull every now and then, but I have not heard of any slaughter. The ladies are settling down to reading, writing, chatting, and music in a very happy way.

The Tarawera is of 2,000 tons register and 1750 horse-power—a very fine steamer, specially fitted for these trips. All the second-class accommodation is prepared for the young men passengers, with roomy berths, roomy cabins for reading and writing, bath and lavatory accommodation in abundance, and well carpeted and curtained. On the 'tween decks there is a theatre, with drop-scenes, side-scenes, and footlights, and there is a professional musician from Christchurch on board, who goes these trips for the purpose of organising the amusements. In the "Social Hall," as it is called, there are a large harmonium and a good piano. The accommodation is calculated for 120, but as we have only 92 passengers we are not crowded.

We started from Port Chalmers, and ran down the coast in beautiful weather, with enough breeze to make it pleasant. The first place at which we called was Invercargill, where we took on board eight or nine passengers. A few hours later we entered the strait between Stewart Island, on the south, and the mainland; then passed into Preservation Inlet and steamed up it for about seven miles, amidst the grandest scenery. It lies between steep mountains and hills, which are covered with the most varied foliage to the water's edge, while several of the great peaks have snow still upon them.

In various places the bush was simply ablaze with the glorious scarlet bunches of flowers of the rata-tree. You know the blossom of the wild clematis, which consists of a ball of white spikes? The rata blossom is of the same description, only as large as a small apple in diameter, and of the most brilliant scarlet. These blossoms entirely cover the tree, and you may fancy how glorious were the masses on the hillside! We returned to this almost land-locked cove, and anchored all the night and to-day.

The water is so deep that, although as clear as crystal, it looks black; and though we are close to the shore of a tree-covered hill, the anchor only held in fifteen fathoms of water. All is just as silent and wild as it has been for thousands of years. It almost oppressed us with the solitariness, but the boats, with the laughter and pleasant voices, gave life to the sweet calm and silent grandeur of the lovely bay. Alas! before dinner the rain began to fall, and it has continued

ever since; so we have to keep under cover and enjoy ourselves the best way we can.

* * *

*Wet Jacket Arm, Jan. 30th.*—The rain, in a tropical manner, fell for more than two days without intermission.

The enthusiastic fishermen in oilskins caught lots of fish. I saw two sacks full brought on board from one boat, and very nice and fresh they were for the meals. A shoal of black fish (a kind of small whale) visited us, and our sportsmen did their best to shoot them, but I do not think the whales were any the worse. In spite of the rain, even in consequence of it, there was a wonderful beauty in the bush-covered hills. Every now and then the mists descended, and made everything soft and fleecy, and then there would be a sudden lift, and the bright glistening forest would appear sharp and clear, with the beautiful rata giving colour to it all.

This morning I was awake at five o'clock and heard the steamer start. Not a sound of crew or anchor was heard, but the engine gave one or two solemn thuds, as if it were waking from sleep, and then on the ship moved as if she were alive and intelligent. When we went on deck, we found a bright fresh morning and the steamer entering Dusky Sound, up which we slowly steamed; then turning back, we went through the Acheron Passage, into Wet Jacket Arm, right up to the head, where we are now anchored.

* * *

I have been away for two hours in the steam-launch. How can I describe the grandeur of all that we have seen? The great foreground of hills covered with ferns, brilliant-coloured mosses in great sheets, cabbage-tree palms, and rata in patches of scarlet, acres in extent; the precipices stretching up 300 or 400 feet; behind, all the mountains ascending in black rock, and the irregular peaks still in parts covered with snow. Thanks to the rain, waterfalls abound, three within a short distance of each other descending down the gullies. They are very full, and in places from 200 to 300 feet high. Some clearer idea of the nature of the scenery may be gathered from the heights of the mountains which have dominated our passage during the day, namely: Mount Fraser, 3,200 feet; Mount Spaman, 3,290 feet; Mount Pender, 4,000 feet; Mount Forbes, 4,106 feet high. These are only specimens of the giants which form the background of the hills.

The water is so deep that we are anchored in thirty fathoms, close to the shore. No sign of humanity have we seen, except two little huts on a beach near here, which serve to show the magnitude of the hills that rise untrodden behind them.

The only drawback to this magnificence is the sand-flies, which come off to the steamer. They are like an exceedingly tiny house-fly, and their bite is most irritating. Some people are terribly plagued; I saw yesterday an enthusiastic fisherman hauling up rock cod with one hand, and with the other wildly slapping and rubbing his face and head. Many of the men and women are disguised by gauze veils of various colours. The curious thing is, these sand-flies never see man or beast except in these two excursions; yet, when the steamer comes here they are ravenous for blood. What do they do during the rest of the year, and what do they feed on?

* * *

On the 31st of January we started at 5 a.m., and all day we were passing through Doubtful Sound, Thompson and Caswill Sounds, thence to George Sound, at the head of which we anchored for two nights. Every quarter of a mile revealed fresh attractions, waterfalls and wooded gorges, with their background of mountains. In many places the rocks rise perpendicularly for many hundreds of feet, and for twenty miles at a stretch there is no beach, or possible landing-place.

There are some English men-of-war in these waters. We saw the gunboat Lizard turn into Smith's Sound, and were glad to see the ironclad Orlando, the flag-ship of Admiral Fairfax, turn into George Sound, where we followed, and found her at anchor. We anchored close to her. At the entrance of George Sound the water is 480 feet deep, and we anchored with 35 fathoms of cable out.

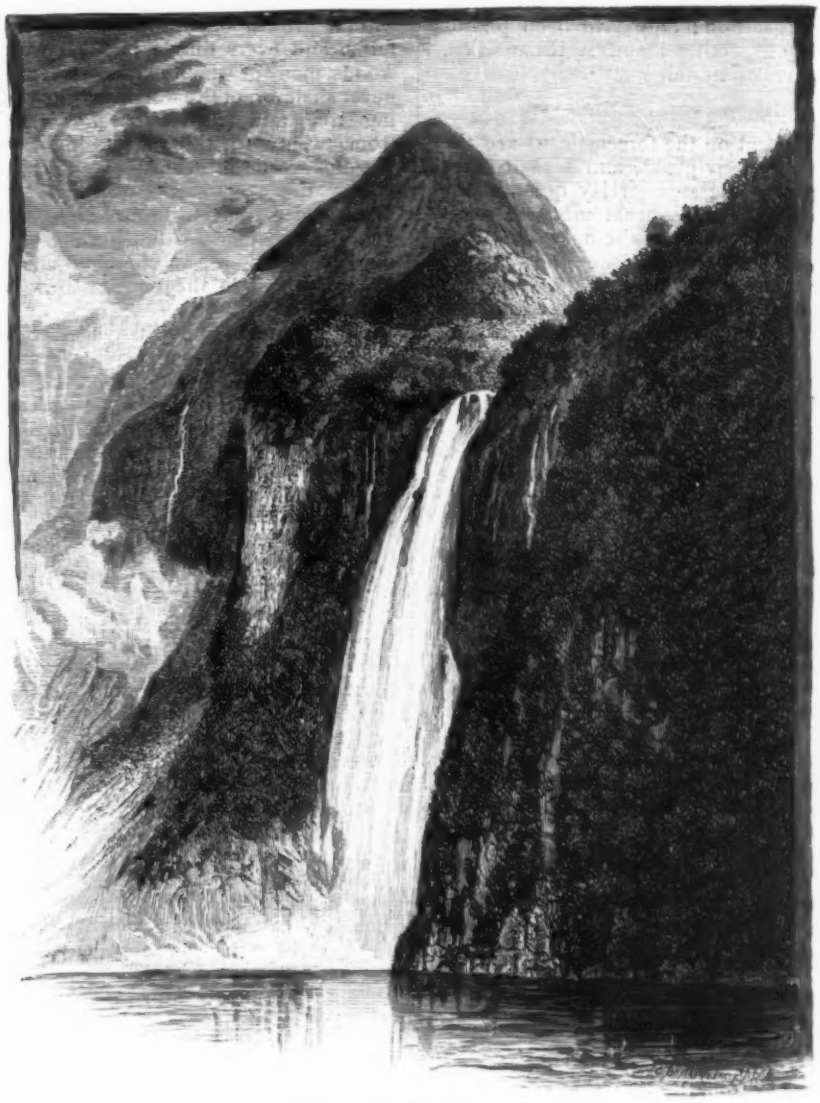
There was plenty of communication between the vessels, and in the afternoon the captain came on board. The twelve-oared barge, pulled by sailors in white dresses and caps, was a charming addition to the landscape.

Just above where we anchored was a beautiful waterfall, fed by a small lake in the hills. Out went the steam launch and boats, and most of us landed in the little bay. Beyond, in the woods, was a fresh-water pool, and the tars were busy there washing hammocks and clothes, and the rocks and trees were covered with the drying articles. Some of our friends climbed up to the little lake, but I contented myself with sitting in the shade and killing sand-flies. For every one I killed fifty came to the funeral.

The next morning early we had our regatta. The passengers had subscribed about £30 for the prizes; and we had all the usual formalities—buoys laid down, a starting-boat, umpire in the steam-launch, etc., etc. It was a lovely morning, but the wind blowing in squalls made the water lumpy. The course was round a buoy half a mile from starting, and the pull back was very heavy. The races were rowed in the ships' boats, each of four oars. Some of the races were keenly contested. We were all thankful that the cooks beat the stewards, for if the contrary had taken place disappointment might have spoiled our dinners. The passengers raced amongst themselves. There was a half-mile race for the ladies, a silver brooch in the shape of an oar for each of the crew of the winning boat being the prize. Three boats started. There was of course much cheering, and as the crews came back up the side there was plenty of congratulation and laughter. The girls enjoyed it all immensely, and were not a bit overdone. In the afternoon we all visited the flag-ship. Fortunately the big gun's crew

were at drill, so we watched the practice. The band played whilst we were on board. I need not describe the return civilities. In the evening the Tarawera sent up rockets.

At daylight the next morning we started for Milford Sound, reaching the entrance about 7 a.m. This being the grandest of all the Sounds everyone was on deck to watch the steamer enter the heads. We passed between enormous precipitous cliffs, with Pembroke Peak 6,710 feet rising above us capped with snow. After steaming a little way in it seemed as though the steamer could go no further, for a great rocky cliff appeared to bar the way; but we glided through a narrow pass into a beautiful calm lake, surrounded by snow-clad mountains. Here we moored to a buoy, for there is no good hold for the anchor. We are close to the Bowen Falls. A stream from the upper snow fields falling 170 feet into a great hollow, from whence it rebounds with the appearance of a gigantic feather, and then falls 570 feet into the Sound.



STIRLING FALLS, MILFORD SOUND.[1]

Close by here we were shown Milford City, consisting of two huts, with the words Post Office on one, where Donald Sutherland and two men have lived since 1877. He is the discoverer of the great Sutherland Falls, some twelve miles from here, 1,900 feet high, believed to be the highest falls in the world. Sutherland is just now away with the

[1] We are indebted for our illustrations to Burton Brothers, of Dunedin, whose fine series of photographs we commend to all who desire to extend their knowledge of New Zealand and its scenery.

Admiral in the Lizard; but two of his companions came off to us—as patched a couple as ever I saw.

The boats are out; two have gone to Lake Ada, some five miles off. This is the first trip to Lake Ada that ladies have ever made, as it has always been considered rather dangerous. We have just taken on board five passengers who landed here from the last expedition; they have been photographing and prospecting amongst these wilds, and up to the great waterfall.

* * *

At daylight I went on the forecastle to see the sun rise over the snow peaks, and I shall never forget the sight. The steamer lay quiet in the calm basin formed by the great mountains apparently surrounding us; and the only sound was the constant rushing noise of the great Bowen Falls close by.

As the sun rose the cold grey of the ice fields warmed to a rosy tint, and the double Mitre Peaks stood out in rich grandeur. The sunlight and colour descended to the water, which gradually lost its steely look and shone with a new glory.

We remained on board all day quietly enjoying the scenery of mountain and glacier and waterfall. It was a magnificent spectacle, for the peaks dominating these gorges rise, some of them, from four thousand to more than nine thousand feet high.

During the day two large Union steamers ran up the Sound, one bound from and the other to Melbourne, and they were filled with passengers. They added very much to the brightness of the scene, and there was much cheering and dipping of flags on both sides.

At 4 p.m. we slipped from our moorings and steamed down the Sound, heading for the Bluff. On reaching the Bluff the next morning all the passengers went on shore, for a cricket match betwéen eleven ladies and eleven gentlemen had been planned, the gentlemen to play with their left hands only, the right to be held behind them. It caused great amusement to the spectators, but it was a drawn game, as the steamer whistled the signal for departure before it was over. This comical match always ends these trips.

## STEWART ISLAND.

The only way to get to Stewart Island is in the harbour steam-tug from the Bluff. She is a strong powerful boat of forty horse-power, but is not arranged for passengers. She carries the small mail-bags for the island and sails only on Tuesdays, when she visits the two little post-offices and returns the same day. The strait of division is twenty miles broad, and the little tug takes two and a half hours in doing it.

The island itself is about seventy miles long by forty miles broad. There are only about 250 inhabitants, and 100 of these are Maories. Except just round the seacoast (and that only at places) the island is a mass of bush and forest, and beyond, where horse tracks are cut, the greatest difficulty is experienced in getting from place to place. The bush is the most beautiful district imaginable. There is not a level mile in the island, except at a small run where 2,000 sheep live with difficulty. The gullies, which wander up and down, are filled with myriads of tree-ferns and great evergreen trees of all shades of colour. If a tree falls it is covered with a growth of brilliant-coloured mosses and ferns, and every dingle is filled with great fern fronds, many of which exceed six feet in height. I never shall forget the wondrous glory of the flowering tree rata (*Metrosideros lucida*); it averages from twenty to thirty feet high, and is one blaze of scarlet blossoms. We saw plenty of them during the Sound trip, where they stretch in masses of colour on the hillsides; but in Stewart Island the colour was much more vivid. Besides the tree rata there is a climbing one (*Metrosideros florida*), which in the end destroys the tree that supports it.

We made Halfmoon Bay in the tug at about noon of the 7th February. We passed various rocky islands, some of them covered with shags and gulls. The bay is a very pretty inlet from the sea, and the rocky coasts are covered with foliage to the water's edge. At the bottom of the bay we found Oban, which is simply a disconnected number of wooden houses (more or less small) scattered about either on the beach or on the knolls or the surrounding hills. We landed at a little wooden pier from which are shipped red pine-wood planks, the produce of a small saw-mill a little way up the gully. A friend at Dunedin had given us an introduction to one of the residents. Everything in the boarding-house to which he took us was perfectly clean, but extremely primitive. We slept on chaff mattresses and pillows, and the modes of opening and closing the windows and fastening the doors testified to the extreme honesty of the inhabitants. It was interesting to note on this far island of the south, that our host and his family were Shetlanders, who had emigrated to Otago some fifteen years ago. Not only is he chief boatman of the place, but he fills many of the offices necessary to govern the little community. It is worth adding that he is a fervent teetotaler, and one of the committee of the little wooden chapel, which will contain some seventy-five people, and is the only place of worship in the island.

Our life was simple but interesting. We had four long days' cruise in and about Patterson's Inlet, close to Oban. This beautiful piece of water extends from the sea about ten miles inland, and is about seven miles broad. It has many rugged, rocky islands clothed with ferns and trees to the water's edge, and we were never tired of rowing around them, and enjoying the continuous change of scenery. The water is transparent; and near the shore we could, without the least difficulty, see the great sea-slugs, and large inhabited shells crawling at the bottom, and every now and then blue codfish came swiftly by. We landed on some rocks, or a sandy beach, lit a fire, boiled water in the billy, threw in a handful of tea, and enjoyed our lunch. The only trouble was the sand-flies,

and we were obliged to wear gloves to escape their ravages. One day the inlet was visited by a shoal of small whales, called "cowfish," about thirty in number. These are larger than porpoises, but, like them, enjoy leaping in the air, and some of them leaped up about fifteen feet.

One day, whilst lunching on a little sandy shore, an exceedingly inquisitive bird visited us. It is called the "Weka," or "Maori hen," and abounds in the bush. It is about the size of a hen pheasant, with a short tail, which wags up and down at each step, like the tail of a water-wagtail. It has strong red legs, a fine noble head with a strong beak, and fine red eyes with large dark pupils. The plumage is dark, being brown feathers interspersed with black ones. Whilst we were at lunch out walked this impudent bird from the bush and simply investigated us. We threw it some biscuit crumbs, which it devoured in the coolest manner possible, within two feet of where I was sitting. These birds are noted for their fearlessness, and have been known to peck the ring on a lady's finger when she remained quiet.

Government has allotted a certain district to the Maories, and has appointed the Rev. Mr. Connor to be their minister and schoolmaster. We visited the Maori families and the school. The Maories were delighted. They all speak English except an old tattooed woman. In the school Mr. Connor and his wife were teaching some thirty-five or forty boys and girls. Many of the girls were very handsome, with dark eyes and features, and beautiful curly hair. Their clothes were patched, but perfectly clean. The discipline was superior to that of many of our English schools. The girls' needlework, for their age, was excellent, and the boys were well up in arithmetic; and I saw them do exercises on the black-board very promptly and correctly. Some of the boys are deep in decimals, and the schoolmaster talks of teaching them algebra. We heard them sing several simple concerted pieces, chiefly rounds, in correct time and tune. Their voices are really fine, it was not bawling, but singing, and they evidently enjoyed their work.



THULE, STEWART ISLAND.

About this time the Maories visit sundry places in the neighbourhood, where a kind of puffin called the "mutton-bird" flourishes. They are not allowed to take the old birds, but by placing their hands in the holes in the sand where the nests are, they capture the young ones in numbers. These are plucked and prepared by soaking in water, so as to destroy the rank, fishy flavour. They are then placed in a large bladder of seaweed—common here; melted fat is poured over them; and in this state they are preserved for winter food.

A few shillings obtained for us sundry interest-

ing Maori curiosities; but the real greenstone implements and charms cannot be purchased, for they are religiously preserved as family relics. As one of the men said, "They are carefully preserved in the families, just as you whites preserve your family Bibles."

## LAKE WAKATIPU.

*Queenstown, Lake Wakatipu, Feb.* 15.—We left Invercargill for Lake Wakatipu, and after a tedious railway journey of six hours reached the terminal station, Kingston, which is on the Lake. Here we were much bothered by an excursion of some 400 people from Dunedin and other places, who were visiting the Lake for the day. Consequently the two little steamers were much overcrowded, and as a heavy gale was blowing, with a high sea, the journey of two and a half hours was a very uncomfortable one. The seas constantly broke over the bows and a great many passengers were very wet, and sea-sickness prevailed. We arrived at Queenstown, situated about the middle of the Lake, about half-past four, very glad to get to the comfortable hotel.

Queenstown is a quiet little town seated on a peninsula formed by the *débris* of the great hills and mountains which surround it. The main street stretches up the slope of the valley and is made shady and pleasant by various clumps of trees. The town expanded when some fifteen years ago there was a considerable amount of gold-mining on the shores of the Lake. Now, as the gold has comparatively disappeared, the place has subsided into quietude and has become the headquarters of the tourists.

We went on by the steamer to Glenorchy. The said Glenorchy consists of three hotels (two too many), a big wool-shed, and two or three cottages. We found comfortable, clean, homely quarters in one of the last, and as we were the only visitors we were well enough provided for by the kindly landlady. The air at Queenstown was very relaxing, but at Glenorchy the fresh bright air which came straight from the ice-fields soon revived us. We enjoyed a wonderful buggy ride through rivers, river beds, and bush tracks to Paradise Flats, which run at the base of the great Humboldt range of mountains, and under the overwhelming presence of Mount Earnshaw, 9,200 feet high, which is so precipitous and covered with snow and ice that no one has ascended to the top.

The country from the Humboldt range down through the Lake (fifty-seven miles long), and thence to Invercargill (seventy miles), is the channel which conveys away the water gathered by the mountains which cover this south-west district. The great plain north of Invercargill is formed of the alluvium washed down from them. This plain is edged by mountains, at first a great way off on either side, but narrowing towards the Lake, where the shore is formed of huge blocks of stone and other *débris*, believed to be the consequence of glacial action.

Through all this country a river runs from the Lake, which at times very seriously floods its banks. The country rises about 1,100 feet in the seventy miles, and the great, abrupt craggy hills finally close in the plain until it is lost in a wide ravine. The Lake is at places 1,300 feet deep, and, indeed, almost unfathomable, and is of a wonderful blue colour, more like the Lake of Geneva than anything else. The mountains are exceedingly bare and severe, some of them much denuded and rounded, but the larger number are very craggy, with curious outlines. The Mounts Remarkable, 6,600 feet high, near Queenstown, are a wonderful exhibition of this form.

As we neared the head of the Lake, Mount Earnshaw, as it were, blocks further passage. A great glacier covers the high ravine all down its side. The mountain scenery is of a more barren character than that of the Sound district. For many miles—sometimes ten or fifteen at a stretch—there is not a single hundred yards on the shore where anyone could land, the rocks are so precipitous. Among the most noteworthy points are the well-defined ancient lake and river margins, which are many feet above the present level of the plain or water. Of course they are not continuous, but for miles there they are, as level as if ruled by a straight-edge. At places one can easily see where a torrent has, in days gone by, cut a way through these terraces to a lower level. Near Glenorchy there are three parallel terraces, one above another, as regularly drawn and as carefully excavated by the old waters as if they were fortifications designed and carried out by engineers. They are steep, but covered with grass, and the three of them are about sixty feet high. Through the middle a mountain stream has cut its way, so that the subsoil can be seen. It is evidently a "wash" from the mountains.

At Queenstown the little public park is on a small peninsula of *débris* which stretches into the Lake. At the extreme point of this is a huge isolated mass of rock, which simply lies *on* the soil, not *in* it, and which has evidently been deposited there by glacier action in ages gone by. There are many other isolated rocks of this sort but none so large.

We passed several gold mines on the shores, which were in active operation some years ago. The alluvial gold attracted a somewhat large population to the Lake, but all that is now played out, and the miners (who are sparse, and many of them Chinamen) think it a good thing to make £2 per week.

From this point we made our way back to the now familiar Bluff, and thence took ship to Melbourne.

ALFRED TOZER.

# THE NATIONAL HOME READING UNION.

SOME time ago the mention of this would have touched a very vague impression in most minds, if indeed it had appealed to any, and even that it could not have done in the first half of 1889, for it took British shape in the July of that year. I say "British" shape, since its progenitor or forerunner had been born in the United States of America, and had lived there some twenty years. And thus it has the best promise of life, since it has grown without being forced. It came about thus: The authorities of a Methodist Church there were struck by the isolated and fragmentary way in which the teachers and scholars of a Sunday-school either prepared themselves to impart instruction, or followed the study they were invited to pursue. To meet this defect it was suggested, not exactly that fresh "classes" should be formed at school under better qualified leaders, but that small parties of students should get up some subject together under specially concentrated conditions. The idea was that they should not merely read the same book at the same time, but impart to one another the thoughts kindled by the reading, so that if the company consisted of five, an acceptable impression might be made upon five minds instead of one. The point of the theory, that which distinguished it from a mere chance gathering of those who were interested in the same work, and who might tell each other whether they were pleased or not, or make mention of some point of excellence which had struck all, was that they should "read together"—*i.e.*, go through the same book at the same time, if not in actual company, studiously and scrupulously sharing the impressions severally received.

One advantage was that each felt stimulated to perceive the real teaching and worth of the book under consideration, without that effort to fix dates and facts in the memory which precedes a dreaded "examination," and thus read with an access of agreeable attention. They had not to "cram." Another was the extraction from each mind of that which had been received, without subjecting the recipient to vivisection by an unfeeling examiner. Then, moreover, there was the subsequent deepening of the impression which any fact or opinion of value had made upon a reader's mind. But the peculiarity or essence of this new scholastic procedure consisted in its being loyally shared by the little party of students. They sifted their intellectual corn together, and it became manifold, or was multiplied. Each, so far as his or her capacity permitted it, had the same as all—a truth or thought went the round of their minds. And thus the party became not a "class" but a "circle," in which quickened interests and powers of apprehension steadily went their round.

There seems at first to be nothing specially novel or striking in such a business, but its attempted realisation quickly "caught on," as some Americans say, and was found to lead to a mental exercise and result which was really fresh and valuable. At first it was confined to the conduct of Sunday-schools, but soon was seen to become far more widely applicable. Wherever there was any appetite for reading, circle after circle was formed, till presently the members of the society in which it moved, or rather the breathers of the new literary atmosphere which it created, became so numerous as to number some hundred thousand young people whose adhesion to the procedure could be ascertained.

Quite recently the idea crossed the Atlantic, and immediately found favour with many well-known leaders in literature and education. It seemed to promise some escape from or correction of that widespread desultory habit of reading which many fall into, and also to become a vehicle for the choice of the books best suited to instruct or to entertain. Much was already being done in this direction. Wider and more accurate scholastic methods had been set up by University Extension lectures and Cambridge Local Examinations. The desire for some better and more tenacious use of books was in the air, but there was that in this imported American seedling which promised a new and wholesome departure for all who desired to see elementary education more intelligently followed up. Thus the "National Home Reading Union" came into being. I must confess that I was not familiar with its principles and practice, nor indeed (to make a clean breast of it), though personally well acquainted with many of its promoters, had even so much as heard of its existence, till in June, 1890, I was honoured by an invitation to take part in its proceedings during its second summer assembly at Blackpool. At the first—in July, 1889—it may really be said to have been born, for the "Union" had not then a single enrolled member. In the subsequent twelve months it reckoned 6,400, and showed every sign of life, circle after circle coming into intelligent being. Indeed, I might compare it to one of those curious creatures roughly called "Diatoms," because of the result which follows their being divided. Each section, when separated, becomes a new living creature capable of severally being divisible into more. So is it with the "National Home Reading Union." It is an association which grows the faster as it is cut into pieces, and hopes to live through multiplied subdivisions.

In trying to describe its nature and aims, I feel that the scene of its first summer anniversary demands notice. It was just a year old when I was introduced to it at Blackpool. This (which, to judge by the pronunciation of the word, should be spelt "Blakpl") is a suitable place for young and strong growth. Not that it is newly founded, for up to the present century, though not marked in some old country maps, it had filled its place among English country villages from their re-

motest past. I bought a penny Blackpool Guide, and thence learned that "in the first year of the present century Blackpool's population was but 473." The compiler of its cheap history might have drawn a picture presenting greater contrasts to that of to-day if he had quoted "Gorton's Topographical Dictionary" (edition of 1833), in which we may read: "Blackpool is a small village and bathing-place in Lancashire, whose summer visitors, amounting to 800, mostly from Manchester, are accommodated in three hotels, which have been established for them. In the summer two coaches run daily to Preston. Population (with Layton), 749. Post town, Poulton, 4 m. s.w." That was the position and capacity of Blackpool in the life of some who reside there at the present day. Now more than one hundred and fifty thousand visitors have been counted into the place on one Bank Holiday. The resident population of the place was, however, at the last census, only some 14,000, and thus it is emphatically one of "holiday resort." It drains the working life of Lancashire, let alone part of Yorkshire, and seemed full on the occasion of my visit, though no special attractions in the shape of races or regatta were being offered to the unmistakable "factory operatives" present. It was wholesome to see the multitude of (literally) "hands" (not so white as the faces) at leisure on the pier or beach, and splashing in the sea. They belonged to men and women, lasses and lads, who were enjoying a rest with unmistakable appetite, but in no single instance, so far as I saw, with any excess of its indulgence through drink. They were filling their lungs with some of the finest air I ever swallowed, and either sauntering on the magnificent clean sands or driving slowly in well-filled one-horse chaises up and down the promenade.

One of the celebrated "sights" of the place is at nightfall, when those who have escaped from fierce inland furnaces may see that of the Sun Itself dipped into the ocean, as if to remind them that for a little while they are freed from ministering to importunate fires. In the evening of my arrival the solar disc grew bigger and redder as it sank towards the west, into which at last it disappeared with a sudden final plunge which ought to have made an audible hiss. The clearness of Blackpool air was then shown by a perfectly distinct revelation of the Isle of Man, some sixty miles distant, which came to pass on the horizon close by the place into which the sun had sunk. Visitors are told to look for this Manx display. It is, indeed, most notable, and bears witness to a transparency of atmosphere which is seldom found between, *e.g.*, Dover and Calais, though the space which divides them is only one-third of that between Blackpool and Mona. It is here, too, they say, that we have plenty of ozone with our air, and whatever be the weather, take our sea breezes strong.

Perhaps it was this clearness of perception and radical vitality which led the Blackpool people first of all to welcome the promoters of the "National Home Reading Union" when desirous to hold a gathering in England. At any rate, it took the earliest public shape in the long-headed north country; and this watering-place being the common resort of large numbers in their days of leisure, they were appealed to at Blackpool, with the liberal concurrence of the mayor and other local magnates. The first summer assembly of the Union was held here, as I have said, in July, 1889. It is, however, somewhat of a misnomer to speak of it as being a "Union" then, since the enrolling of members and formation of "circles" began from that date. There are now, as I have also mentioned, between six thousand and seven thousand of the former enrolled, and many "circles" have been formed, chiefly in the north of England and Scotland. This year, 1890, the Union has met once more in Blackpool, where it hopes to meet again. And it has been met with repeated hospitality by the authorities of the town. The assembly was opened at a gathering in the Town Hall, supported by civic and parliamentary power, and followed by a ten days' course of lectures designed to display some of the best, popular, and yet genuinely instructive teaching as could be had, and thus to promote a knowledge of and interest in the best work which could be recommended for the furtherance of the objects held in view by the Union.

The lecturers were men of leading distinction from English Universities and Dublin, and those who went to hear what they had to say were provided with summaries of each lecture in an interleaved pamphlet, so that each hearer or student might have the points of the special utterance placed before him, and might at the same time fill the paper with his or her own jottings. And to judge by the assiduity of some, these blank pages were covered with close blacklead notes before the "course" was over. I have this syllabus now open on my table. It treats of "English History" and "Literature," taking as examples of the former "Four great Statesmen of Early Times;" "Botany" (specially including "Problems of Plant Life"); "Hindu Mythology and Modern Hinduism;" "Vocal Music" (for children and adults, with illustrations); "The Chemistry of Common Food;" "The Uses of Poetry" and also of "The Microscope." This last does not exhaust the list; but when I say that instruction in the use of it is given by the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, it will be seen that the promoters of the Union do not scamp their teaching power, but get good and accepted men to do their work well. The lectures were given in various suitable buildings about the town; some in schools, others in a pavilion on the pier, so that students might take in literature and ozone at the same time.

But these were popular lectures only, notable for nothing more than their severely accurate character, and thus did not distinctly or exclusively promote the "home reading" which the Union has at heart and desires to see so widely accepted as to deserve being called "national." They were indeed held in order to mark the summer assembly and make it useful, but in themselves did not set forth the plan of the society. This appears in another widely-circu-

lated pamphlet which is entitled "Prospectus for 1890—91," and gives the terms of membership, directions for forming "reading circles," and courses of suggested subjects, with the titles of books recommended to readers. There are many distinguished vice-presidents of the Union, and it has a large council, of which Dr. Percival, head-master of Rugby School, is now chairman. Sir Owen Roberts and Dr. Paton are respectively its present treasurer and honorary secretary, while Dr. Hill, Master of Downing College, Cambridge, presides over the executive.

My readers will have realised the general aims of the Union. I might repeat, however, that it has been formed for the purpose of developing a taste for recreative and instructive reading among all classes of the community, and directing home study to definite ends, so as on the one hand to check the spread of pernicious literature among the young, and on the other to remedy the waste of energy and lack of purpose so often found among those who have time and opportunity for a considerable amount of reading.

Towards the promotion of these good ends the Union engages itself, among other things, to draw up and publish courses of reading adapted to the tastes and requirements of different classes of readers; to issue certificates to those who have completed regular courses of study; and to organise summer assemblies at convenient centres.

It aims at organising its members, as far as possible, into reading circles of not less than five members under suitable leaders. Committees are formed whenever practicable, whose duty it is to promote the enrolment of members and the formation of circles within their districts.

There is a small annual subscription ranging from one shilling to three shillings and sixpence, but any person wishing to become a member should write to the "General Secretary, National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C."

Local centres already exist in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and elsewhere in Scotland and England; and I hope that this short notice of the wholesome work which the Union is seeking to do will result in a growing spread of its operations.

HARRY JONES, M.A.

## The Rose Garden of the Ice Mountains

A TYROLESE LEGEND.[1]

Upon a lofty mountain
Where now the eagles mate,
Where, watching for the chamois,
The hunters calmly wait,
Once on a time there flourished,
In the good times of old,
A garden full of fragrance,
Enchanting to behold.

The storms swept o'er the garden
And never wrought it woe;
The winter clouds passed o'er it,
And left it free from snow.
When summits all around it
Their icy garments wore,
The garden, full of roses,
Breathed fragrance evermore.

Two new ones ever blossomed
If one were plucked away,
That all might aye rejoice in
The garden's fair array.
Thus, full of bloom, the garden
A lengthened life enjoyed,
No poison-laden breezes
Its glory e'er destroyed.

Until one day two brothers
Into the garden strayed,
And on the selfsame rosebud
Their hands together laid.
The rosebud from his brother
Did each one strive to wrest,
Until at last a dagger
Was planted in each breast.

Stripped leafless by the brothers,
And in their blood dyed red,
There fell to earth the rosebud,
Dividing them, though dead.
Then from their watch-towers bursting,
The storms that swept the sky
A tomb made of the garden,
Wherein the brothers lie.

Then skilfully uprearing
A hill of ice and snow,
They round the grave their dirges
Still chant of grief and woe.
And where a thousand blossoms
Breathed fragrance age on age,
There only blasts of winter
In deadly fury rage.

And now the Alpine shepherd
Can pluck no roses there,
Where on the mountain bosom
Once bloomed the garden fair.
The gloomy scene beholding,
The rocks stand bare and bold,
As hard as yonder brothers,
And as their hearts as cold.

—*Translated from the German by* John Kelly.

[1] The Rosengarten is one of the Dolomites, and is near Botzen.



ACROPOLIS, CORINTH.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN hunger was appeased, Arignotus recalled attention to the stage. "This play seems to belong even more to celestial than to human affairs, and to contain some daring thoughts. Would that be the reason why some one has remarked that other Greek plays are tragedies, but this one is Tragedy itself?"

"Doubtless you are right; and as to the hardihood of the thoughts, it is not many years since this religious city banished from its midst two philosophers who had been teaching—"

"Oh, we do not want now to hear about philosophers," muttered Ianthe, with a prettily persuasive pout.

Eudora supported her. "Will you rather explain about the chorus? They have been for the most part simply carrying on a dialogue with Prometheus; but when last they sang, I noticed that they arranged themselves, as they are doing now, in two little squadrons, and that when one division danced in a certain figure, the other following danced in a figure precisely corresponding."

"Your observation was quite correct. The music and poetry in those passages correspond in metre line by line, the corresponding parts having the names of *strŏphē* and *antistrŏphē*. Two such strophes, each with its antistrophe, constitute the ode which the chorus is now singing."

"Pray translate it for us."

"It is something like this:

*Strophe* 1. 'Oh, ne'er may Zeus supreme, whose sway
All things obey,
His might antagonist to my will apply;
And may I ne'er delay
All honour due to pay,
Where Father Ocean's restless path doth lie;
With holy gifts of oxen slain
Along the margent of the main
The gods approaching,
And ne'er on their just rights encroaching
With words irreverent and vain!
May such thoughts still possess my heart,
Nor thence depart!

*Antistr.* 1. 'With genial hope 'tis my delight
To cheer the flight
Of my long-during life's successive days,
Whilst joys and fancies bright
Through all my soul spread light.
But when with tearful eyes on thee I gaze,
Dismayed I shudder to behold
Thee gnawed with sufferings untold
And woes unending.
For thou, with spirit stern, unbending,
Quail'st not at Zeus, but far too bold,
Dost turn to mortal man thy thought,
Whom Zeus loves not.

*Str.* 2. 'This boon on men bestowed, Prometheus, see,
Grateful to them, ungrateful 'tis to thee.
These creatures of a day,
What might have they?
And how shall they thy champions be?
Hast thou not seen their power how vain?
The dreamlike impotence that as a chain
Fetters the whole blind race of man?
Whatever Zeus doth once arrange,
Ne'er shall the schemes of mortals change.

*Antistr.* 2. 'This to my mind thy bitter woes reveal,
As I behold thee, and my soul doth feel
Deep anguish for thy wrongs.
But different songs
In sooth now o'er my senses steal
From those that rose with merry clang
When round thy bridal bath and couch I sang,
And loud the hymeneal rang;
For Hesione, my sister fair,
Thou ledd'st with gifts thy bed to share.'"

"But what is this strange figure," exclaims Ianthe, "that is now coming on the stage? An actor gorgeously costumed like the rest, but with horns on his head, and leaping wildly along as if he were frantic!"

"In a woman's dress, observe. He represents Io, the unhappy daughter of Inachus. She also, like Prometheus, is one of the victims of Zeus, not indeed of his anger, but of his love, having been turned into a heifer by his jealous queen Hera. The appearance of Io adds to the pathos of the story. (Now, Philocles, I will try to answer your question about Aristotle, who was *not* writing about mountebanks and tumblers.) To excite both 'pity and terror' is the office of tragedy, according to the philosophers, and thus—"

"Remember," interrupts Eudora with a laugh and a menacing shake of the finger, "Ianthe and I have already banished the philosophers by edict. Tell us rather, while Prometheus and Io are sharing each other's griefs and consolations—for we can guess as much as that—what are those people selling who are moving about among the benches in the more fashionable part of the theatre, with baskets on their arms. Some we know are selling various kinds of fruit, and for the very hungry people, like Philocles and Ianthe, bread and sausages. And I think I see some selling flowers."

"Yes, flowers both in bouquets and in garlands. It is the garlands that you could not distinguish at this distance—garlands of myrtle, olive, ivy, parsley, vine-leaves; of roses, violets, lilies; and of other plants and leaves in great variety; also sometimes of wool."

"But how is it," asks Ianthe, "that the odorous *weed* is absent?"

"Do you not know, you silly girl," answers Philocles, delighted to display his superior knowledge, "that tobacco will not be discovered for—for—many centuries yet."

"I see your chronology halts," says Arignotus; "but the earth will have travelled round the sun more than two thousand times yet before the maid-servant of the great English navigator and courtier will empty the tankard of claret because she thinks he is on fire."

"How Sir Walter Raleigh must have laughed when the first vexation was past!" exclaimed Eudora. "But coming back to Athens. My father has just spoken of the earth travelling round the sun. Can you tell me, Thaumaturgus, whether people here believe in any such travelling, and what shape they suppose the earth to be?"

"The prevailing notion is undoubtedly that the earth is flat, and all the heavenly bodies revolve round it. But," added Thaumaturgus, with a malicious smile, "a cylindrical form has been claimed for the earth by one of your friends, the philosophers, and—"

"Oh, I am fairly entrapped!" shrieked Eudora. "No, no, we'll leave the philosophers alone; and I see Ianthe is longing to ask something."

"I want Thaumaturgus to explain—what I was going to ask some time ago—the meaning of those curious gold ornaments that you see on the gentlemen's heads. When any of those near us lift their broad-brimmed hats, you can see what looks like a large grasshopper of gold on the top of—and, I suppose, fastening—the mass of hair."

"It is meant for a *cicāda*, or tree-cricket. The Athenians wear a brooch or pin for their hair made in that shape to signify that they consider themselves an indigenous race—no more immigrants than the very grasshoppers that sing in the fields or trees."

"It is strange to see men with such long hair."

"To our eyes, but in earlier ages that was the universal custom in Greece. At Sparta even now, though young boys have their hair cut close, bigger boys and men wear it long; 'the cheapest of ornaments' they call it."

"But young boys here wear their hair long."

"They do till about the age of fourteen. Then it is cut shorter; and again at the age of eighteen it is cut very short, and kept so for two years. Do you remember that youth who passed us on horseback this morning?"

"I noticed," said Philocles, "that his hair was very short; and his dress also differed from any other that we have seen, for instead of a large mantle such as my father and you are wearing, he had only a long and narrow shawl or scarf of finer material and bright yellow colour."

"He was what is called here an *ephēbus*—that is, a young citizen just passing out of boyhood into manhood. At that time of life—that is, during the two years from eighteen to twenty—every free-born Athenian has to serve a sort of apprenticeship in arms, and bodies of these do patrol and garrison duty in the towns and fortresses of Attica, and at every point of the frontier. During those two years the yellow or saffron-coloured *chlamys*, as it is called, is the uniform of their corps, and their hair they keep short, but afterwards allow it to grow again. As to the scarf, I may add that a general in command of an army wears a similar one, but scarlet."

"See, see! Look at the stage!" cried Ianthe; "that lady with the horns is gone, and a car is coming again, something like Ocean's, but above the stage, not on it. It is one of the celestial gods, I suppose."

"Yes, that peculiar wand that he carries, and the wings on his hat and on his ankles, show him to be Hermes, the son and messenger of Zeus. A sharp altercation is going on now between him and Prometheus. Prometheus learnt of old from his mother, Themis, in what manner Zeus will unwittingly bring about his own overthrow. Of this secret Hermes comes to demand the surrender. Prometheus disdainfully refuses. He scoffs at Hermes as 'the lackey of the gods.' The thunderbolt is threatened: he is unmoved. Hermes predicts to him that he will be engulfed in the lower world, together with the rock to which he is riveted. When recalled to light after a great length of time,

> 'The gore-stained eagle, winged hound of Zeus,
> Shall furious rend huge fragments from thy body,
> Each day returning an unbidden guest
> To banquet greedily on thy black liver.'

But all these menaces avail nothing. Now Hermes is warning the chorus to flee, but they, faithful in friendship, choose at all hazards to remain, and—"

"Ha! what a crash and roar and smoke! See, the whole mountain-side is heaving up and down!"

"Yes, they haven't our modern explosives, but the descent of the thunderbolt was well represented. Listen! Prometheus as he slowly sinks into the gaping, quaking ground is chanting the concluding strain, and the chorus marches off at the same time:

'And now in deed and no longer in word
Zeus shakes the earth;
The deep roar of the bellowing thunder is heard,
And the lightning's forked flame streams forth.
Countless whirlwinds the eddying dust roll along;
And around them with hideous boundings throng
All the tempests from every quarter that bray,
With each other engaging in windy affray.
And the sea in its tumult of billowy might
Commingles its waves with the ether bright.
So fearful the stroke that comes down from above,
When forth stalks unveiled the vengeance of Jove!
Oh, Themis, great mother, and ambient air,
By whom the fair light—boon that all beings share—
Through the vaulted heaven in glory is rolled,
My sufferings unjust ye behold.'"

"And so the play finishes," says Arignotus. "A grand play, indeed! And see, they are now hiding the scene with a curtain drawn up through a slit in the front of the stage. Now I suppose we shall all clear out of the theatre; and yet the audience shows no signs of dispersing. They are very merry with jests and laughter. Do they ever display a different temper in the theatre—if, for example, an actor displeases them?"

"Yes indeed. The whistling and hissing and howling then are frightful, and sometimes the actor is pelted off the stage with nuts and olives, and figs, or even stones. Evidently they have been satisfied to-day."

"Then if satisfied, why don't they go?"

"This which we have seen is the second play of three. They are waiting for the third, which will begin as soon as the stage preparations are complete. The three plays are all composed by the same dramatist, and deal with parts of the same subject. Collectively they are called a *trilogy*. Often a fourth, of a more comic character, is added, the chorus consisting of Satyrs. Such a composition is called a Satyric Drama, and the four collectively a *tetralogy*. But perhaps we have now seen enough of the theatre."

"I think so," said Philocles, leading the way down the great stairs. "Let us go to the Gymnasium now. There is one, I believe. I want to know what games the boys play. Tell us as we go down the road."

"There are, or will be, three great Gymnasia in Athens, and several smaller ones in later times. But though they will be almost or quite dispeopled to-day, the officers in charge would not allow ladies to enter, for both men and boys practise perfectly naked, covered only with a coating of oil and dust."

"Have they any such games as cricket or football?"

"They play various games of ball, throwing balls to one another and catching them. These games are so highly valued that in every gymnasium one large room is set apart for them. One game is a kind of football, but it must be very restricted if played indoors; in another the ball is thrown up into the air, and the other players try who can catch it; in another several persons take part, and the one who holds the ball pretends to throw it to one of the others to catch, but, turning sharply, throws it to another instead; in another the player makes it rebound between the ground and his hand as often as he can without missing; in another—"

"Oh, thank you, that is enough," cried Philocles; "games fit for my sister here, or Ianthe! Have they nothing more manly—nothing that requires strength as well as skill?"

"Certainly; there is throwing the discus, putting the shot, the footrace, jumping, wrestling, boxing, and the pancratium."

"That sounds better; but what is the last you mentioned?"

"A combination of boxing and wrestling, but of so violent a character that it is little practised in the gymnasia, and at Sparta it is forbidden, except in a modified form, as is boxing also."

"May we go and look into some of the shops now?" asked Eudora. "So far as we have seen, Athens contains not a single baker, or greengrocer, or cheesemonger, or fishmonger, or poulterer, or even butcher."

"Or bookseller, or banker, or medical practitioner," added Arignotus; "though Prometheus in our hearing claimed to have possessed, and to have imparted to primæval men, some knowledge of the healing art."

"*Some* knowledge of that art must exist in every country. Even dogs, and sheep, and cows, and wild goats, teach those who will observe them; for even they will cleanse a wound; and if they have any ailment they find herbs or chalybeate springs to heal them. And there are—and have been for centuries—physicians and surgeons among the Greeks."

"And laws to 'enforce their prescriptions,' as the historians say. For I remember reading of a certain King Zaleucus—I forget when and where he lived—"

"In Locri, a Greek colony in the south of Italy, nearly two hundred years ago. He was a lawgiver, however, not a king."

"Thank you. Well, he enacted among his laws that if a patient disobeyed the orders of his physician by drinking wine when forbidden to do so, he should be put to death."

"So we are told; it was an odd mode of helping the doctor to save his patient's life. But even in the early state of society which Homer depicts there were physicians. He mentions the names of two—Podalirius and Machaon, and even then they had some skill with the knife, and some acquaintance with salves and styptics, and no doubt studied diet and regimen, as well as herbal medicines, as the Athenian physicians do still."

"Yes, my class read in the Iliad not long ago how Patroclus met one of his friends limping away from the battlefield, in a cold sweat with pain and almost fainting, with an arrow stuck in his thigh. He knew that Patroclus had been taught medicine and surgery to some extent by Achilles, and he asked him to help him. Patroclus took him to his tent, cut out the arrow, and found (or had brought with him from Greece) some root, which he crushed in his hands, and applied to the wound to stop the bleeding."

"True, and it is part of the legend that these arts had been taught to Achilles and others by Cheiron, 'the most righteous of the Centaurs,' as Homer calls him. And undoubtedly such knowledge is handed down traditionally, even without medical colleges or schools, which are unknown here; only there are limits to the teaching at Athens, for no woman or slave is allowed to learn anything of medicine."

"But civilisation has hardly so far advanced as to have brought bankers into existence?" said Arignotus.

"Be sure that in any country, as soon as commerce is developed beyond the stage of mere barter, and money—I do not mean necessarily coined money, but either coined or the precious metals as weighed—is used for commercial purposes, the rich will be asked to lend to poor traders; they will do so on condition of sharing the profits; some men will make a business of this; a fixed rate of payment for money borrowed, that is, interest, will become generally agreed on; and there you have the banking system in its infancy. And had not the Agora to-day been occupied by that vast and uproarious fair we should have found the system by no means in its infancy."

"We could hardly have gone into the banks to watch their proceedings."

"I should have shown you bankers sitting at their counters in the open air in the part of the Agora assigned to them, lending money to borrowers, receiving money when repaid or on deposit, weighing in their scales with scrupulous exactness all sums so paid or deposited, placing out deposits in various well-considered investments, dealing in bills of exchange and letters of credit from all parts of Greece, exchanging foreign for Athenian coin, and so on."

"What is the usual rate per cent. on loans?"

"Thirty-six."

"Thirty-six per cent.? They can easily grow rich with such enormous profits. Of course they are all Athenians?"

"They do indeed, some of them become immensely rich, though occasionally a bank breaks. But they have, as a body, earned so high a reputation for integrity that they are universally trusted. They are however mostly not Athenians, but metœcs —resident aliens."

"And are there bakers' and fishmongers' shops in the Agora too?" asked Eudora.

"On any other day, especially in the forenoon, when the Agora is fullest, we might have listened to the shrill scolding of the baker-women, and watched the fishmonger (if he thought nobody was looking) throwing water over his stale fish to make it look fresh; and we might have bought meat, poultry, onions, garlic, nuts, apples, cheese, oil, unguents, frankincense, and spices; lamps, bronze vessels, pottery of all kinds, wool, second-hand clothes, books, slaves, everything."

"And you might sell a slave there, I suppose?" said Ianthe, laughing.

"Undoubtedly, if your uncle and Eudora were tired of you. I say nothing about Philocles. But see, the sun is near the horizon, and when he vanishes—"

"Yes, indeed," said Eudora, "when he vanishes your cruel wand will terminate a truly delightful day. But what time is it? You have allowed us no watches. And how do these Athenians reckon the time of day?"

"Watches in Ancient Athens! Certainly there are none here. But they reckon the time of day in three ways. You see this upright pillar which we are now approaching, in a place fully exposed to the sun? A pillar such as that, or simply a staff fixed perpendicularly, is used to mark the divisions of the day by the varying length of the shadow. See, the shadow now is nearly twenty-four feet long; that of the kind of staff used for this purpose would be nearly twelve feet at this moment; and that means that it is not far from sunset."

"Which unhappily we are quite aware of," said Ianthe. "And what are the other methods?"

"One is the sun-dial, which however is not made with a flat dial, but concave like a basin; and the other is the water-clock. It is by the latter that the length of the speeches in the law courts is regulated. A speaker is allowed a certain time, which may not however be trenched upon by the reading of documents. An advocate, we will suppose, calls on the city clerk to read a certain law, and he will quickly shout also, 'Ho there! stop the water!' if the officer in charge of the clepsydra is inattentive to his duties. But look, my allowance of water is gone—the sun has disappeared. Farewell, Athens!"



AN ATHENIAN ALTAR, BRITISH MUSEUM.

# THINKERS AND MUSIC.

I HARDLY know of any more characteristic instance of Carlyle's vigour in forcibly protesting against what was unsuited to his individual tastes, than his rushing out one day, bareheaded, from his house in Cheyne Row, seizing an offending organ-proprietor by the coat-collar, and depositing him, instrument and all, at the door of a neighbouring literary man who had rendered himself conspicuous by defending the organ-grinding nuisance in the public press.

Furthermore, Carlyle distinctly refused to recognise music in barnyard sounds. In his reminiscences of his wife we find him writing: "House was hardly finished when there arose that of the 'demon fowls,' as she appropriately named them; macaws, cochin-chinas, endless concert of crowing, cackling, shrieking roosters (from a bad or misled neighbour next door), which cut us off from sleep or peace at times altogether, and were like to drive me mad, and her through me, through sympathy with me." The burden of his objection was that these fowls "would neither hatch in peace nor let him." Yet out of the furnace of his afflictions came forth quotable wisdom. "A thinker, I take it," he says in a letter to Emerson, "in the long-run finds that essentially he must ever be and continue *alone;—alone:* 'silent, rest over him the stars, and under him the graves!' The clatter of the world, be it a friendly, be it a hostile world, shall not intermeddle with him much." But we can forgive the weary old man many of his foibles; for he knew, after all, what genuine music was. Contemplating the image of a brave man fighting with Necessity, he said that every giant-stroke with which the fiend was smitten was *musical*. I have no doubt that when he confessed that music was to him a kind of inarticulate speech which led him to the edge of the infinite, and permitted him for a moment to gaze into it, he had, at the time, ringing through his mind Jean Paul Richter's apostrophe: "Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have not found, and shall not find."

"I have no ear," confessed Charles Lamb, in one of his inimitable outbursts. "Mistake me not, reader," he hastened to add, "nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital. When, therefore, I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean—*for music*. To say that this heart never melted at the concord of sweet sounds would be a foul self-libel. 'Water parted from the Sea' never fails to move it strangely. So does 'In Infancy.' But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old-fashioned instrument in vogue in those days) by a gentlewoman—the gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellation—the sweetest. I think that *sentimentally* I am disposed to harmony; but *organically* I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising 'God Save the King' all my life: whistling and humming it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the royalty of Elia never been impeached."[1]

I wonder no one of the quick-witted friends who gathered round Lamb made fun of him for this admission. They might well have called him their savage, heaping up at the same time all sorts of evidence to prove that he actually was one. "The music of savages usually consists of the mere infinite repetition of one movement, which, if varying in rapidity, is always regular. With the negroes the number of singing notes is limited to four, when there are no external circumstances to cause modifications. Melody is but vague in form and without variety. The monotonous dwelling upon a single note satisfies them; the rude rattle of the drum forms their most lively enjoyment."[2]

"The whole talent of an uncultivated mind lies in the force and oneness of its sensations. Beyond that it is powerless."[3] Yet even in what is termed a cultivated mind there is always a tendency to direct all experiences in the path of the one absorbing passion. Weber never saw a beautiful landscape which did not produce in his mind a train of corresponding musical associations; and when Gluck heard the mad cry of "Bread! bread!" uttered by a multitude in the streets during a time of famine, he immediately bethought himself that he had never heard such a "painfully sublime chorus."

We have all sorts of old-world stories exalting the power of music. In the Edda Legends we find Gunnar playing on his harp so sweetly that women wept and men lamented. Passing from the Edda to the Skaldic works of the thirteenth century, we come across this same Gunnar, in a serpents' den this time, and with hands bound. But he harped with his feet and sent the snakes to sleep. In the legends of Germanised Italy we find Dietrich; and when he "took a harp, and began sounding a lay," the hand of him that drank fell, spilling the liquor on the table, whilst the knife dropped from the grasp of him who cut bread, and all were witless. In the "Nibelungen Lied" we discover the gifted Volker, the sleep-bestower. "Under the porch of the house he sat on the stone: bolder fiddler was there never any; when the tones flowed so sweetly, they all gave him thanks. Then sounded his strings till all the house rang; his strength and the art were great; sweeter and sweeter he began to play, till flitted forth from him into sleep full many a care-worn soul." The classic Orpheus is more familiar to us; he who "could harp so that the wood

[1] "A Chapter on Ears." [2] Eugène Véron—"Æsthetics." [3] Taine.

moved, and the stones stirred themselves at the sound, and wild beasts would run thereto, and stand as if they were tame—so still, that though men and hounds pursued them, they shunned them not." His crowning achievement, of course, was the deliverance of Eurydice, his wife, from Hades. Cerberus, the three-headed dog, wagged his tail and played with him; and Charon promised him all kinds of things, desirous only for the unaccustomed sound. Even Ixion's restless wheel stood still for his harping; in short, all the punishments of Hades were suspended in his presence. And so the king said: "Let us give the man his wife, for he has earned her by his music."

To cause pleasure or pain, mentally and physically, is a common achievement of the musician. It is said of Lulli, that once, when his imagination was all on fire with some verses descriptive of terrible ideas, which he had been reading in a French tragedy, he ran to his harpsichord and struck off such a combination of sounds that the company felt their hair stand on end with horror.

Some thinkers care nothing very much for music. Montaigne confessed that he could never be taught anything of it, either vocal or instrumental. Flaxman said that he could not endure fine music for long. Others again prefer instrumental melody; while some give the preference to that of the voice, and affirm that—

> "The sound
> Of music that is born of human breath
> Comes straighter from the soul than any strain
> The hand alone can make."[1]

A third makes a compromise, and says that the instrument should accompany the voice: "For tunes and melodies without words and meaning seem to me like butterflies or finely-variegated birds, which hover round us in the air, which we could wish to catch and make our own; whereas song is like a blessed genius that exalts us towards Heaven, and allures the better self in us to attend him."[2]

It is, however, a sad affliction for a man of nervous and studious habits (plagued, perhaps, with occasional toothache!) to have as a next-door neighbour one whose sole object in life is to learn to play either the harmonium, the violin, or the cornet. In one of Max Adeler's funny books we stumble across one of these misguided creatures. His affection, however, was for a horn; and, furthermore, he soon had the good sense to sell it, telling himself, "And now if I want music I shall buy a good hand-organ—I know I can play on that."

A certain American divine who had no love for sweet sounds held firmly to the Hellenistic interpretation of the word music, which was a pursuit of all the liberal arts. He was content that the thoughts of great men should build lofty harmonies in his mind. When he was in college, Cranch, the painter, and J. S. Dwight, the musical journalist, sometimes met to "meditate the muse upon a slender reed." Our Hellenist bore it for a long time without flinching. "But on one occasion," says Cranch, "there was a movement in the entry just outside our door, executed upon a peculiar, and by no means musical instrument—a sort of *obbligato ad libitum* bass thrown in as accompaniment to our strains. On opening the door to ascertain the nature of these strange sounds, there was our friend, who had left his folios of the Latin Fathers, had rushed into the cellar, and brought up a wooden horse, saw, and log of wood, on which he was exercising his vigorous sinews—see-saw, see-saw—to our utter discomfiture and amusement."

But to the lover of music what a source of inspiration it is! The gates of the mind are thrown open to all kinds of sweet or sad associations. "It seems like one departed spirit come to bear witness to another," said Leigh Hunt, when one day, whilst writing of the poetry of Keats, he heard in the street an Italian grinding from his organ an air of Bellini's (who, like Keats, died young). Bishop Beveridge said: "When music sounds sweetest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest in my mind." Warburton confessed that music was always a necessity to him when engaged in intellectual labour. Curran, the Irish barrister, used to consider his briefs with a violin in his hand; and Bacon often had music played in the room adjoining his library, saying that he gathered inspiration from its strains. "Nothing," asserted Alfieri, "so moves my heart and soul and intellect, and rouses my very faculties, like music, especially the music of a woman's voice. Almost all my tragedies have been conceived under the immediate emotion caused by music." Milton loved music, and used to play upon an organ. Jeremy Bentham was a great lover of music. Coleridge's enjoyment of this kind was very lively, and always openly expressed. Wordsworth once declared himself perfectly delighted and satisfied with a large musical party in London; but, whilst there, "he sat alone, silent, with his face covered, and was generally supposed to be asleep." Of holy George Herbert, Izaak Walton says: "His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol; and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the cathedral church in Salisbury; and at his return would say, that his time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth. But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it."

When Paganini was a boy, his mother said to him one morning, "My son, thou shalt become a great musician; for an angel, radiant with beauty, appeared to me this night, and has listened to the

[1] Lewis Morris—"Epic of Hades." [2] Goethe.

prayer I made him. I prayed him that thou mayest become the first of violinists, and the angel has promised me it shall be so." The vision, pretended or real, had the desired effect, for from that time forth the study of the violin became Paganini's sole object in life. After he became famous someone asked Rossini what he thought of him, and this queer answer was made: "I have wept only three times in my life; the first time, when my first opera fell to the ground on the first representation; the second, when being out in a boat with some friends, a truffled turkey we were to have eaten fell into the water; and the third, when I heard Paganini for the first time."

"The Song of the Wind," "The Music of the Stars," "The Whisper of the Night" are not such meaningless scraps of poetry as some would fain believe. But their hidden, though literal truth cannot be fully conveyed in words; can in fact be but suggested; for it exists in experience only, not in thought. It is the secret of the man who keeps his heart open to God, and who shuts it not to the beauty of His universe. With heart mysteriously attuned, he listens to the music of sea and lane and hill; sometimes awestricken; again

> "Rapt
> In faith and a high courage, driving out
> All doubt and discontent."

Methinks Isaac must have known this blessed experience, for he "went out to meditate in the field at the eventide."

The mere memories of sweet sounds and fair sights afford considerable pleasure to the man who is not above indulging in occasional reverie. Let me recall two red-letter hours of the past. How far away they seem, and yet so near. One is the hour of sunset on the little lake of Llangorse in Breconshire. A great stillness and peace brooded over all on the warm July evening. An idler in search of health, after a prolonged period of hard work, I lay alone in a little boat with a volume of Keats in hand: and so the moments passed. And as I read—

> "Methought that I heard voices sodainly,
> The most sweetest and most delicious
> That ever any wight, I trow truly,
> Heard in their life, for the armony
> And sweet accord was in so good musike
> That the voice to angels most was like."[1]

Starting, I realised that my solitude had been pleasantly invaded; for, in front of me, crossing the flood of gold poured on the lake by the sinking sun, passed a light boat rowed by three fair maidens who sang that sweet scrap of wonderment, "My Queen."

The other memory that comes to me now is of a Christmas Eve in the country house of friends. I had travelled a good portion of the day, and being tired, had gone to bed early. After sleeping for some time I was quietly roused by the sound of music on the terrace in front of my window. It was simply the band of waits from the neighbouring village, but they played and sang not badly. In fact the whole situation—loved friends around me, the moonlight flooding in through the window, the associations clustering round the season of the year—threw such an undefinable charm about these honest endeavours of the villagers that the voices heard here and there among the instruments appeared to be

> "Singing in lovely words . . .
> To music of invisible sweet chords,
> So witching, that it seemed the night stood still
> To hear them, and the listening stars and moon
> Paused in their orbits while these hymned."

J. ROGERS REES.

[1] Chaucer: "The Flower and the Leaf."

## BRIEF COUNSELS CONCERNING BUSINESS.

BY AN OLD MAN OF BUSINESS.

### VII.

WE have of late years read, and some of us perhaps have heard more, about self-made men, who got on in life only, it would seem, by the aid of self-help. Now this same self-help is not by any means a bad thing in its way. Without it, indeed, not much, if any, real progress would be made in business. An absolutely necessary thing is self-help, but only, as I have said, in its way. It is not the only thing a man needs—no, indeed, not the only thing by any means! What of neighbour-help, of which we hear so little, yet of which each of us gets so much—and really requires so much? Poor creatures, I guess, should we be without this kind of help! Self-sufficient in, and by, and for themselves as self-made men may sometimes seem to be, even they would be compelled now and then to call a halt in their rapid rush to success if they had no neighbour-help. We are all dependent one upon the other; there is no such thing as independence absolute

One of the shrewdest of public men made the remark the other day that if some men owe all their success to themselves, as we are glibly told—and told somewhat boastingly by themselves also—that in brief they are self-made men—they are assuredly to be complimented for the ardent worship they give to their maker. It is not from such men we are likely to hear much of the neighbour-help they have got. And yet, as a matter of the mere necessity of living amongst men, they must have had their fair share of it. If we knew all we

should perhaps find that they had had a pretty large share. But the truly great self-made man would be the last to claim anything like complete independence of neighbour-help. Notwithstanding all he did for and by himself only, he would be the first to acknowledge that in all crucial or test movements of his life he would neither have made them so promptly or carried them out so successfully had he not obtained some neighbour-help, and just in the right time.

Judging, indeed, from what I have seen and known of the lives of self-made men, I should be inclined to define a successful self-made man as one who has the knack, by the power of his own self-help, to turn the little neighbour-help he obtains to the greatest advantage. He wins success out of that which a man of another stamp would have made little or nothing of. There are few men of mature years who, being of kindly disposition, have done something to help their less fortunate brethren but have had experience of the truth that a trifle given at the right time to the right man may be the basis of a fortune. Just as, on the other hand, they know well enough that a much larger amount of help given to another man might as well have never been given at all for any good it did to him. Not one of us who have been successful in business life but what, if honest with himself, will record this most thankfully—that not once, but often, in his career he obtained neighbour-help in one form or another, the value of which he would hesitate to estimate at all, in fear lest he should greatly under-estimate it.

And there are many ways of giving neighbour-help, so that no one need excuse himself from giving it on the ground that he does not see how he can give, or know those who need it. Men of right feeling have no difficulty in finding out occasions of giving the neighbour-help, of the high value of which their own lives give abundant evidence. The poor, it is said, never could get along without the help of the poor; and if they can give neighbour-help, surely those with larger means and brighter hopes ought to find ways and outlets for disposing of it. They will never have regrets if they do: I cannot say this if they do not.

* * *

Great men—of position, of influence in the world of business, who have but to lift their little finger, so to say, to secure work to some of those who are so eager to obtain it—have not always a clear conception of the power of beneficence which they possess. It is so easy for all of us to be benevolent, to wish well. But unless benevolence ripens and fructifies into beneficence (or well-doing), it may do little more good than such comfort as knowing only that we have a well-wisher is calculated to give us. But this is not much. Although, after all, in view of the fact that in the business world of life the malevolent exist, who are at times apt to pass from the passive or negative to the active or positive side of malevolence, it is a comfort to know that we have at least a well-wisher. This is of some value, no doubt, but to have a well-doer would be of more. The proverb tells us that "fine words butter no parsnips." But unfortunately they as little provide even "the parsnips."

To men who have "made their mark" I would say, never lose an opportunity to help forward deserving young fellows, who are doing honestly and earnestly their best to succeed in their business. This may at times be done—perhaps done best—not by pecuniary help, but by saying a good word for them, or giving practical proof of confidence in them, at times when such word or act is likely to advance them in the estimation of those who have the gifts of work in their patronage. A mere word, an apparently passing remark, made by a man of mark and influence in relation to some young fellow pushing his way in the world, may be enough to secure him that notice which may lead to his getting important work to do from someone who heard the remark casually, as it were; and successful men, who have much in their power, have, let me note here, a facility not only of observing quickly, but of hearing sharply and certainly—taking clear cognizance of what they mean—the casual remarks made by others. To men of mark I would repeat—do not grudge saying the little word which may carry to someone great issues. It will cost you little—only a passing breath—but it may be of vast value to the individual in regard to whom it is said. I have known what turned out to be the foundation of a young man's fortune or success in business laid by a casual remark made at a dinner-table. That remark was heard by a "great man," who had much in the way of work in his gift. The remark led to inquiries being made by him—such inquiries as all young men in business wish for; and inquiries led to the observation, "We shall give this young fellow a trial. So-and-so spoke highly of him the other night at dinner." The result was, to repeat a graphic but somewhat coarse phrase, that the young fellow's "bread" (his parsnips, so to say) "was buttered for life." And scores of opportunities of the like kind present themselves every day. A great deal of good, however, is missed—more, I believe, from want of thought than from any real indifference people have to the doing of good. Some men, on the contrary, are aggressively beneficent. It is a delight to them to think about others. But these are amongst the princes of men, and princes are somewhat rare.

* * *

It is said that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and anyone who knows what this heart-sickness really is, and how sore a thing it is to bear, should not try to forget all about it, but should treasure its memory up, if only for this reason: that the recollection of its bitterness may so act that they will not willingly be the means of bringing the complaint upon another. It is hard to bear this heart-sickness, even when those suffering from it have in their social circumstances many things to act as comforts and consolations. How much harder is it to bear when one has but little or no comfort to fall back upon, or no consolations to support them, as in the case of the very poor! or as in the case of a man struggling against pecuniary difficulties to make a living.

Many of those who have only their own exertions to look to for success in their business have at the commencement of their career the greatest difficulty to "make ends meet." They are willing to work, as is shown when they have got the work to do. But often for a long time at the beginning of their career do they find it just *the* one difficulty with which they have to contend—the getting of work. And to those anxious to get work it is one of the most trying of their too often trying experiences, when they have been *promised* work by those who have work largely in their gift, to find that the promise has been made only to be broken.

I would earnestly counsel the successful man to avoid this. Let him not promise to give work to the young man and then straightway go his way and forget all about it. Or if he remembers that he has promised, let him not be indifferent about fulfilling his word on the ground that "it's only So-and-so, and he is nobody in my circle, only a beginner." This is gross injustice, for if he had made the like promise to a rich or another successful man, whose good opinion he was desirous to retain, it is very likely that he would not have "remembered to forget" or overlook it. "Ah, it's Mr. This-and-that, and *he* must be attended to. I must fulfil the promise I made to *him*." Such cases occur far too frequently. I have little hesitation in saying that such conduct is cowardly. It is more—it is cruel. Indeed, cowardice is always cruel. Once having promised to give work to a man struggling to make his business a success, see that he gets it, make sure that he has it. Your not fulfilling your promise may have much graver moral effects than you think of. At all events, you may be sure of this: that if you forget—or, what is worse, neglect to fulfil it, though remembering about it, you will give the "heart-sickness" which is so sore to bear. And thus surely, if you have any claim to be deemed a kind and considerate man, it is worth your while to strive to avoid. Your neglecting to fulfil your promises may cause a struggling man to lose all faith in the integrity and honesty of his kind. And to bring a man into this position is a greater wrong done to society than some think of. No right-thinking men would like to have this deed laid at their door.

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I was told the other day by a young successful man that which may afford a hint of practical utility in connection with this subject. Shortly after he had begun business on his own account circumstances arose which made money—or the work which would bring money—essential, a thing to be had if possible. Thoughtful and anxious, he was sitting in his little office turning over in his mind how and in what direction it was likely he could get work to do, when, much to his surprise, he had a visit from a man whom he slightly knew—but, what was more to his purpose, knew also to have much and valuable work in his gift. Still more to his surprise, the great man began to talk of some important work he had to put in hand, and, being apparently satisfied that my friend could do it well, promised him there and then that he should have it. This promise was followed up by some rather flattering statements as to what he had heard of my friend's ability in his calling. As the work was important, and required much consultation, still more and more to my friend's surprise the great man said that he would call next day at a certain hour and then decide on the final details, so that my friend could set to work at once. And he concluded with the thoughtful remark that, as young men always found money useful, payments could be made to meet my friend's convenience. Although my friend could not well account for all this interest in him, he put it down to the real goodness of the great man, and felt all the more grateful to him for it. You may be sure that my friend was at the office the next day at the hour named. In point of fact, as the great man might look in at some other time, my friend never left his office. But the great man never came, nor did he the next day, nor the next, nor yet the next—for the faith of my friend in the great man's integrity and truthfulness did not fail until it could be no longer reasonably held. My friend told me that he should carry with him to his grave the bitter recollection of those days of weary waiting, of the heart-sickness of hope deferred. But so painful was the heart-sickness caused by the circumstance, that he formed a resolution then and there that if ever the time should come when he would have work in his gift—a very unlikely thing, as it at the time seemed to be—he never would make a promise to anyone that he would give him work but that he would at all hazards fulfil it; and, as a common-sense corollary to this, he would be quite sure that he *had* the work to give which he promised. My friend also told me that afterwards, when success did come to him—and it was no small success—and he had abundance of work in his gift, he invariably understated or undertoned the extent of it. For example, although he knew, granting the man's ability to do the work well, that the work would last for weeks or months, he would, on first engaging a new hand, state, as it were incidentally, that the work would at least last for a week or two, and then "we shall see how things go on." My friend adopted this plan, for, as he said, "I myself have known to the full the bitterness of hope deferred, the soreness of the wounds of disappointment; and knowing also the rarity of 'agreeable disappointments,' as they are termed, I was determined that I would spare as many as I could the pain of the disappointments which were bitter, and give to as many as I could the pleasure of the disappointments which were agreeable and pleasant." It is perhaps worth recording that my friend, after he had fairly got over his disappointment, had, by one of those singular "chances" which sometimes surprise us delightfully with their results, capital paying work come to him from a quarter wholly unexpected. Yes, it was a "chance;" but then the "chance the good God did guide," so Spenser, in his "Faerie Queene" puts it, and this way of putting the point every good and thoughtful man can from the experience of his life endorse.

R. SCOTT BURN.

# GROWING OUR OWN HARDY FRUIT.

ONE of the most hopeful and enjoyable industries for rural districts now that corn-farming is so depressed is fruit-growing. If the situation is well selected, and if the enterprise is not gone about too rashly, there is good ground to anticipate a fair return for the labour expended.

In former days around London there were many orchards of cherries, apples, and plums, that used to help largely to pay the rent for the entire farm. And the same might be said of other districts both in Great Britain and Ireland. But the last fifty years have seen a new style of cultivation, by which corn roots and other fodder crops have been gradually superseding the orchards as the old trees died out.

There is a fashion in farming as in other things, and at present very few landlords have largely taken up with the planting of orchards on the extensive scale adopted by Lord Sudeley in Gloucestershire. But in America the farmers of the older States seem to be growing apples with great energy. The British fruit trade during the past ten years, indeed, has been very greatly extended by the winter supplies from the United States and Canada; whilst there seems every prospect of this extension of trade continuing, as the medical press and the doctors are praising the preventive powers of good ripe juicy fruits for indigestion and various other ailments.

Let us therefore take a survey of the various hardy fruits produced in this country, and see what can be done to encourage their home production. It has been urged that the seasons are against us in England; but as notwithstanding this there are large crops grown annually in the midland and western counties, especially for cider or perry, we may infer that the same climate will produce table-fruit. There are even paragraphs occasionally in the farming journals, advocating the use of apples for feeding stock, so that it would appear the climate difficulty may in some degree be overcome with proper precautions, if the site is carefully selected. Another objection to the cultivation of hardy standard or "top" fruits is, that one has to wait so long before the outlay becomes really remunerative; but there are methods of grafting trees on "dwarf stocks" that have been long known on the Continent, and that have been in vogue in our own nursery grounds the past twenty or thirty years, by which, within a couple of years after planting, nearly all varieties of orchard trees become fertile and productive. Apples on the paradise crab, pears on the quince, cherries on the mahaleb, and plums on the prunus myrabolan, are turned out by the scientific modern nurseryman not only more precocious, but often (in the case of plums and pears) much more prolific than under the old style of "standard" orchard trees.

To the villa gardener or the cottager wishing to get the earliest returns for his labour from fruit, however, strawberries offer by far the best inducements in many ways; they are seldom subject to any disease or insect pests, and if there is a fair sale in the district, they afford for the year after planting a good prospect of steady remuneration. The land must be well manured, and the "runners" got in as soon as possible—by July or August—to ensure a crop the next season. It is desirable to have the plants slightly protected, if in an exposed situation, during the winter, by litter—"old tan," or other similar material; and in order to let the soil remain as firm as possible and to encourage surface rooting, it is best to remove all weeds by hand, and not to use the hoe within a space of a foot round the plants.

If the site is favourable for early crops, and they are grown for sale, select carefully the most forward varieties, so as to have them come to market immediately after those that were raised "under glass" are over. There is often a great scarcity of such an early season supply, when good prices are willingly paid. The selection for such a purpose would lie probably between such kinds as Laxton's Noble, James Veitch, and V. de Thury. These can be followed by Sir J. Paxton, President, or Laxton's Jubilee; and for later sorts, British Queen and Eleanor Bicton Pine, or Dr. Hogg, if they are known to succeed in the district, will be found among the most profitable. Some of these are not yet widely known, being amongst the latest raised of the new and really good sorts, so they might be tried cautiously at first.

After strawberries for early profit come raspberries; and all the bush fruits are worthy of special attention, as foreign competition can never interfere with such quickly perishing products. If there are not too many birds about, these bush fruits are amongst the safest sorts for regular returns. Without some special protection for the young buds during winter, as well as for the fruit during summer, a good deal of this fruit (red and white currants and gooseberries), and stone fruit (plums) also, may be very much injured by the buds being eaten off by birds in the winter. To protect large fruit-trees from such depredation is impracticable as a rule; but the market gardener can get old fish-nets and new Dundee onion bagging at about 1½*d*. per square yard that will for many years protect his dwarf or "bush" and "cordon" trees. The latter is also useful as giving a partial shelter from frost, where it can be made secure from flapping during high winds. Raspberries will thrive in almost any light soil; and will yield often quite prolific crops in some of the poorest and most stony ground in Kent, if properly "mulched" or manured in early spring. No other special culture is needful beyond clearing out old wood and keeping all clean. They are planted any time between October and March, and during the first year or two turnips, beet, cabbage, or cauliflower can be raised between the rows. The best sorts

to plant are Fastolf, Red Antwerp, Baumforth's Seedling, Carter's Prolific, and Superlative.

Black currants have always been a universal favourite for the rural cottage gardener, but of late they have been so largely produced that the supply has forced down the price much below the former average. These and raspberries are, however, safer from disease and insects than any other fruits.

Red currants are open to the same objection also as to over-cultivation in many parts, although these can be allowed to hang several weeks if protected.

White currants also possess this great advantage, and with a fair local outlet may often prove one of the most profitable of dessert fruits that can be grown. They are perhaps most attractive and remunerative when made up into baskets of half red and half white, and sent direct to retail shops.

To the freehold gardener, or for the young man with land of which he is practically a tenant for life, who can afford to wait for a return from the investment, we would strongly urge that one-quarter of the holding should be set apart as an orchard. Upon this can be planted a few dozen dwarf or "standard" apple-trees, and around the sides about a dozen pears. It may be better to have not less than two of a sort; and if it be in a good fruit district he can restrict the varieties to three or four of the very best and most profitable. With the dwarf, bush, or "cordon" trees, a little more enterprise can be shown in trying new sorts, as these can be replaced after a year or two if found unsuitable, whilst standard trees may take ten or twelve years before they begin to pay.

The apples and pears that are most commonly recommended by practical growers are those that can be marketed direct from the trees to the consumer. If, however, there are facilities for storing the fruit away from the house, a successional crop can be supplied from an orchard so as to secure an all-the-year-round stock of fruit. The best six sorts of table or dessert apples for keeping purposes would, perhaps, be found to be Cox's Orange Pippin, Colonel Vaughan, Scarlet Nonpareil, Golden Noble, Mannington's Pearmain, and Bramley's Seedling. Most of them are prolific bearers, and may be depended on for a crop nearly every year; whilst the small grower who wants to clear off his fruit for market direct from the trees, would do well to select his varieties from any of the following that are found to succeed in his own special district: Irish Peach, Lord Suffield, Mr. Gladstone, Quarrenden, Keswick, Manx Codlin, and Duchess of Oldenburg.

Of all the British orchard fruits, for early fertility none can compare with the plum. The varieties are now so very numerous that good plums can be planted that will mature from early July till the end of October. On bush, cordon, and pyramid trees, on myrabolan stock, most of them would give fair crops from the third or fourth year after planting, and the standard trees would bear well after six or eight years. Included in the plum family also are the damson (of which the Cluster and the Shropshire are probably the best), and the gages of several choice sorts, the greengage being the most saleable, but not always a good bearer. A good selection can be made from the following: Early Rivers, Czar, Oullin's Golden Gage, Victoria, Pond's Seedling, late Orleans, and Belle de Septembre.

Pears, the most delightful of our orchard fruits, are rather precarious trees to plant. Where they are known to do well they ought to be planted as cordon or pyramid trees grafted on the quince. There are so many tempting varieties that a small selection suitable for general planting is difficult to make. The following are well worth growing everywhere: Jargonelle, William's, Louis Bonne, Marie Louise, Pitmaston Duchesse, Beurrè Diel, Easter Beurrè, and Beurrè Rance.

If any suitable wall space is available with a southern aspect, apricots and peaches will pay well. The former will even produce a fair crop in the open border in the south if not in an exposed situation. Earl Shaftesbury, it has been said, supplied all the cottage gardens on his Dorsetshire estates with an apricot-tree. It was from the villagers' gardens in Oxfordshire that the London markets were formerly largely supplied with this most delectable wall-fruit. When the soil is chalky, all these stone fruits should be freely tried, as they can be uprooted if not found to answer in two or three years. The cherry is one, however, that can scarcely be recommended for the cottager to plant, as birds are too partial to it, and it does not as a rule yield paying crops for ten or twelve years, unless planted as cordon bush trees. The Morello answers well in this way, as well as on a north wall, and always yields and sells well.

Of extra fruits that may be worthy of attention, the Royal and Nottingham medlars may be tried in any spare corner; in the south on sunny spots with a limestone or chalky soil, the fig-tree can be made to return a fairly profitable crop with a little care. Then there is the mulberry, which, when well established, after fifteen or twenty years, gives a good and safe return every year for several weeks of the most wholesome fruit, and very much excelling all the American or cultivated blackberries for flavour. Of the last named the best are the Parsley, or split-leaved, and if they do well they have the advantage of supplying prolific crops within a year or two after planting. Where there is a suitable wire or wood fence to train them on these are well worth trying near large towns, as every year even the common blackberry is getting better appreciated as a culinary fruit; and these large American sorts fetch always a good price.

Let us conclude, as we commenced, by urging careful attention to the site. Wherever there is a fairly sheltered upland situation orchard trees of all kinds may be grown. But with exposed north-eastern aspects or in low-lying valleys it is too often "love's labour lost" to plant such "top" fruit. Strawberries do best often where dews abound; and black currants thrive in damp and heavy soils. There is but little doubt that fruit of some sort will pay to grow in every sunny spot, especially if raised of the very best quality. Probably the most profitable results are obtained by cultivation under glass.

W. S. MANNING.

# Varieties.

### The Battle of Waterloo.

The article on "The Battle of Waterloo," in the June part of the "Leisure Hour," has attracted much notice, if we may judge by the numerous communications which we have received. The point that has especially excited interest is the statement in that article that the crisis of the battle was the defeat of the French Imperial Guard by the flank attack of the 52nd regiment of light infantry, under command of Colonel Sir John Colborne, afterwards Field Marshal Lord Seaton. The proofs given in the article of this movement of the 52nd having first checked what threatened to be the irresistible advance of the famous Guard, have been corroborated by several new and independent testimonies.

First in importance is a letter from General the Honourable Sir Francis Colborne, K.C.B., Knight of the Legion of Honour, and of the Turkish Order of Medjidie, a Crimean and Indian veteran. Sir Francis Colborne writes to express his "warm and grateful appreciation of the vindication of the claim of the 52nd light infantry, and of Adam's brigade, to the honour of having been the immediate means of checking the advance, and thus defeating the attack of the French Imperial Guard, by a movement initiated by my father—then Sir John Colborne—on his own responsibility. The facts as stated are in complete accordance with the verbal accounts of my father that I have been familiar with from very early days, as well as with the statements contained in his letters and memoranda on the subject in my possession, and in those of other eye-witnesses and actors in the scene."

Among the documents kindly forwarded by Sir Francis Colborne is the copy of a letter from Colonel Basil Jackson, late of the Staff Corps, who was one of the officers who accompanied the Duke of Wellington, and rode with him throughout the whole of the 18th of June. Colonel Basil Jackson died last year. A short notice of him appeared in the "Leisure Hour" for March, 1890. He was ninety-four in June, 1889, and never had an illness till the autumn of that year. His letter is dated as recently as 3rd of January, 1889, from Hillsborough, Ross. It is addressed to Samuel Leake, Esq., son of the Rev. W. Leake, who carried the regimental colours of the 52nd at Waterloo, and who in his old age published recollections of his life. Colonel Basil Jackson says he had "read with much interest Mr. Leake's account of the services of the 52nd at Waterloo, and had no reason to think them overrated." He says he "had a talk with Lieutenant Northay of that regiment, after the Duke had halted it from pursuing the enemy—near Rosomme—when he was told how the regiment had been formed in line facing the left flank of the heavy columns of the French advancing to the attack, and was thus able to pour so heavy a fire into their columns as to create great disorder in their ranks. The bold action of Sir John Colborne was a sample of military genius worthy of his Peninsular reputation as a commander, and calculated to paralyse the efforts of the masses before him. Indeed, I presume to think it contributed greatly to the victory."

We have also seen a small book entitled "Personal Recollections of Waterloo," in letters to his grandchildren, by Mr. F. Hope Pattison, who was in the 33rd regiment, "Duke of Wellington's Own," which was posted on the left of our Guards, where he had a favourable opportunity of seeing the final events of the battle. A correspondent has also sent the recollections of an officer of the 30th regiment, which was also posted behind the ridge, from the top of which they saw the dark masses of the columns of the French Guard begin their advance, and it was a time of terrible suspense, till they were amazed to see the dreaded attack checked, and then the whole masses broken up, and flying. The reason was not at first clear, but of the cause there is now no doubt.

The gallant 52nd, now in Burmah, forms the second battalion of "the Oxford Regiment," according to the new arrangement of the army. When lately in Oxford we met with no one who seemed to know the glorious associations of the 52nd; and we wondered that the newspapers of Oxford have not noticed a historical fact so honourable to "the Oxford Regiment."

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**Stanley's Portable Note-books.**—Mr. Edward Marston, the senior member of the publishing firm of Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., writing in "Scribner" about "How Stanley wrote His Book," gives the following particulars of the materials from which it was made:—"Mr Stanley's memory of names, persons, and events is quite marvellous, but in the compilation of his book he by no means trusted to his memory. His constant habit was to carry a small note-book, six by three inches, in his side pocket; in this he pencilled notes constantly and at every resting-place. Of these note-books he has shown me six of about one hundred pages each, closely packed with pencil memoranda. These notes, at times of longer leisure, were expanded into six larger volumes of about two hundred pages each, of very minute and clear writing in ink. In addition to these field note-books and diaries, there are two large quarto volumes, filled from cover to cover with calculations of astronomical observations," etc. At the dinner given to Mr. Stanley at the Holborn Restaurant by his publishers, Mr. E. Marston, in his speech as chairman, gave many interesting statistics about the production of the book "In Darkest Africa," which are reported in the July number of the "Publishers Circular," as well as all the speeches on the occasion.

**Ornamental Carving in the Palace of Westminster.**—A careful examination of the carved stone is being made at Westminster, two of the heraldic figures having fallen, and also other pieces of ornamental work. The fact is that the stone is a magnesian limestone, which by the action of the sulphurous acid in London smoke forms sulphate of magnesia, or Epsom salts, soluble in damp weather. The stone was taken from quarries in Nottinghamshire, through desire to please a high functionary of Parliament; and the excessive carving is due to the bad system of architects being usually paid in proportion to the total cost of a building.

**The Centurion's Figure-head.**—The huge lion which was the figure-head of the Centurion, the flag-ship of Commodore Anson in his celebrated "voyage round the world," 1740—1743, long stood as an honoured relic in the Anson Ward of Greenwich Hospital. As recently as 1870 it was removed to the playground of the Hospital School, but its decay was more rapid in the open air, and it fell to pieces in 1873. Between the old sea fights of the days of Blake and those of Nelson's time, no event in English naval history was remembered with more pride than the capture of the great Spanish galleon in 1762 by the Centurion. It was the fame of this exploit that began Anson's rise to a peerage, and to be Admiral of the Fleet.

**Americanisms.**—The unquestionable modification of our common language in a new country must always be an interesting study; but any collection of so-called Americanisms by a passing traveller has necessarily some limitations. Every such list is pretty sure to include several distinct ingredients—(1) a few genuine Americanisms; (2) many words which have a recognised place in English literature, but have for some reason dropped out of English colloquial usage; (3) some words which are mere vulgarisms or flights of fancy, and not worth serious consideration. A recent writer calls "'cute" "one of the most expressive Americanisms of the day," yet Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay) writes in her diary, "'Cute enough that, Miss Sukey" (July 5, 1778). She also says, "I trembled a few" (July 6, 1778); this being another of the supposed American novelties. She uses these words in just the same sense in

which they may sometimes be heard, especially the former, among rather uneducated persons in the United States. "Big," we are told, is "used not only for size, but as descriptive of quality" in America; yet not more so than when Jeremy Taylor, in his sermon on "The Return of Prayer," speaks of "Jesus, whose spirit was meek and gentle up to the greatness of the biggest example." "Big bugs," a phrase sometimes vulgarly used for persons of supposed consequence, is not necessarily derived from the insect world, but may be simply a cumulative use of two English words formerly equivalent to each other. Richardson's Dictionary gives the word "bug" as familiarly used in the North of England for "great, proud, or swaggering." One writer says that the upper part of a lady's dress is called the "waist" in America, and the "body" in England; but there is an English parody of the last century—

> "Shepherds, I have lost my waist;
> Have you seen my body?"

which shows that both words are of English origin, and originally synonymous. There are, however, unquestionable Americanisms—that is, words or phrases not used in English literature or speech, or else used in a wholly different sense. Such are, so far as I know, "lumber," "biscuit," "editorial" (as a noun), "whip" (in the sense of excelling), "over his signature" (a phrase often condemned by our newspapers), and "on time" (a railroad phrase).

T. W. H.

**George III's Opinion of Wesley and Whitefield.** — Charles Wesley the younger, the musician, was introduced to George III by Dr. Shepherd. The King being passionately fond of Handel's music, and there being few performers who could give it on the organ as did this gifted player, he was a great favourite. His connection with the Methodist family stood in his way, and he was rejected when vacancies occurred at the Charter House, at Westminster Abbey, at Gresham College, and at St. Paul's. When his application was made at St. Paul's, the Dean of that day said abruptly, "We want no Wesleys here!" He seemed to fear that the tones of the organ might introduce the dreaded Methodism. The King heard of this senseless incivility, and sent for the mortified organist to come to Windsor, where he received him graciously, and after expressing regret at what had occurred, he said "Never mind: the name of Wesley is always welcome to me." Some years after, when the King was blind, Mr. Charles Wesley had been playing to him, and the King suddenly said, "Mr. Wesley, is there anybody in the room but you and me?" "No, your Majesty," was the reply. The King then said, "It is my judgment, Mr. Wesley, that your uncle, and your father, and George Whitefield, and Lady Huntingdon, have done more to promote true religion in the country than all the dignified clergy put together, some of whom are so apt to despise their labours."—*Whitefield Anecdotes.*

**Coal Supply.**—The Paris "Soleil" says that France produces annually 20,000,000 tons of coal, Germany 70,000,000, England 105,000,000. The Belgian output is not stated, but the "Soleil" adds that the annual consumption in Belgium is 4,200 lbs. for each inhabitant, in Germany 3,000 lbs., in France 1,560 lbs., and in England 7,400 lbs. In France wood and charcoal are far more largely used than in England.

**Postal Reforms of Public Interest.**—When the Postmaster-General has got his troubles settled with the men of the department, he will have more time to see to many minor matters needing reform or improvement. The renaming of streets has been a great boon, although still much has to be done in reducing the number, and simplifying the grouping of streets. We ridicule the American system of First, Second, Third Street, and so on; but it is vastly better than our having thirty Edward Streets and forty Duke Streets, causes of endless blunders and delays. There is less to complain of in that way, though still a letter is apt to arrive a week later, with postal remarks of many districts, such as "not Carlton Road, Camden Town: try Carlton Road, Paddington, Maida Vale," and other guesses, because there are streets or roads of the same name in various districts. Mr. Henniker-Heaton has called attention to strange anomalies in the charges for compound names in postal telegrams. For instance, Gateshead-on-Tyne is charged as three words, Newcastle-on-Tyne as one word; Orr-Ewing two words, De-la-Rue one word; North Berwick one word, North Woolwich two words; with a score of other similar inconsistencies. On applying to the General Post Office about the abbreviation of the word "shan't," for "shall not," the following official reply was sent: "Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 26th ult., I beg leave to inform you that this department, although authorised by the Telegraph Acts to accept the abbreviations 'can't,' 'won't,' and 'don't' as single words, is not so empowered to accept 'shan't,' which must, therefore, be counted as two words."

**Australian Rabbits.**—A contributor returning from a tour in Australia writes: "During the whole of our visit we were much impressed with the sad trouble to the colonists which arises from imported animals and birds. The rabbit pest is well known, and none but those who are cognisant of the facts can realise the loss to the sheep farmer, and the heavy expense incurred by the various colonies in erecting wire netting fences to keep the rabbits within bounds. I was much interested the other day, whilst reading the Life of Christopher Columbus, to find that Australia and New Zealand were not the earliest sufferers from the rabbit pest. The historian states that the early Portuguese discoverers of the Madeira group of islands imported rabbits into the island of Porto Santo, one of the group, 'and that they multiplied so rapidly, that before long the island was completely overrun by them, its natural productions destroyed, and all attempts at cultivation rendered useless.' In consequence the 'great seaman,' Perestrello, who had been appointed governor by the king, was completely ruined, and died broken-hearted: Christopher Columbus married his daughter in 1470, after his death. Even skylarks, and other song birds, which have been imported, have so multiplied, that the great flocks have become a terrible nuisance to the farmers in New Zealand. Another imported pest is the sweetbriar, which overruns the hillsides. I have seen a large number of hilly pastures simply covered by it, and I was informed that if the slightest piece of the root be left in the ground it again appears. When in bloom it is very lovely, and the scent delicious; but the waste of property is enormous."—A. T.

**Official Secrets Act, 1889.**—The enactment under this title deals with disclosure of official documents and information by those in Government employment or pay. On several occasions culprits have sold plans or models of machinery and inventions, or supplied sketches of forts, arsenals, and such other information to others for gain. All offences of this kind are declared to be misdemeanours, punishable by fine, or imprisonment, or both. It would have been well to include among the enumerated offences the offence of stealing reports of meetings, Cabinet Council minutes, and others, which clerks and attendants have been sometimes bribed to sell to newspapers. The term "document" may, perhaps, include such offences.

**House Property in France.** — In view of the present revaluation of house property in London, and also for comparison, it may be useful to have the report of the last valuation in France for purposes of taxation and rating. The Director-General of Direct Taxes has presented the Minister of Finance with an elaborate and, from a fiscal point of view, complete statistical account of the extent and value of house property throughout the whole of France, exclusive of the colonies. From this it appears primarily that the total number of buildings upon which house tax is levied is 9,051,542, representing an annual rental of 2,810,412,135 fr., a taxable rental value of 2,090,081,970 fr., and an approximate capital value of 49,320,984,314 fr. The revenue from the tax levied on this property last year amounted to 62,683,393 fr., or about 3 per cent. of the taxable rent value. The value of houses is naturally highest in large towns, and in the industrial districts of the departments. Thus the department of the Seine stands for a third of the total value, its revenue from house property being estimated at 655,827,455 fr., of which 21,898,137 fr. are the rent value of factories alone; after which comes the department of the Nord, with 79,916,339 fr. revenue, including 14,621,986 fr.

for factories; and then the department of the Rhone, with a total revenue from house property of over 73,000,000 fr. In all there has been an increase of 1,503,366 buildings in France during the 38 years which have elapsed since the last statistics were established in 1851, which is equivalent to 41,760 buildings per annum, or an increase of 21 per cent. on the whole. In 1851 the mean rental value of the buildings was estimated at 95 fr., and has since increased to 233 fr. Compared with the increase of population, the increase in the number of buildings in France seems to be out of due proportion small. Thus the number of ordinary dwellings throughout the entire country has only increased during the last 36 years from 7,149,490 to 8,653,272; that is to say, by 1,503,782, or 21 per cent. In the department of the Seine alone the increase has been 120 per cent. during the same period of time, while the increase of population has been from 1,337,153 to 2,877,047. At the same time the rental value of dwelling-places in France has undergone the extraordinary increase of 190 per cent., and this augmentation only sinks below 100 per cent. in 17 circumscriptions.

**Fresh-water Medusa.**—Mr. Sowerby, of the Botanic Gardens, announced in 1880 the appearance of a fresh-water medusa in the tank of the Victoria Regia. It is the only fresh-water jelly-fish that exists, and has never been seen in any other place in the world, thus being almost a *lusus naturæ*. Still more mysterious is the announcement made by the veteran Curator of the Gardens in the "Times" of August 1st, 1890. In the autumn of 1889 the old Victorian tank was broken up, and a new house and tank constructed. In that year the medusa did not appear in the moribund tank, but this summer specimens have appeared in great numbers and great vigour, swimming about in the new tank.

**The Bagpipes at Lucknow.**—It will be remembered that a long discussion took place about the truth of the bagpipes being heard at the relief of Lucknow. A letter from Sir David Baird seems to settle the controversy, and to reconcile the conflicting statements. It was not at the head of the storming party in the town that the pipes were played, but on the top of a house. Sir David Baird says: "It has been often doubted whether the pipes of the Highlanders had been heard at the Residency at the time the relief of Lucknow was being carried out. I can state that on the night before the 'Mess-house' affair, immediately after we had got possession of the Shah-Nujaff, when on the top of this building with Adrian Hope (Brigadier), Robert Hope Johnstone, Dawson (93rd), and others, I came across a piper of the aforesaid regiment. I said to him 'Play up,' which he immediately commenced to do. I was told after that the tune he played was 'The Campbells are Coming.' As the Residency was, I should think, not more than three-quarters of a mile away, it may probably have been heard there."

**Bacon Beneficence.**—A correspondent writes from Calne, Wilts: "In the 'Leisure Hour' Varieties for July is a paragraph headed 'Biscuit Beneficence,' recording the generous gift to the town of Reading of a public park, and other bounties, by Mr. Palmer. Mr. Alderman Harris, Mayor of Calne, has purchased, and presented to that municipality, the Anchor Field, long rented by the townspeople as a place of outdoor amusement. Mr. Harris, a temperance man, and promoter of many good works, is building upon the ground a pavilion for tea parties, and a caretaker's lodge. He has already been a generous benefactor to the town, having been the largest money contributor to the new town hall in 1883, and he has, at his private cost, made a road in the town, forming a short cut much needed to the railway station. As the name of the Mayor has long been known as the head of the firm of Harris, Meyer, and Co., famous for 'Wiltshire bacon,' his liberal gifts may justly have record in the 'Leisure Hour' as 'Bacon Beneficence.'"

**Re Fast Trains.**—A correspondent writes: "There are one or two points in your brief paper on this subject (p. 66) which appear to be rather misleading, and I therefore venture to point them out. On page 74 of 'Express Trains,' by E. Foxwell, you will find the reason of the name 'Zulu' as assigned to the 3 p.m. ex-Paddington—*i.e.*, it began to run the day after the Prince Imperial was killed. As to the name 'Flying Dutchman,' assigned to the 11.45 a.m., it is probable that the G.W.R. officers, in the days when fast running was a novelty (and which was certainly introduced by those broad-gauge trains), assigned this train a name which they thought sufficiently appropriate to its high rate of speed (in those days), and which probably has been kept ever since. The South-Western Exeter express at 2.40 p.m. only takes 3 h. 54 min. on its journey (a speed of 44 miles an hour); and as its stopping time is 15 minutes, its running average (*i.e.*, speed when stops are deducted) is 47 miles an hour. This is good, as, though the train is light, it has nasty gradients after Andover. As only one express on the Brighton line is mentioned, why not give the fastest, which is the 5 p.m. ex-London Bridge to Brighton—50½ miles in 65 minutes, a speed of 46½ miles an hour; and when clear of Croydon a speed of 49 miles an hour, as it is allowed 16 minutes to Croydon. This, of course, is nothing wonderful, as, though the train is heavy, the gradients after Croydon are favourable nearly the whole way." A. W.

**Slave Emancipation in Zanzibar.**—The new Sultan of Zanzibar has honourably carried out the promises made by the late Sultan to Sir John Kirk, and to Mr. Stanley, as to the slave trade, and the position of slaves, in his dominion. The sale of slaves is absolutely prohibited, under severe penalties. On the death of present owners all slaves will be *ipso facto* free. Slaves have henceforth equal legal rights and *status* with free men. This very remarkable and unexpected proclamation, bearing the Sultan's seal, was placarded on the 1st August, a memorable anniversary day in the history of slave emancipation, when slavery in the West Indies was abolished. The Consul-general, Colonel Euan Smith, is to be credited with some of the influences which have led to this humane and honourable decree of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and it is well that the island is now under the British protectorate.

**Forster Memorial.**—The statue to the memory of the Right Honourable W. E. Forster was unveiled on August 1st. It is on the Thames Embankment, near the Temple, and within view of the London School Board building, itself a grand monument to his efforts and success in the establishment of a national system of elementary education. The statue, unveiled by Lord Cranbrook, President of the Council, does great credit to the sculptor, Mr. H. R. Pinker, who also executed the medallion portrait in the Westminster Abbey memorial.

**African Fever.**—Dr. J. Crombie Brown, F.L.S., formerly Professor of Botany at Aberdeen, and subsequently Colonial Botanist at Capetown, has published a most valuable "Manual of Forestry" (Oliver and Boyd). Dr. Brown, who belongs to the old family of the Browns of Haddington, famous in the evangelical and also in the literary and scientific annals of Scotland, being deeply touched by the numerous deaths of missionaries in Africa, very strongly advises the plentiful planting of eucalyptus trees around every station. He gives many remarkable proofs of the prophylactic powers of such plantations.

**Adam Sedgwick's Eloquence.**—Of the Cambridge meeting of the British Association in 1833, it may be truly said that Sedgwick was the animating spirit, delighting everybody by his geniality, or thrilling them by his unpremeditated eloquence. Dr. Chalmers, who was present, spoke of the "power and beauty" of his farewell address to the Association; and afterwards in conversation said that "he had never met with natural eloquence so great as that of Sedgwick."

**Cycling.**—The fifty miles safety bicycle championship race was decided on the 13th of August at the Paddington Recreation Ground. The winner, R. J. Mecredy, of Dublin University, covered the distance in 2 h. 29 min. 51 sec., as against the best previous time of 2 h. 41 min. 47 sec. by R. A. Lloyd.

**Pitcairn Island.**—A merchant ship, the Firth of Clyde, Captain Smith, from San Francisco to Limerick, touched at Pitcairn's Island on Sunday, April 27th. Two boats came off with the chief magistrate, Mr. McCoy, and seventeen others, bringing presents of fruit for the officers and crew. There are now 123 souls on the island (nine more than when

Captain Smith called in 1889). The centenary of the landing of the mutineers of the Bounty was held on January 23rd of this year. Wearing apparel, tools, crockery, and groceries were the articles most wanted; and there were also strong appeals for religious books. Captain Smith left all the books he had, and about a hundred and fifty of the latest English, American, and Australian newspapers. On several occasions the "Leisure Hour" has sent acceptable gifts through ships of her Majesty's Navy on the Pacific station, reports from the captains of which have appeared at the time. The only relic of the Bounty is a gun, from the muzzle of which rises a flagstaff, in the centre of Adamstown.

**The Royal House of Holland.**—A correspondent calls attention to the fact that William III, King of Holland, is *not* the only son of William II, but the eldest of three sons. "His brothers were Alexander and Hendrik. The first-named died in early life; the second, who came to London to communicate the accession of his brother to the throne, married at the age of fifty-two the sister of the Duchess of Connaught, not long previous to his brother marrying the sister of the Duchess of Albany. Only a few months after his marriage the Prince died of measles without any prospect of issue." Another correspondent writes of "the never-to-be-forgotten Prince Henry" as one "beloved by young and old, the pious sailor who spent his whole life for others." He died a Stadtholder of Luxemburg, where in a hospital he got the measles by visiting the suffering children.

**Foreigners in Paris.**—The Prefecture of the Seine has published a return, showing the number of foreigners residing in Paris, and it appears from this return that out of a total population of 2,260,945 in Paris there are 180,253 foreigners, while in the department of the Seine, which includes Paris and its suburbs, with a total population of 2,653,966, there are 214,360 foreigners. In other words, there are eight foreigners out of every 100 inhabitants in Paris, and nine out of every 100 in the whole department.

**Richmond-on-Thames.**—This historical place has, till 1890, been governed only by a "Select Vestry." Having long been ambitious of obtaining a charter of incorporation (as a borough), after twenty years' agitation this has been accomplished by grant of Privy Council, with Royal assent. The arrival of the actual charter was lately welcomed with great local celebration. The chairman of the committee was deputed to call for the charter at the Privy Council office, Whitehall, and he took it down to Richmond in a carriage and four, with postillions. A general holiday was made on the occasion, with processions, dinners, speeches, and illuminations; also games and sports in the Old Deer Park, near Richmond Green. Mayors, aldermen, maces, chains, and other accessories, will bring upon this new corporation the dignity, but not, it is to be hoped, the extravagance and ostentation, of more ancient English boroughs.

**Wellington and Blucher.**—There have been discussions as to the place where Wellington and Blucher first met after the Battle of Waterloo. Some say it was at Genappe; others at the farmhouse where Napoleon had his headquarters; others at La Belle Alliance. Colonel Basil Jackson, who rode with the Duke as a staff officer throughout the whole day, gives his personal and decisive testimony thus: "The Duke had not proceeded far, after leaving Sir John Colborne and the 52nd Regiment, when a group of horsemen was descried in the gloom coming from the direction of Planchenoit. Seeing them, the Duke turned off the high road to meet them. They proved to be Field Marshal Blucher and his Staff. They shook hands, and conversed for a short time and then parted."

**New Guinea.**—The first Protestant church in British New Guinea for English-speaking worshippers was opened on Sunday, the 18th of June, 1890, a peaceful anniversary of Waterloo day, Sunday, 18th of June, 1815. The missionaries and ministers of all denominations joined in the service. Prayers were read by the Rev. A. Maclaren of the S. P. G. mission; the Rev. J. Chalmers preached the sermon. An American organ was lent for the occasion, at which Captain Hennessy officiated. His Honour Sir William Macgregor and almost all the foreign residents were present. The church is a fine building on a good site overlooking the harbour. The funds were chiefly obtained by the Rev. W. G. Lawes, in Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane; and the building was opened free of debt or encumbrance.

**Electricity as a Mode of Execution.**—The first attempt to use electricity as the mode of execution proved a sad failure. The death of the convict Kemmler, in Auburn prison, New York, was, some thought, far from swift or painless. The scene, as described by physicians and others present, was so horrible that an agitation was immediately begun for the repeal of the law substituting this for the older punishment of the gallows.

**Joan of Arc.**—The Education Council of the French Government has proclaimed that the 8th of May shall be a holiday in all public schools, as the anniversary of the deliverance of Orleans by Joan of Arc. Thus is realised the prophetic saying of Shakespeare, "No longer on Saint Denys will we cry, but Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint." The lines are in the First Part of King Henry VI, act I, scene vi. In the same speech of the Dauphin Charles, afterwards King of France, he speaks of the glorious monuments and statues that in future times will be raised to Joan's memory.

**Capital Punishment in Switzerland.**—For twenty years there has been no death punishment for crime in Switzerland. Some of the cantons have indeed repealed the act for abolishing executions, but so strong is the public feeling on the subject of capital punishment that a most brutal parricide who was sentenced to death by a cantonal court, on appeal to the general council of the Republic had the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, by a large majority of votes.

**Oliver Goldsmith.**—The "Life of Dr. Parnell" is a task which I would very willingly decline, since it has lately been written by Goldsmith, a man of such variety of power and such felicity of performance that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without restraint, and easy without weakness.—*Dr. Johnson.*

**Mulready Envelopes.**—There are many imitations and sham reproductions of the old Mulready postal envelopes. The original one is easily known from having a blue and lilac silk thread in the paper. The price of an original Mulready in Lincoln's catalogue of stamps is half-a-guinea at present, but the price will rise when it is more generally known that they are becoming scarce and that many imitations are sold.

## Astronomical Almanack for October.

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | W | Camb. Mich. Term begins | 16 | T | ☿ rises 6.27 A.M. |
| 2 | T | ☿ rises 6.4 A.M. | 17 | F | Cygnus S. 6.53 P.M. |
| 3 | F | ☿ sets 5.33 P.M. | 18 | S | Length of Day 10h. 24m. |
| 4 | S | Venus sets 6.35 P.M. | 19 | ☽ | 20 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 5 | ☽ | 18 SUN. AFTER TRINITY ☽ 3 Quarter 8.23 P.M. | 20 | M | Andromeda S. 10.6 P.M. |
| | | | 21 | T | ☽ 1 Quarter 5.36 A.M. |
| 6 | M | Jupiter an evening star | 22 | W | Daybreak 4.45 A.M. |
| 7 | T | Clock after ☉ 12m. 12s. | 23 | T | Twilight ends 6.43 P.M. |
| 8 | W | Mars sets 9.12 P.M. | 24 | F | Mich. Law Sittings begin |
| 9 | T | Saturn a morning star | 25 | S | Aries S. at midnight |
| 10 | F | Oxford Mich. Term begins | 26 | ☽ | 21 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 11 | S | Aquila S. 6.24 P.M. | 27 | M | Full ☽ 11.42 P.M. |
| 12 | ☽ | 19 SUN. AFTER TRINITY | 28 | T | Clock after ☉ 16m. 7s. |
| 13 | M | New ☽ 11.5 P.M. | 29 | W | Venus sets 5.43 P.M. |
| 14 | T | Fire Insurance expires | 30 | T | ☉ rises 6.52 A.M. |
| 15 | W | ☉ sets 5.6 P.M. | 31 | F | ☉ sets 4.34 P.M. |

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